

Jesuit Missions

June, 1936

PRICE
10¢



BRITISH MILITARY POST, NEWCASTLE, IN THE MISSION COUNTRY OF JAMAICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

*Entrance by Certificate
or by Examination*

A.B. and B.S. COURSES

A CONSERVATIVE college which retains the best of the classical traditions.

A PROGRESSIVE college which meets the highest modern educational requirements.

A COMPLETE college which glories in molding character in her students.

A FEARLESS college which teaches the fundamental truths pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

Bulletin of information on admissions will be mailed upon application to Dean of Freshmen, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

(Conducted by the Jesuits)

Graduate School, Arts and Sciences
Social Work, Commerce, Home Study
Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing

Jesuit Brothers!

Young men from the age of 17 to 35, desirous of using their talents entirely for God, assisting the Priests of the Society of Jesus,

may apply to

Jesuit Mission Press

257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece	
His Majesty, Ghazi I, King of Iraq	142
Bumper Crop in Jasaan	
Joseph M. Geib, S.J.....	143
Reaping the harvest.	
The Making of a Missionary	
Edward F. Madaras, S.J.....	144
Boston beards Bayreuth.	
Father John de la Brosse, S.J.	
James S. McGivern, S.J.....	145
A hero of the Saguenay.	
Bedtime Story	
Edgar Dowd, S.J.....	146
A tale of bullets, bears, blizzards, cyclones and cowboys.	
Trinco's Downfall	
Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J.....	147
A cathedral collapses in Ceylon.	
Faith in Sweden	
Hermann Kreutzer, S.J.....	148
Where Nordic Lutheranism holds sway.	
Epitaph of a Missionary— A Poem	
Edward J. McDonald, S.J....	149
"In Resurrectionis Spe"—I spurned this earth.	
Protestant Prejudice in Jolo	
Augustine J. Consunji, S.J... 150	150
The facts in the case.	
Construction in Jamaica	
Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.... 151	151
A doer of deeds.	
From Many Climes	
Briefs from Mission Lands... 152	152
Untangling Snares	
Darrell F. Finnegan, S.J..... 153	153
"My home have got a two-piece lady-baby."	
Cruising for Christ	
James M. Tainter, S.J..... 154	154
In and around the Cays of Honduras.	
Editorials	156
The Mission Intention..... 157	157
Communications	157
Our Pilgrimage Itinerary..... 158	158
Afield with American Jesuits.. 159	159
Settoo's Wife	
John A. Morrison, S.J..... 164	164
A tragedy begins.	
Book Reviews	166
Grateful Acknowledgments ... 168	168

JESUIT MISSIONS is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index published by the Catholic Library Association.

WHERE EDUCATION IS HIGHER EDUCATION AND HIGHER EDUCATION IS CATHOLIC!

UNIVERSITIES

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Washington, D. C.

JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY

University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Ill.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

1131 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY

St. Louis, Mo.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

2130 Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal.

XAVIER UNIVERSITY

Cincinnati, Ohio

COLLEGES

CANISIUS COLLEGE

Main St. and Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Worcester, Mass.

LOYOLA COLLEGE

4501 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

LOYOLA COLLEGE

7141 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, Canada

ROCKHURST COLLEGE

5225 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE

1 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

HIGH SCHOOL

GEORGETOWN PREPARATORY

Garrett Park, Maryland

CAMP DE SMET A Western Camp for Catholic Boys
On the Sioux Reservations of South Dakota
Offers your boy a summer of adventure in the Old West. A Horse for Every Boy, 1000 miles of camping trips. A camp that is different. JESUIT STAFF. For catalogue address: Rev. Thos. J. Stemper, S.J., Jogues Hall, St. Marys, Kansas.

Learn something of the hatred that animates Mexico's persecutors of the Catholic Church

—Read the life of—

Miguel

Augustin Pro

of the

Society of Jesus

by

ANTHONY DRAGON, S.J.

The story of the courageous apostle of Christ the King

Price \$1.50—by post \$1.60

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Ripe and Ripening Harvests!

RECENTLY one of the American Jesuits in Patna Mission, India, wrote: "Everywhere the work of conversion is going forward with leaps and bounds in spite of difficulties and hardships. And the only reason it is not going ten times faster is because the Fathers are woefully lacking in funds to finance their projects and cannot bi- or tri-locate themselves to reap the ripe and ripening harvest."

In America we have read and heard so much of "projects" that the word carries with it a connotation of millions or billions of dollars. In the matter of money, at least, there is no similarity between the projects of which this missionary writes and the projects of which the daily papers write. If the missionaries could get 1,000,000 dollars, even minus a couple of zeros, they would feel their projects could be realized.

But if there is a dissimilarity in the matter of money, and the hope of getting it, between the home and the missionary projects, there is in another respect a real similarity. Here at home something must be done to control the devastating floods that from time to time sweep our land. And in India



His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, India, who calls for help in his flood control projects where harvests are ripe and ripening.

something must be done to stem the rush of the flood of sin and paganism that engulfs, at this very moment, millions of souls. The missionaries can't bi-locate themselves, yet to rescue those who are caught in the flood they must multiply their man power. The only effective way this can be done, and for the project money is needed, is to engage qualified native catechists and teachers in the work of damming the flood of paganism with firm strong walls of faith and religion.

Will you voluntarily tax yourself to provide money for missionary projects in India? You can be sure that every last penny you give will be spent on the projects themselves, and with your help "flood control" in India will become a reality. We know you can't give a billion pennies, much less a billion dollars. Perhaps you can't give even a hundred dollars, but surely you can give a hundred pennies. Will you? Just write—"I'm paying my share of the tax for the project of flood control in Patna"—and send your money to JESUIT MISSIONS or to

REV. LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.
1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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.

Missions among the Indians of Alaska; and American Indian Missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
Holy Cross, Alaska

The China Missions of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

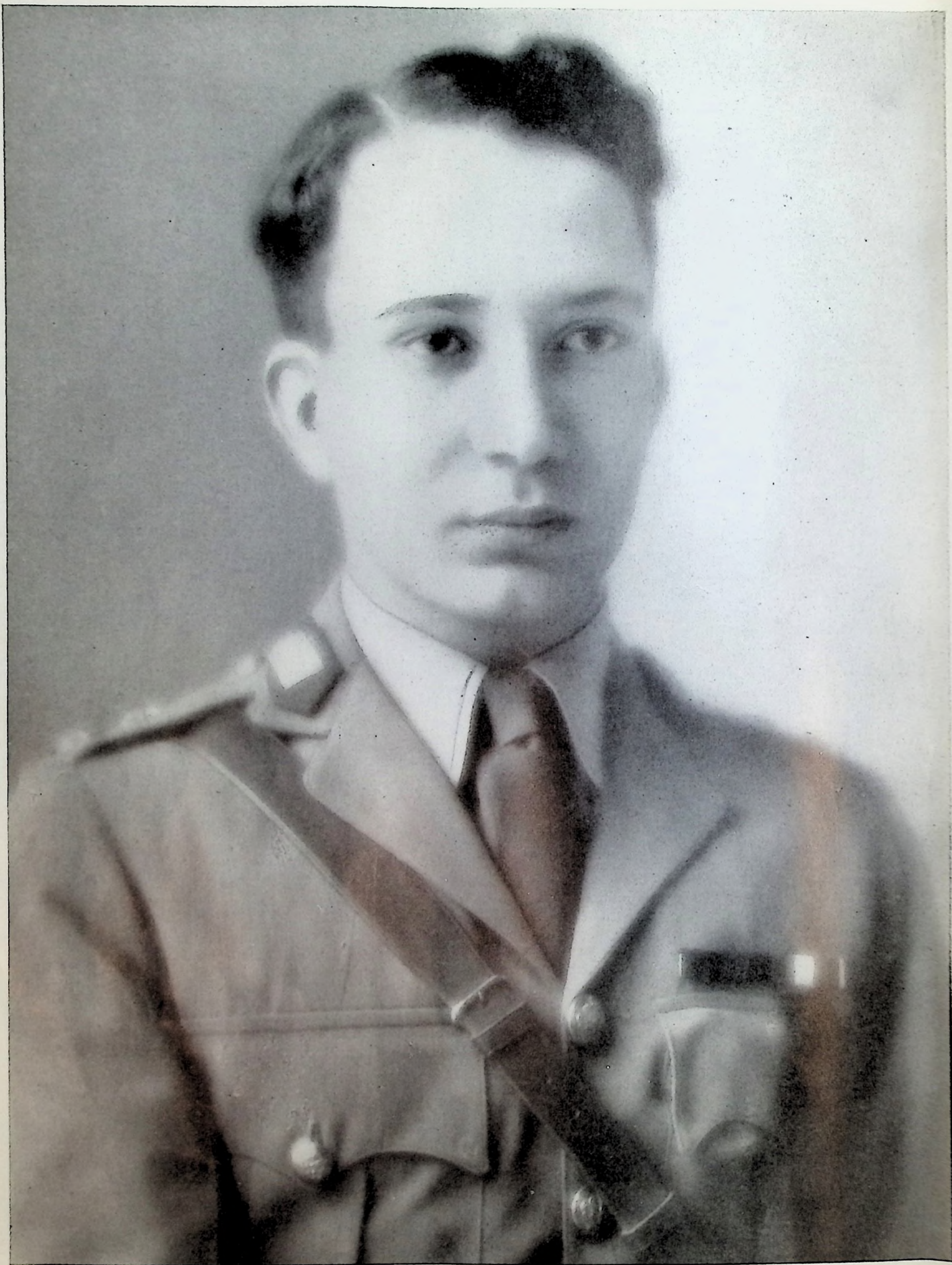
REV. FRANCIS C. SMITH, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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

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

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

JESUIT MISSION PRESS 257 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.



His Majesty, Ghazi I, King of Iraq. He has been consistently sympathetic in his attitude towards the American Jesuits of Baghdad and has pledged his royal friendship and support for Baghdad College and the ideals for which it stands.

Bumper Crop in Jasaan

Joseph M.
Geib, S.J.

DRIVING down the coast from Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, P. I., you take a sharp left hand turn up an abrupt hill that climbs for about sixty feet and then surrenders into a plateau. There is no traffic policeman to direct you to the *convento*, but you don't need one anyhow, because there it is right in front of you. On the map, if you get one that is detailed enough, this elevation is called Jasaan, a *barrio* of about two thousand souls. But do not let the number fool you. What it lacks in numbers, it more than makes up in fervor. It is not even (to quote Mr. Volstead of happy (?) memory) one half of one per cent Aglipayan or any other brand. But we will save the statistics until after supper when we are sitting in the *sala* with the Pastor himself and listening to his own story.

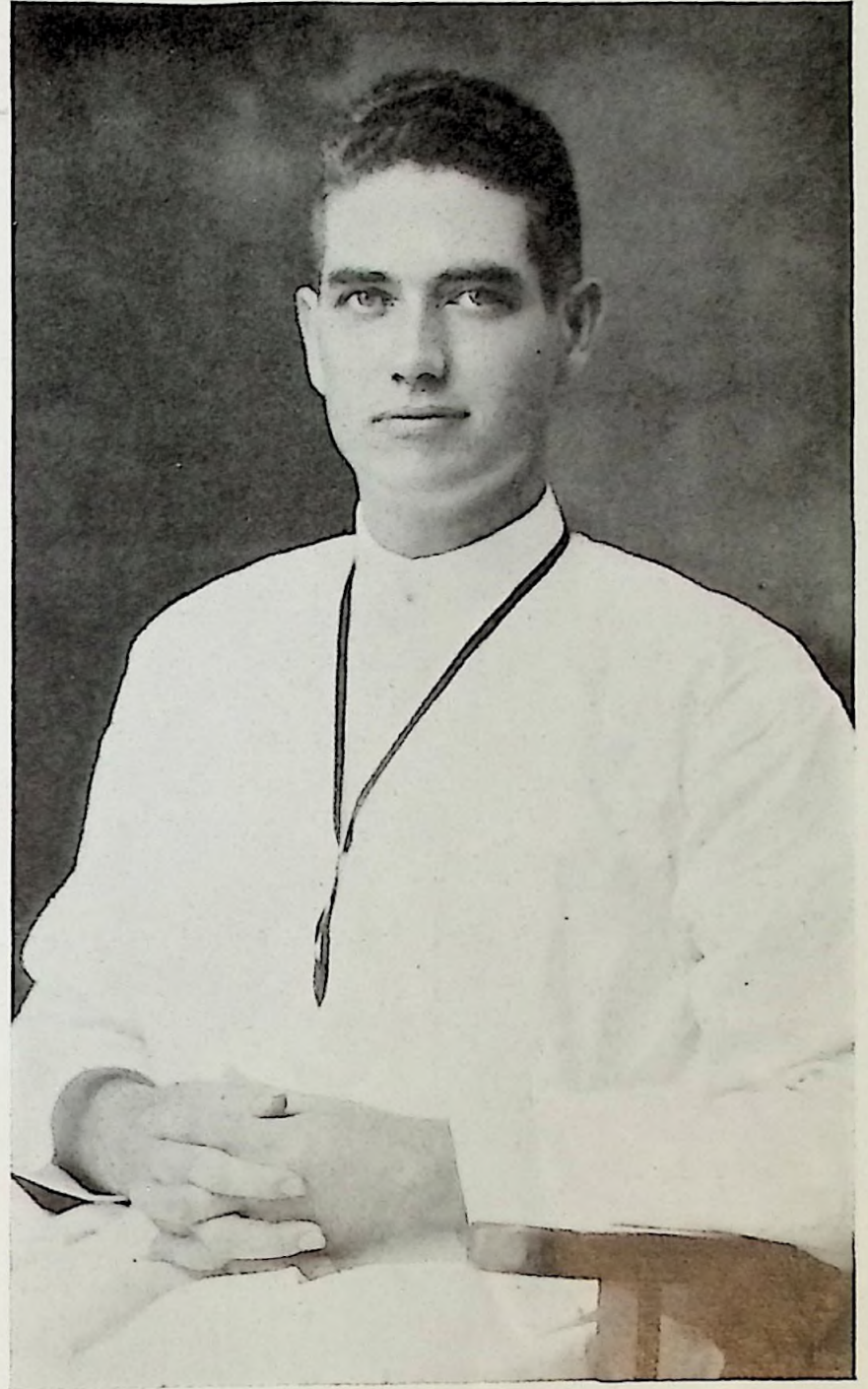
It was just light enough to make out the *convento* boys lighting the kerosene lamps. We, ("the other one was—" not Booth, but Father Cummings) had walked in unannounced as usual, and before Father O'Beirne had any idea that there were intruders on the premises, we had crossed the *sala* and gone into the rear of the house.

We were in the dining room. There was a table in the center of the room about six feet long and four wide. It was here that the isolation of the missionary came home to me. The table was set for one. Father O'Beirne's only companions were the *convento* boys who served his meals. He was alone but not lonesome. There is too much to do. In Jasaan the harvest had ripened and is yielding a hundredfold.

AFTER the supper we adjourned to the *sala* and made ourselves comfortable in wicker chairs that had been made by the children in their domestic science course. We talked of old times at Woodstock, but the conversation soon turned to the mission work and the wonderful results which were being obtained.

