

Jesuit Missions

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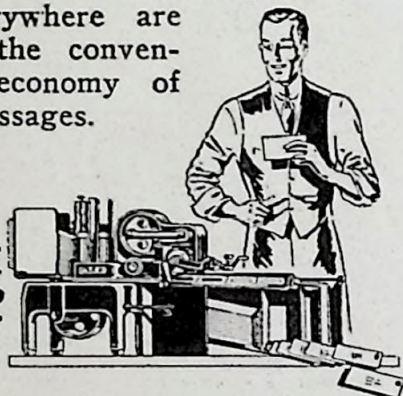
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THERE are thousands who, through **JESUIT MISSIONS**, have come to know that a very large part of the Jesuit apostolate is missionary; that of nearly six thousand Jesuits belonging to the provinces of the United States and Canada over five hundred are spending themselves in home and foreign missions. But an interesting fact is that in many parts of the world these missionary Jesuits are also educators. Thus for instance the two mission fields entrusted to the care of the New England Jesuits boast of schools for higher education. In Jamaica, B.W.I., there is St. George's College in Kingston. For most part the work of the Fathers attached to this college is entirely educational.

In Iraq, the other mission field of the New England Jesuits, the missionaries' work is primarily, and, from our point of view, entirely educational. Still, a member of the faculty of Baghdad College can write: "We here at Baghdad College feel that we are doing a work of tremendous importance in educating the Catholic youth of Baghdad, more important, if you will pardon our presumption in saying so, than laboring to convert the bedouins of the desert." And the reason he considers the educational work of greater importance is that the youth of today will be the leader of tomorrow, and strong Catholic leaders will be necessary for the rehabilitation of the Christians of Iraq who have sunk to a lowly and inferior position in their nation because of the constant persecution of Christianity.

That the Christians might be raised once more to their noble estate Baghdad College was established four years ago at the urgent request of the Holy

Father. But up to the present Baghdad College has not sufficient income for ordinary maintenance, and nothing for necessary expansion. Will you, dear reader, help to maintain and expand Baghdad College? Even a few dollars will help to establish on a sound basis a lasting memorial to your generosity in the City of Baghdad, near the site where tradition tells us was the Garden of Paradise. Please send your offerings "To maintain Baghdad College" to **JESUIT MISSIONS** or to



Two pupils of Baghdad College. Today's youth, tomorrow's leaders.

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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

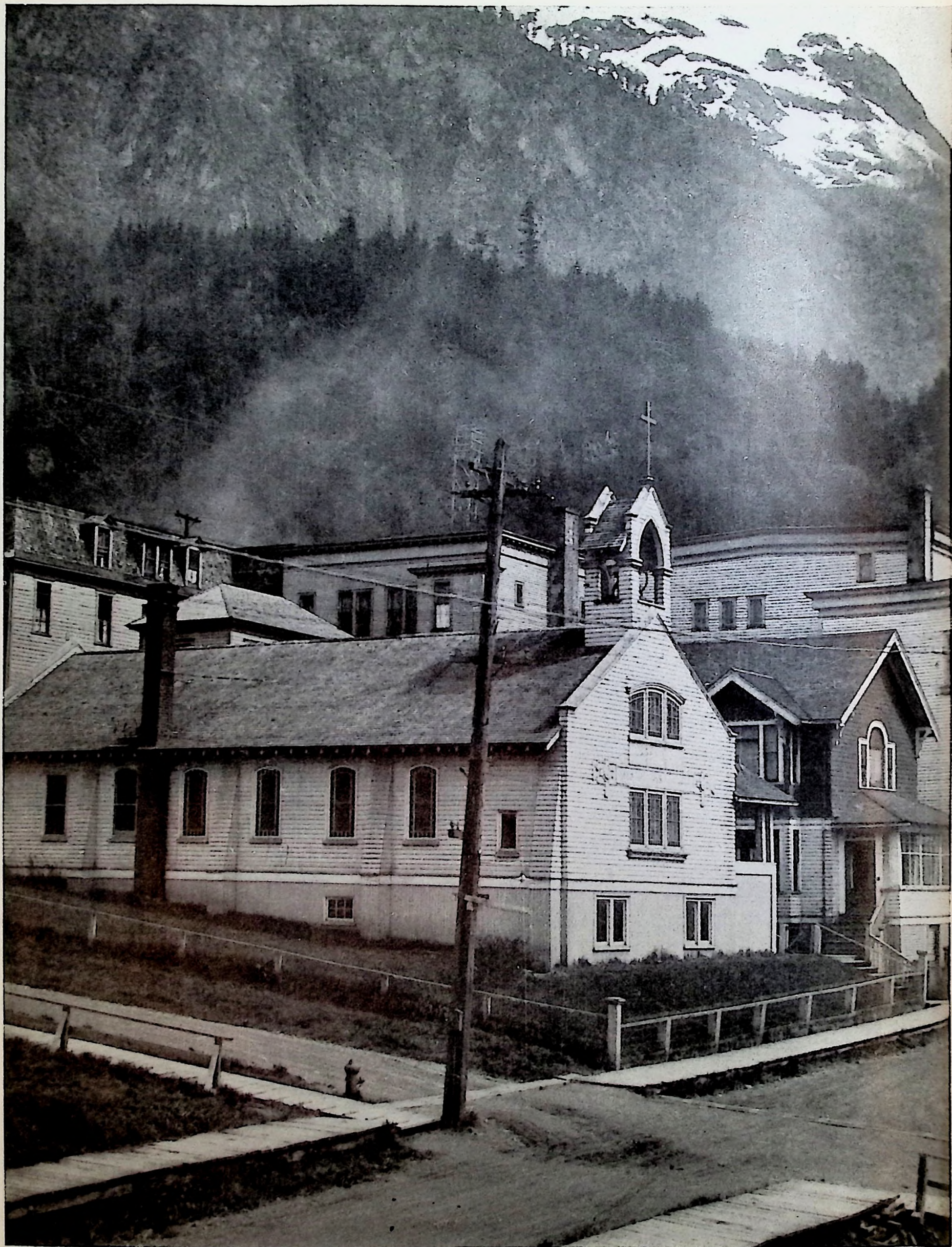
REV. FRANCIS C. SMITH, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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

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

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No imposing spired cathedral marks the headquarters of the Alaska Mission. At the foot of a snow-capped mountain in Juneau, Alaska, are the cathedral, the episcopal residence of His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., and the ecclesiastical center of Alaska. Most of the missionaries are far to the North, inland and along the Bering Sea.

OUR BROTHERS

Joseph Reith, S.J.

THEIR busy lives seldom give the Jesuit Lay Brothers in Mindanao, P. I., a chance to get together away from the scenes of their daily labors. There are so few Brothers in the Mission, and their field of work and influence is so extensive, that they themselves are reluctant to give time to leisure or entertainment.

In his accustomed solicitude, Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior at Cagayan, determined that this year, however, the

Brothers should enjoy an outing for their Patron's Day—October 30—feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. It was proposed, therefore, and agreed upon, that Father Martin O'Shaughnessy, S.J., of Balingasag should loan his Ford station-wagon. Father Kennally would supply the gasoline, Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., at Iligan, would provide supper and a night's lodging, and I at Dansalan would prepare the banquet for the Brothers on their Patron's Day. Most of the Brothers had never been to Moroland, so the outing offered that additional feature of novelty.

DANSALAN seemed to prepare for their coming. Usually it rains here in the afternoon, but this day the rain came and left before the arrival of the Brothers, so that the air was especially cool and bracing—and to a Brother who spends most of his time in a hot kitchen or in a broiling field along the torrid coast, our cool mountain breezes were a tonic. There is little to show visitors in Dansalan except the Moros and our beautiful Lake Lanao—but what there is—the Brothers saw. And when dinner time came they were ready for all that our limited resources and culinary art could produce. I personally rejoiced that by preparing the meal myself and serving it, I could give a slight token of my esteem and appreciation of the good Brothers who are laboring in this mission field.

I said before that the Brothers in Mindanao are few—they are very few—fewer even than the very limited number of priests in the mission. I have no Brother with me in Dansalan; Father Lucas has none in Malaybalay; Father Kienle has none in Talisayan; Father Pollock lacks these good helpers in Mambajao and Fa-



Jesuit Lay Brothers snapped October 30, 1935, at Dansalan, Lanao, P. I. Front row, left to right: Brothers Ignatius Valero, John E. Abrams, Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Eleutherio Bascos and Augustine Sinayan. Rear row, left to right: Brothers Columbus Jabar, Anthony Herr, Emmanuel Pascua and Paschal Aznar.

ther O'Beirne has none in Jasaan. (It would have been easier to enumerate the stations that rejoice in the services of a Brother.) And yet, a good Brother is a tremendous aid to the mission. This can be demonstrated by the little group that came to Dansalan.—Brother Valero is the invaluable cook and sacristan at Cagayan. He comes from Spain and consequently makes Valenciana as no other can. He is also responsible for the controversy (not theological) among the Fathers, whether a fried piece of dough with a hole in the center is a doughnut or a cruller.—Brother Abrams, an American Brother at Tagnipa, has practically reconstructed the *convento* there with his own hands, and brings to the mission that rarity in the Philippines—red hair.—Brother Bascos at Oroquieta is like the name of the place itself—"Quiet Gold." Father O'Neill extolls his merits about the house. Brother has been to Moroland before, but has not lost his fear of the Moros. Ask Father O'Shaughnessy what Brother Sinayan does at Balingasag and he will point to a luxuriant truck garden, to coconuts drying in the profitable shed, to the kitchen that Brother supervises "between times." It's a joy to get a big red tomato from Brother's garden.—All the students of the Ateneo in Cagayan know Brother Jabar; he has charge of the kitchen and refectory there, and if you think it is an easy job providing food regularly for a hundred or more hungry students whose hunger alone equals their enthusiasm for the new Ateneo provided by Bishop Hayes,—well, come over and take his place.—And on the other hand, Brother Herr would not give you his position if you did come over. He, too, is an American and has been long in the mission—first in Manila and now at Iligan where he over- (Turn to page 83)

Saint Joseph on the Job

Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.

IT was on the feast of St. Joseph, nineteen hundred and—well, never mind. It wasn't last year, nor the year before, and I really must beg pardon of good St. Joseph that I didn't give him credit for it all before this in JESUIT MISSIONS. But better late than never; and as the month is March, it is the proper occasion for it.

I was stationed at the time in Stann Creek, thirty-six miles south of Belize, British Honduras, on the Caribbean coast. I had been drilling our Carib school children for months in the *Missa de Angelis*, and they had just sung it for the first time in honor of St. Joseph on his feast day. After High Mass and breakfast, I got ready to start on my bimonthly trip down the southern coast. My Caribs from Seine Bight, for some reason or other, had not shown up in their dory to fetch "Faddah" (which is Creole English) or "Faderi" (which is Carib), so I made up my mind to sail down alone in my own new dory, a cedar dugout, twenty-one feet long by twenty-eight inches wide. In honor of my Alma Mater in Feldkirch, I had duly christened it *Stella Matutina*. It was a swift and slender craft and I thought it safe enough even for a Scotchman—not likely to tip. I was soon to know better. A brisk northerly breeze was blowing, and so, to have a safe ballast, I put in three sacks of sand. Then there was the *pattakee* (the telescopic traveling basket) with my Mass kit and personal outfit and a new Victor stereopticon with a set of slides on the life of Christ. The picture show is my aide-de-camp in my mission work among the Indians: Ladinos, Caribs, Keckchis and Mayas. Then I hoisted sail and off I went.

When it became known in Stann Creek that "Faddah gone out all by heself in sail dori," great excitement pre-

vailed. They wanted to send a sailor after him; but my *Stella*, with the stiff breeze abaft, wasn't to be caught up with. She galloped over the waves like a sea horse and soon carried me out of sight of Stann Creek.

After an hour and three-quarters, I had reached the mouth of Sittee River, fourteen miles south. How many miles per hour is that? I made my Carib boys figure it out afterwards.

THERE was Serpon, a little settlement, six miles up the river, with about half a dozen Catholic families in it, whom I wanted to visit before proceeding to the larger Carib village of Seine Bight. At Sittee Point, therefore, I made a right turn to the West and sailed into the river, but the thick mangrove bush soon cut off the breeze from the North. So I took down the sails and got ready to row up the river. The three sacks of sand were now unnecessary ballast that I had better get rid of. So I untied sack number one and emptied it overboard. Ditto for sack number two. Now before proceeding with sack number three, I should have recalled the laws of balance and gravity, and arranged all my baggage so as to have a counter weight for the last sack when emptied overboard. "But sometimes, you know, you don't always think of everything," as my black friend, Sammy, would put it. Thus, as soon as I had lifted number three to the gunwhale, the inevitable happened: the light craft tipped (in spite of the Scotchman) and—missionary, Mass outfit, picture show and everything went into the deep. Now fortunately I am a pretty good swimmer (for which I have to thank the *Stella Matutina* of my boyhood days and its glorious swimming pond at the foot of the Alps); so I soon was at the surface again. Then I first breathed a mighty fervent prayer to good

St. Joseph not to leave his missionary in the lurch on his feast day.

And he didn't.