"Tell us what you do on an ordinary day?" I asked, pulling out from under me a Visayan grammar.

"Wait until tomorrow; I'll take you with me and you can see for yourselves. You probably won't believe me when I tell you that last year there were twenty-five thousand confessions and fifty thousand Holy Communions. And they are just from my *barrios* around the coast. The town here is one hundred per cent Catholic, so much so that about five years ago the public school had to close its doors, because no one would send his children there. And three years ago the Municipal authorities asked Father Pollock if they could open the public school, because there was no more room in the Catholic school. And on condition that they would allow



Father Vincent de Paul O'Beirne, S.J., enterprising Pastor of Jasaan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., and popular Missionary.

Catechism to be taught, he agreed. It turned out that all the teachers are Catholic, and so it is to all practical purposes a Catholic school."

And so, far into the night. He was up at 5:00 the next morning and by 5:30 was in the confessional. He stayed there until 6:15 when he said Mass. At Communion time there were about a hundred and fifteen receiving Holy Communion. This was a Monday. After Mass we had breakfast and prepared to go to Bubuntugan, a smaller *barrio* about eight kilometers away. Father O'Beirne has a Ford jitney—ex'25, which is run on alcohol because that is cheaper than gasoline. Off we went to Bubuntugan, and our first stop was the *barrio* chapel where about twenty-five people were waiting for Holy Communion. Upon inquiry after sick people, he was told of one woman down by the seashore. I might mention here that everything is conducted in Visayan: confessions, stations, announcements, prayers, conversation and business,—and Father O'Beirne has been in Jasaan only three months.

WE steered in and out through the coconut grove and came to a poor hut made of nipa and bamboo. We climbed up the round bamboo (Turn to page 167)

The Making of a Missionary

Edward F. Madaras, S.J.



HERE are various things that enter into the making of a missionary. I shall mention only a few, for it is impossible to cover them all in the compass of one brief disquisition. I shall begin at that point in the process which is illustrated by the portrait of the young man on the right.

It is true that many missionaries do not pass through this stage, which might well be termed capillary distraction. But in those countries where the beard is still considered an essential feature of man's endowment, you cannot escape it without consequences. I who write this have been among people who, simply because I had shaved off my beard, refused to believe I was a priest.

There are, to be sure, distinct advantages to the wearing of a beard. To mention only one, it gives to the wearer an air of wisdom and patriarchal dignity that stand him often in good stead. You would never guess that the young man on the right is not a priest, but a Jesuit Scholastic, and that his name is Michael McCarthy, and that he hails from Boston. Well, he isn't, and it is, and he does.

IT is only fair that, since we are using him in this manner for purposes of our own, we should tell you more about him. He is at present sojourning in the town of Beirut, in Syria. If you are not up on your geography, Syria is just north of Palestine. My young fellow Jesuit, Joseph Connell, will insist that it should be called the Lebanon and not Syria at all.

Just now the chief preoccupation of Mr. McCarthy is the study of the Arabic language, for he is preparing to trek across six hundred miles of the Syrian desert in the not far distant future to take up the work of teaching young Iraqis at Baghdad College. There boys speak Arabic as their mother tongue, and English is looked on as a foreign language, as indeed it is. To hasten now to the end of Mr. McCarthy's destiny, he will leave Baghdad after two years to study theology and to be ordained priest, after which he will, in the ordinary run of events, return to Baghdad, there to end his days amid the dust and heat for which it is famous. Indeed so thick is the dust of Baghdad and so distinctive of the city, that, as one enterprising pupil put it, "If you see something in Baghdad which you do not see it in other lands, then it is a dust storm."

Is that, then, all there is to the making of a missionary? By no means. Into the making of a missionary goes all he is and knows and learns and does, even from the pre-school age, as they say nowadays. It is not necessary, of course, to remark that the missionary's first need is a heart steeped in the love of God and zeal for



Michael J. McCarthy, S.J., of the Province of New England, bearded for action at the Université Saint-Joseph, Beyrouth, Grand Liban, Syria.

souls. But besides that, there is scarcely any virtue, natural or supernatural, or any knowledge, talent, skill, trade, experience, or acquirement that a missionary will not be able to put to good use during a long life.

In my brief experience, which could be matched and bettered by many and many a missionary, I have been teacher, typist, cook, scullion, carpenter, cartoonist, book-keeper, bookseller, chauffeur, printer, draughtsman, editor, buyer, veterinary, photographer, electrician, painter, movie operator, proof-reader, infirmarian, plumber, tailor, mechanic, mason, locksmith, glazier, engineer, and doubtless many other things that I cannot recall just now.

IT has, on the whole, been an immense amount of fun. Of course, there have been hard knocks, too, and ups and downs. As Thomas A'Kempis reminds us, Christ did not send His disciples "to temporal joys, but to great conflicts; not to honors, but to contempt; not to ease, but to toils; not to rest, but to bring forth much fruit in patience."

All this, though, your true missionary takes with a singing heart. Don't believe those people who tell you that the missionary is a lugubrious fellow with a discouraged look who is always writing back home for money and telling the world what a hard time he is having. Believe one who knows: missionaries are the happiest and jolliest people in the world, for they are already enjoying the hundredfold which Christ promised them on this earth, and are looking forward to something even better in Heaven.

Father John de la Brosse, S.J.

James S.

McGivern, S.J.

IN the dying days of the eighteenth century, the last Jesuits,

still canonically Jesuits despite the suppression of their Order in 1773, to labor in the Missions of Canada, were but a handful, a mere remnant of the glorious band of apostolic workers who for almost two hundred years had carried the standard of the Cross of Christ into every nook and cranny of the land. Yet these men, few but apostolic, in their zeal for the

souls of those who had been entrusted to the care of the Society of Jesus in Canada, allowed nothing, not even dwindling numbers, the misery of the Society's suppression, nay not even old age itself, to betray them into an inactivity contrary to all the traditions of their Order. Wherever they were, in Quebec, in Montreal, among the Iroquois, Abenakis, Montagnais or other tribes, the last members of the Society of Jesus in Canada spent their lives generously in carrying out the work entrusted to them. But one by one these Christian soldiers fell from the ranks as God called them to their reward. The last of these, Father John Joseph Casot, died in 1800.

AMONG this little band of missionaries, the most noted is perhaps Father John Baptist de la Brosse. Around his name, legend in song and story has grown and spread into every hearth and home of rural East Quebec. Yet the story of his life, which here can be touched upon only in a rough and sketchy outline, is not less thrilling than the lore of legends woven around his name. When we realize that his territory was over 180,000 square miles in area, we wonder how he ever found time to cover it. Yet cover it he did, as we can easily see by referring to his own notes of the different places which he visited. According to these notes—to take a space of some five years, 1768 to 1773,—the hard-working Father de la Brosse, ever preaching the word of God, bringing the sacraments to the Christians, consoling the dying and converting the pagans, visited the Missions of Jeremie Islets, Seven Islands, the territory of the Betsiamites and every nation in the Saguenay country,—all this to the north of the St. Lawrence's



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

Anticosti Island Falls on Vaureal River, in the country traversed by the Jesuit missionaries of old.

broad expanse. To the south of this great river he visited not only the Acadians of Cacouna, the French of Ile Verte and Rimouski, but also the Micmac Indians of Restigouche and other posts on the Baie des Chaleurs, and not least among the Father's apostolic visitations, the savages of Ile de Saint-Jean (now Prince Edward Island and a Province of the Dominion of Canada) and Ile Royale (now Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia).

THE long and continued traveling of the Father, a true and priestly figure, did not make him forget the Mission of Tadoussac, the chief center and station of all his missions. As often as it was physically and morally possible, he returned to this post to instruct his neophytes there, and to strengthen them in their efforts towards God. Moreover, in this as in his other missions, Father de la Brosse saw to it that even in his absence catechists kept up the work of Christian instruction.

All these labors, almost superhuman, were not sufficient, seemingly, for Father de la Brosse. In odd moments he wrote several religious books in the native tongue for the use of his Indians, found time to translate the Scriptures (at least in part) and to compose a dictionary in the same language (Montagnais). Up to a few years ago, and perhaps even today, the religious books and booklets of Father de la Brosse were still in use among the tribes for whom he wrote them.

Worn out at last with his labors, the good Father died at the age of fifty-eight at Tadoussac, leaving a reputation for sanctity that over one hundred and fifty years have been unable to diminish. He was buried in the chapel of Tadoussac.

Bedtime

Story *Edgar Dowd, S.J.*

WELL, boys, gather around to hear a little bedtime story, a tale of bullets, bears and blizzards, cyclones and cowboys. Mother Thomas, O.S.U., an eighty-five year old veteran, with fifty years' of Montana missionary haps and mishaps behind her, will do the talking,—and how that pious Nun can talk! We're up in her little room on the second floor of the Ursuline Convent in Holy Family Mission, some thirty miles east of Glacier Park, Montana. We're off!—with Mother Thomas at the consoles and the controls.

"I hit Miles City, Montana, in the Winter of 1886. It was just a festering of shacks upon the blank face of eastern Montana. It was a one-horse town, having plenty of horses and horse-faced cowboys; few houses but plenty of drunks. The boys were inside the pool halls playing cards. The 'punchers were wild and so were the deuces! If a lad won, he shot up the town; if he lost, he shot up the town anyway. As long as his ammunition held out, he felt obliged to celebrate; the cause might be different but the effect was the same. No one bothered about these little things. In fact, if the town wasn't spiced several times a day with buck-shot and blunt-nosed bullets, the old inhabitants grew uneasy and began to worry about the immediate prosperity and future greatness of their little one-horse, cow-town!

"**W**HEN we four Nuns arrived there, we found quite a change from our monastery garden in Cleveland, Ohio. The environment of Miles City was not especially suited to meditation and ecstatic contemplation. We said the Act of Contrition most of the time. Besides, the weather was bad. We had a blizzard three times a day and a kitchen door that wouldn't stay closed.

"Miles City was just a stop-over. Our destination was St. Xavier's Mission some seventy-five miles to the south, and as a bevy of Baptists were supposed to be heading for the same location, we cleared out of Miles City pronto!

"As soon as possible, I lassoed fourteen cowboys; told them to pile two sleds topping high with provisions for the Mission. The next day, we four Sisters, the second contingent of Ursulines to arrive in Montana, and fourteen cow-punchers set sail across the wavy plains white with snow. The wind was forty per and the temperature forty below!

"The first night out, we Sisters slept on the sleds. I had a washboard for a pillow, but that rubbed against the grain—and I'm not a block-head either! Well, I squirmed around for something better. Next morning, however, was I disgusted to find my head resting on a



Mother Thomas, O.S.U., born in March 1851, arrived in Montana in 1886,—and still very much alive at Holy Family Mission, Montana.

frozen pig! Such is one phase of life upon the plains.

"In that great white silence, the tongue of one of the sleds broke, and we had to send back thirty miles for another. Meanwhile, we Nuns walked around in the snow, reciting our rosary and Little Office. One of the Nuns wandered off too far; and then the horses went astray; but we retrieved both Sister and horses before the new tongue arrived, and we headed again for the Big Horn River country.

"That night we pitched a tent, but a blizzard hit us, and, like Lincoln, we had 'to hold the ridge-pole up' all night. However, the next night we hit a cabin, a two-room affair that gave us our first hot meal in thirty-six hours. One of the 'punchers did the cooking. He did a good job, even if he continued to smoke and to keep his hat on while cooking. He had no fork. The scarcity of silverware didn't bother him; he used the end of a rawhide quirt to move the bacon around. Possibly it wasn't strictly according to Hoyle or Emily, but what did we care!

"The cowboys gave us one room; they took the other. And just as a token of their gallantry, they placed a couple of six-shooters under my pillow.

"We came to a coulee lined with ice. The cowboys told us that it was unsafe to ride. We Sisters took our buffalo robes and tobogganed right down the gulch with plenty of speed and no control. After we crossed the treacherous Big Horn River, the ice broke. The good Lord was certainly with us! And we finally got to our destination."

"Did you beat the Baptists there," from me.

"Did we beat the Baptists there!" humphed Mother Thomas.

I knew too late that the question was entirely out of order. When Mother Thomas sets out to do something...

"**D**ID I tell you about the time a cyclone hit Holy Family Mission?" Mother asked.

"No, Mother, but that story ought to bring down the house."

She flashed me a glance; re- (Turn to page 167)

Trinco's Downfall

Ignatius T.

Glennie, S.J.

ALTHOUGH our Mission goes by the name of Trincomalie, its

rival city, Batticaloa, has been stealing all the publicity. Indeed, we sometimes wonder why the Mission is not named after Batticaloa. His Excellency, the Right Reverend Gaston Robichez, S.J., resides in this latter city, and with him the Superior of the Mission and all the consultors. The largest college of the Mission is the architectural gem of Batticaloa. Most of the missionaries, too, have their headquarters in the city famed for its singing fish. Poor Trincomalie, better known as

Trinco, can only boast of its old tumbling down Cathedral. By way of parenthesis, I should say that I realize the best way in which I could convince the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS that the Cathedral at Trincomalie is, to say the least, not what it used to be, would be by illustrating the fact in one clear photograph. Unfortunately, however, we have no kodaks of our own.

But Trinco was not to be snubbed so easily. The day after Christmas it broke into print with a mighty crash, monopolized the worries of the good Bishop and stirred our rusting pens to action.

Yes, it was but one day after Christmas. The community, composed of four Fathers, had just made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament after their midday meal. The old Cathedral was empty except for a mother and a child. The mother, rosary in hand, was sitting tailor-fashion not far from the crib, fervently regaling our Blessed Mother with her favorite garland of roses. The baby, growing bolder with the stillness of the church and the rapt look of the mother, crept closer and closer to the crib so that soon he could touch the cow, play with the shepherds and kiss the little Baby Jesus. Then the woman, perhaps alarmed by such boldness, although up to this day she does not exactly know why she did it, ordered the baby to come to her. On all fours the little thing crawled back to the mother.

HARDLY had he completed his return journey when a crash was heard for blocks around, even over the roar of the ocean which beats against the Trincomalie rocks. The Cathedral was obscured by a cloud of



Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, and Brother G. Beau, S.J., with the former's altar boys at St. Michael's, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

dust, then gradually lighted by the rays of the sun. A beam had given way, the tiles had demolished the altar rails, and part of the crib was smashed to pieces,—but thanks be to the good God, the little child had escaped death by inches.

This news caused no surprise at the Mission House. The church had been condemned. Cracks had opened in the walls. The rotting beams were slowly giving way. It would take but little to make the main church of the Mission a pile of ruins.

ITS pastor, Father Raymond Vandebussche, S.J., has not been idle. But what could he do when his parishioners had scarcely enough to live on. The depression and the two year drought made it still more difficult. Finally he imposed a tax on each member of the parish. This consists of one day's wages each month. Now the greater number of his twenty-five hundred parishioners, beginning with the eighty-five cents a day laborer in the Naval Yards, draw comparatively small salaries when reckoned in terms of rupees. Estimate the average wages of the men as about thirty rupees per month, and calculate each rupee as about forty cents of the American dollar, and the result is far from sufficient. Even if all would starve themselves for a day to save their Cathedral, it would take years to realize the required six thousand rupees. But still, the good pastor will not give up. Somehow or other, Providence will find a way to bring back Trinco's Cathedral to its ancient glory. It is for that purpose that we earnestly beseech the prayers of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Faith in Sweden

Hermann
Kreutzer, S.J.

WHILE Sweden is proud of a civilization and culture that is distinctly its own, and is likewise keenly alive to commercial and industrial opportunities, the opposite is true in regard to religion. For the Swede, religion is often considered incompatible with the practices of daily life. The Church of Sweden is more or less a department of the State. It is the Register Office for births, marriages and funerals. As my readers know, the Church in Sweden is predominantly Lutheran, with a total of six million souls. Only a small part of the Swedish

people, perhaps ten percent in all, belong to other religious bodies, such as the Baptists, Methodists and the Church of Christ. In all, we have about four thousand Roman Catholics, although it is very difficult to state exactly the correct total inasmuch as the Protestant clergy are in control of the Bureau of Statistics.

Here in the town of Gefle there have been only twenty-six conversions since the year 1891. A fortnight ago, we received a woman of very good family and with a university education into the Church. This was the first conversion in Gefle within the last five years. The reactions on the part of her non-Catholic friends were typical. Astonishment was expressed on all sides. There was much shaking of heads. Yet, while twenty years ago such a thing as conversion to the Catholic Church would not be tolerated without ostracism, today, due to more liberal ideas which have been spreading over the country, this is no longer so. The non-Catholic generally, considers the Catholic Church as having many types of people, admires its firmness and security in questions of Faith and morals, and perhaps desires that in these same matters, the Church of Sweden would be more decisive in its pronouncements. Nevertheless, one does not become a Catholic. That is just not the thing to do. Hence, the conversions that we have are mostly the result of the influence of the Catholic party upon the non-Catholic in cases of mixed-marriages.

IN the town of Gefle and its environs, there are only one hundred Catholics, of whom thirty-five might be called practical Catholics, that is to say, they go to Mass regularly and attend the sacraments. Those who perform their Easter duties amount to about forty. The attitude of Sweden in general about Catholicity naturally



The Catholic church in the city of Gefle, Sweden, where Catholics are few and conversions rare.

affects the prestige and the work of the Catholic clergy, for the Catholic priest is considered by the Swede as a foreigner. Generally, he has not grown up in Swedish surroundings and is never altogether at home with the native language. At present we have more than twenty-five priests, including German Jesuits, Dutch Sacred Heart Fathers, French Dominicans and a few secular priests. There are two pure Swedes.

To the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS, who are accustomed at their Sunday Masses to see thousands of the Faithful attend not only the Mass but the sacraments, our work in Sweden must seem insignificant indeed, for the priest here feels that he has been especially successful when he can count between forty and fifty to assist at Mass in a church which holds at the most one hundred and fifty. Yet, there are places where not even this consolation is vouchsafed to the missionary. For instance, at Sörforsa, not far from Hudiksvall, the northernmost mission station in Sweden, and a trip of three hours by train from Gefle, I once conducted devotions to the Sacred Heart and we had not one single soul in the church except the priest, the sacristan, the organist and an altar boy. Again, because of the attitude of the Swedish Government towards the Catholic Church, which is only tolerated, one has to be careful in one's sermons lest anything that is said might be interpreted in an invidious sense as Catholic propaganda. Likewise, in explaining moral questions, the priest must be extremely careful not to criticize the opinions of the Government upon the same questions.

THE present condition of the Catholic Faith in Sweden may readily be traced to two outstanding facts. Apart from the materialism which is quite strong

in Sweden, the entire history of Sweden from the days of the Reformation is one that is hostile to Catholicism. They connect the days of hero worship and the era of expansion of the country as co-incident with the rise of the Lutheran movement and the Reformation, with the implication that it is through Protestant ideas alone that Sweden may hope for success or hope to aspire to the position of a great power. Secondly, school text books are laden with criticism and false statements in regard to the Catholic Church. Yet, it is these text books that form the opinions of the pupils, and these opinions are handed down from father to son to grandson for generations. Despite the more liberal attitude that prevails in the universities and Government circles today, it has up to the present been impossible to have these false statements rectified or to obtain any revision of the text books. Newspapers are, perhaps, our greatest enemies. The press is in entire sympathy with this conspiracy of misrepresentation.

WHILE I am speaking mostly from personal observations taken in Gefle, the situation is typical. Perhaps only in Stockholm and in Gothenburg might one see anything that would resemble Catholic life with Catholics frequenting the confessional and the Communion rail. There, even on week-days, the Faithful are most faithful in making visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Our largest total of Catholics is to be found in Stockholm which has fifteen hundred, divided in two churches. In Gothenburg there are four hundred and fifty.

In Malmö, at Oscarström and Hälsingborg in the south of Sweden there are more than two hundred more. Catholics are rare in central Sweden. The Catholicity of Malmö is in great part due to the Poles who work there in textile factories. Likewise, at Forsa, at least one hundred of the Catholics are Austrians who labor in a spinning mill. The priests at these stations go to other places outside of their immediate neighborhood once a month in an attempt to collect scattered Catholics and to allow them the privilege of hearing Mass. The more remote centers of the country can be visited only once or twice a year. The work of the Catholic priest is mostly limited to the care of Catholics and the education of their children in a genuine Catholic spirit. For this purpose, primary schools have been founded in Stockholm. Yet, because the Swede is impressed by architectural grandeur and magnitude, our poverty-stricken little Catholic churches and schools, needless to say, do not increase the prestige of the Catholic Church in his eyes. Again, Protestantism as taught in the primary schools of the State is often hostile to the

Church of Rome and to all that it represents.

One solution for our problem would be Catholic boarding schools where our Catholic children who are now isolated in various parts of the country could come and breathe a Catholic atmosphere and live a completely Catholic life. The nearest approach to this at present is the work being done by the French Sisters of St. Joseph, by the Bavarian Sisters and by the Sisters of St. Elizabeth. There are about one hundred Sisters in Sweden at present, the majority being the Sisters of St. Elizabeth. Very often it is through the Sisters in hospitals that non-Catholics make their first contact with Catholicity. There they learn to know us, to understand our viewpoints, and they see living before them the spirit of sacrifice, personified in the lives of these Religious who are wearing themselves away for their neighbors.

The Sisters of St. Bridget are also influential and have been the means of inspiring a few Catholic young women with the desire for the religious life.

The priests attempt to organize different parochial organizations. The majority of these are Catholic clubs, and lately there has been a move for the unification of the Catholic Youth of Sweden. Last year they held their first annual meeting at Vadstena, the town of St. Bridget. This year it was held at Stockholm. For some time now they have been conducting clubs for boys and girls in Stockholm. There are a few Catholic publications, chief of which may be cited: "Hemmet och Helgedomen" which means, "The Home and The Sanctuary." This is published every

two weeks. It is one of the achievements of our beloved Bishop, the Most Reverend J. E. Müller. Not one of us would be without it. It deals with every question of practical import for Catholics and gives the reader a resume of events of interest to Catholics around the world. It is a chronicle of the Roman Catholic Mission of Sweden since 1926. The "Credo," a monthly magazine for the more educated, is edited for the Vicariate of Denmark and Norway. In the light of this necessarily brief review of the state of the Church in Sweden, we suggest as objects for the prayers of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS,—freedom from the coercion that handicaps the Church at the present time; a change in Government laws, and vindication of the Church's right to own property as well as to obtain protection for the same; the removal of the prohibition against Religious Orders; and the opportunity for Catholics to take their rightful place in the Government of the country without discrimination. Grant these, and we may expect in the Providence of God that the Church may increase and multiply in the country of the great St. Bridget.

EPITAPH OF A MISSIONARY

Edward J. McDonald, S.J.

When I am dead, build not for me, I pray,
A costly graven monument of stone,
But when my ashes in the ground you lay,
Cover with dirt these lifeless, soulless bones
And mark the spot but with a simple cross;
You need not write thereon my name or birth,
But say in figures bold the noble cause:
"In Resurrectionis Spe" I spurned this earth.

Think not that I have left all joy behind,
That I then quitted home and native land;
For now my exile I have quit, to find
A blessed, richer and a happier strand,
Where men die not, nor harm nor misery bear,
And He gives peace—to my Father's House I fare.

(Edward J. McDonald, S.J., died at West Baden College, West Baden Springs, Indiana, on August 26, 1935, after spending seven years as a Scholastic in the Society of Jesus, without ever seeing the foreign missions or even the life of regency.)

Protestant Prejudice in Jolo

Augustine J.
Consunji, S.J.



AM finally settled in my new Mission of Jolo, Sulu Archipelago, in the midst of strange topography, new customs and unaccustomed names. As an instance of the latter, we have such words as "Tumantangis" to juggle with.

This is the name of the highest point at the western extremity of the mountain range that runs from east to west along the north shore of the Island. The word itself means, according to native lore, "Shedder of Tears," and was so named, again according to local traditions, because sailors leaving the Island used to weep from homesickness as they saw the top of Tumantangis recede in the distance. The peak itself extends eight hundred and fifty-three meters above sea level, descending rapidly to the west coast near Timahu. I am almost certain that the word is a corruption of Tumatangis which in Tagalog means, "One who weeps."

HOWEVER, much more important than a question of mere words, is the work among the people themselves. I once heard that a real Moro never becomes a Christian. In my experience, that axiom seems to be true as regards the men, but the women are more open to persuasion and at times are extremely edifying. Only the other day a Christian Mora living in town asked for the missionary. As he did not take the Blessed Sacrament with him, she could not receive her Lord after confession, and her prayer was pitiful; it was a real mosaic of dialects. She repeated the Confiteor in Tagalog, the Our Father in Spanish and numberless ejaculations in Tau-sug or Moro. Not so edifying as the Christian Moras is the attitude of certain American Protestant Ministers who are running wild through this southern section of Mindanao. Knowing that their influence has been curtailed, if not entirely destroyed, by American Jesuit missionaries in Cagayan, Malaybalay, Bukidnon and other mission posts, they come to Jolo where there are no American Jesuits to protect the uninstructed natives against their deceitful attacks. English literature would be a God-send in helping me to combat this. As an instance of the inexcusable bigotry and prejudice of these Protestant Ministers and Deaconesses, I am submitting a few quotations from a circular which they spread far and wide. The title is "Surprising Discoveries in The Roman Catholic Bible." The circular was written by Reverend R.B.J., Manila. The paper from which I quote was published by the Christian and Missionary Alliance,



Father Augustine J. Consunji, S.J., in a moment of relaxation dressed as Imamhadji, Moro for High Priest. Father Consunji pleads for Catholic literature to help him in his fight against the Protestant prejudice rampant in Jolo.

Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I. Under the caption, "Catholic Teachings Contrary to The Teachings of the Catholic Bible," we have the following prejudiced statements and ignorant conclusions:

"The text of the Roman Catholic Bible forbids the followers of Christ calling any man 'Father.' (The word pope means father.) 'Call none your father upon earth: for one is your father, who is in heaven.' (St. Matthew 23:9).

"The clear teaching of the text of the Roman Bible is that *Mary, the mother of Jesus, was no nearer to God than any one who does His will.*

"THE text of the Catholic Bible clearly and emphatically teaches that *there should not be an image in any Christian church or home and that no true Christian should bow down before an image or relic.* 'Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, etc.'

"The text of the Douay Version does not teach that *we are saved by works of any kind, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ which was shed on the cross for all sinners.* 'Knowing that man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ.' (Galatians 2:16). 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' (I John 1:7).

"The text of the Catholic Bible clearly teaches that *God has not appointed any man to be the vicar of Christ on earth, but that He has sent the Holy Ghost into the world to be the Comforter of sorrowing hearts and Teacher who will lead them into all truth.*"

The foregoing excerpts reveal the bitter animus that many Protestants in the Philippines show towards the Catholic Church and are a concrete proof of the need of Catholic literature which will refute such slanders, mis-statements and lies.

Construction in Jamaica

Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.



IN answer to the request of the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS for a report on my building campaign in Jamaica, I submit the following.

In all, since I came to Jamaica, three and a half years ago, in the matter of building (and let me say here that everything was in stone or concrete) I have finished the priest's house at Brown's Town, torn down the frightful shacks that were called a kitchen and garage, removed the old priest's dwelling which was threatening to fall down and replaced them with a combination garage and kitchen as fire-proof as stone and concrete could make them, quarters for the domestics and a combination truck garage, generator house and general repair shop, beside laying a permanent road to the priest's house through the field I found there when I came to Brown's Town. For the sake of privacy a little addition was built to the small shed-like dwelling that serves for a church in Locheroch where it was extremely difficult to hear confessions with people in the place. Murray Mount's teachers' cottage needed an extra room for the crowded staff of that school and this was added last year. Somerton's church was my first major building venture, and when the tank there is completed the total cost will amount to about twelve hundred dollars devoted to building alone, not to mention the money required for equipping the church.

AT Alva I finished renewing the large tank that supplies teachers and children alike with water; out-houses that were absolutely required; reroofed the school which is a very large building; built a stage in it for



Rear view of the Somerton church showing the hillside that was levelled by devout parishioners, men and women, in their heroic struggle to have a church worthy of their tabernacle God.

the little plays that we have yearly; rebuilt the garage and generator house for the plant that will light the church, school, convent and rectory; took down the miserable rooms behind the church which offered such dubious shelter to the priest and his chauffeur; erected the new convent and rectory,—all of which left me deeply in debt. Finally, after putting off the salvaging of Refuge, I went to Trelawny in late November and rebuilt from foundation to roof that seventy-year old church and enclosed the land around it with a fence that Winchester Park had scrapped and which the authorities there kindly gave to me as I was leaving the construction work at Winchester Park that had occupied my time from September until almost the end of November. That iron fence measured four hundred running feet, and not only makes a beautiful little cemetery of the church yard, but protects the graves from the depredations of animals, especially the pigs that were disturbing the graves in their beastly fashion. That new church and cemetery cost just about one thousand dollars, which isn't high when you think that estimates on it were quoted as high as fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars. But as the priest does all the planning, supervising and driving, he can manage to keep the cost down considerably. But, for all that, I fully realize that despite the constant assistance that kind friends

have sent me for the past years and which has enabled me to pay off three times the amount I still owe, I am still in debt to the extent of practically four thousand dollars, which means that money was raised for all the wages demanded week after week for all this building, more for a deal of the material used, but leaving a great deal of material still unpaid for. My good people in the different stations are making valiant efforts to help me cancel as much of the debt

as we can each year, but the Island is poverty-stricken because of the storms and droughts that

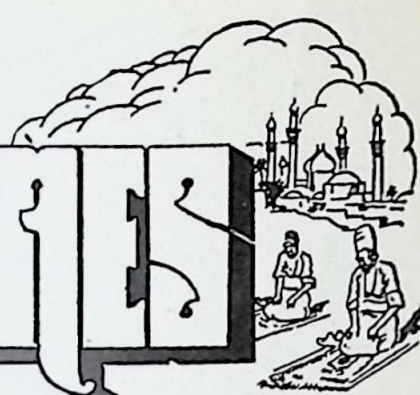
(Turn to page 167)

Original structure that "was" the Somerton church.