My poor *Stella* was lying sideways on the river, being held at right angle by the mast. In order to get her on her feet I had first to pull up that mast. No easy job with nothing to stand on; I had to tread water with all my might. After some



Father Stevenson (center) has often been forced into water to help his men in getting the dory through the narrow waterways of British Honduras.

straining I succeeded in pulling out the mast. This, of course, made the dory turn over completely. Now I climbed on the keel, in order to get a breathing spell to continue the fight. My spectacles Neptune had kept as a souvenir; so I looked around like an old owl. "Ah! there drifted my *pattakee*, with Mass kit, and everything in it, slowly beginning to sink. I must save that by all means." A few strokes soon brought me to it. But now, to return to the dory, pushing and jerking the already half soaked *pattakee*, while it is sinking deeper and deeper every moment! When I had shoved it alongside the bow of the *Stella*, I grabbed it firmly in my outstretched left arm as a fulcrum, and with the other gave a jerk at the bow of the dory. Thank goodness the little dug-out was of light cedar and so— one, two, three,—and there it was right side up, though, of course, up to the brim filled with water. Now again I had to tread water more than before and, grasping the gunwhale with the left hand, bailed out the water with the right. Happily St. Joseph had kept the bailer on the spot. Whilst busy bailing out frantically before the wicker-work *pattakee* should sink, another thought suddenly struck me. "What if an alligator should notice me and select one of my legs for lunch!" (It was just lunch time.) More prayers, more frantic water treading and bailing, until my arm was almost paralyzed.

WELL, finally half the dory was emptied; so I climbed in. St. Joseph must have held down the gunwhale on the other side so as to prevent the craft capsizing. Then a mighty pull—now with both arms,—at the ropes of the half soaked *pattakee*, and I got it safely on board. How, I don't know to the present day; because by all the rules of physical science that I ever learned, the heavy load on the gunwhale should have upset the boat again. But there were St. Joseph and my Guardian Angel. After another breathing spell, I bailed out the rest of the water. Then I grabbed the one oar and paddled with it to where I saw in the distance the mast and the sails and nearby, the other oar. The fine Victor stereopticon machine and all the slides were at the bottom of the river. The sharks have a lease on it for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Oh yes! one oar-lock was gone, too; so instead of a steady pull, I had to paddle the six miles with one oar! After a while a fisherman from the coast caught up with me.

I told him what had happened. "Man alive," he exclaimed, "but you can talk of luck!—Why it is chock full of sharks down there." The good man now took me in tow and did the paddling for both of us. On reaching the village (not Serpon, but a nearby town, where there are only two Catholic families amidst a number of Wesleyans), I had to beg a temporary clothing outfit from the natives: the shoes from one, pants from another, and a coat from the third, etc. By the way, the coat I lost had contained my mission diary, volume one, so if ever I publish my "Experience of a Missionary in the Bush Mission of British Honduras," I would have to start with volume two, this adventure serving as chapter one, thrilling enough as it stands.



Dories are made from a solid log and the work of chopping out the inside is done right in the jungle of British Honduras.

When the news of my misfortune had reached the village, it aroused considerable sympathy and good feeling, and one Protestant woman exclaimed: "Well, Father, now we will do anything for you." And they did, especially when my successor, good Father Halligan took up the work. (I was later transferred to the Indian missions in the interior, as readers of JESUIT MISSIONS may remember.) Where formerly there were only two or three Catholic families, there is now a neat Catholic chapel and Catholic school, and when I visited it, it was to assist Bishop Murphy and Father Halligan at Confirmation of his flock.

And now let's say "Three Cheers for good St. Joseph!" It was he who saved me from a watery grave on this occasion and has been my heavenly helper many a time since then. We missionaries feel, at times, the marked help of the saints in Heaven. God seems to give us the consolation, too, amid the natural hardships of mission life, of feeling the proximity of the supernatural in our work and in our dealings with souls. His graces are truly wonderful as one observes their workings in the souls of the natives.

As I Saw It

John H. McCummiskey, S.J.



It was my good fortune on September twenty-seventh last to have witnessed one of the most colorful and inspiring celebrations ever to have been staged on the Indian reservations of Montana. St. Ignatius Mission, at the foot of the mission range of Rockies, one of the last historic spots in the colorful history of Indian missions, set the stage for this pageant. Father Louis J. Taelman, S.J., a zealous apostle and worthy successor of the great De-Smet and Ravalli, was celebrating his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. This youthful priest of sixty-eight years was being honored by the Indian tribes of Montana in deep love and sincere appreciation for a lifetime of sacrifice and labor spent among them. Father Taelman, with that wondrous simplicity that seems to characterize all great men, would not listen to any civic or religious celebration in his honor unless his Indians played a big part in this never-to-be-forgotten day.

The Flat Heads and Black Feet, both tribes personifying the best in Catholic Indian tradition in Montana, pitched their tepees around the old mission church, lighted their camp-fires, sang their weird tribal songs. It was their big day to honor the "Blackrobe" who had given his life to show them the way to the Great Spirit above. No tapestry, no painting was half so attractive or fascinating as the setting that filled the old mission church that first morning, as the jubilarian stood at the altar, his rich, full voice chanting the Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving, his Indian girls from the mission school conducted by the Ursuline Nuns, singing their *Missa Solemnis*, the chiefs and tribesmen dressed in their wild barbaric splendor, their squaws in their bright, colorful



"Father Louis J. Taelman, S.J. . . . was celebrating his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit."

shawls and gaudy blankets, their papooses stretched across their shoulders—it was all too fantastic for a tenderfoot as I stood bewildered at its magnificence. The first afternoon, as I wandered in and around the tented lodgings of these strange people, I marveled at the evident signs of a deeply rooted Catholicity that spoke most eloquently of the zeal and apostolic labor of their beloved "Louie," as these Indians reverently called Father Taelman. The rhythmic beat of the tom-toms, the swaying and gyrating forms of the dancers in their war bonnets and beaded robes, brandishing their tomahawks and hunting knives, the terrific yelling of the chiefs as they weaved back and forth to express the happiness that was theirs today,—made it an all-inspiring picture.



THE Chief Executive, Governor Cooney, paid a most laudatory tribute to the Jubilarian for the years of service Father Taelman had given to Montana. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Day, Vicar General of the Helena Diocese, brought the esteem and love of his zealous priests that
(Turn to page 83)

"The long parade of painted warriors . . . their ponies spangled with ancient war trophies, the squaw and her papoose perched gracefully on a cayuse . . . surely made a most elaborate spectacle that beautiful September evening."

Chocolate Drops

Bernard A.

Tonnar, S.J.

THE words of Our Blessed Lord: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," apply to every little Negro boy, but even more to the Chocolate Drops of St. Peter Claver Church at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, for not only are they suffered to come, but to come very near; right up to the altar. When Christ comes down from Heaven at six-thirty every morning on the altar, He finds a small brown face looking up at Him with adoring eyes. He must be pleased to see the server kneeling there, since He knows that long before sunrise those two little feet were making their way to be present at the church to greet Him. And there, in the quietness of morning, amid adoring Angels, He comes to His priest, and to His serving boy, who tinkles the Mass bell announcing His arrival.



"So these are the Chocolate Drops of Christ, the best little servers in the world, who every morning, far down in the Southland, with their dark faces lit with gleaming eyes, announce the coming of the Divine Lover of all little boys." The author is at the extreme left.

St. Peter Claver Church can boast of thirteen such servers, each one a joy to her heart. The words of St. Paul: "Be instant in season and out of season," make them realize the important duty and hurry them away every morning to perform it. In the cabin the night before, mother is told:

"Ma, in de mourning, I'se got to serve. Please mam, git me up early."

And Ma does her duty, too. Promptly at five-thirty, she calls from the kitchen:

"Son, git out o' dat bed, time to git drest."

A few minutes pass and then the old door of the shanty swings open and a little figure emerges, off to meet the Master.

OUR Blessed Lord must be greatly amused as the new recruits are trained to serve. The prayers are easy until the *Misereatur tui*, and then comes the real trial.

"Mister, I can't say dat werd."

"Oh sure you can. Try."

With a lot of hesitation and plenty of coaxing, out comes something that sounds like "Missouriatu."

"Mister, dat ain't right!"

Indeed, our Lord must smile when He sees some of the younger Chocolate Drops serve. If you ask them whether they know their prayers, you will get a prompt answer.

"Yas Sah, I knows dem. Mister done taught dem to me."

The trouble comes when the ordinary missal is used. It is too heavy and "Fader" must move it. But on days when Father says a black Mass, they rejoice, for they can carry the little book.

But what is the reward of being a perfect altar boy? It is the picnic on the feast of St. John Berchmans, the

happiest day for the Chocolate Drops. The little sacrifices they have made, the pennies gained from raffles, the nickels hoarded during long months, all mount up, and when the gala day comes, to the joy of all, there is enough to have a bountiful spread. But picnic day means more than that—it means there will be a General Communion that morning. Hearts like these do not stop there, even their youthful Patron is remembered. On their way to the scene of games and fun, a short visit is paid at the Shrine of St. John Berchmans in the Sacred Heart Convent, a place most hallowed. The Saint appeared there and performed a miracle which was later used for his beatification.

AFTER this the picnic really begins. Once the chosen place is reached, a lively football game is started with six on a side, the "Junior Brutes" against the "Fighting Coons." The game is a "passing one," but even this kind causes little Herbert Murry, the youngest one on the squad, a serious difficulty. For out of a huddle he runs with:

"Say Mister, cain you git a nudder ball? Dis one is too big fur me."

This is solved by a teasing word that sends him back into the fray. And the way he runs after that seems to predict a future Eddie Tolan or a Ralph Metcalfe. Sack races come a little later, with a prize to the winner. A fast and thrilling hour flies by playing cops and robbers, and soon the clock points to the time for the "goodies." After prayer, twenty-six chocolate brown hands reach for tasty sandwiches and hot cocoa. The evening is filled with many games, and they are stopped only when Mister offers cake and candy.

Finally, the day wanes, and weary from play, all are ready to go home. At the old swinging gate, farewells and expressions of having a "sho nuf good time" are exchanged, with hopes of another picnic soon.

Out with the Catechists

Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J.



WE were camped at Kusbila in Narainpur sector of Patna Diocese, India, ready to start on a trip to the hills. Two catechists, my guide Richard, and our cook were to form the party. But the cook took sick the day before; Richard had fainted at night prayers; and one of the catechists sent word that he was running fever. The other, we were told, had preceded us by a day to prepare the people for our coming.

It is quite a common practice in British India—when in a predicament—to call a servant. A stocky Santal responded to our summons. We loaded him down with Mass box, provisions, cooking utensils and two kerosene lanterns. All he said was, "*Hammalkana*," ("It is heavy.") I myself strapped baptismal bag across one shoulder and water canteen with two days' supplies across the other. And so we set out.

At Kusumghati, some distance down the road, we called to Charles Chandu to join us. He is a Paharia of high school education, a recent convert from Protestantism, engaged by us in translation work from English and Santali into his native language, Malto. He was alert enough to take along his manuscript translation of prayers to be said by the people during Mass.

A mile further on we met three catechists. Two had waited to tell us that they were on their way to Rajapokra to interview the headmen of a village of forty-nine houses. The third was Joseph, the catechist who was to have preceded us to the hills. He swallowed a few remarks, relieved me of water canteen and my servant of a bag of rice, and followed along.

WE stopped at Baridi to visit two families of catechumens; then pushed on into the hills past fields of *bajara*, mustard and *dal*, through woodland and over small mountain streams to the village of Dhamnajore. Here we rested among recently baptized Christians. Rope cots were set out for us to sit upon. The headman, still a pagan, brought out tobacco, rolled it in the leaf of a tree, lit it on a burning stick of wood and passed it around. All my men took a few puffs of the *cuti*. They felt relief, I suppose.

One catechist now took out a chart and gave an instruction to Christians and pagans; the other went on to the next village. I sat aside to say my breviary—sat aside designedly so that none would be too shy to come forward and listen.

After the instruction we joined the other catechist in Kartikhita. The headman of this village had received Baptism two months before. Rope cots were again



Paharia mother and child in the hills of the Santal sector of Patna Mission, India.

brought out and we all sat down. The catechists sang a song in Malto and they sang vociferously. People began to gather, and immediately my men took out their two-way chart. Look! One road leads to Heaven; the other to hell! When the villagers had assembled, my catechists held forth for half an hour. Then the headman said: "My wife and children will all receive Baptism."

These people were of the Paharia caste, but in the next village we found Santals. We told them their Santal catechist was on his way to visit them, invited them to Mass next morning, passed out candy, then returned to Dhamnajore for dinner.

After dinner we climbed higher hills and came upon a plateau of solidly pagan villages. We left it with an elderly man the sole representative of the Church. Others presented by the catechists were found too poorly instructed, and so we again returned to Dhamnajore. In the evening we hung up two pictures and a crucifix, placed our lanterns before them, assembled the Christians, said the Rosary, and followed this by songs in Santali and Malto.

I WAS awakened next morning by strains of a Santali song. My catechists are a happy lot. We had Mass in the open air in front of the headman's house. My Santali catechist had arrived, and he served Mass; but as he had never served before, we had some special features. Every time I genuflected he rang the bell. As a matter of fact, none of these Christians except the catechist had ever witnessed a Mass before, and so I let them enjoy the tinkling of the bell! Charles preached in Malto; the prayers were in Malto; the songs in San-

tali,—since the people understand both languages. As I have taken only three lessons in Malto, I said the prayers after Mass in Santali, but later I tried out my Malto on the children. I said: “*Bara le*,”—they came running. I said: “*Injra*”—they put out their hands. In each brown hand I dropped a piece of candy and said: “*Moca*.” They did the rest. After this we held a conference. Joseph, one of the catechists, was to return every Sunday, say prayers with the Christians and instruct all who would listen. I promised to return occasionally and say Mass for them, and when many had been received into the Church, we would give them a school. A mission center was hereby established.

We ate at 10:00, and at 11:00 we were again on the march. By mere chance we met Cornelius, another catechist, who had come down from a high plateau on which lies the village of Satbera. This village is the home of Surja, *sardar* (chieftain) over fifty-six Paharia villages around Telo Bungalow. This *sardar* had welcomed us to his village two weeks previously. Prior to this he had twice listened to instructions in the Faith, and only a few days ago he had sent word that he and his *patwari* (clerk) would “come in.” Cornelius now had come to tell us that the *sardar* had changed his mind.