FROM MANY COUNTRIES



BRIEFS FROM MISSION LANDS

The XIVth Missiological Week at Louvain

will be held at Louvain from the twenty-seventh to the thirtieth of August, 1936. The subject will be: "Witchcraft in Mission Lands."

This question regards not only specialists in religious ethnology, but forms one of the most embarrassing problems in practical missionary work. It has, since some years, been engaging the attention of governments and colonial institutes, but the so-called sorcerers, the secret societies and magical practices continue to play a preponderating role in the psychology of the indigenous people. Contact with European civilization and even conversion to Christianity, at least to certain dissident sects, seems often to accentuate these beliefs and to provoke disorders and crimes difficult to suppress.

Catholic missionaries, due to their more immediate contact with indigenous life, might contribute much towards the solution of this question. Besides, by pooling their experiences and observations they would gain valuable help towards their own apostolate.

A Catholic Plantation in Malabar

A despatch from Calicut, India, notes that a settlement of small land holders established by the Jesuit missionaries of Calicut, for laborers engaged on the plantations in that part of the Malabar coast, was inaugurated on February 23 last. Father Benjamin Ranzani, Administrator Apostolic of the Diocese, celebrated Mass in the presence of the huge throng of Catholics and non-Christians, and spoke on the purpose of the settlement and the benefits which the people are to derive from it.

Great tracts of land here are given over to the cultivation of tea, coffee, rubber and pepper. The laborers of these plantations demand the attention of approximately one-third of the missionary personnel of the Diocese. The population is mainly a floating one; when the workers' contracts expire many of them migrate to other parts of the country.

With a view to establishing the Catholics permanently in one place and to having a good number of non-Christian workers fix their abode there, the parish priest of Meppadi acquired a tract of

woodland which he cleared and prepared for cultivation. The land was divided into lots which were assigned to families, Christian or pagan, who would be willing to stay at Meppadi permanently. The families thus settled will have their own gardens to cultivate during their spare time and they will have their own houses instead of the rude barracks supplied by the plantation owners.

A Noteworthy Conversion

Mrs. Wang Jen-fu, Directress of the Women's Reformatory connected with the District Court of Shanghai, has been received into the Church. During her preparation for Baptism, she brought about the conversion of her children and her mother.

She said that she became interested in the Church while observing the members of the Women's Branch of the Catholic Action Association of St. Joseph's Church, Shanghai, who every Saturday visit the prison and reformatory connected with the District Court to aid and comfort the women detained there.

Mrs. Wang will soon take over a position in Hangchow, Chekiang, on the governing committee of public charities.

Gandhi on Birth Control

"In regard to the question of limitation of the birth rate by artificial methods," says Mahatma Gandhi, "I have made a considerable study of the question and have been in communication with many thinkers in western Europe and America. I have come definitely to the conclusion that these artificial methods suggested by reformers today will prove to be death traps. The introduction of such methods can only do immeasurable harm to India."

Mr. Lo Pa Hong Honored by Rome

Mr. Lo Pa Hong, Catholic philanthropist of Shanghai, National President of Chinese Catholic Action, has been honored by the Holy Father with the nomination of Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword. This distinction makes him a member of the papal household and confers on him certain rights and privileges.

He is best known for the many works

of charity supported and directed by him, and the others which he assists. The best known of his own establishments is St. Joseph's Hospice, the largest charitable institution in Shanghai, consisting of sixteen buildings which house two thousand inmates. More than five hundred dispensary cases are treated here daily. In the past quarter of a century he has raised over four million dollars Mex., for this institution, and he secured two hundred thousand dollars Mex., annually for its maintenance. The Sacred Heart Hospital, Shanghai, is another of his establishments; charitable activities aided by him are too numerous to mention.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong has been given the title of "Ozanam of China." He is also called the "Chaplain of the Brigands," because of his frequent visits to the inmates of the municipal prisons. He prefers to call himself "St. Joseph's coolie."

In the Wake of the Yellow River Floods

A Father of the Society of the Divine Word, writing from the Vicariate of Tsaochowfu, gives an idea of the terrible conditions in Shantung following the recent floods of the Yellow River.

"At some points along the dyke we saw people living in caverns with bits of wood, pieces of carts and other objects, which they succeeded in salvaging, piled around them. The animals had to be left in the open; they were covered with a few rags to protect them from the extreme cold.

"Everywhere we came upon scenes of horror. Here and there heads were sticking above the water or ice: the poor people, fleeing during the darkness of night, lost themselves in the water and mud and froze in their tracks. They cannot be buried at the present moment because, if an attempt were made to reach them, the wagons, beasts and even the men would be caught and held fast in the quagmire. Cries for help came to us from distant villages which were isolated by the water. Many old and infirm persons were unable to flee or were taken by surprise when the water rose during the night.

"Instead of running off to the sea, the water is filling the whole plain and covering tens of thousands of acres." Yet this is but one instance of the terrible misfortunes that visit China periodically.

Untangling Snares

Darrell F.

Finnegan, S.J.

“BEFORE, I was studied at Zikawei Primary School where all are lady teacher; but when I go to St. Ignace, then all my lady teacher, she men.’ A new parlor game? No. Just an example,” writes Wilfred J. Le Sage, S.J., from Gonzaga College, Shanghai, “of the snares the boys get into in English. One of our duties, at present, is untangling them. Sometimes all our effort seems wasted on the desert air. For example, Michael, our kitchen-boy, when asked how many children were at home, tells us: ‘My home have got a two-piece lady-baby.’ But after all, Michael’s specialty isn’t English,—it seems to be breaking dishes.

And does he specialize! But he is frequently modest about his ability. The other day, Father Moore’s voice, simultaneously, for all practical purposes, blended with the tinkling of porcelain.

“Michael, how often have I told you to be careful? Must I tell you every day?”

“Yes.’ Michael was thinking furiously.

“What kind of a dish did you break?”

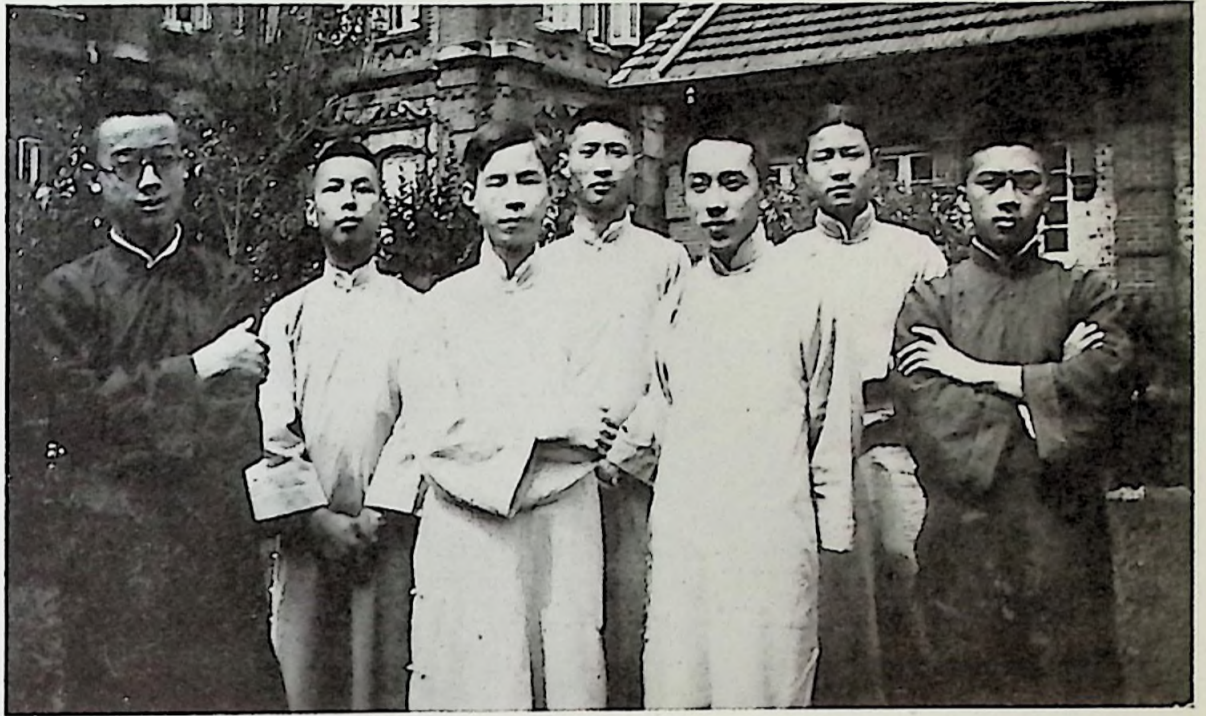
“I no breakie dish, dish fallie down, breakie self.’”

WHAT to do? Michael’s specialty and a thousand and one other trifles make the missionaries “see red” in their account book. Almost the only antidote is a check from America. And when that check comes as a donation from fellow Jesuits—well!

“Donation from fellow Jesuits?” you cry, “so they have hidden gold after all.”

“My flend, you make word much fast,” as one of Mr. Le Sage’s proteges might tell you. No, no hidden gold, at least not in bullion or coin, but in little bits of paper,—junk to many, but for Jesuit seminarians, the raw material for mission help. Yes, you’ve guessed it,—Stamps! Air Mails and precancelled, commemoratives and foreign, some valuable enough to be sold alone, others disposed of in one hundred pound lots, all coming to us from friends saving them for the missions.

Willing bands of young Jesuit philosophers spend their noon and evening recreation hours assorting and filling stamp orders coming from dealers and collectors all over the country. After twenty or twenty-five dollars accumulate, a check goes over seas to push on the work a little farther and win, out of the teeming millions of the Orient, a few more souls to the Faith. The stamps reaching the missionary in the form of much-needed financial aid, enable him to carry on the many activities of his apostolate. Daily the people turn to him for help in spiritual and bodily sickness. For they do get sick,



A group of Catholic Chinese lads who have been tussling with the intricacies of the English language.

even in the best regulated Chinese families. As one little chap described it:

“Doctor—one day—come to my house. I heard doctor say: ‘This boy’s sickness was very danger,’ and when I heard this I was very sad and thought of if I were dead my parent was how much greivous. But past three months my disease was good, but not whole, so I thank my parent.”

DO you wonder then that the missionaries are glad to see the Stamp Bureau’s envelope from Mount St. Michael’s in far-off Spokane? It always means more money, and more money means more souls for Christ. Last evening we were sending another twenty-five dollars, this time to the new Institute at Nanking, recently entrusted to the American Jesuits by the Holy Father. The shades of evening recalled a terse description written by one of the Chinese lads. After telling that “my father took I to the park,” he goes on to say, “sky went out, then got dark, so father and I backed home.” As the sky had gone out, my companion and I were backing home and breathing a prayer of thanksgiving for the host of friends carrying on this work with us, and to the good God Who uses all means to save souls—even an old cancelled postage stamp.

The California Province has six priests, three Scholastics and one Brother at Gonzaga College; one priest and one Brother at Sacred Heart Church; one priest at St. Joseph’s Church; and two priests and four Scholastics at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China.

The Editor is happy to remind you of the list of American and Canadian Jesuit Houses of Study where cancelled stamps are turned into money for the home and foreign missions of the North American Jesuits. Anyone of the places listed on the inside of the back cover of this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS will be grateful for your shipment of stamps.

Cruising

James M



"He was leaving behind the capital city of Belize with its fifteen thousand inhabitants and their immaculate dwellings glistening in the sunlight."

CRUISING for pleasure! Or cruising for Christ! He chose the latter. There was a serene satisfaction countenanced in that choice, as a deep zeal shone in the missionary's eyes. For awaiting his arrival was a port of hungry souls who had been without the sacraments for many months.

As the two-masted schooner slowly picked its way through the many boats, riding at anchor in the Belize harbor, the missionary looks back at the picturesque sight he is leaving. There situated on a peninsula in the Caribbean Sea lay the headquarters of the American Jesuits, who labor in the Mission Colony of British Honduras. He was leaving behind the capital city of Belize with its fifteen thousand inhabitants and their immaculate dwellings glistening in the sunlight. Rising in the midst of this fairy city, with its brilliant-colored roofs and royal palms, stood the two towers of the Catholic cathedral. From this Catholic center go the missionaries to the West, the interior of a densely tropical land. To the North and South, other missionaries make trails, bringing Christ to the scattered populace of a large colony.

But to the East, he was sailing on the blue waters of the Caribbean, to visit the many cays (islands) whose sandy bosoms dotted the horizon of these tropical waters. Along the two hundred miles of coast-line of British Honduras

to the head of the masts and the graceful craft noiselessly gains speed. Passing the last boat in the harbor, a pleasure yacht from the States, the missionary turns to admire the proud figurehead on its prow, a "flying maiden" poised to the breeze. A beautiful boat it is, loitering here in this fisherman's paradise where the barracuda and tarpon play. Does this symbol of luxurious comfort and idleness dim the glow of zeal in the missionary's eyes? He is awakened from this momentary distraction by a shout, and he ducks his head as the big spanker-boom swings by, and catches in its sail the fulness of the steady Trade Wind. The craft is swept ahead on its way to a definite port, where God's work awaits the missionary and where God's children seek the things of the soul.

AMBERGRIS CAY, a long island fifty miles to the northeast, is his destination, and its five hundred marooned souls his flock. He watches with interest the activity of the small crew of five as they tighten the hawsers, rig up the jib-sails and finally settle down to the routine of sailing. Under the steady wind and the skillful tacking of the helmsman the boat was leaving Belize far behind in the foamy wake of its progress. Surely they would reach their port that night. Dusk comes, and the sea takes on a deeper blue; then darkness; but still they speed on in the wind, as the boat safely cuts in and out of the coral reefs and small cays, mere silhouettes in the blackness of the horizon beyond. Then out of the sea which gave birth to the sun that morning, rises a full

moon. As it stretches itself up in the heavens, its silvery path widens over the waters, until the whole sea is alive with a glistening brightness. Yes, there is a romance in carrying God's word over the seas, while the cool atmosphere and the salt spray refreshen his face.

The missionary, realizing his hunger, unwraps some native tamales he had purchased on the wharf before



Two-masted schooners in the harbor of Belize, British Honduras, just off the Caribbean Sea.

for Christ

Tainter, S.J.