“Some enemy hath sown cockle,” or we had pushed too fast, or Cornelius had talked too sharply. This catechist had seen service in France during the World War, and he likes to carry himself too much like a soldier at times for the messages of peace. We will wait a while and then send up Paulus, a kindly old man, catechist for many years for the Protestants, but now all for us. It was he who had taken us to the *sardar*. He may succeed.

WE pushed on into the hills—to higher hills now—under the shade of an umbrella and an occasionally friendly tree—on to Tetargong. It was to this village that Father Conway had come three years before on his first and only trip to these hills, and here, too, he had baptized the first Christian of Tetargong. We now had to bless the grave of that same Christian. His soul, we hope, has been welcomed by Father Conway in Heaven. The grave we found in the woods; it was surrounded with stones, and a rude cross of wood, cut from nearby trees, placed at the head of the grave, proved that he had been given a Christian burial. We blessed the grave and returned to the village. Meanwhile, one catechist had remained behind to instruct the women

and children. On our return he gave a short instruction to the men who had accompanied us to the grave. We baptized one person in the village, and three others promised to come down to the plains the following Sunday for Mass and Baptism.

FROM here we set out for Bara Patma to baptize a child; thence to Chota Patma and Tokuria, stopping only long enough for the catechists to smoke a *cuti* and show some pictures. It was getting late as we filed down the hills, and as we went we passed lines of Paharias returning from market in the plains. In the early morning they had carried down bamboos, wood and Indian corn, and were returning with the exchange of their barter. The paths had many turns; but not enough to



Raj Mahal Paharias of Patna Mission, India, to whom after many centuries of paganism, the Gospel of Christ is being preached.

accommodate all; for some, quite human-like, had broken the monotony of life by bartering their goods near Kedo Market for an Indian wine comparable only to the moonshine of Kentucky. They hailed us merrily as we dodged past. We arrived in the plains at sunset. The catechist who had failed to precede us to the hills had lagged behind. He knew the hills, the hill folks knew him, and so he was safe. We got back to Kusbila just as Richard was setting out, lantern in hand, to search for us.

Today, the day after our trip to Tetargong, we cycle to Sobalpur in the plains. Tomorrow we go to nearby hills. So it's now to the hills and now into the valleys, doing our bit by paid catechist aid to level the one and fill in the other for the spread of the Faith among the lowly and poor of Narainpur sector in Patna Diocese, India. We know that good Father Conway is interceding for us in Heaven as we continue to work among the Santals and Paharias of this Mission. You may recall reading in JESUIT MISSIONS that while working in this territory in 1932, Father Conway, still a young priest, contracted fever which caused his death. Before adequate medical help reached him, he was at death's door.

Mambajao

John A. Pollock, S.J.



AMBAJAO? Never heard of it! What is it? Where is it?

Mambajao is the principal town and a very progressive place on Camiguin, one of the tiny islets of the Philippines, just across the strait from northern Mindanao, the field of the American Jesuits. Mambajao nestles at the feet of two towering mountain peaks, more than a mile high, and straight up. A low-lying volcano, only eight miles away, lies half behind one of the big mountains.

But some years back the priests who assumed this pastorate experienced volcanic repercussions right in the midst of their flock. At heart the mass of the people is sound, true, faithful, even devoted. But some of their leaders were not ready to accept the pastors sent by the Bishop, and said pastors found the place too hot when human passions seethed and boiled, and jets of steam began spurting over the brim. They took their departure before an eruption could occur.

Thereafter for a part of the time the former Bishop punished the place by refusing to send a priest, part of the time he had no one to send. So for many years there has been no regular shepherd over this flock. It has not been abandoned, however, as American and Filipino Jesuits from Mindanao have been sent over from time to time to visit Mambajao and administer the sacraments. But, of course, without a regular gardener, a goodly number of weeds have reared their heads; without a steady hand at the helm the vessel has lurched a good deal; in short, the whole place was disorganized.

BE that as it may, the new Bishop, "Mons" Hayes, as the local abbreviation is locally rendered, has decided to start anew with a new priest. The present writer was probably the only Father in northern Mindanao who had never taken his turn in Mambajao as a pinch-hitter, and who knew none of the people and none of the history of those past years.

One of the last visiting priests to serve here, remarked that in spite of its past, it was the garden spot of the diocese. After a year's experience I think he was about right. The people have been so quick to respond to every suggestion of their new guide. There is no doubt that they really do want a spiritual leader. They are ready.

For instance, a private family had been trying to operate a Catholic school, with considerable success but not so many pupils. They begged the new Father to take over their enterprise and make it a parochial school. It was agreed upon, a few sermons were preached to supplement Bishop Hayes' letter on Catholic education, and we opened. Over two hundred and fifty public school pupils flocked to us,—newcomers rushed us. We acquired another building, more teachers, more books, more desks, and yet had to turn away nearly one hundred applicants.



The school garden at Mambajao, the garden spot of the diocese. Left: Father John A. Pollock, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York.

It almost looked as if we would close the public school. Yes, these people are Catholic at heart.

Again, they have responded to the spiritual ministrations. They appreciate Mass every Sunday in place of once or twice a month, and so with the other sacraments. Baptisms and marriages have doubled, Communions have more than trebled.

WORK is about to start on our church. There is a shell here,—has been for more than thirty years, and is still but a shell, but by no means a still shell. You may have read that bats fly by night. They do. But they also fly inside by day, and not only fly. With their raucous cries they make an ungodly racket, and commit other nuisances, too. St. Paul never preached in a bat-infested church, or he would have allowed men to wear hats! at least the bald-headed!

A fair sized portion of the front of the church was blown in, and a fairer sized portion was blown out, by a back-flipping typhoon some months before the new Padre took charge. What a wreck to start with! But God be praised, plans have been made, and enough funds collected to start raising what the typhoon razed. Just now our gaping front reminds one of a dirigible hangar.

Meanwhile we hope and pray that no more of the rickety parts of this "church" will come tumbling down before we can raise more funds. To make the whole shell into a church, just a plain mission church, not a Gothic cathedral, will take all of thirty thousand.

Meanwhile a plan has been worked out, a sort of five-to-twenty-five-year-plan, a chunk to be done each year, according to the price of copra and hemp, and the generosity of the Padre's friends! We are all cheery about it now, and hopeful. Next January ought to see the start. These are all hopeful signs.

Ceylon Notes

Edward T. Cassidy, S.J.



IN this day of ours when nations, cities and individuals are seeking records and distinctions, I think Batticaloa, a little town on the east coast of Ceylon in the Diocese of Trincomalie, holds a record and a distinction all its own.

At recreation I heard the Fathers speak of the King's Hotel, and I wondered what a hotel would be like in this village of small houses and tiny huts. At the earliest opportunity I went to the place mentioned, and sure enough, there over the door of a very neat one story building was the sign: "King's Hotel." The manager met me at the door, and I explained that my visit was merely one of curiosity. He was very gracious, and told me that the hotel had four guest rooms and the lobby which served also as office and dining room. Looking up at the sign, I asked him after what king of England the hotel was named. He looked at me amazed, and said: "Father, this hotel is named after Christ the King. We opened the hotel on the first feast of Christ the King, and we felt that that was the only name we could give it." When I entered the tiny lobby, I saw a statue of Christ the King over the door leading to the rooms. I



His Excellency, Most Rev. Gaston Robichez, S.J., Bishop of Trincomalie Diocese, Ceylon.

wonder if in all the world there is another King's Hotel named after Christ the King.

I THINK we have another distinction in our Bishop. Like most Bishops, His Excellency, Most Rev. Gaston Robichez, S.J., Bishop of Trincomalie, has a debt, but unlike most Bishops, he has absolutely no income from his diocese, and is dependent on Masses and gifts for a living. He is trying hard to keep up the Mission chapels we have, and to give the people Mass once a week. At present many of the Mission chapels are just four poles with thatched coconut tree leaves for roof and walls. Scattered through the jungle, there are thousands of natives well disposed towards Christianity. If we had a few more priests and a little money, we could easily bring them into the Fold.

The Diocese of Trincomalie extends two hundred miles along the east coast of Ceylon, covering an area of five thousand square miles. Except for Batticaloa and Trincomalie, the whole territory is a jungle with small native villages several miles apart. There are 225,000 souls in the diocese, and of these only thirteen thousand are Catholics. The rest of the population is made up of Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists and a few Protestants.

During the last year, Ceylon was hard hit by a malaria epidemic. According to the latest statistics, 80,000 died of malaria in Ceylon between February and August. Two-thirds of our people are under-nourished, and when the fever strikes them, they have no resistance. During September and October, there was a lull in the fever, but now a new epidemic is raging. We had very few cases during the last (Turn to page 83)

Very Rev. Ferdinand Bonnel, S.J., (right) Superior of Trincomalie Mission, and Father Edward T. Cassidy, S.J., of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus.



FROM MANY QUARTERS



MISSION NEWS SERVICE NOTES

Archbishop Costantini, New Secretary of Propaganda Fide

Theodosia, who was in China from 1922 to 1933, has been named Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. He becomes at the same time President of the Pontifical Associations for the Propagation of the Faith and of St. Peter Apostle for the Native Clergy, succeeding Cardinal Salotti who held these offices from July, 1930, until now.

The late Archbishop De Guebriant, Superior General of the Foreign Missions of Paris, who, as Apostolic Visitor in China in 1919, prepared the way for the establishment of the Apostolic Delegation, wrote of Archbishop Costantini: "I am firmly convinced that he has been, during a decisive period, a providential man for China. The ten years he passed at Peking supply plenty of material for a huge volume of history. His activity did not let up for a single day; his patience never failed. After the material and moral upheaval of the World War, in the presence of an acute sense of nationalism coming to life among the Chinese, under the menace of premature schools of thought which were trying to gain the ascendancy, under the pressure of a confused onrush towards a progress filled with illusions, he calmly directed the missions of China midst the dangers of an evolution which a short time before was entirely unforeseen. He acted when others would have lost irretrievable time in waiting, and in acting—even where, in the light of later experience, he would have perhaps followed another course—he saved the Church in China. Failure to act in those circumstances would have been suicide for the Church, giving the Chinese the impression that Catholicism was surrendering, giving up hope of taking root in their land, of adapting itself to them. On the contrary, thanks to Archbishop Costantini, the Church showed them that it was alive, that it wished to live and that it would live."

Russian Students at Jesuit University in Shanghai

Twenty Russian young men, almost all members of the Orthodox Church, have enrolled at the

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Celsus Costantini, Titular Archbishop of

Apostolic Delegate in China from 1922 to 1933, has been named Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. He becomes at the same time President of the Pontifical Associations for the Propagation of the Faith and of St. Peter Apostle for the Native Clergy, succeeding Cardinal Salotti who held these offices from July, 1930, until now.

an institution of higher studies conducted by the Jesuits at Shanghai. They belong to families of high social standing who have fled from their homeland during the recent years of religious persecution. There are several tens of thousands of Russians living in Shanghai.

The young men have formed a club, called the "Association of Russian Students of the Aurora," and they have asked Father Wendelin Javorka, S.J., formerly Rector of the Russian College at Rome, to be their counsellor.

Archbishops Reply to Gandhi

The following is a statement made not so long ago by Mr. Gandhi, written in the *Harijan*: "It is a conviction daily growing upon me that the great and rich Christian missions will render true service to India if they can persuade themselves to confine their activities to humanitarian service without the ulterior motive of converting India, or at least her unsophisticated villagers, to Christianity, and destroying their social superstructure which, notwithstanding its many defects, has stood, from time immemorial, the onslaughts upon it from within and without."

To this statement, the Most Rev. Joseph Attipetty, Archbishop of Verapoly, addressing the Catholic Truth Association of St. Joseph's College, October 27, said: "She (the Church) cannot respond to the suggestions put forward sometimes, that in India she should confine herself to social and philanthropic work and not to conversion. But knowing what the mission of the Church is, it must be clear to everybody that this last is her main task, and it is for this that she primarily exists. It is the greatest philanthropy that she could effect, because it is leading others from darkness into the realm of True Light and into the Kingdom of God. That work, therefore, she will always strive to do, not indeed by compulsion in any form, not by unworthy or material inducements, but by lawful persuasion and conviction; although she might at times aid her adherents by material benefits, too, to make their lives happier and better. But such benefits are only of secondary consideration and should not be confounded as the means made use of for conversion."

The Archbishop of Madras, the Most Rev. Louis Mathias, when interviewed by the press regarding Gandhi's statement, said: "The preaching of the Gospel is a duty imposed on us by the Divine Founder of Christianity. . . . We make no secret of the fact that our first and chief motive, and not merely an ulterior motive, is to conquer India for Christ; not only the unsophisticated villages but all men of good will. We cannot confine our work to merely social service without being guilty of grave dereliction of duty."

The Cross, A Symbol of Filipino Culture

Mr. Charles P. Romulo, owner of a newspaper syndicate in the Philippines, speaking at Notre Dame University, Indiana, during a special convocation commemorating the inauguration of the Philippine Commonwealth, said: "And in our freedom, we shall be fortified by that Faith which outlasts because it transcends time. . . . Like Freedom, Faith reached us through conquest. Centuries ago, with the Crown of Spain came the Cross of Christ; both borne on the vehement and material exuberance of those dauntless adventurers who foreshortened the earth. They sought silver for their king and subjects for their God. Among us they found both. But the crown was really buried with them; we have almost forgotten how or when. The Cross remains throughout our islands, a symbol and an evidence of the radical culture of our minds. . . . I do not wish to imply that Catholicism is the religion of the State. It is much more: it is the religion of the people. And the people, not the State, are sovereign."

"Pioneers of the Faith"

Lt. Col. Francis J. Bowen, author of "Pioneers of the Faith," notes: "In military campaigns, praise is rightfully bestowed upon the soldier in the firing line as the true hero of the battle. . . . But be he ever so brave, he cannot win the battle unless he is supplied from behind with food, ammunition, equipment. These must come from his base which in turn receives them from the home country." What is true of war, is true of the missions. The missionary is helpless without aid from the homeland.

It's Not So Easy

John E. Mc Key, S.J.

"ISN'T that Father Couture, the missionary who drives the aeroplane?" The idea of anyone not knowing him at first glance! Yes, the "Flying Padre" was down to the house of philosophy in Toronto for a few days. And just as soon as the young Canadian Jesuit aspirants for the missions could obtain permission, they were up to see him and were clamoring for news from the far reaching land of his labors among the unspoiled children of the North.

Labors is the proper word, though even that is not adequate. Perhaps, when you hear of a missionary riding about the country in an aeroplane, you are inclined to think that the present day laborers in Christ's vineyard are yielding to the times, are being softened by the luxuries of the age. If that is the case, you simply do not know Father Couture, nor enough of the nature of his work.

In former days, it is true, he had by the sweat of his brow to earn every mile he traveled. And many, too, were the miles he had to cover by canoe or dog team along the twisting trails, through the bush or across wind-swept lakes and up and down the winding rivers of Ontario. For, in a land where there are no roads, you may very often be obliged to travel twenty miles and more to reach a place ten miles away. These fatigues, no doubt, are what leap to your mind when you think of the softness of the present age. But as I said, you have never had to fill Father Couture's shoes. Compared to the everlasting strain and fatigue entailed by the conveniences of an aeroplane, mashing across the bleak wastes of Nipigon into the teeth of a blizzard is mere children's sport.

YOU will readily admit that an aeroplane saves time. But when you admit that you are granting my whole point. The amount of time saved is tremendous. One distance which before took seventeen days hard traveling, now takes about two hours. The distances between mission stations that formerly occupied at least a day, now take from fifteen to twenty minutes. The possibility of such a saving is more easily realized if one studies a Government survey map of northern Ontario. On these accurate maps one sees some part of the vast



Ontario's "Flying Padre," Father Joseph Couture, S.J., missionary in the vast region between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay, who came to Toronto in January to qualify for a private air pilot's license. Father Couture had already flown about fifty thousand miles as a passenger or co-pilot.

closely knit web of lakes and rivers which covers all that immense district and of which the ordinary map gives no idea whatever. This multiplicity of little lakes is what makes the pontoon-equipped aeroplane so eminently practical.

I might here point out that this saving in time is what largely accounts for the tremendous saving in expense made possible by the aeroplane; though even now Father Couture is obliged to beg in order that he may continue his work. But that is beside the question.

I said that you had already conceded my point. The reason for this is that the amount of work a priest is able to do is multiplied by the time saved in traveling from place to place; and for a missionary, "able to do" means "does."

You are familiar with the yearly mission at your parish church. Try to imagine what you would do if you had to conduct missions all by yourself, every day and every day from morning till night, with never a break from one end of the season to the other. Well, that is exactly what Father Couture does.

LET me outline a typical day's labor on the northern missions. Father Couture was at Gull Bay on the west shore of Lake Nipigon. The night before there had been confessions till eleven o'clock. At six he was up and about. Meditation, breviary, final instructions to the choir, a last lining up of the servers, more confessions, and at nine o'clock he commenced (Turn to page 83)

Ho-hum! Jus-



"Ev'nin'! Meet de Fadda!" Father Mortimer J. Murphy, S.J., and a family of his parishioners, Jamaica, B. W. I.

"**C**OME on Clip, tsk, tsk!" Clip is the name of the mare. I'm off to Brighton Mission through the stony roller coaster short-cut. On a level stretch or as the crow flies, it is only about two miles, but the up and down and in and out of the road adds two more. Place: Revival School in the hills of Jamaica, B. W. I. This is "as far as the car goes; all off!" and on to the horse. Just finished catechism "wid de picknies, dem." Leaving time: four-thirty, and if I don't hurry it will be dark before I get to Brighton, the habitat of malaria. So Clip starts with great enthusiasm, which soon peters out. I am followed by a host of picknies, all carrying something: one the Mass kit, another a rain-coat and rubbers (for the rain does not always give a warning), another my canteen of boiled water (to keep away malaria germs), finally the sick-call kit. I imagine I present a scene something like a traveling circus, or maybe a little Moses leading his flock through the bush.

I could wish that Clip had non-skid shoes when we come to the stony declines. But with a slipping and a scraping we get to the bottom eventually, with me on top. It was with a bit of a shiver and a Hail Mary that I descended the first decline, as it was the first time in years that I had any animal less steady than a flying-horse at Revere Beach, Boston, Mass., beneath me. But having stayed on at the first slope, I imagined I was a veteran.

As we pass the scattered huts, the greeting is always the same: "Good evening."

A typical scene in the parish of Sav-la-mar, Jamaica, B. W. I., after the hurricane of October 29, 1933. Homeless but happy.

It may be only three in the afternoon, but it is evening just the same. "Ev'nin' Fadda." "How are you?" This can be answered in two ways. If it is: "Not too bad," then you know they haven't got the fever. But if it's "Not too bright," then it is the fever. "Have you any quinine?" Generally: "No, Fadda. Me axin' you fe some." And so on to the next hut. It gets dark at about quarter to six at this time of year.

Now to get settled down in my domicile which is bedroom, office, dining room, confessional and sacristy all in one. "Watch out fe de boad, Fadda, him bad suh." So I must pick my steps and make a mental note of repairs when my ship comes in. Next, for all the comforts of home as I wash in my little basin. The two faithful women who minister to the "Fadda" announce: "Supper, him ready, Fadda," and so presto! the vestment table becomes a dinner table. With each sip of my cinnamon tea out of a tin mug, I promise myself to get a thermos bottle and bring my own tea. However, I hate to disappoint their kindness and so comply despite the nausea.

The bell has been blown down, so one holds it while another rings it. The clarion for "service." This district is practically all Catholic, thank God, which is an eloquent testimonial to the zeal of early missionaries. At the drop of a hint, they will go back and tell of the first priest's advent. How Mar'se George was a Catholic, and all the priests who followed. But that is a story in itself. Confessions until seven o'clock. During which they shout some hymns, so that it is a strain on the priest to hear what the bashful penitent is saying after the "Bless me Fadda, for I hab' sin-ned."

SEVEN o'clock? No more confessions until after devotions. So we begin the Rosary or Sacred Heart devotions, and then after another hymn, I turn around for the sermon. What a sight greets my eye. The only illumination is a weak lamp on a shelf in the front. As the light glimmers in the semi-darkness, a flash of white suits and dresses and of white teeth is seen. Imagine a chapel that can conveniently hold fifty, into which are crowded about two hundred. For the comfort of this crowd, there are seven hard benches with nary a back to them. These seven benches are packed, filled up, and running over. I can pity them. When the sermon is half over, they



Another Day!

Mortimer J. Murphy, S.J.

begin to stretch their backs. You know how your back aches when you sit on a backless bench for any length of time. I hope the conclusion is not that I talk too long. As a matter of fact they like long sermons if they had a place to rest their back. Some, of course, just squat on the cement floor and let their feet hang. The difficulty is this.

As I said before, this is a wonderful Catholic center, showing how well the early Fathers, assisted by God's grace, planted the Faith. But, and it is a large but, it's the older folk that have it. The youth are falling away. And how can the priest "rox them up," as they say, unless he has a sufficiently large church to accommodate them? Of course, they need the attention of the priest. But when you stay a while at one place, the other places feel as though they are neglected. However, if I had a good church I could get them organized and then do my best with the little time that I could give them. When a missionary over the sea needs help and prays for his ship to come in, he's not looking for a streamlined ocean palace, since a raft or even a life-saver rescues him.

NEXT morning I opened the church for more confessions. The bed becomes the vestment case,—and how I hope I haven't forgotten anything in the Mass kit! Good! It's all there. Wine, hosts, Missal, bookstand, chalice, etc. Once more the singing begins. I'm afraid to take a full genuflection lest my foot go through the boards and the tabernacle door be jammed. It's distressing at Communion. The makeshift of an altar rail is wobbly and the communicants are liable to fall against me if they lean upon it. There is no step at the altar rail. That is a luxury. So I must watch my step lest I slip. After Mass I have three Communion to the sick (and that means climbing!), three Baptisms and one sick-call. Which to do first? The people decide for me by saying that the man is very sick. So the others wait.

"Simeon Johnson, Fadda, him bad, sah." I start off on the horse, but since the ground is rocky and he is slow, I'm afraid that Simeon will join the Angels before I get there. So I tie the horse to a tree and start on shank's mare. Where is his house? I'm told Old Hope. Well I *hope* I get there in time. We walk as far as the blue Caribbean, then along the shore. "Mornin' Fadda" call the fishermen, starting out in their small boats. These are hollowed out of the cotton tree. As I slide along the sand I see curious shells and bits of sponge, and my guide points out the mark left by a 'gater, alligator to you. Finally we reach the hut. Simeon's leg was putrefying, as gangrene has set in. Except for this and the fact that he was deaf and dumb, he was all right. Says I to myself, if he's supposed to be dying, then I'm George Washington. However, I gave him Communion and the last sacraments, since sometimes appearances are deceiving. After a few words with his neighbors, examining a foot that had been giving trouble to Ismael Augustus, giving quinine to Adella Jones and promising to make arrangements to take Lorellda Malcha Woolery to the hospital, I started back.

The return trip on foot was not so interesting, because when one perspires through one's coat, he begins to get the idea that it is hot. And the tropical sun answered: "Hot, is the word." Luckily we soon

came to a hut, and the pickny scrambled up a coconut tree for us. Now if you're talking about thirst, there is nothing like a drink of cool coconut water right from the gourd. Refreshed, we journeyed on until we reached the spot where the horse was. I promised myself that, as this is the tropics and I'm not a native, I would stick to the horse. At eleven-thirty, I arrived back at the church where the babies were crying in the noonday heat. But what about the bedridden folk who were fast-



After examining a foot that had been giving trouble to Ismael Augustus, giving quinine to Adella Jones and promising to make arrangements to take Lorellda Malcha Woolery to the hospital, Father Mortimer Murphy, S.J., stops to settle a subtle point in theology.

ing for Communion? The babies had to wait. In spite of my resolution to stick in the saddle, the rocky hill was too much for the horse. I took the hill in installments. I made my calls, and the trip down was much easier. Beautiful, nay luxuriant scenery was all around me, but in my condition worth about two cents. At twelve-thirty, I finally baptized the babies, had lunch and packed up for the trip to Orange Hill where a similar program was to be followed. That night at Orange Hill, I carried on with a splitting headache. What can it be? Is it malaria or what? Needless to say, I retired as soon as possible, not caring whether the mosquitoes ate me to bits. After a good sleep I was as good as new, for it is hard to kill a Murphy. And that, my dear children, is the way I came to buy a sun helmet. For I found that a linen cap will never keep out the tropical sun from a head that, like Uncle Ned's, is losing the wool in the place where the wool ought to grow. This then is my story of "Just Another Day." I leave it to my readers to decide whether "Ho-Hum" in the title expresses merely a languid interest in my mission life or that complete physical exhaustion consequent upon battling for souls which is so often the lot of our Catholic missionaries in Jamaica.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly, July-August, by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

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Novena of Grace: March 4 to 12

EACH year, for the benefit of our Readers, we have printed in the March issue the prayers for the Novena of Grace. We feel that this Novena has a particular significance for all missionaries and mission-minded people because St. Francis Xavier, in whose honor the Novena is made, is Patron of the Missions for the whole Church. He is still the inspiration of missionaries the world over, for his spirit lives on in every mission, and at home, too, in schools and parishes, where young and old are being educated to a more profound interest in the cause of the salvation of souls.

The Novena of Grace is made in accordance with the directions of Father Mastrilli, who, when at the point of death, was cured through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier, and afterwards died a martyr in Japan in 1637. The wonderful favors, both spiritual and temporal, which have been obtained by this Novena, have caused it to become known as the Novena of Grace. It is celebrated in many churches in all parts of the world from March 4 to March 12, the anniversary of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier.

Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

Most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this Novena (*make some petition*). But if what I ask is not for the glory of God, or for the good of my soul, do thou obtain from me what is most conducive for both. Amen. (Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be.)

V. Pray for us, St. Francis Xavier.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY

O God, who didst vouchsafe by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xavier, to join unto Thy Church the nations of the Indies, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who reverence his glorious merits may also imitate his example, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Xavier's Prayer for Unbelievers

Eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that the souls of unbelievers have been created by Thee, and formed to Thy own image and likeness. Behold, O Lord, how to Thy dishonor hell is being filled with these very souls. Remember that Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death. Do not permit, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that Thy Divine Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but rather, being appeased by the prayers of Thy Saints and of the Church, the most holy Spouse of Thy Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of Thy mercy; and forgetting their idolatry and unbelief, bring them to know Him, whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who is our health, life and resurrection, through whom we have been redeemed and saved, to whom be all glory forever. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, love of my heart, by Thy holy Cross and by the Five Wounds which Thy love has inflicted on Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood. Amen.

By a grant of Pope Pius X on March 23, 1904, confirmed by Pius XI on January 4, 1929, all who make the Novena of Grace either publicly or privately may gain

1. An Indulgence of 300 days, on each day of the Novena; and
2. A Plenary Indulgence, upon completion of the Novena, under the usual conditions of Confession, Holy Communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father.

To gain these Indulgences, one must devoutly and with contrite heart recite, either publicly or privately, the prayer "Most lovable and loving" with one "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be, etc.;" if the Novena exercises be held in a church or public oratory, it suffices to be present at the recitation of the prayer.

N.B. If the usual prayer be not available, one may say instead "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be, etc." five times. The Novena may be made at any time of the year.