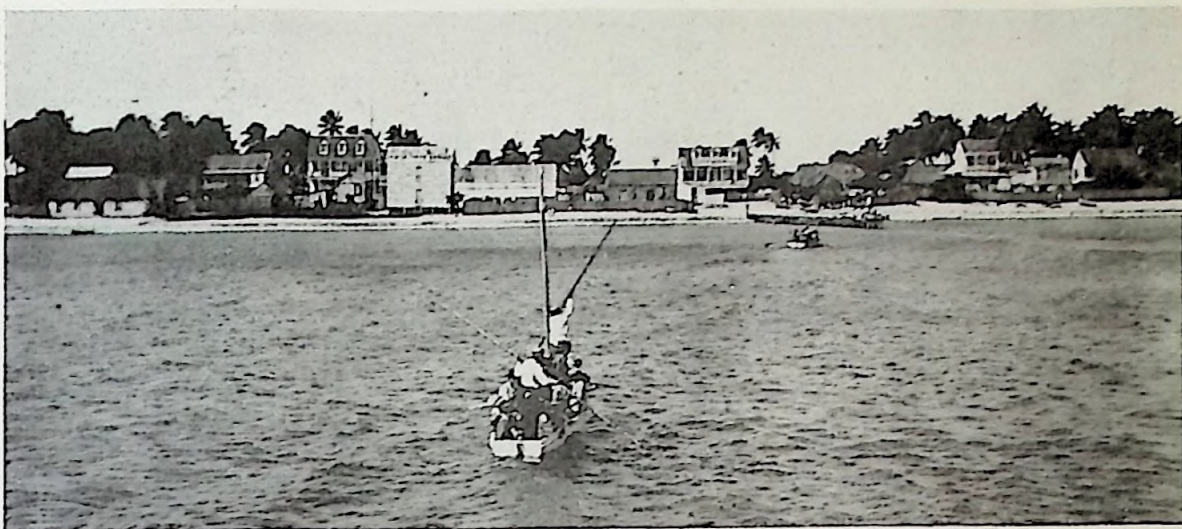
sailing. The crew, taking the suggestion, decides

to embellish his bill-of-fare with some rice and beans. On a sandbox under the mainmast they build an open fire. Those bulging sails which before had glistened in the silvery light of the moon, now glow a deep red as the flames of the open fire flash their fantastic forms upon them. Such are the ever changing beauties of a night ride on the Caribbean with the "Padre of the Land."

BUT still the long grave of cocoanut palms of Ambergris Cay is not visible under the tropical moon. The missionary dozes awhile; then awakens to a gentle lapping of a rippled sea. The sails are flapping helplessly in a dying breeze; the boat has stopped; and a calm is settling upon the sea. With the stillness come the pesty sandflies from a nearby cay. He marvels at the skill with which scores of these biting little insects settle upon the exposed parts of his body. No question of sleep now, as he finds that his trousers are too short to cover his ankles, his collar too low to protect the visible upper fields of attack. The night drags through, dawn breaks to usher in a scorching day beneath a low tropical sun on a becalmed sea without shade. He prays for the helping Trade Wind. But the glare of that reflecting mirror around him sends burning pains through his head. It was no easy task now to think of God and His grandeur so evident the night before. He swelters and blisters at the mercy of a scorching sun. His appetite for the meager rations of rice and beans has gone. Another night of sandflies and another day of sun makes him realize that the Kingdom of God is also won by patience and suffering. In his pain he attempts to say his breviary and pray for these people of the sea, that their souls may be receptive to the message he has for them. Just twenty-five miles from Belize, and this crew of six is as desolate and helpless as if it were in the middle of the ocean.

TOWARDS evening of the third day a wide line of waves appears far out at sea. Soon a breath of air stirs, the sails flutter and, with a new burst of activity, belly out in the strong breeze. The boat shoots ahead towards the Northeast and Ambergris Cay. The thrill of sailing once more returns, and the missionary forgets the becalmed hell of the past two days and two nights. With this new wind the last twenty-five miles are covered in a few hours, and soon he sees the long black island to his left; he hears the roaring sound of the breakers beating

"After confessions and Mass, the Padre started a busy day. . . . He visits the families, scattered on the island in neat adobe houses with their thatched roofs."



"Ambergris Cay, a long island fifty miles to the northeast, is his destination, and its five hundred marooned souls his flock."

on the reefs beyond and knows that the end is near.

Presently the sails are hauled down, the anchor rattles over the side, and the boat rides at rest. On the shore he sees a lantern signaling. Then he hears the swishing of paddles, and a small dugout suddenly comes out of the darkness, bobbing up and down alongside the schooner. As a rolling wave raises the tiny boat up to the deck of the schooner he jumps in. After him is tossed his baggage, and other provisions which must reach shore that night. He looks with anxiety to the shore, just two hundred yards away, and wonders if his trip had been in vain; but the small dugout fights bravely to keep afloat amid the troughs and crests of that surging sea. Where was his confidence in those sailors of his flock who had gone to Belize to fetch him? Surely their skill would safely guide this loaded dugout the last two hundred yards of his journey. All anxiety passes from the missionary when the boat is finally drawn up to the dock, without one breaker having splashed over its shallow sides. On the beach awaited many of his flock, barefoot men in high-necked pajama coats to greet him in the middle of the night with a "*Buenas noches, Padre!*" Accommodations had been prepared for him, and soon a sturdy hammock supported a tired missionary who had worn himself out (Turn to page 167)



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.

JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.
Editor

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J. JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY, S.J.
LEON A. FOSTER, S.J. CLEO RICARD, S.J.
JOHN McKEY, S.J. PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

Associate Editors

E. PAUL AMY, S. J., Business Editor

Editorial and Publication Offices

257 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, \$1.00; three years, \$2.75; six years, \$5.00. Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25 a year.

In Memoriam

Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll

ON Tuesday, April 14, 1936, God, in the inscrutable wisdom of His Divine Providence, saw fit to take unto Himself the humble, apostolic, and truly great soul of the Most Reverend James Anthony Walsh, M.M., D.D., Superior General and Co-Founder of Maryknoll, The American Catholic Foreign Mission Society, and a Bishop whom we dare to call, "A Light to the revelation of the Gentiles," and the glory of America in our day. Merely for the records of men, do we transcribe the biographical data which a thoughtful and a sacred propriety requires:—his birth at Cambridge, Feb. 24, 1867; his matriculation at Boston College and later at Harvard; his position as Archdiocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston, 1903-1911; his dignity as Co-Founder of Maryknoll, as well as Founder and Editor of *The Field Afar*, 1911; the official approval on February 14, 1920, by the Sacred Congregation of Religious, of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic; his consecration as Titular Bishop of Siene, in Rome, June 29, 1933; his blessed reign as Superior General of Maryknoll from 1911 until his death. Part of Bishop Walsh's hundred-fold in this life was that at his death the secure and flourishing foundation of his work, a Maryknoll personnel of 204 Priests, 14 Students, 71 Brothers and 4 Oblates. Counting the Sisters who numbered 478, he had a Maryknoll family of 1,000. His mission fields were 5 with the sixth in prospect: (1) the Vicariate of Kongmoon; (2) the Prefecture of Wuchow; (3) the Vicariate of Kaying; (4) the Prefecture of Fushun; (5) the Prefecture of Peng Yang. The properties held in these five missions were free of debt. Each mission had its center, which was usually a large compound with several buildings; and the priests, scattered over wide areas, occupied 76 mission stations, each with its chapel and residence, and many with other buildings. There were 82 elementary schools, 3 seminaries,

and 8 other buildings used as novitiates and catechist training schools; 49 more buildings including hospitals, orphanages, dispensaries, and homes for the aged and lepers. The spirit of this missionary prelate was both American and Pentecostal, typically American and at all times Pentecostal. Indeed so tightly fused were both these characteristics, that James Anthony Walsh and the missionary movement which he founded may be considered as a typically national institution and America's Gift to the Missions. In this lies the unique, distinctive and imperishable glory of this other Light to the Gentiles, this glory of his people.

The Catholic Press Exhibit

DEDICATED to belief in God and the propagation of His truths, a mammoth international Catholic Press Exhibit was opened in Vatican City on May 12, 1936, under the auspices and with the benediction of His Holiness, Pius XI, the Pope of the Press. This Exhibit will be a manifestation of the varied appeal and power of the Catholic press around the world. It will be international in scope and we pray that it will likewise be international in its influence for good.

We are particularly interested in that department of the Exhibit which is included under the caption, Missiology, where there will be a display of mission literature. For the information of our readers we note that perhaps the most available bibliography of mission literature published in America to date is that included in the volume, *Catholic Mission Theory*, by Joseph Schmidlin, D.D., Professor of Missiology at the University of Muenster and printed by The Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Illinois. The material is grouped under the following titles: Bibliographical Surveys; Books of General Reference; The Foundation of Missions; The Responsible Subject of Missions; The Object of the Missions; The Aims of Missions; and Missionary Means. Mission literature, of course, is not to be associated solely with the once lowly mission magazine. The Vatican City Press Exhibit at Rome will include also samples of the entire output of the Catholic press in the mission field itself. Among the most recent and most successful entries of this type will be *The Commonwealth*, published in Manila, Philippine Islands, under the direction of the American Jesuits from the Province of Maryland-New York. Only six months in existence, it is already approaching a total of six thousand subscribers, while sections in the Visayan and Tagalog dialects are now in preparation. Each edition pays for itself by ads. These modern sons of St. Ignatius are only following in the footsteps of Francis Xavier and the early Jesuit missionaries whose extensive literary productions in the early days of the Chinese missions, as well as their rapid multiplication of catechisms, particularly that of St. Peter Canisius, proved how quickly they recognized the power of the press whose discovery was co-incidental in the Providence of God with the beginning of our Catholic missions in the Far East.

May the mission literature section of the Catholic Press Exhibit in Vatican City be a perpetual witness to the self-sacrificing labors of our Catholic missionaries as well as a boon for Catholic missions around the world.

THE MISSION INTENTION

Clergy for Indo-China

INDO-CHINA takes its name from the fact that it is situated between India and China. It includes Tonkin, Annam, Cochin China, Laos, Cambodia, Siam and Malacca. Out of a population of 34,322,000 inhabitants in Indo-China, the grand total of Catholics is 1,489,010; foreign priests number 457, and native priests 1,276; there are more than 10 Major Seminaries with 564 students, and 19 Minor Seminaries with 2,116 pupils. This record is the fruit of the blood of Martyrs. It is now more than three hundred years since Father Alexander de Rhodes, S.J., the central figure of the first expedition of missionaries to enter Indo-China, arrived in Cochin China and Tonkin. Realizing in 1645 that with a total of 200,000 converts, further work was paralyzed because of the lack of native clergy and bishops to ordain catechists who had proven worthy of the priesthood, Father de Rhodes, S.J., sailed for Rome. After a visit to the Eternal City in 1649 and to Paris in 1653, his exhortations bore fruit and influenced that admirable missionary body known to the world as the Foreign Missions of Paris. On November 17, 1660, twelve days after the death of Father de Rhodes, S.J., at Ispahan, Persia, Monsignor de la Motte, first Vicar Apostolic, with the first group of priests of the Foreign Missions of Paris, left Marseilles for Indo-China.

During the years of persecution, the blessing of a native clergy was admirably illustrated. Disguised as merchants or doctors, they made their way at the risk of their lives into the very prisons where the Christians lay captive, to bring them the consolation of the Eucharist, and on the day of execution invariably forced a passage through the crowds to impart the final absolution. Yet, despite persecution, progress was constant, due again to the efforts of the native clergy. Thus in 1800, there were 310,000 Catholics and 119 native priests; forty years later, 420,000 Catholics with 144 native priests; and fifty years still later, in 1890, when the era of persecution closed, there were 638,000 Catholics and 355 native priests. It is now fifty years since the last persecution of the Church in Indo-China, and recent events prove that the future of Christianity is assured. In 1931, at the Eucharistic Congress in Hanoi, 80,000 Catholics bowed in adoration before the Host elevated in the Monstrance. In 1933, one century after the first edict of Minh-Mang, which threatened to extinguish Christianity, Monsignor Tong was consecrated Bishop at the hands of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, and on returning from Rome was received with the greatest possible ceremony by the Emperor at Hue. Shortly after in 1935, a second Annamite Bishop was consecrated at Hue. The respective Sees conferred on the new Bishops were those of Phat-Diem and Buichu. It is interesting to note that the Mission Intention for June is in strict accord with the instructions from Rome given to the first Vicars Apostolic as they departed for Indo-China: "The principal motive for which the Sacred Congregation sends you as bishops to those regions is that you may instruct the youth so that they may one day be ordained to the priesthood and even become bishops."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

May Many More Imitate Her Example!

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Ever since your appeal to celebrate with you JESUIT MISSIONS' tenth year, I have been wondering just what I could do. To me, that "with you" meant I too was one of the big mission family—even though I could not labor in the missions or directly for them—and the thought was a comforting one as well as a joyous one. It meant I could be somewhat of a little apostle in spreading God's kingdom on earth even right from my own home.

Month after month, I have scanned the faces of the missionaries and I have prayed the more for them. Only God knows the measure of their offering. Somehow I felt that if I could only be filled with the same love for God and for souls that was theirs, I could find a way to take part in the tenth year celebration of JESUIT MISSIONS, regardless of how small my resources were.

At last a plan came to me. A quarter each week would give me thirteen dollars at the end of the year—surely I could do that much. And with it thirteen subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS could be purchased—one for every month of the year and an extra one as a gift to the Christ Child for Christmas.

I have chosen subscriptions rather than an outright gift to the missions, because I hope God will make the gift "grow" by doing so. Perhaps in some place where the magazine will go, the seed of a vocation may be sown and God will have another missionary thereby. Perhaps, too, some one may read it and be inspired to offer a little gift to the missions. And relying yet further upon the power of God's grace, perhaps many persons may be prompted to send their Mass stipends to you to be forwarded to the most needy missionaries.

I leave it entirely to you to select the places or persons to whom these subscriptions are to be sent. The Holy Spirit knowing what I really have at heart—the spreading of God's Kingdom upon earth—will surely inspire you in the selection.

Perhaps I may be able even to renew these subscriptions another year; I do not know yet. But may our dear Lord bless each magazine as it goes out as His little missionary, so that it may bring forth abundant fruit.

New York, N. Y.

Elizabeth Child.

Little José's Pennies

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

José is a youngster, eleven years old. He is a patient, afflicted with an unfortunate disease in a large New York hospital. To all external appearances, José looks well and healthy; in fact, no one would suspect he is a patient.

Although José was born in Cuba, he had been in the States since he was a baby two years old. He had been baptized a Catholic, but evidently had received no religious instruction, as he had never been to confession. However, José seemed to be quite religious-minded. He would attend Mass every day in the beautiful church opposite the hospital building where he was a patient.

On one occasion, José happened to find in one of the pews of the church a little cardboard booklet with spaces for dimes to the amount of two do'ars. The object of this collection was to help some poor and struggling Jesuit missionaries in the far-off [lands]. José, as he could not read, asked one of the clerics to explain the meaning of the printed words on the cardboard [booklet]. Grasp[ing] the idea, he began to collect, but as he could not get dimes, he decided to take pennies. Some of the pennies he got for running small errands, such as buying [papers] for some of the older people. Soon José had the booklet filled with pennies,—in fact, he had two over the twenty. He was quite proud and happy at his achievement, and when he presented his gift for the missionaries, he was told it might be better for him to keep his great wealth, for it was great wealth for José, as he probably never had so many pennies in his life before. He was further advised to buy some candy for himself, but to this José replied he would prefer the missionary Fathers to buy some candy for the poor Filipino children. And so José was very happy. He had done something which made him realize that he was bringing happiness to other little boys and girls in far-off distant lands.