The Thirst of Christ on the Cross

SPIRITUAL writers tell us that when our Blessed Savior cried out "*Sitio!*" on the Cross, He was not merely giving expression to the presence of a burning physical thirst, but much more was He indicating a greater thirst: His thirst for souls. During Lent, when you are particularly mindful of Christ's Sacred Passion, you can help to slake the Savior's thirst. How? By giving your prayer and penances a missionary turn. Your prayers for the missions, your daily or frequent Mass and Holy Communion, your acts of mortification, your money saved by not going to movies and dances, your little sums laid aside because you are abstaining from sweets or cigarettes, your efforts, too, to spread good mission literature,—all these can be turned into help for the missions: love's answer to Christ's "*Sitio!*"

THE MISSION INTENTION

That the Souls of the Natives in Mission Lands May Not be Endangered by Industrial Exploitation

“A POOR, proud, heavily armed nation can hardly be expected to starve in saintly submission in its own backyard.” This statement of the Japanese press in the weekly *Times*, December 14, 1933, (page 690), reveals something of the surging independence, restlessness and challenging energy, in the Empire of the Rising Sun, whose total population of 68,000,000 people, excluding dependencies, is straitened within an area of 148,856 square miles. In two ways particularly, the vigorous aggressiveness of Japan has manifested itself, namely, in her programs of war and industry. The Mission Intention for March concerns itself mainly with Japan's industrial program and its effect upon the souls of the natives. That this effect may not be harmful to the Faith of the natives we are asked by His Holiness to pray that the Christian principles of social justice may be applied both by the old World War powers and by Japan herself as the sole means that would prevent the industrial advance of the Japanese from upsetting the economic equilibrium of the world, inciting trade wars, reprisals, and the exploitation of both the bodies and the souls of the native workers.

In 1636, due to the unchristian trading war of the Dutch and Portuguese, Europeans were driven from Japan and the Catholic missions destroyed in a welter of blood. What has happened in the past can happen again, and the wonderful organization of the Catholic Church in Japan today, with its still more wonderful prospects, can be sacrificed once more on the unholy altar of unjust industrial expansion. There is this difference, however, between the Japan of 1636 and the Japan of 1936. In 1636, Japan was in a position merely to destroy the Faith already existing in the island. Today, she is in a position, by means of her economic aggressiveness, to invade the Christian countries themselves with her pagan ideas of philosophy and theology. To one who knows Japan today, this is clearly evident. It is over eighty-six years since Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan to the world. In that time she has organized her tremendous industries, her commercial fleet which traverses the world's waterways, and after that of England and the United States, is the most important in the world. She has her Chambers of Commerce and her shipping agencies in every strategic commercial vantage point. For the construction of her fleet she has 530 shipyards and 75 docks. She has her armies, her capitalists, her working classes, her war lords. Her program is absolutely one of expansion. It is impossible because of immigration laws around the world to expand to any great extent by exporting her people. Therefore, she must export her manufactures, and this means industrial expansion. Shall this expansion be that of a peaceful or of a conquering nation? The policy of Japan depends in great part upon our Christian nations of the West and upon the programs they themselves adopt, whether of social justice or of injustice. Japan herself is thoroughly prepared for either peace or war. With reason therefore does His Holiness plead for prayers that the souls of the natives may not be endangered.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Missions and Mission Magazines in the Classroom

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Through the kindness of a brother of mine, I have been receiving *JESUIT MISSIONS* for my class. There is a tremendous lot of material contained in each issue. This material is particularly useful to us just at the present time when our Catholic schools are requested to bring home to the minds of the children entrusted to them the needs and wants of our Catholic missionaries.

Indiana Catholic schools (where I was stationed before) were very much up and doing; but Pennsylvania is not behind. Every grade is required to take an active part in this good work. Father McNelis, our School Superintendent, specified the work for each grade. Sister Evelyn and I have India, China and Japan to take care of. We collect all kinds of material that in any way relates to missionary work, such as pictures, large or small, magazines, pamphlets, papers, etc. I have two large boxes chock-full of such material. When the material is collected, we start to work on our mission program.

Pupils and teachers work together, giving a short period of school time every day to the task. By June the work will be completed. The object is to incite in the minds and hearts of the children a true love for Christ the King and to bring to Him, through prayers and good works, many, many souls. This is accomplished by bringing aid and solace to the missionaries who labor in the far-off pagan lands.

The boys in my class have already put up the background on a large board, six feet by four feet,—which represents our mission field. A large picture of the globe will be pasted thereon. India, China and Japan will have a prominent place. A beautiful picture of our Crucified Savior takes the top place, then a picture of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, with rays extending over the entire world. Again, there is a picture of Christ, our Divine Missionary, leading His Apostles to their fields of labor; then a picture of St. Paul, pointing to a temple dedicated to “The Unknown God”; then pictures of institutes in which missionaries are trained for the missions, pictures of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of India, etc. Everything is arranged to bring home to the minds of our children the reality of the missions.

Then in addition, each pupil has a sort of scrap book in which they paste things, pictures, letters from missionaries,—anything that has reference to their chosen missions. Hence you see why I appreciate *JESUIT MISSIONS* so very much. Perhaps, too, some of these boys and girls will obtain from our Lord a vocation to become missionaries in far-off lands.

Altoona, Pa.

Sister M. Amata.

Do You Know Your Geography?

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Here is a suggestion which I pass on to you to judge of its worthwhileness. Give the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* a course in geography. Too many do not know where the missions written about are located. Either a little cut of a map for each article, or a large one or two page map with missions numbered would be helpful. The article could refer to the number.

Again, would it be worthwhile to run some prizeless contests in each number (even grownups like to work on these) e.g., on geography, on how to pronounce the names of cities, countries, names of missionaries, etc? A box on the correct pronunciation of the names of the leading towns mentioned in the current articles would perhaps be of interest.

Well, keep up the fine work. You are battling against lots of odds, but you are doing splendidly.

Missouri.

Home Missionary, S.J.

Throughout the year 1932, individual maps of the different missions were printed in *JESUIT MISSIONS*. Space forbids using them in each issue, but a larger map of the world appears from time to time, and on this map, all the missions of the American Jesuits are numbered. These include: The Philippine Islands, Patna in India, Baghdad in Iraq, Shanghai, Nanking and Shuyang, Ku., in China, Ceylon, Jamaica, B.W.I., British Honduras, Alaska, Süchow in China, Indian Missions in South Dakota, Wyoming, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, Montana, Ontario and Caughnawaga, Canada, and Negro and Rural Missions in different sections of the United States. *Editor.*

Westward Ho!

GOING West to go East seems a contradiction. But on January 9, 1937, the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress in the Philippine Islands will begin its westward journey aboard the *Empress of Japan*, to go to the East. Of sight-seeing interest will be our first stop at Honolulu, which will afford an opportunity to visit the famous Waikiki beach. But our missionary interest will first be fully aroused and somewhat satisfied when we stop at Shanghai, China.

Shanghai, with its little suburb of Zikawei, is the center of the Nanking Mission field entrusted to the care of the French Jesuits. Zikawei is known all over the Far East for its Jesuit observatory. But it has an equally great claim to fame for the social works which flourish within its suburban boundaries. This is what a visiting American Jesuit has written about it:

"The glory of the Society here is the little Jesuit village of Zikawei. It is a small copy of the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay. The orphanage houses castaway children and orphans. The boys are brought up by our Fathers and Brothers, helped by many laymen, all Chinese. The girls are under the care of the Helpers of the Holy Souls.

"The boys and the girls marry in the Chinese fashion with the priest making all the arrangements beforehand. Many of the boys remain single and stay with the Fathers as helpers and teachers. Very many of the girls remain single and belong to a Congregation with no religious vows. About five hundred girls, of whom many are catechists, are thus living with the Sisters. Many of the boys become native priests, some Jesuits. Quite a number of the girls join various Religious Orders. There is a novitiate of the Helpers of the Holy Souls and a Carmelite Monastery in Zikawei.

All sorts of arts and trades are taught the boys and girls. The products of their handiwork are sold in the large cities of Europe and America. Those who marry continue to exercise their arts or trades and thus support themselves. There is a special kindergarten where mothers leave their children while they are employed in one or other department of the convent."

When our pilgrims will have satisfied their mission interest at Zikawei, they will have the opportunity to visit Gonzaga College, in Shanghai, which is entrusted to the care of American Jesuits from the California Province. At present there are stationed at Gonzaga College five



The day nursery at Zikawei where the little tots are cared for while their Catholic mothers are busy at many arts and trades.

Fathers, three Scholastics and one lay-Brother. We know that Father Leo F. McGreal, the Rector, and the members of his community, Fathers Pius L. Moore, Mark A. Falvey, Stanislaus Fitzgerald, Joseph I. Gatz, Messrs. Ralph J. Deward, Wilfred J. LeSage, Albert R. O'Hara and Brother Thomas Powers, will extend a welcome reception at Shanghai and Gonzaga College to all who will journey with the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress and the Missions.

Ten months have yet to elapse before we'll be calling our "Westward ho!" But ten months in advance of sailing date is none too early to make reservations so that we can call that "Westward ho!" Are you who are reading this page making your preparations? Or will you be forced when anchors are aweigh, on sailing day, simply to listen to another's "Westward ho!" Travel on land and sea, luxurious sight-seeing, a Summer vacation in the Winter, offer incentive enough for you to join our pilgrimage. But add to these pleasure arguments the fact that you as an American Catholic can help American and other foreign missionaries in the Orient to make your Faith glow more brightly in pagan lands, and you'll answer the call and rush to the ranks of the pilgrims, who, as an army set for conquest, will go West to the East to help the missionaries win the Orient for Christ the King. "Westward ho!"

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AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Augustin Consunji, S.J., included in his latest letter an interesting account of the conversion of a Supervisor in a public school of his section.

"Before his conversion, Mr. B. was most belligerent in condemning medals and everything that smacked of the Catholic religion. He himself attributes it to the virulent anti-Catholic training which he received at Silliman. He had married a good Catholic girl who had a great devotion to *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores* (Our Lady of Sorrows), and who tried hard to bring her husband back to his old Faith. One night he had a dreadful dream about a woman who almost forced him to visit the Catholic church. He was prevailed upon to make this visit. All this, according to Mr. B., took place in the dream itself. Then suddenly he really woke up and to his astonishment found the woman standing at his bed. He rubbed his eyes, but she was still there. By this time he began to perspire, to talk out loud, and under the influence of the woman protested strongly and fervently that he would go to confession and return to the Faith of his forefathers. Mr. B. concluded that he must have spoken at least fifty words, at which time his wife awoke and questioned him. Instinctively the wife immediately felt for her medal of *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*. It was gone. At this point, Mr. B.'s mother entered the room and turned on the lights. The vision, of course, had disappeared. They asked him to describe the woman he saw, but he could not. His wife then came to his rescue, for having again felt for her medal, she found it this time returned to its place. She showed it to him and asked him if the woman resembled the woman on the medal. Mr. B. exclaimed, 'Exactly, that is the woman I saw.' The medal was that of *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*. It is from that day that Mr. B. dates his conversion. He made his confession, and from that time until now I see him every Sunday in our church of Cabadbaran among our humble congregation. Rain or shine he is there, though he lives at least one kilometer away from the church."

* * *

The Philippine Mission News Letter, published monthly at Novaliches, in-

dicates "that Jesuit missionaries train the more fortunate Catholics of mission countries to support their less fortunate brethren. This is proven by the Catholic Action program held at the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I. During the brief mission drive held from October 15 to October 30 last, mite boxes were placed in the grade school classes. The sum of 114 pesos and 30 centavos was collected for the Mindanao missions. The sixth grade gave 22 pesos and 7 centavos; seven-A gave 21 pesos and 62 centavos; and the third grade, 20 pesos and 1 centavo. Socialists in the second division had already sent 30 pesos to Father James Daly, S.J., in Misamis. The whole school likewise is making an intensive drive for cancelled stamps throughout the city. Mr. Joseph H. Bittner, S.J., conducted the drive which ended on January the first."

From the same source, we learn that our Jesuits at Novaliches had an opportunity on November 15, by means of the radio, to keep in touch with the ceremonies then being held in the rostrum of the Palace of the Legislature, when the Philippine Commonwealth was officially inaugurated in the presence of two hundred thousand people who flocked to Manila for the auspicious event.

"Again, on November 23, at 7:00 A.M.," states the *News*, "we were listening to speeches from Alameda,



Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, Pastor of Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, P.I., with Midi, short for midnight.

Hawaii and Manila, as the *China Clipper* started its California-Manila flight at 3:28 p.m., P.S.T., November 22. It reached Manila at 3:30 p.m., November 29, Manila time, stopping at Honolulu, Midway, Wake and Guam. Note that Magellan left Magellan Strait in 1520 and cited Samar, P. I., March 13, 1521, a trip of three months and nineteen days across, after a stop at Ladrone Islands, and it took the Spanish galleons over two or three months to travel from Acapulco on the west coast of Mexico to Manila. The *Empress of Japan* crosses the Pacific in twenty-one days with stops on the way."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., missionary at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, writes to thank the Jesuit Scholastics at Toronto for help given to his mission:

"Thank you very much for the parcel you sent me. It was very much appreciated as everything in it was valuable to me. May our Lord reward you and the donors for your generosity.

"Winter is coming. This morning we had zero here and with it a few hardships in traveling. We have to pay in Winter time for the too great facilities we enjoy in Summer months.

"Recently I had another conversion: an English woman, fifty-four years old. Though she was deaf—but not dumb—she was not hard to prepare because she was so anxious to be received. Even while she was in England she liked going to the Catholic Church. She said she felt the Divine Presence there more than in the High Church. I performed all the ceremonies in her home, as she is living about twenty-five miles from any church. After her I baptized her granddaughter.

"Continue to pray for our Indians. Pray also for the conversion of many Protestants who seem to wait only for the occasion. I will soon have also the conversion of an Anglican who is ready to be received into the Church. He tried to be an Anglican monk but they could not answer his questions and satisfy his desire to be logical in the service of God. Your prayers and sacrifices may make of him a Catholic monk. Prayer, as you well know, accomplishes many more things than this world dreams of."

BRITISH HONDURAS

In a letter dated December 3, Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., who is stationed at El Cayo, British Honduras, gives a little insight into inconveniences of tropical missionary work that have nothing to do with either food or climate:

"Last week, while on a trip to Arenal on the Guatemala border, I lost my way for a time and wandered into a badly overgrown pasture, picking up a nice dose of ticks—over three hundred bites. Such an attack is apt to bring on fever, but I succeeded in warding it off by taking a good quantity of quinine, and then got rid of the troublesome itching by generously applying iodine, mercurochrome and carbo-negus. I am feeling quite normal now, although my body is covered with red blotches."

* * *

Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., Head Master of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, keeps us well informed on happenings in the Mission:

"When His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., arrived home from the States after his Jubilee visit, he was very fittingly welcomed back to Belize. Very Rev. Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission of British Honduras, and a group of Priests, Scholastics, and Brother John Jacoby, S.J., went out to the big ship in a small boat to meet His Excellency. The Bishop got into the small boat and came ashore with the welcoming party. On the wharf there were many of his friends and well-wishers to greet him, but conspicuous in the group were Brother Jacoby's uniformed Boy Scouts and Father Harkins' Drum Corps in full regalia. These two troops preceded the Bishop as he went in triumph out to the Cathedral where he was met by all the children of the Holy Redeemer schools,

who were lined up on either side of the street and shouted their greetings to the Bishop, while the Cathedral bells rang out their welcome.

The welcome to the Bishop, too, was a special feature that evening during the Christmas play given by the school children of St. Ignatius parish. Plays and dances, songs and drills formed the setting into which were properly placed the addresses of welcome by the little people of Mesopotamia Area. We say it was fitting that the Bishop be welcomed by St. Ignatius children, for we like to think that this parish manifests the spirit of the Mission. The church and school were completely destroyed during the hurricane of four years ago, the Pastor killed, and most of the parishioners drowned in the tidal wave. Yet within a year of its destruction, the church was rebuilt, a new Pastor was directing his almost entirely new parish, and the school has gradually grown to its present number of about three hundred and fifty children. This all points to life, progress and supreme trust in God—indeed, the spirit of the missionary activity of Bishop Murphy's Vicariate Apostolic.

* * *

"In an effort to support secondary education in the Colony, the Governor has offered a number of three year scholarships to the local high schools. Five of these are to be given to St. John's College and five to Mercy High School, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy in Belize.

* * *

"The Governor's wife had a Christmas party for the poor children of Belize on the Saturday before the feast. Children from both Holy Redeemer Parish and St. Ignatius Parish were given invitations to this festive gathering.

* * *

"The new Pastor of Fairview,

Father Edward Courtney, S.J., left his post long enough to go up to Belize to give the college boys their annual retreat.

* * *

"When the annual Christmas bazaar was held at the Cathedral Parish, it became very evidently clear that the depression had bitten hard into the pockets of the local Catholics. However, people are looking forward to improved days in the near future, as there is promise of work in the mahogany industry. The mahogany of the small colony of British Honduras is rated as the finest in the world. Several large orders for the precious wood are now in the hands of lumber agents in the colony.

* * *

"When the teachers of the colony met during Christmas week for a four day's convention, Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., gave them two lectures on English method, and Brother John Jacoby, S.J., gave a lecture and demonstration of Physical Drill. The new Superintendent of Education has been much impressed by the calisthenic drills which Brother gives to the college boys and the children of the parish schools every afternoon. Two of the Sisters from the local Mercy High School were also on the program. Sister M. Rosella gave two demonstrations in Kindergarten Method with numbers; and Sister M. Eleanor spoke on Nature Study Method. Besides the teaching Sisters of the colony, a good many of the lay teachers in the Catholic schools of the colony came to Belize for this convention."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

JESUIT MISSIONS wishes to extend its gratitude publicly to Very Rev. Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, for his splendid cooperation in forwarding a most interesting and variegated supply of curios from Jamaica, illustrating the life and industry of the Island. It was a contribution from our Jesuit missionaries to the new Museum which JESUIT MISSIONS is preparing and which we hope will soon be available for inspection by the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS and their friends.

* * *

Father Francis J. Kempel, S.J., writes from the Sacred Heart Church, Seaford Town:

"The Convent is finished and the Sisters well established in their new quarters. They are doing fine work in the school. The daily attendance has increased and the total number on the roll is one hundred and fifty. This is a fine improvement. The Inspector has nothing but praise for the work of the Sisters. In January we started a new venture in opening an Infant School. This was made possible through the generosity of a lady in



Grotto and statue at El Cayo, British Honduras, made by the "Missionary Sculptor," Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., and his co-worker, whose story was told in the February number of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Boston who has kindly consented to defray the expenses of the school. A room in the old teacher's cottage serves as the school room. One of our young ladies under the direction of the Sisters has charge of the school. We are hoping in the future to erect a separate building for the Infant School. May that day be not too far off! The teacher is not one trained for Infant School work, so we have limited the number of children to twenty. With a trained teacher and larger quarters we could take care of a greater number of children. In fact, if we wanted to admit more we could not do so for lack of room. Our infants learn their A B Cs, the multiplication tables, their prayers and are fitted well to enter the elementary school when the time comes. There is no delay in putting them in the first grade, as they know the elements already. The children who come to the Infant School go into our elementary school when the time comes at the age of seven. It is a good feeder for our big school. The difficulty is that we are running it on a small scale and the school is not doing all the good it can. With larger quarters we could take care of more children. We have to do the best we can under the circumstances."

* * *

Father James Dolan, S.J., at St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica, writes to thank us for a Christmas gift and continues:

"The sugar cane season is now on and some of the poor have a bit of work even though it is little else than civilized slavery. Twelve hours in a boiling sun for thirty-seven cents a day! Christmas was quiet and extremely poor, due to the hurricanes of the past Summer. There are no bananas, and when there are no bananas there are no laughs and no Christmas, no finery in dress to greet the New Year, and as the people put it, 'no nothing.'"

Father Dolan concludes, "May you have an abundance of grace for the fine work you are doing for our exiles around our scattered altars."

* * *

Father William H. Feeney, S.J., who has been temporarily shifted to Holy Cross Parish, Half Way Tree, Jamaica, notes:

"I am again an acting Pastor. On the eighteenth of December I was told to take over Holy Cross Parish and its stations. This was necessitated by Father Henry Wennerberg's sickness. As a result of his sickness, there has been a shake-up of Pastors. Father Joseph Murray, S.J., is now temporarily in charge of Holy Rosary Parish, and I shall try to take care of Holy Cross until Father George McDonald returns from the States. At Holy Cross we have the native Sisters. This is my first experience with a

Community of Sisters. They prepare my meals and do the sacristy work. The priest lives in a room off the church. I am sure that I am going to enjoy the experience. From my two days here I conclude that Father McDonald's outstanding virtue was charity. All day long the poor of the city come begging help and they always receive some few pennies. The church is an overhauled private residence, but I believe that Father McDonald will be ready soon to start building a real church for which he has been collecting money for some years."

IRAQ

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., writes from Baghdad to appraise us of the arrival of a shipment of two cases for our Mission Museum with which

To obtain these curios, Father Madaras notes that "those which have no names were bought by Yours Truly, and cost perhaps fifty dollars in all. I haven't got the full account from my purchasing agent whom you know by the name of Youssef. I gave him thirty dollars, but he hasn't asked for any more yet, so maybe I don't owe him anything. Nearly all are used articles. I figured that would add more romance to your Museum. This, of course, is only the first installment.

"Father Rector, Father William A. Rice, S.J., is at present in Beyrouth, making his retreat. He is to see Brother McGuinness, S.J., off for the United States.

"Mr. Joseph Connell, S.J., is going to the classroom tomorrow after a vacation of three weeks in bed. He had what the local doctor called a



The SS. Guffa on the Tigris. American Jesuits at Baghdad College, Iraq, tell us that this kind of craft was in use over three thousand years ago. The ancient Babylonians used such boats on the Euphrates.

he enclosed a list of articles, each number corresponding with one pasted on the object. The name of the boy who gave the article was also found affixed to each object. It is becoming almost a maxim now to say: "If you wish a thing done immediately and done well, then get a busy man to do it." Immediately upon request, Very Rev. Father William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, through Father Madaras and his fellow American Jesuits in Iraq, set to work to gather a most variegated and interesting nucleus of two hundred and forty-one curios, all of which have arrived safely and in good condition. Not meaning necessarily to point a moral, be it said nevertheless, that cooperation such as this, if adopted as a working principle by clergy and laity, would solve our mission problems *instantly*.

'local fever,' which means they do not know what name to call it. Everybody else is well.

"Father Frank Sarjeant, S.J., our Dean, is still being worried about conscription, although the Minister of the Interior assured Father Rice that we should not be troubled further. I suppose it will be fixed up somehow."

CHINA

Father Joseph Caron, S.J., Director of the Minor Seminary at Haimen, Kiangsu, China, writes:

"Last August I was sent here to take up the position as Director. Since my coming, I have been pushing the 'Eucharistic Crusade' among our young men. The Crusade had already existed in certain districts before my arrival, but not here in the episcopal city of Haimen. I placed one of the

Fathers in charge and assigned three Seminarians to him who were to establish the Crusade in our Catholic Middle School which is located near the Seminary. Among the boys at the school we discovered eight who had already been enrolled elsewhere. These formed the nucleus of our Unit. Soon as many as twenty students declared their desire of joining the Crusade. However, we decided to proceed slowly, and so, after a month's postulancy, only six passed the examination we gave them.

"On the feast of Christ the King, with banners flying and firecrackers bursting, we made our entrance into the cathedral a little before High Mass for our first big celebration. On this occasion new members were enrolled in the Crusade after the High Mass which was celebrated by His Excellency, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J. Spurred on by the inspiring talk given by His Excellency, the students set to work to enlist more members and to push the work of spreading the Faith.

"We did not have to wait long for results. The boys brought prospective converts and endeavored to help them in ways that would lead them to find the true Faith. A certain student had been very desirous of receiving Baptism. He was among those who was being especially helped by our Crusaders. However, there was strong opposition from his parents who are still pagans and who had always opposed the desire of their son to receive Baptism. Well, our Crusaders stormed Heaven with prayer and, as a result, to the surprise of all Catholic Haimen, the parents of the young lad gave permission for him to be baptized without delay. And so you see that our Eucharistic Crusade, with the warm approval of our beloved Bishop, is set to do wonderful things in the Vicariate."

CEYLON

From St. Joseph's College, Trincomalie, Ceylon, John Lange, S.J., writes:

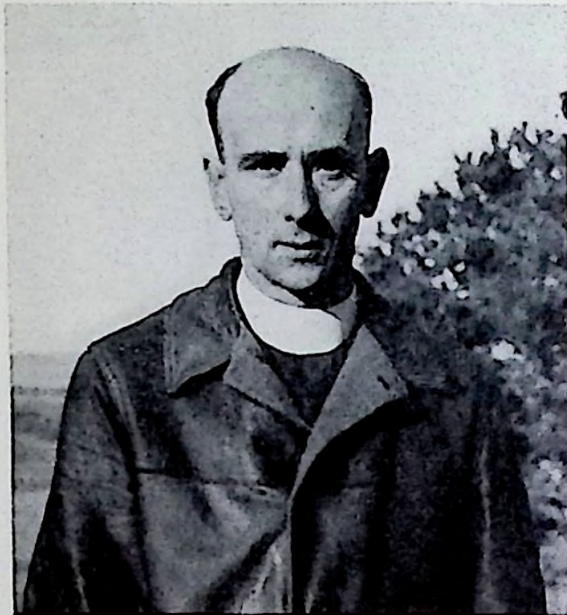
"I believe you were not aware that I had been changed to this place from Batticaloa. I came at the beginning of the school term in August. This place is the big British naval supply base; but withal, it is a very obscure place—not even as big as Batticaloa. We have a small school here with one hundred and sixty boys.

"I am just back from the hospital with a case of fever, and so am a bit shaky on the typewriter."

* * *

The latest status of the American Jesuits attached to Trincomalie Mission, Ceylon, is as follows: Father Edward T. Cassidy, S.J., and Lawrence Barras, S.J., are at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon. John J. O'Connor, S.J., has gone to begin his theological studies at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India. Ignatius T.

Glennie, S.J., and Murray G. Spengler, S.J., have begun their theological studies at the Papal Seminary of Kandy, Ceylon. John T. Linehan, S.J., continues his work in theology at Enghien, Belgium. John Lange, S.J., as he notes himself in the letter quoted above, is at St. Joseph's College, Trincomalie, Ceylon. He is the first American Jesuit to be stationed at Trincomalie. Hitherto, all had been at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa.



Father Egon Mallman, S.J., tireless missionary among the Indians of the Heart Butte section of Montana.

ALASKA

Father Joseph A. McElmeel, S.J., of Nulato, Alaska, spent the early part of December at his mission station at Ruby, Alaska. Under date of December 8, he wrote from there:

"I shall not begin with excuses for my scribbling. For the past two weeks the thermometer has been playing tag between forty and fifty-six below zero here, while I have vainly tried to keep myself warm in the shack we call our chapel. However, there are compensations. Some twenty children crowd into my room-sacristy every night to hear over and over again the story of Christ's love for men. These children are particularly impressed and moved by the Stations of the Cross. One little fellow said to me, 'Gee, they were mean to Him, and He didn't do nothing except try to make 'em good. They were mean guys, weren't they, Father?'"

* * *

"Next Sunday will be First Communion Day for six of the children. The next day will see me starting back to Nulato.

"Thanks for the Mass stipends. I shall take care of these as soon as possible. Father Baud and I soon dispose of stipends. Father is holding Nulato while I am away. As soon as I shall have returned to Nulato, he will go to Kaltag for Christmas. He is a cheerful missionary despite his poor health.