New York, N. Y.

Joseph L. Healy, S.J.

Our Pilgrimage Itinerary

Tues., Jan. 5, 1937—Leave **NEW YORK** by special boat train.

Wed., Jan. 6—Arrive **CHICAGO**, where travelers from other points will join our special boat train en route west.

Thur., Jan. 7-Fri., Jan. 8—En route through the Canadian Rockies, including Banff and Lake Louise.

Sat., Jan. 9—Arrive **VANCOUVER**, British Columbia, and embark on the **S. S. EMPRESS OF JAPAN**. After calling at Victoria we head southwest to Honolulu.

Thur., Jan. 14—After four days of luxurious sea travel we arrive at **HONOLULU**. In the afternoon we take a sight-seeing trip and visit the Beach of Waikiki.

Fri., Jan. 15—We sail from Honolulu across the warm waters of the Pacific.

Sat., Jan. 23—At the end of an eight days ocean voyage, we arrive in the early morning at **YOKOHAMA**. Here we have our first ricksha ride and also make a trip to nearby **KAMAKURA**. Returning to Yokohama, we sail in the afternoon.

Sun., Jan. 24—We stop at **KOBE**, another port of Japan. After Mass we make another ricksha sight-seeing trip.

Tues., Jan. 26—We enter the Yangtze River, then sail up the Whang Poo and anchor off the great Chinese and international city of **SHANGHAI**. Here we shall visit the Native City, the Foreign Concession, the new Gonzaga College of the California Jesuits, the Jesuit Aurora University and the Orphanage of the Helpers of the Holy Souls.

Fri., Jan. 29—We spend the day in the city of **HONG-KONG**.

Sun., Jan. 31—We arrive at our principal objective, the great city of **MANILA**, the capital of the Philippines, and site of the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress.

Sun., Jan. 31, to Tues., Feb. 9—Since the Eucharistic Congress does not open until February 3rd, our first days will be occupied with seeing Manila and its environs. Trips will be arranged to the Jesuit Novitiate at Novaliches, and the Jesuit Meteorological Observatory at San Jose.

Tues., Feb. 9—We sail from Manila on our return trip. (Those taking the extension cruise Around the World leave the main party at Manila, continuing to the West for visits to many interesting countries, with Easter Week in Rome, and return home through Europe.)

Fri., Feb. 12—Another visit to **SHANGHAI**; pilgrims are free to follow their own inclinations.

Sun., Feb. 14—We visit **NAGASAKI**, another of the beautiful cities of Japan.

Mon., Feb. 15—We cruise through the picturesque Inland Sea.

Tues., Feb. 16—We arrive in the morning at **KOBE** and take a special train to **KYOTO**, the shopping center of the world for oriental souvenirs.

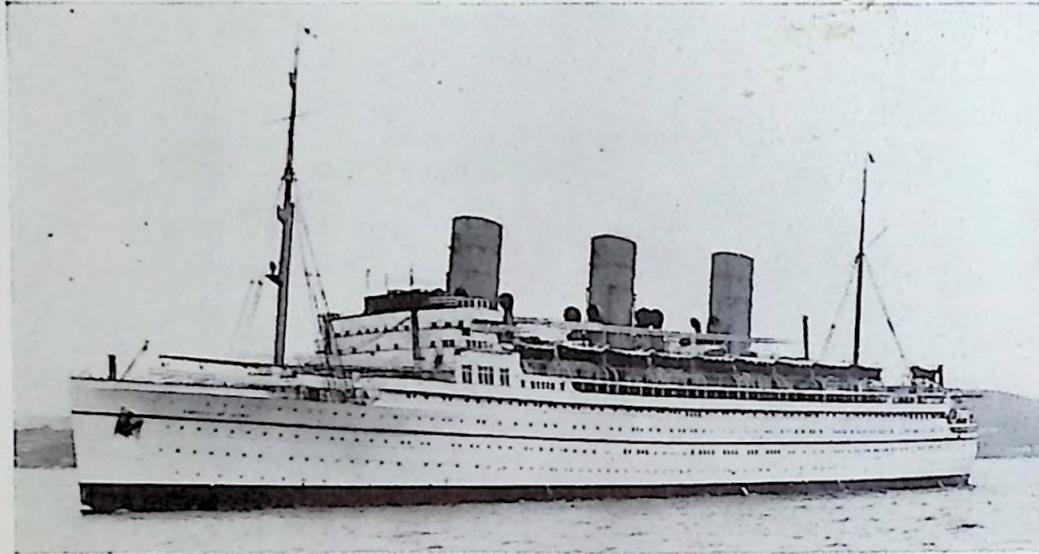
Wed., Feb. 17—We arrive at **YOKOHAMA**, but this time we leave immediately by train

to visit **TOKYO**. Our motor excursion in Tokyo includes the Imperial Palace, and the Catholic University conducted by the Jesuits.

Thur., Feb. 18—A second day in Yokohama, free for individual action.

Sat., Feb. 27—Having sailed, without stop, across the Pacific, in the early morning we again call briefly at **VICTORIA** and in the afternoon we disembark from the **EMPRESS OF RUSSIA** at **VANCOUVER**.

Here our cruise ends and cruise members may use their railway tickets to return to their homes at their own convenience. Stopovers en route home may be arranged for in the Canadian Rockies, or at any of our American national parks without any extra charge.



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway
Our Pilgrimage Ship, The Empress of Japan.

Rev. E. Paul Amy, S.J.
JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dear Father:

I should like very much to go as a pilgrim to the Eucharistic Congress in Manila in 1937. Without obligation, please send me your pilgrimage literature. If I find that I can join the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage, I shall gladly let you know, and make my reservations, as soon as possible, through you.

Name

Address



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CANADIAN INDIANS

On March 14, at Wikwemikong, Ontario, died **Father Victor Renaud, S.J.**, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He had been lingering between life and death since March 9, when he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage, which left him paralyzed. He was buried on March 17. Indians gathered in large crowds for the funeral.

Although ailing for many years, Father Renaud was still doing the work of a missionary. He died in harness, having on the morning of his death officiated at a funeral and heard many confessions. He spent thirty-eight years on the missions, and had a good command of the Indian language, while his zeal was ever crowned with success.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father **Allan Stevenson, S.J.**, returned to the Mission of Belize after ten months spent in the States, where he made the Mission and the work of the Jesuits and Sisters known to thousands by his illustrated lectures on the life of the bush missionaries. Besides quite a number of colored slides, Father Stevenson had several hundred feet of movie reels depicting the actual conditions of mission travel in parts of the Colony.

Since his return, he has been stationed at Orange Walk with **Father Daniel Coady, S.J.**, caring for the small villages out from this principal station.

* * *

The boat that brought Father Stevenson back to the Mission, took **Father David Hickey, S.J.**, up to the States on a "sabbatical leave" after ten years spent on the missions. During the whole of this time, Father Hickey has been stationed in Belize, for three years as prefect of discipline at St. John's College, and the rest of the time as Pastor in the Cathedral Parish. Some people think he has the equivalent of the gift of bilocation, as he gets about to so many places in a short time, from the hospital to the schools, to the rectory, to some one's death bed.

* * *

A little later, **Brother John Jacoby, S.J.**, who for nine uninterrupted years has been on the College Faculty as in-

firmarian, prefect and teacher, went home to the States for a rest and to receive some necessary medical treatment. Brother, as first prefect of the boys during the time of the death-dealing hurricane, did very much to save the lives of a large number of the boys under his care.

* * *

During May, a laymen's retreat will be given to the men teachers of the Catholic village schools. The teachers will assemble in Punta Gorda for the Spiritual Exercises. Following the retreat, there will be held a four days' vacation school for these same teachers. It is regrettable that the modes of travel in the Colony are so slow and troublesome that not all the teachers will be able to attend the retreat and the vacation school, as these teachers are the only catechists that the missionary priests have in British Honduras.

* * *

A very charitable and devoted friend of the priests and Sisters was given the grace of conversion on his death bed, when Dr. Claude Harwood was baptized by **Father Hugh Harkins, S.J.**, a few hours before his death.

Recently, Father Harkins had a very impressive reception of new members into the Children of Mary and the Young Ladies' Sodality in Belize. The candidates assembled for a special Mass in the Holy Redeemer Sodality Chapel, quite apart from the Cathedral Sunday congregation. The rest of the day was spent as a day of recollection at Mercy Convent, which had been put at the disposal of the Director and his eighty sodalists through the courtesy of the Sisters of Mercy. Six considerations, special prayers and spiritual reading filled out the whole day, at the conclusion of which the girls renewed their "Pledges of the Legion of Decency."

In the evening, the candidates, all in immaculate white, each carrying a lighted candle and a lily, entered the Holy Redeemer Cathedral in procession, singing: "On this Day, O Beautiful Mother." The prefect of the Young Ladies' Sodality accompanied by the officers of the two Sodalities and four pages, went into the sanctuary to the specially prepared Shrine of the Blessed Virgin, and crowned the statue.

After the solemn recitation of the Act of Consecration, each girl came into the sanctuary bearing her lighted candle, symbol of faith, and the lily symbolical of holy purity, and placed upon the beautiful shrine her candle, lily, and hand-written and signed Act of Consecration with the words: "Most Holy Virgin Mother, I lay before thy feet this my Act of Consecration; and by these symbols of my Faith and my purity I pledge to live ever loyal to my Faith and devoted to the imitation of your purity." The individual acts of consecration were written on the reverse of the signed Legion of Decency Pledge. After the ritual of reception, the Sodality diplomas were given to the new members. **Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J.**, brought the edifying evening to a close with Solemn Pontifical Benediction.

Later, these sodalists were hostesses to the young men of the parish, members of the Blessed Edmund Campion Sodality, when they were received. The ceremony in general was similar to the reception of the young ladies, but the pageantry features were different. The young sodalists were dressed as knights of our Heavenly Mother, with blue and white capes flowing from their shoulders, and each carried a sword and wore over his heart a gold fleur-de-lis, his badge of purity, upon which was pinned his sodality medal. They entered the Cathedral at the blare of trumpets, marched down the center aisle which was lined with the girls all in white, and entered the sanctuary to kneel before the Shrine of the Blessed Virgin. There, as her knights, they saluted her by singing the "Ave Maria." Later, they returned to the sanctuary to place their swords on her altar, and also their signed pledges of fealty to her and the cause of her Sodality. **Father Michael Schaefer, S.J.**, delivered a stirring sermon to the young knights on the "Disloyalty of Human Respect."

AMERICAN INDIANS

The following account comes from **Frederick J. Guest, S.J.**, of Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington:

"Fire has again played havoc with the Jesuit missions among the Indians of Idaho! On January 30, the Fathers'



Father Edward G. Courtney, S.J., in a banana plantation near Punta Gorda, British Honduras. The Mission of British Honduras is in charge of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province.

residence, a three-story sixteen-room frame building erected in 1881, went up in flames. The disaster involved a loss of fifteen thousand dollars to the Sacred Heart Mission at Desmet, Idaho.

"Fortunately, some of the more precious possessions were saved. Among these was the only papal brief ever addressed to an Indian tribe; the history of the house and the records of the Mission since its foundation by Father De Smet in 1842.

"The pecuniary loss is greatly felt, but so, also, is the destruction of an edifice that had become a monument—a historical monument—to Jesuit endeavor in the Rocky Mountain region. This old frame building had witnessed the vicissitudes of fifty years—fifty years of self-sacrificing labor on the part of men who gave their all that the Indian might learn to know his Brother, Jesus Christ; fifty years of labor blessed, at times, with what seemed failure; blessed, more frequently, with evident success.

"The Fathers' residence embodied memories dear to the Jesuits of the Oregon Province. A new one will have to be built to replace the old. How and when is in the hands of Almighty God. At present the Fathers and Brothers, who have lost practically everything, are compelled to live in great poverty in the corner of an old building on the premises. Father Cornelius E. Byrne, S.J., is Superior of the Jesuit Community at Desmet."

* * *

From St. Paul's Mission, Blaine Co., Montana, Father Joseph A. Balfe, S.J., writes:

"Terribly cold weather started so long ago that I've lost track of the beginning; 20, 30, 40, 45, 48 and 50 below, have been the regular schedule. Two people in this vicinity have frozen to death on the roads; our

water system has frozen up, and so we have been like the Indians, hauling it in large containers and melting snow. Have been carrying on the school as usual, nearly all public schools around here have been closed as water mains froze, etc., etc. It's quite the life, everyone looking for one of those famous Chinooks which sweep out the cold weather."

* * *

Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J., Superior of St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota, writes that plans for the Jubilee celebration of the Mission are materializing. The celebration will be mostly along spiritual lines, since the Mission cannot afford to put out much money. The Mission has been hard pressed financially, partly because of a decrease in income for the support of the children during the past two years, and partly because of the damage done to crops by drought and grasshoppers. Father Schiltz says that towards the close of the school year in Spring, there will be a solemn High Mass to commemorate the Jubilee and there will also be a play staged by the school children. Later on in the Summer, there will be a Eucharistic Congress for the adult Indians, and this will be attended by the Sioux who live on various reservations in the Dakotas.

PATNA, INDIA

Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, India, sends on an important account concerning the Depressed Classes in India:

"If you were to read our Indian papers these days you would be deeply impressed by the fact that old India is at present in a ferment. Some months ago Dr. Ambedkar, the President of the Association for the Depressed Classes, and, therefore, representing some seventy millions of the lower castes of Hindus, caused an all-India sensation by publicly declaring his intention not only himself to withdraw from the Hindu fold, but also to undertake a five-year campaign to carry all the members of these Depressed Classes with him. This declaration, more than once reiterated, has precipitated an avalanche of excitement among the Hindus on the one hand, who are in consternation at the prospect of such losses to their numbers, and on the other hand among the Moslems, Sikhs, Buddhists, etc., whose mouths water at the hope of capturing such a handsome prey.

"But all this excitement is not, as you might suppose, of a religious character, at least not primarily. On the part of the Depressed leaders it is a rebellion against the social injustices and ostracism which from time immemorial have inflicted upon them such flagrant wrongs; while on the part of the Moslems, Sikhs, etc., it appears as a glorious opportunity to increase their own political and social

strength by absorbing these millions into their own communities which in India are the equivalent of political parties. For nearly all of these religion is, in this particular case, little more than an argument to serve their political purposes.

"Still, it is easy to understand that all this agitation and unrest is of tremendous importance to the Catholic missions. For millions who a year ago were impervious to any kind of religious approach (the phrase 'petrified Hindu' has a world of significance!), are now suddenly made sensitive to religious appeal, at least if the religious aspect carries with it some prospect of social uplift also.

"You will see at once what this means for the Church in the way of opportunity. Oh! a kingdom now for an army—an army equipped to meet the situation! Not for decades has the Church in India witnessed so promising an opportunity. True, as yet the effects of this agitation are more distinctly visible in the cities and towns. But soon the villages, India's vast rural population, will be discussing these same matters. And then—ah, then—for a missionary army and 'munitions!'