"Here is an interesting news item. The fifty or more below zero we have

does not prevent the hardy Alaskan aviators from flying the mail, nor do passengers fear to travel in this weather. Yesterday afternoon the mail plane circled over Ruby for ten minutes until the Post Office could send a boy down to the river with the out-going mail. The pilot was afraid his engine would freeze up if he had a long wait on the ice. It was fifty-two below zero on the ice, but nine below at two thousand feet."

* * *

Some months ago, when he had just returned from a long forty days' trip to the lower half of his immense district, Father John P. Fox, S.J., wrote from Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska:

"While I met with many consoling things, the general impression left on me is one of deep sorrow over the fact that I have so many souls depending on my ministrations to whom I cannot possibly attend. I have six stations with chapels, and several of them with schools attached. Besides this, there are about eighty villages some of which I have not even been able to visit once in the six years that I am here at Hooper Bay. It takes me about ten days to go from one end to the other of my district, and there is enough work in any one of my stations to keep one priest busy. So you see my situation. If I could multiply myself by six I would just about be able to care for my scattered flock.

"Notwithstanding all this neglect, the fervor of many of my people is something wonderful. Whenever I come to any of my stations, daily Mass is always well attended and many of the people are daily communicants for the spell that I can spend among them. For visits to the Blessed Sacrament, too, I have not met with anything better anywhere. There is almost always someone present before the Blessed Sacrament, especially during the Winter months when the people are not so busy fishing and piling up something for the Winter.

"And almost all my chapels are too small. Several of them are so crowded that I have hardly room to genuflect at the altar while saying Mass. In one of them we have had to take out a Communion railing that we had there in order to make room for a few more people. And when the children approach the altar to receive, instead of returning to their places they go back to the vestibule to kneel there till the grown folks have received and then they return to their places. We were forced to this inconvenient arrangement because there was no other way of making room for the crowd to approach the altar, as the children are practically huddled all around the altar as I say Mass, and many a time I kick one as I genuflect and let my leg go back a bit too far."

PATNA, INDIA

Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., who is working among the Santals of Patna Mission, sends along just a few lines which breathe something of the heroicity of a Xavier:

"Many thanks for your letter of November 6 and for the enclosed check. I had planned a big Mass for today, feast of the Immaculate Conception, to be celebrated among the Paharias of Ratanpur, but I ran a fever of one hundred and five yesterday and could not go. I am all right this p.m. Every one gets fever in India. I am scheduled to cycle thirty miles the day after tomorrow to baptize six Santals. The following day I hope to go to the hills about Telo Bungalow. My catechist reports six families ready for Baptism there. I will do well to get two. If the six 'come in' I will write you the account."

* * *

Father James R. Gibbons, S.J. writing from Catholic Mission, Champagar P. O., Bhagalpur, says:

"Since leaving Chakni in December, 1933, I have been tending to the land affairs of the diocese here, there and everywhere. I'm supposed to be stationed at Gokhla (also called Rajgaon) near here, but they board me about as little as any other station in the Mission. My regular, or better, irregular visit out there is to go out in the morning and come back the next night; and this only about twice in a coon's age.

"I spend a day or two by turns with Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., at Godda, Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., anywhere north of Godda in the field (I haven't yet been able to buy a center for him), and Father John A. Kilian, S.J., at Poreya, south of Godda. Then I take a turn at Father Edward A. Scott's, Father Henry I. Westropp's, or Father Charles P. Miller's, besides transacting work at towns in between and hitting Bhagalpur now and then, adding a trip to Patna or Bettiah as time and necessity permit, or require. Then I go back and start the merry-go-round all over again. I counted up lately that I made seventy-three stops for a night in one hundred and thirty-five days.

"I travel by motorcycle, bus, bicycle, now and then by auto; sometimes I have to walk and occasionally to run . . . to catch a train! The worst part about such a traveling existence in India is the food. You are about as badly off as a man in a skiff in the middle of the ocean. You can generally get water in shallow, dirty streams in which the people are constantly bathing (lepers and every other sort of diseased person together) or in open wells where all let down their own water jars, but you run an unhealthy risk if you don't boil the water before you drink it . . . and as for such food as you run onto being sold at the dusty roadside uncovered

(with the exception of the flies) . . . well . . . you can't even boil it!

"If you haven't brought your food and drink with you, it's just too bad. Many's the time you get caught miles and miles from home with nothing to chew on but your finger nails. I used to consider myself lucky last year if I got one square meal a day. One meal a day may be O.K. for one leading a sedentary life, but the other two are missed when you are making long, dusty trails every day. The work, however, was urgent. Urgent underlined about fifty times is the way the letters I was getting from the Fathers were regularly marked. I stuck with the work because I had to, but in the end the work stuck me. And I'm not quite over it yet.

"Last year I used to carry a can of jam and Boston baked beans and a loaf of bread on my cross country runs. The difficulty was that my pockets were limited in size. This year, the doctor has had me on diet: eggs, chicken, fish, milk. This works O.K. in towns and cities, but out in the country I found that the Santals didn't use milk themselves and didn't see why anyone else should. Their chickens all died of cholera this year, and there are no fish in their country because the rivers all dry up entirely during the hot season! Try to figure that out—how to tour in such a country on such a diet!

"This year my pockets were weighted down with powdered milk and California peaches. Upon alighting in the Santal country, I first called for boiling water. When it had cooled a bit

I stirred in the 'cream' and sat down to my repast of 'Peaches and Cream!' Peaches and cream are in their place as a dessert. When they become the meal itself and when this goes on for weeks and months, it's different. I use mostly Del Monte's and S. & W.'s peaches and other brands for variety's sake. You do get tired of them. Did it ever strike you that living on peaches and cream could be one of the hardships of the missionary life?

"The worst part about my diet is its expense. The peaches are canned in California; the powdered milk, 'Klim' in New York; and the crackers in England. It costs a lot to have these things handled by the stores and delivered to you in India. It is out of the question to order them directly. It pretty often costs me a dollar a day for my peaches and cream diet, whereas the average Father on the Mission is expected to get along on about thirty-five cents a day. Last year I tried to save expenses as much as possible, and hence was frequently caught without food, but this year right at the time when the Mission is suffering most from the depression, I have to pay for past economy.

"If I had a nice fat income like the Protestant missionaries, I could travel always in an auto and carry more provisions along with me. A motorcycle isn't well adapted for touring in India. I'm not complaining. It's all in a lifetime. There is a reward for the missionary who has to live on the road as well as for the one who can live with luxuries. If you ask me, I prefer to leave the luxuries till hereafter!"



Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., expert on land problems in India, in front of his first home (1934) at Gokhla among the Santals of Patna Mission. The place was terrifically hot during the Summer and bitterly cold in Winter.

Diary Day

Gerald Kernan, S.J.



HAVE you ever spent a day poring over an old diary? It is a unique thrill. In a diary you find history in the making and a sense of life's stable instability in the swift progress of days and months and years. You, perhaps, may visualize yourself reading such a dog-eared, time-stained diary in an attic nook overlooking a fretful sea; or ensconced in a wicker chair, some Summer afternoon, when time itself stands still. But I was more fortunate. I lived my diary-day amid the very scenes that it recorded: those of St. Andrew's Mission School on the Umatilla Reservation of northeastern Oregon.

Only those who have been to sea or amid the endless prairies of the West can appreciate the scene, the air and the sunsets that St. Andrew's affords. Situated in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, it commands a view that stretches for sixty miles in three directions (sixty miles of nothing but wheat and Summer-fallow). And constantly, hour after hour, a wind sweeps over it with all the bracing effects of a sea breeze. Only at evening, before the lurid miracle of an incredible sunset, is the wind hushed. Against such a background, the diary unfolds its story of struggle and failure and triumph in behalf of the Indians to whom these hills and these plains are home.

IT was back in 1888 that the Society of Jesus first took permanent charge of the Mission at St. Andrew's, and from that date, the story moves forward with the constancy of the calendar. There is unfolded the building of the first school (a humble log affair), the improvement of the church, the gathering of the children, the intermittent, but ever threatening hostility of the Indian Agents, the great help rendered to the Mission in the early days by Miss Drexel (now Mother Katherine of the Blessed Sacrament), and the steady growth of the school, which for many years averaged around ninety children.

But, you may say, this is nothing extraordinary, only the history, *mutatis mutandis*, of almost every mission. Precisely. That is its value. It is the cross-section, as it were, of work among the Indians in the Northwest. But we should not forget that these pages we read in slightly faded and various handwritings, are written in the life-blood of men who gave up home and native land,—written, not in the red of the martyr's sudden crown, but in the slowly mellowed white of the confessor.

Read with the imagination as well as the eye, and these unemotional entries are a moving picture of all that it meant to be a missionary in the generation after the trail-breaking De Smet. The Father is summoned in mid-Winter upon a sick-call that takes him miles back into the desolate canyon, and more miles into the desolate woods. Finding that he cannot return because of a raging blizzard, he stops overnight in the hut,—taking the opportunity to baptize an old squaw who had somehow been missed. . . . It is the Christmas season; many



Louis Van Pelt, in native Indian costume, wearing his father's wig. He attends St. Andrew's Mission School.

tepees are pitched beside the church; a huge bonfire roaring before its front door. Cayuse and Umatilla and Walla Walla and Nez Perce, who not many years before had warred unto the death, now sit side by side in the peace of Christ; those who crowd the church for midnight Mass stay for the celebrant's following two (and attend Benediction and Vespers the next afternoon). . . . The resplendent Corpus Christi processions (that feast dear to every Catholic Indian). . . . The yearly retreats for school children (remember that this was back in the '90s, and among Indians). . . . The yearly statistics, telling that out of the 1,200 Indians on the Reservation, 1,000 are Catholic, telling of the thousands of confessions and Holy Communions, telling of the marriages and births and deaths of these Indian folks who are the sole reason for the mission's existence.

THE diary is not without its heroic moments. There was a period when the Agent was struggling to break the Catholic school and enhance the less popular Government school. During this time one of the Indians told a missionary: "Father, I am poor for the sake of the souls of my two little sisters. I was told by the Government official that if I would take my two little sisters from the Sisters' school, we could all be allotted land on the reservation. And I answered, 'I prefer to be poor than to sell the souls of my two little sisters.'" And, occasionally, humor crops out in unlooked for corners. Such as: "Jan. 20, 1907: Three boys ran away from school after supper." Subsequent entries usually record that such cases come back,—after the effects of the supper have worn off.

And so the diary continues, shivering with the Winter storms, sweltering with the Summer heat, rejoicing or downcast at the bountiful or poor harvest (that lithe swaying harvest of shimmering wheat which burnishes the endless miles of the plain to a ruddy gold).

But, as all good diaries, this one merely furnishes an approach and background to the present. It enables one to appreciate more fully the work being done by the school (last year it had seventy-six children enrolled) by the Sisters, by the old and young among the Fathers

"He is Risen!"

Wilfred J. Le Sage, S.J.

EXPECTATION—the air was alive with it! Tomorrow would be Easter Sunday, the most joyful feast of the year. Where? All over the world, in Christian and pagan lands even down to the smallest village, the joyful Resurrection would be celebrated. Indeed, the Light of the World would rise again and appear before the Faithful.

It was this spirit of faith that had brought so many Chinese peasants from afar. And they did not come in automobiles or on street cars.

We are speaking of peasants who travel only by foot or donkey cart. Some had traveled a distance of sixteen miles to this one village church in the Sūchow Mission of China, called T'ang Shan. To have made the trip on Easter Sunday morning was simply out of the question. They came Holy Saturday evening and grouped around the church and school yard, speaking with old friends and new. And how the Chinese love to talk! About two hundred peasants came. The women were cared for in the convent; the men found lodging in the building for the catechumens. All were settled except the donkeys. The hay was running short. And night came on with its usual darkness and stillness, save for the dim light of the paschal moon, and the murmur of prayerful voices in the distance. T'ang Shan was asleep.

THE following morning was bright and cheerful, exceptionally so. Children were running about the church yard in all directions. Birds were chattering, donkeys hee-hawing, and the goats were chewing on. On what? On Easter Sunday morning!

"What time will Mass begin, Father?" someone asked the parish priest.

"We shall begin Mass when all the people get here," he replied, and smiled.

The beautifully decorated church began to fill rapidly. Old and young crowded in the small door. Finally every place was taken, and some were even kneeling along the Communion railing. Mats were spread in the aisles, and thus every available place was occupied. The main altar was covered with artistic flowers—all hand-made. Candlesticks were in colors of blue and red. Around the sanctuary hung long silk banners with Chinese inscriptions upon them. The center of the church was decorated with flags of all the nations of the world. But the outstanding feature was the beautifully draped picture of Saint Francis Xavier hanging over the main altar.

"I never have to worry about decorating the church,"



Chinese school boys at T'ang Shan. They are under the care of the Canadian Jesuits in Sūchow Mission.

said the missionary. The Chinese are fond of colorful decorations, and to have the house of God as beautiful as possible, is true devotion with them, a devotion shown in many ways. The altar vestments, linens, and artificial flowers are designed by the Chinese women. Their needle work is a work of art. The men have honored the Blessed Sacrament by carving the altars.

WHEN the priest came to the altar, hundreds of fire-crackers were set off just outside the church door. The noise ceased and Mass began. As usual, the congregation said their prayers aloud with great devotion. All listened attentively to the Chinese Father's sermon—all except one little crooning baby who wanted to hear more fireworks.

During the blessing at Benediction, another blast of firecrackers was heard. This may seem very strange to those in the homeland, but the Chinese take this very seriously. It is their way of saluting their King and ours. Indeed, "He is risen!" and these five hundred and more Christians bow their heads profoundly.

These poor people who live in mud houses, eat the simplest of food, and sleep on the ground, these peasants who know not how to read or write—one and all have the true Faith. Indeed, "The poor shall have the Gospel preached to them"—is the greatest of all miracles.