"Right here in Patna this ferment is already clearly visible. . . . But, alas! Though we have already put two Fathers to this work, they are very much like soldiers without munitions. For each of them should have an ample squad of catechists to aid them. Fifty each were not too many; less than twenty each looks like depreciating our Faith and the priceless value of souls. For now is the time to be up and doing!"

* * *

Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., during his years in Patna Mission has been on quite friendly terms with the Mohammedans. After his ordination to the priesthood in November he made a trip to Bettiah. On this occasion he had the happiness of meeting some of his old Mohammedan friends. In a recent letter he writes:

"While I was out in my old Mohammedan villages near Bettiah, the *muezzin* called the 'faithful' to ten o'clock prayer on their *burra din*. Fateh Mian urged me not to go, but to sit and talk with him until it was over and then I could go and meet all my old friends at one time. I followed his advice. Had a good chat with him and then we mozied over to the mosque (not a very big one, but nice enough for surrounding villages—and all primed up for the occasion), just in time to meet the men coming from prayer. They all gathered around and began asking questions, so I decided to kill all the birds with one stone, hopped up on the front step of the mosque entrance, and held forth in Hindi for about half an hour. There were some two hundred and fifty or three hundred men present, and the

women were grouped in the *pardahs* nearby. I don't recall now what all I told them, but I wasn't drawn and quartered there and then, and yet it was all about God and the Blessed Virgin. I ate raw *dahi* (ugh! and I hate it raw!—plain with nothing to go with it) and also their *gour* (sugar cane candy) and feast day spaghetti, plus raisins, cocoanuts, spices, milk, etc, until I thought I'd burst . . . but they would have been offended had I not joined in the common dish."

ALASKA

Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., who has just spent his first Winter in Alaska since his return there after his ordination to the priesthood, writes from Nome under date of March 3:

"I admit I am more than a trifle late in answering your letter of November 26, and thanking you for the Mass intentions, but I have been on the move most of the time since Christmas, so please hold me excused. When I came back here a few days ago I was appalled to notice all the correspondence that had piled up in the meantime, and I am afraid I will have to encroach on my sleep or Eskimo study time to get through it all. You know what Alaska is like.

"I have nothing to complain of except perhaps the cold, and that's something we can do nothing about. These last few days have been awful, and a strong north wind makes the below-zero temperature just about unbearable. I get up some mornings and find everything freezeable, frozen, even objects that one wouldn't suspect could freeze. However, it could be lots worse and if we dress well we can stand anything. But I certainly would appreciate just about two weeks of real Australian sunshine.

"The work is going along very nicely. The language is no longer the illogical puzzle it used to be, and while I may not have all the fine points yet, still I can always agree in my own mind when the Eskimo says, '*Chuuzaasucpactutin*,' meaning, 'You are anxious to learn,' and it's a joy to hear them say, '*Chuuzaaratactoc*,' 'He begins to know.'"

* * *

Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., under date of February 10, writes from St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak, Alaska:

"Thanks much for your letter of December 26 (also November 22) with the enclosed donation. All well here at Akulurak. I have been on the trail most of the Winter and consequently have had little time for myself or for writing. However, I am sending you a little account of Eskimo boys which you may use as you see fit. I am enclosing also a few negatives. Among them you will find one of Father S. Llorente, S.J., and Brother Charles Wickart, S.J. They have both fitted in very well in this neck of the tundra.

Father Llorente has his own team of pups and takes great pride already in his mushing ability. He visits the nearby stations, leaving me greater time to care for the outlying districts.

"Alaska has been very cold this Winter. We have had a steady north wind for months on end. Later on I shall try to tell you of my trip across the Eskinok Mountains. It was a real thriller. Dogs, sled and musher, were blown down the mountain in a manner which I hope never to repeat. It was the first time that I have ever seen my dogs trembling with fear and apprehension of what was coming next.

"At the present writing, Very Rev. Father John B. Sifton, S.J., is spending a little time with us here at Akulurak. Father John P. Fox, S.J., will also be up in a few days. It is rather an unusual experience to have four priests together during the Winter.

"The books are beginning to come from the Spiritual Book Associates. Thanks much for your kindness in this matter. They will beguile many a lonely Winter's evening. I also received in my last mail the books you forwarded from the Jesuit Mission Press—thanks again."

CHINA

Out of the Orient, a book; such was the announcement made recently by George Dunne, S.J., who has been appointed to edit "Portraits of China," a series of essays to which each member of the California Province Mission in China is to contribute. Interesting bits of information along with a profusion of carefully selected illustrations will go far towards making "Portraits of China" the success it is hoped to be. It is to sell at a dollar a copy, the proceeds to be sent to Nanking to assist in defraying the initial fourteen thousand dollar expense of the Institute of higher learning, which Pius XI recently entrusted to the Jesuits of the American Assistancy.

Wilfrid Le Sage, S.J., is having a great time teaching the youngsters English at Gonzaga College. One boy describes an outing with his father thus: "My father took I to the park, we played the ball, and sky went out then got dark, so my father and I backed home." This one is a gem of oriental expression: "Times flies like an arrow and I am now a schoolmate of Gonzaga. Before I was studied at Zi-ka-wei Primary School where all are lady teacher, but when I go to St. Ignace then all my lady teacher, she men. But now under the education of our Fathers my knowledge had a great progress. After the school we played the many kind games."

* * *

In a letter of January 27, Father John A. Lennon, S.J., of Sacred Heart Church, Shanghai, China, writes:

"On January 24, Rev. Father George Marin, S.J., recently appointed by Very Rev. Father General as Visitor of all Jesuit missions in China, arrived in Shanghai from Rome after a stopover in Hongkong. That evening at six-fifteen we all gathered at the residence of Zi-ka-wei, where in the name of all, Very Rev. Father Peter Lefebvre, S.J., Superior of the Shanghai Mission, made the official address of welcome. In his response, Father Marin told us all how glad he was to be back in China, and especially at Zi-ka-wei, where as a Scholastic he had begun his career as a Chinese missionary, taking up the study of the language. He then briefly outlined Very Rev. Father General's purpose in sending him back to China as Visitor, and concluded by imparting to all the blessing which he brought to us in China."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., writes from Catholic Rectory, Occidental Misamis, Misamis, P. I.:

"Received all your kind donations and sent letters of thanks to the donors.



The "Kusbila Express" in the Santal country of Patna Mission, India. The Chicago Province Jesuits in the picture are (left to right): Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J., Very Rev. Aloysius H. Rohde, S.J., Official Visitor of Patna Mission at the present time; John H. Lane, S.J.; Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., and Father James R. Gibbons, S.J.

Am grateful and thankful for all you are doing in behalf of my mission. We are hard hit here for man power. I have many worries and much work to do. Please pardon me if I seem slow in thanking you for all your kind and generous help. Sometimes it takes me two days to get over a sick call to the mountains. Walking is about the only way you can get to these poor people. Pray for me that I may keep up the fight. There are many souls here to be saved."

* * *

Father Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., writing from the Chaplains' Quarters, Culion, Palawan, P. I., has this interesting note:

"A sidelight on leper discouragement. Tomas is an advanced leper and that means a bad case. His face is going to pieces; his eyes are swollen, and his sight is gradually slipping; his feet are becoming ulcerated, lame and painful. He is a first-class mechanic and a good electrician; thirty-five years old and nine years a leper. I wondered what he was thinking about on this particular day and drew him into a conversation in order to get his outlook on life. This was it:

"I would not go home for any amount of money because look at my face; and besides, even if I were cured nobody would believe it, so nobody would let me in—no job, no friends, no home. I would rather be ten thousand criminals in prison than a leper any place. All the prison terms finally come to an end, so every criminal has hope and something to look forward to; but once a leper, always a leper,—there is no way out."

* * *

Father John A. Pollock, S.J., of Catholic Rectory, Mambajao (Camiaguin), Misamis, P. I., writes in praise of his assistant, Father Gregorio Ouano, a secular priest who joined the Diocese of Cagayan.

"Father Ouano is a real Bourdaloue, and the people flock to hear him. He has *It* in Visayan—real eloquence. He is a great gain to the Diocese, holds a Doctorate from the University of Santo Tomas, is zealous, kindly and agreeable to all. We expect much from him."

* * *

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior at Cagayan, writes from the Church of St. Augustine, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Many thanks for the 'Parish Kyriales.' They arrived in an earlier mail. If we don't startle the populace soon with some very liturgical singing, it will not be the fault of JESUIT MISSIONS. All we need now is an organ score to go with the Kyriale. Have you got one?"

* * *

Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., writes from Catholic Rectory, Iligan, Lanao, P. I.:

"We are not doing so well at this

time—really handicapped for lack of men. The years are leaving their marks on all of us.

"The only reason why I haven't a small hand press is because I never would be able to write out a Money Order for the amount asked. I once had a mimeograph but it got broken in the school. I have a small multi-stamp, but stencils are a problem, both as far as preserving them before using, and cutting them and turning out decent copy. Reams of paper are wasted.

"The following may seem odd, but at present I must resort to one of these Hill's vestpocket editions for a Latin dictionary. Until very recently, at the beginning of this month in fact, I did not know the meaning of *Decanus*, as it appeared in the Province Catalogue. I got as far as 'Old man,' and then 'Senior Professor.' Now, however, I am told that it means 'Dean,' that is to say a Faculty Dean."



Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, recent addition to the Jesuit Mission forces in Mindanao, P. I., and now Acting Pastor at Oroquieta, Occidental Misamis, P. I.

Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., writing from the Catholic Rectory at Misamis, Occidental Misamis, P. I., notes that "at present we have three Redemptorist Fathers giving a Mission here and one more is expected on next Sunday. It is quite a bit of expense on me, but they are doing a world of good for the people, and that is what counts."

* * *

Father Laureano Contin, S.J., writes from Baganga, Davao, P. I., that he

is beginning this month, the month of February, to build a new school and residence for the Sisters inasmuch as the present school is almost destroyed. He asks for the prayers of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to assist him.

* * *

Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., zealous Pastor of Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I., writes that "we are on the eve of a great building campaign a la King Solomon. We had long considered our poor church an unfit habitation for the great High God, but now our Government engineer has declared it even unsafe for man, a much more potent consideration in this material age, so we have to act. No chemistry nor carpentry can restore life and strength to rotted wood and rusty tin, so we have to swap old things for new; hence the campaign. Our economic experts have figured out that the year of grace, 1936, ought to see a roof duly raised and the sacristy duly installed; in 1937 and 1938, we expect a front wall; 1939 to 1943, three sides; 1943 to 1947, a bell tower; 1948 to 1950, a floor; 1951, beams and other accessories—the whole to be completed and ready for celebration on *fiesta* day, May 15, 1952. This to my mind is pretty close figuring and most sanguine in expectation when one considers conditions here. But we are counting on the campaign, nevertheless. In the words of Solomon: 'So do with me that I may build a house to the Name of the Lord my God.' Rest assured of God's choicest blessings and our heartfelt gratitude."

* * *

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes from Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Two days ago there was a shower-let; enough to fill one of our small tanks. Up to that we have not had a drop of rain since January 20. From now on it is what the farmers upstate would call the drought season. Down here there is never much rain in March or April, but this year the drought got a running start way back in January. There is already a beaten path to the spring and the hill, one mile away where we have been obtaining drinking water since the rain water ran out. Our two missionaries who were out of the lineup for a time will soon be with us, ready to cover the ground in their part of the mission outfield."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., writes from Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"On December 15, I opened a new church at Christiana, dedicated to St. John Fisher. I had already rededicated another church to St. Thomas More, so you see I took care of the English Martyrs very loyally. The Christiana church was my twelfth church to build in Jamaica, although one of the twelve was bought as an Adventist Chapel, and converted into a Catholic church.

"Just now I am facing the financial worries of a new quarter, with taxes for house and car and other worries that crop up every quarter. Fortunately, I came through fairly well on a Fair held the day after Christmas at which we had rain, but not a wash-out."

* * *

Father William H. Feeney, S.J., writing from Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., informs the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* of the plans for the Sodality Convention which is to be held in Kingston commencing Wednesday, May 20, and ending Monday, May 25. Dealing particularly with the material side of the forthcoming Island-wide Sodality Convention, the first such to be held in Jamaica, perhaps the most outstanding reminder for the years to come will be the special Souvenir Program which is being prepared. Letters have been written to Rome, requesting the special Apostolic blessing from the Holy Father. A special message has been asked for from Very Reverend Father Wlodimir Ledochowski, S.J., Father General of the Jesuits. Very Reverend James T. McCormick, S.J., Provincial of the Jesuits of the New England Province to which Jamaica is attached, is also sending a special message for the Convention as will Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., who will be remembered for his visit to the Island of Jamaica during January and February of 1935, when he conducted a series of very inspiring talks in the Holy Trinity Cathedral. The Souvenir Program will contain special articles on the foundation and growth of the work of the Sodality and the progress of Catholic Action. It will likewise contain a group picture of the Convention Committee, the special frontispiece being a very precious picture of Our Holy Father, bestowing his Apostolic blessing. Father Joseph Krim, S.J., is the Director of the Convention and is sparing no pains to make it a success. This first Convention, which promises to be an annual affair hereafter, will undoubtedly awaken much interest in the Catholics of the Colony.

* * *

Father Joseph F. Murray, S.J., Pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Windward Road, P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I., writes:

"Your check from *JESUIT MISSIONS* reached me Holy Saturday and proved to be a most cheerful Easter card, especially after the labors of Holy Week. Holy Week here, as elsewhere, manages to be spiritually a most strenuous time, and at its end we breathed a long sigh and a well accented *Deo Gratias* for many things. Your check added to the fervor of my 'Thank God.'

"Good Friday is a civic holiday in Jamaica in order that the people may go to church. How they take advantage of it! To see a person walking on the street on Good Friday is to see



Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., of the Province of New England, dressed in khaki, with a helmet for the sun, a raincoat for squalls, a basket for food collections, and a bag for necessities, ready to go places at his Above Rocks Mission, Jamaica, B. W. I.

him coming from or going to church. Not satisfied with morning services at the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified and the Three Hours devotion at noon, which is always thronged, the people are in church in considerable numbers in the evening for the Stations and the Veneration of the Cross. If we put in another service besides what we already have, the folks would come also. The people usually enjoy a sermon. This year after the Three Hours I received a note from one of the folks saying that my talks had been most expiring. Sad news for me. Next year the ushers will have stretchers for a similar emergency."

IRAQ

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., has this to say about his co-worker, Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., at Baghdad College:

"Father Gookin oscillates at times between amusement and amazement at some of the things that come under his observation, but he settles down again almost immediately to his customary calm with a remark that is both apt and pat. We just now returned from a visit to the physics and chemistry laboratory (and when we say laboratory, we don't mean laboratories, for there is only one) where we found him a trifle bewildered, seemingly, by the motions he was going through. He and Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., together with the

scholastic body, Messrs. William J. Casey, S.J., and Joseph P. Connell, S.J., were engaged in moving beakers, retorts and sundry other fragile apparatus from the cases on one side of the room to the other, apparently in perfect harmony. It seems that since Father Merrick received some twelve hundred dollars worth of physics apparatus from Germany a couple of weeks ago, they have been hard put to it to find space for all their treasures. It was thought that by moving things about a bit they might gain more room. At least that was the only way we could explain to ourselves what was going on, and the look of puzzlement on Father Gookin's face seemed to indicate that he, too, was bewildered by the logic behind the process. This was confirmed when he dropped a piece of glassware with the consoling remark: 'Well, that's one piece less we have to find room for.' He had apparently forgotten our warning that anything he said would be used against him in the *Baghdadi*.