After Mass and Benediction were over, a hymn was sung in Chinese and the Easter service was over, but not forgotten. What a clamor of jubilant voices was heard outside the church! All must say a word of *Kong-hsi* (felicitation) to the two zealous missionaries, Father August Gagnon, S.J., and the parish priest, Father Ho.

Gradually the throng began to prepare for the homeward trek. Little donkeys are hitched to their carts, straying children located, and little gifts distributed. As collections are unheard of in China, the Faithful wish to help the missionaries in the only (Turn to page 83)

BOOK REVIEWS

Like A Mighty Army—Hitler Versus Established Religion. By George N. Shuster. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

An excellent exposition of the internal revolution that is going on in Germany today with a chapter of conclusions. The sub-title is not only not without significance, but may well be the explanation of the animus that seeks not merely to liquidate the Jew, but even to supplant all established religions and Christianity in the concrete by an uncompromising racial autocracy, dignified by the title of National Socialism. Herein are the facts concerning the war on the Jew, the early and later effects of the Protestant struggle, and the relations of Hitler and Rome up to the Summer of 1935, from which any intelligent diagnosis of the terrible debacle that is Germany today must be made. The devilish ingenuity with which step by step the Church has been deprived of the exercise of her rights is traced with damning effectiveness; nor does the author permit the reader to forget that one thousand priests had been imprisoned by the end of 1934, and that more than one hundred are now in exile. Compared with Mussolini, the author credits Hitler chiefly with achievements in the art of murder, written with a capital M—witness the slaughter of Doctor Erich Klausener, Fritz Gerlich and Friederick Beck. That Hitler has a genius for organization is undeniable, but as this volume will clearly illustrate, organization for its own sake is useless, both morally and politically; while used as a weapon to fetter and to destroy the religion of Jesus Christ, it is a veritable instrument of Hell. In the light of facts, the Concordat appears to have been nothing but a measure of political expediency which Hitler and his aides have used as a lever for concessions from the Church which would otherwise cost blood, but which now can be obtained with ink. While the author's views on Hitler may be debatable at times, no one will debate the fact that the sufferings of the Catholic Church in Germany in recent years have been a glorious tribute to the brave and even martyr spirit of the German Catholic hierarchy and members of the laity.

Alpha et Omega. By Reverend J. W. Moran, S.J. Harrigan Press, Worcester, Mass. (Orders taken care of at Weston College, Weston, Mass.) Price \$2.00 per volume; to colleges, seminaries, \$1.80 per volume. The format and typography of "Alpha et Omega" are as complimentary an achievement for the Harrigan Press as the selection and presentation of the subject matter are for its Reverend

Author. Thirteen theses from *De Deo Uno et Trino*, nine from *De Deo Creante et Elevante*, and three from *De Novissimis*, with an index of scriptural texts and of various theological schools with their protagonists are comprised within the brief compass of 179 pages. Very practically the author has omitted questions that are debatable among Catholics themselves, and has selected doctrines against which modern adversaries are today launching their most serious attacks. With wise pedagogy, he has selected one solid proof for his theses in place of many with varying merit and authority. Proofs from scriptural texts, of course, cannot always be so briefly expedited. Modern commentaries, preferably in English, or those translated into English, have been favored. The book provides such a handy reference for priests that we recommend it highly as a most valuable present for a birthday, for ordination or for Christmas. It is a gift which the recipient, be he priest or seminarian, cannot but most gratefully appreciate. Indeed, its practical value is such that we take the liberty of suggesting to the author the publication of an English edition.

Catholic Liturgics. By Stapper-Baier. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. Price \$3.00.

A most appropriate volume that will aid substantially the progress of the Liturgical Movement in the United States. While for the most part this work is a translation of Doctor Stapper's "Katholische Liturgik" (fifth and sixth revised edition, 1931), it is, however, adapted to the American reader, and the whole is supplemented by a classified bibliography. Its contents contain an Introduction on Liturgy as a science, together with chapters on Catholic Liturgy in General, Liturgical Places, Liturgical Seasons, Liturgical Prayers, the Liturgy of the Mass, and the Liturgy of the Sacraments and Sacramentals. The book is illustrated with sixteen beautiful types of liturgical architecture. Too often the modern indifference of the laity to any but the bare essentials of worship may be due to clerical carelessness in regard to liturgy. A remedy for both clergy and laity is available in "Catholic Liturgics."

The Hosting of the King and Other Poems. By Michael Earls, S.J. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. Price \$1.00.

Songs that sound the depths of life's emotions and that measure time and its burdens in the calm, clear light of eternity. The faith of a brave soul, daunt-

less hope, and priestly love and affection for God and one's fellow man, re-echo through these verses in subtle undertones or like a spiritual obligato. We particularly like both the careful workmanship of the sonnets and the rolling rhythm of his balladry. An epigrammatic style characterizes this second stanza of a sonnet "To An Atheist".

"Arouse thy skill: O cry not, late, too late!
With faith's keen scalpel strike thy vision free:
Burn the heart's cataract. The mist shall flee
Thy penanced eyes, and show a glad estate,
The soul's kaleidoscope: yea, predicate
The foreseen joys of death's optometry."
Let us have more of the author's visions.

Edmund Campion. By Evelyn Waugh. Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

New lives of Edmund Campion such as this are at all times both desirable and welcome, especially if, as in the case with Evelyn Waugh, the author offers his readers a new and, positive contribution both from a literary and biographical point of view. From an apologetic viewpoint, the study has unlimited chances for good, for it is impossible for any fair-minded Englishman with a modicum of learning to read without emotion Campion's Brag composed in half an hour, to ponder the absurd grounds for conviction so criminally concocted, to meditate upon his final plea or to peruse ever so lightly his farewell speech, without feeling the blush of shame for Campion's murderers, royal and otherwise, as well as an intense urge to follow in his path. The volume is most readable and catches the spirit and the atmosphere of Campion's days and times with admirable insight. The more frequently this story is repeated and the farther it is broadcast, the sooner may we expect the return of the prodigal England to her Father's House.

The American Catholic Who's Who—1936 and 1937. Walter Romig & Company, Detroit, Michigan. Price \$4.50.

This second edition has been thoroughly revised, enlarged by two thousand new biographies and completely reset. In addition to "The American Catholic Who's Who," it has a geographical index, lists members of the American Catholic hierarchy, the Catholics in the Senate and the House, converts, national Catholic organizations, and educational and business announcements. This compilation promises an increase in perfection year by year. The perfection depends on the response from those solicited for data.

OUR BROTHERS

(Continued from page 59)

sees the progress of that thriving mission.—For kindness, gentleness and an ever-readiness to be of service, Brother Pascua of Tagoloan is supreme. He can make a soutana as readily as prepare a meal, or tend the garden or run the auto or administer to the sick or arrange the church.—Brother Aznar's accomplishments need the whole of vast Sumilao for exercise. No other Brother in Mindanao uses a tractor to farm, nor produces such fine oranges and rice. Brother's only enemies are the swarms of locusts that one after another devastated his crops during the past few years.

Add together all that labor and devotion and prayer and convert it into pesos if you can, and you will know the value of the Brothers in Mindanao. We read of C. C. C. camps in the States, and all sorts of projects to give work to the young Americans. If you feel that you would rather give to God the labor of your hands and prayer of your soul than spend it upon the passing vanities of the world that seethes with turmoil and war and depression, consider the peaceful lot of the Brothers in Mindanao. Their vocation is not to be priests, but they are the missionaries' right hand, and precisely because they have not the consolations of the priesthood, their reward is all the greater.

AS I SAW IT

(Continued from page 62)

added greatly to the happiness of their "ideal missionary." Very Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Provincial Superior of the Jesuits in this northwest country, impressively pictured Montana's great apostle as another Xavier whose unselfish apostolic labors added a wondrous page to the history of great missionaries. Was it not significant, too, that in this very year in which the Society of Jesus was bringing to a close the fourth centenary of its foundation by that spiritual genius, St. Ignatius of Loyola, far off Montana was paying a well merited tribute of appreciation to one of the saintly sons of Ignatius whose labors and heroic sacrifices added lustre and charm to its four hundred years of mission activity?

Ecclesiastic and civic dignitaries gathered the last day to give a final touch to a memorable occasion! The long parade of painted warriors, their faces daubed in rather grotesque coloring, their ponies spangled with ancient war trophies, the squaw and her papoose perched gracefully on a cayuse, tottering chieftains and frontiersmen following in the parade, surely made a most elaborate spectacle that beautiful September evening. As they passed in review before Father Taelman, his smile and gracious wave of the hand told his people his joy and happiness. A banquet of buffalo meat ended the triduum of festivities as thousands of plainsmen, cow punchers and people from the

Montana reservations joined their Red Brethren in honoring the white-haired Jubilarian, Montana's beloved apostle, Father Louis J. Taelman, S.J. *Ad multos annos!*

CEYLON NOTES

(Continued from page 67)

epidemic, but this one has already penetrated into our diocese, and we fear for our poor people.

Recently I read about the opening of that new Catholic hospital in Shanghai, built and endowed by a Catholic Chinaman. I closed my eyes and dreamed of such a hospital here at Batticaloa, the number of lives that would be saved, and the great number of converts that would be made. Our girls are smart; they could be trained as nurses, and sent to the various villages to attend the sick and administer medicines. At present, we have no Catholic hospital in the whole diocese. There are several Government hospitals, but they are hardly worthy of the name. When one of our Fathers is taken seriously ill, we have to send him to Colombo, over two hundred miles away. You can imagine our isolation here when I tell you that we haven't a dentist in the whole diocese. One of the Fathers told me that a Japanese dentist comes through here twice a year, but he is a quack.

IT'S NOT SO EASY!

(Continued from page 69)

High Mass. During the Mass, a sermon in Ojibway, distribution of Holy Communion to everyone of the congregation from first to last. After Mass, thanksgiving in Ojibway with the Indians, and at half past eleven he was ready for breakfast.

After breakfast there was an instruction for the adults followed by a class in catechism for the children. These rather lengthy duties finished, he was on his way back to the cabin when he was accosted by a young man who wished to be married. Back to the church to perform the ceremony after he had made sure the requisite conditions were fulfilled. By this time it was the hour for Vespers. Following this there was another sermon, and just as Father Couture was saying the concluding words the plane roared overhead.

The missionary hurried back to the cabin, picked up his coat, his chapel equipment and his bag, and went down to the shore. As he climbed into the plane and shot out across the water, the darkness was closing. Before they had reached Grand Bay, the last traces of Summer twilight had disappeared. It was pitch dark,—not a light anywhere. Far out in the huge land-locked bay they began their slow descent, Mr. Louis Bisson straining over one side of the fuselage, and Father Couture over the other. Slowly down and down. "Fifty feet?" said the pilot. "Fifty feet," answered Father Couture. "Twenty feet?" "Twenty feet." . . . "Ten feet?" "Ten

feet." . . . Swish, and they were taxiing smoothly towards the shore.

Once landed, away went the plane. Father Couture dropped his coat and bag at the cabin where he was to stay, opened the church, rang the bell, and, spreading out his chapel equipment, made all ready for Mass in the morning. That finished, he rang the second bell and his people flocked into the church. Sermon, instruction, night prayers, confessions, and, at long last, supper at half past ten.

Now that is not the summary of one especially hard day, but of any day in the Summer season. As Father Couture says: "It's just fifteen minutes in the air and, bang, you are into it again."

In the Winter it is the same thing, with a few exceptions. During the day, singing classes take the place of the sermons and instructions. In the evenings from half past seven till eleven, lantern slide lectures on the lives of the saints, the history of the Church, the Mass, the sacraments, and other religious topics hold the Indians spellbound. For the rest, it is the same never-ceasing round. No sooner has one exercise been concluded than another begins; the adults and then the children, and over again. If there should happen to be a lull, the blessing of Holy Water, Baptisms, marriages, the distribution of beads or medals, or the countless other things for which only Indians know how to ask, fill up the gap. From the time the priest steps out of the plane until he steps into it again, he is kept constantly on the go with never a chance to rest. It is hard, gruelling work. but . . .

Father Couture leaned back in his chair and smiled. "Ah, my Indians," he said. "they are brand new, right out of the bush. If they were not what they are perhaps I would not bother about them so much. But they are so good! What else can I do?"

"HE IS RISEN!"

(Continued from page 81)

way they know—food. As a result, they brought many eggs (Easter eggs, of course) and three rabbits. These were indeed generous gifts coming from such poor peasants. And what they gave, they gave wholeheartedly and with smiles that are the most pleasant consolations in a missionary's life. The Chinese have kind, loving dispositions, and one cannot help but liking them more and more.

As we stood there in the churchyard watching the last group leave, high over the church tower two flags were flying.

"Is the second flag, the flag of the parish, Father?" I asked.

"That is the Church flag of China," he replied.

It was a white flag with a large red cross upon it.

Certainly we have much to be grateful for, but at the same time, Church flags are not very numerous. The Resurrection of Christ brings with it the hope that China may rise from her age-old pagan superstitions.

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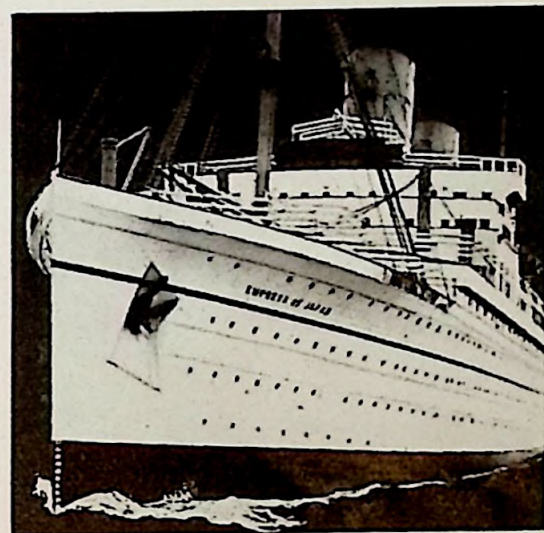
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