* * *

"Here for the sake of relatives and friends who scan these pages for items concerning their dear ones, we must say that we could fill folios with all manner of such amusing incidents, trifling in themselves but revelatory and significant to those who follow our fortunes with devotion.

"We will come out forthright and confess that we have an ulterior motive in mentioning that fact. In the first place, *JESUIT MISSIONS* is one of the best written and illustrated magazines in the world (we hesitate to go further than that) and now that we have shaken off our lethargy and definitely cast in our lot with it, it is going to be even better—if the Editor will consent to print what we send him. Secondly, the noblemen who control the exchequer at *JESUIT MISSIONS* have embarrassed us with their generosity, and discomfited the wolf that hangs around our door no small whit. Therefore, for your own sake, for their sake, yes, and for our sake, we urge you to subscribe at once to *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

Do not delay, or you will almost certainly miss some of our stories about Baghdad College, over which we labored so long and so lovingly. The process of subscribing is absurdly simple: just put a dollar bill in an envelope with your name and address, and send it to *JESUIT MISSIONS*, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. The Post Office would suggest that you register the letter or send a money order, but we are chary about urging that for fear the added effort involved would discourage you from acting immediately. And that, as you know from your own experience, would be fatal. But whatever you do, subscribe at once: we are going to hold them up for a cut on each new subscription that comes in within one week after the *Baghdadi* is sent out in the mails."

Settoo's Wife

John A. Morrison, S.J.

Last month the author began this mission account from India, telling the story of Old Timer, the missionary, and his catechist, George. Caught in a tropical hail storm, the two had been given shelter by a native lad who later took them to his village, Lakshmipur. After some deliberation, Old Timer decided to found a mission there,—not far from the palatial home of the wealthy landlord, Settoo.

THREE months went by and the Old Timer and George still remained in Lakshmipur. They not only remained; they were firmly

established. For the first week they had not spoken of their Message. Their time had been occupied in making their new home habitable. Mass was offered daily under its thatch roof. The Old Timer knew a good deal about medicine, and Kapildeo's little boy's eyes had been cured. A few more youngsters had their sores healed up,—and then the missionary was besieged. News of the *Sahib's* power over sickness spread through the villages, and at least three hours every day were spent in the judicious use of those simple remedies that work such wonders in an Indian village.

When the priest and George began to tour through the country they were already known. In every village that the missionary entered he first gave medicine and then explained the reason of his coming. The medicine the people gladly accepted,—but the Message? Yes, yes,—of course, what the *Padre Sahib* said was true, at least, it sounded true, but then, their worship was also true. They were both true. And then, too, their Brahman told them that Christians were a very low caste. Christians ate with anyone. Not only that, but they even ate cow's meat. But they would see,—afterwards. And besides, if they became Christians they would lose caste, and their friends and relatives would have nothing to do with them; and how could they arrange marriages for their children? And what would the Brahman say when they deserted his worship? Worse than that, what would he do? Some of their landlords, Settoo was one, were Brahmans, and what would these landlords do, especially when the tenant was in debt, as almost half of them were? And finally, their own religion was very,

very ancient, and their fathers and father's fathers had all been Hindus. What was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. And, of course, that is what you *say*, but how do we really *know*?

But the Old Timer and George were patient. The catechist knew his own people well enough, and the missionary realized that this work needed patience, patience, patience and God's grace. He toured the villages, he gave out medicine, he talked and he prayed.



Not unlike this noble Catholic lady of India was the wife of the zemindar, Settoo.

THEN came the end of the harvest season, and the Old Timer tried to advance. It was time to start a school. "How nice it would be," he told the parents, "if the village boys could come to school." Work in the fields was over and he would teach them arithmetic and how to read and write; of course, they would also learn the prayers and catechism too. No, they would not have to pay a *pice*; it would be all free, but the fathers and mothers would have to see to it that their young hopefuls were faithful in attendance.

ALL this sounded good to the villagers, and down in their hearts they were glad that the Old Timer had come to live in their country. He had been with them for three months and they had not caught him in a lie yet. He had cured very many with his medicine. It was safe to trust him with their children.

So the Old Timer sent for Paul, a relative of George, to come and teach in the new school. Classes actually began. People in his own country would have smiled at the "school" and the way in which it was conducted, but the priest was satisfied. The building itself was a kind of lean-to, resting against the outer wall of Settoo's compound, a fact, by the way, that accounts for this story being told. Most of the classes were held outside of the little house,—in the open. Sometimes the boys came; often they did not. The parents had never attended school and saw no need for their children to be present every day. On some days the boys had to graze the cattle and could not be spared; often they did not come at all and no reason whatever was given for their absence. But progress was being made; Paul taught well; the boys

were learning; the school gave the missionary a contact with the children's parents that he would not have had otherwise, and he was pleased with results.

AND then out of a clear sky occurred one of those things that repay missionaries for months and months of fruitless work. Sunday morning after Mass while Paul was putting away the vestments and the priest was making his thanksgiving, George entered the little hut and tapped him on the shoulder. The Old Timer looked up. A lady was outside and wished to see him. Who was she? George did not know; he had never seen her before. Where was she from? George did not know that either. Wondering, the Old Timer arose and went out.

Some distance from the door stood a heavily veiled Hindu woman, evidently of the better class. Her *sari*, or dress, was of much finer stuff than the coarse *chaddar* worn by the village women, and a silver bangle adorned the wrist that held the *pardah* or veil drawn across her features. Heavy silver anklets hung down over her bare feet.

The priest was surprised. High caste *pardah* ladies do not appear unaccompanied outside of their own compounds. Where was this lady from and what did she want?

"Salaam," said the missionary.

"Salaam, Sahib," came the faltering answer. The young woman stood half turned aside, and her features were concealed by the *pardah*, but the priest knew that he had never seen her before.

There was an awkward pause while the missionary waited, but the woman said nothing more; finally he asked: "What do you want?"

There was no reply.

"Who are you?"

There was another awkward silence, followed by the muffled reply: "Settoo's wife."

THE Old Timer started. Settoo was the landlord of the village whom he had never been able to meet. What could his wife want?

"If you tell me what you wish I may be able to be of service to you."

After a painful pause during which the woman seemed to be mustering all her courage for a supreme effort, she said simply: "Sahib, baptize me."

The Old Timer had often been surprised during his years in India, but now he thought that his ears were deceiving him.

"I do not understand."

"Father," said George who was standing by, "she says

that she wants to be baptized."

His ears had not deceived the missionary.

"Why do you want to be baptized?"

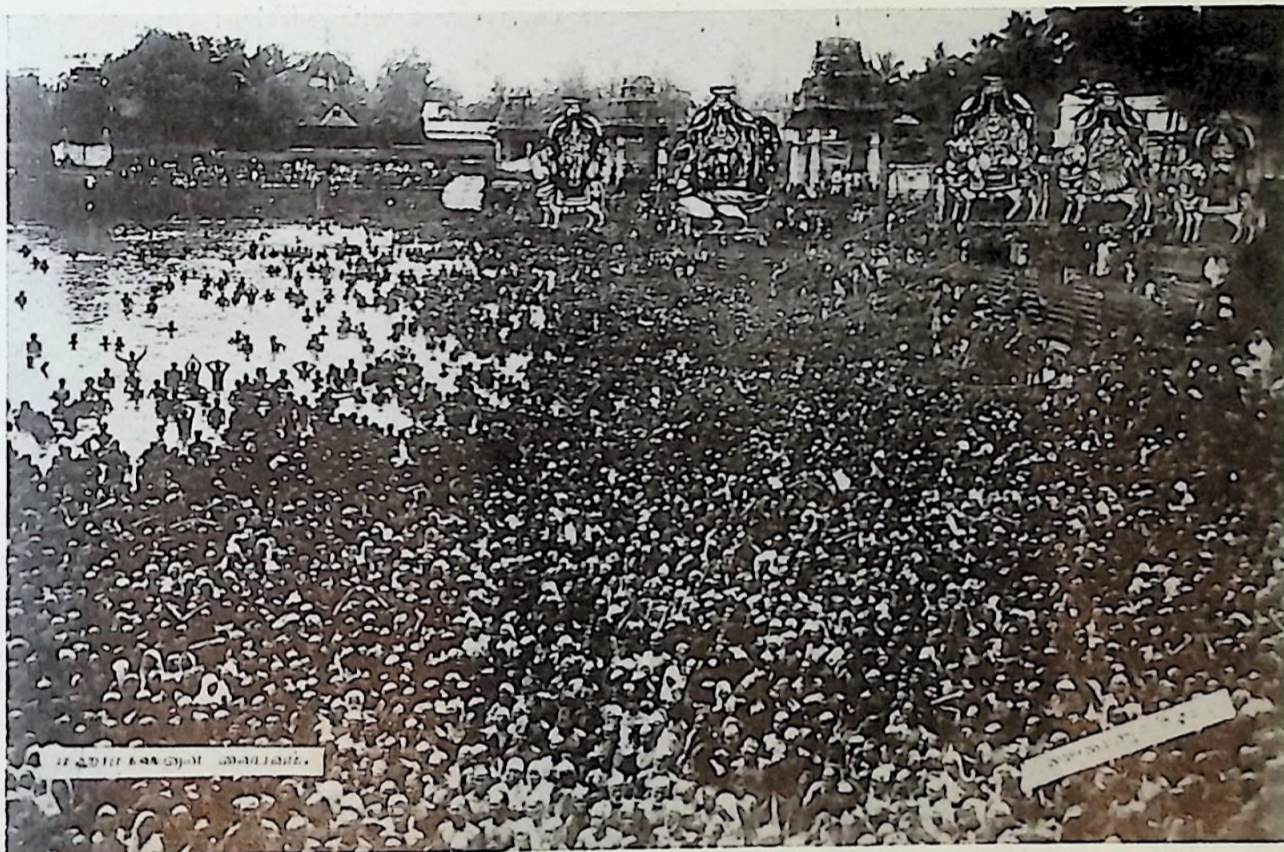
"Because your religion is true."

"Yes, yes, but . . . when have you learned about our religion?"

"Sahib, I have listened to the *guru* teaching the boys in your school. I know what your religion teaches and I know your prayers and I say those prayers daily as the boys are taught to do."

"How could you hear my *guru* daily? I have never seen you before."

"Sahib, I listened."



Scene at a pagan religious festival in India whose teeming millions are still steeped in idolatry, though opening now, as perhaps never before, to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

"You listened?"

"Sahib, your school is against the wall of our store house. I listened from the other side of that boarded window. At first I was curious, and then, Sahib, the words of your *guru* pierced my heart. I have believed for weeks. I had to come to you; I could wait no longer. I believe, Sahib. Baptize me. It is necessary."

THE Old Timer wanted time to think. Certainly this was a case calling for the utmost prudence. First of all he would have to examine Settoo's wife to see if she were speaking the truth and really knew the essentials necessary for Baptism. And then . . . he did not know."

"George," said he, "ask her questions and see if she has sufficient knowledge; then come and tell me."

From within his hut the missionary heard the murmur of voices as George questioned Settoo's wife and the young woman, in reality a girl hardly out of her 'teens, replied. She seemed to have overcome the shyness shown before in speaking to a man and a foreigner, and the priest could tell from the manner of her replies that all of George's questions were answered at once and seemingly to the point. She also re- (Turn to page 168)

BOOK REVIEWS

Calvary and The Mass. By Fulton J. Sheen. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

An ingenious treatment of the Sacrifice of the Mass with thoughts on the Seven Last Words. A new approach may quicken the appreciation for the Mystery of Faith on the part of those whose spirits have become jaded from a lack of the spice of variety. Needless to say, the parallel development of the Mass and the Seven Last Words are an adaptation springing solely from Monsignor Sheen's own devotion. Mary is depicted as the Mother of the Mystical Body of Christ and the distinction between Woman and Mother is clearly established, removing a source of popular misunderstanding on the part of many of the Faithful. If every reader would make his own the oblation printed at the end of Chapter IV, the Right Reverend Author may feel completely recompensed.

Crusaders of the Jungle. By J. Fred Rippey and Jean Thomas Nelson. Illustrations by Willis Physioc. The University of North Carolina Press, North Carolina. Price \$3.50.

The less said about this book, the better. As a history it is a caricature written by authors whose sense of justice, truth, historical perspective and common decency is essentially distorted and irremediably defective. Whatever facts of historical value are interwoven with this nightmarish medley of subjective opinions and renegade testimony, will be found elsewhere unalloyed by prejudice and base insinuations. Many of the illustrations are both blasphemous and scurrilous and as such are neither complimentary to the mind that conceived them nor to the hand that executed them nor, incidentally, to the reputation of the University of North Carolina Press.

Storm Tossed. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$2.00.

A brave attempt on the part of this indefatigable author to dramatize the economic issue in the conflict between Catholicism and Communism in this country. Starting with the assumption that Communists have the zeal and Catholics have the truth, the author leaves the reader convinced beyond doubt of the former, but still waiting even after the end of the final chapter for the practical program of the truth. The entire volume is almost as much an indictment of shiftless Catholics as it is of shifty Communists. Much valuable insight into the varied types that are today associating themselves with Communism is here given for the benefit of

the uninitiated who still think of all Reds as bewhiskered Bolsheviks. The book is as realistic as the strike situation which is its theme. Con Fey, however, is not by any means the personification of the best Catholic employer and, therefore, the book itself, despite its sub-title, must not be considered as an evidence of the complete Catholic solution to the labor problem. The readers will rise from their reading, however, convinced of one thing, the fact that Communism's revolution of hate can only reap a whirlwind of hate. "Storm Tossed" leaves its readers still tossed on conflicting currents of opinion.

Thoughts on His Words and Ways. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price fifty cents per copy.

A series of thirty brief meditations dealing with Words and Ways outstanding in the life of Christ. Intimate and we venture to say continuous converse with our Lord has enabled Father Moffatt to interpret Him to others as only a friend can do. Natural and supernatural virtues are stressed in brief chapters entitled: "Trifles or Treasures," "Saying and Doing," "Headwinds," "The Night Cometh," "Refreshment," "Divided Hearts," and so forth. A meditation a day to keep worry away.

Proceedings of the National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Rochester, N. Y. St. Anthony's Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price paper bound \$1.00; cloth bound \$1.50.

A symposium of reports that should quicken the spirit and encourage the hierarchy of the country. All the best traditions of the Church, particularly from the days of St. Peter Canisius and his famous catechism are in accord with the work herein described. One of the most impressive reports received was that of the religious study clubs conducted by the Bishop of the Diocese of Great Falls, Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, D.D. Begun in 1931 with sixty-five study clubs, following an outline course on the work of the parent as educator of his children, the number increased to seven hundred groups during 1935. These were engaged in the study of the early history of the Church with the Acts of the Apostles as the required text.

Retreats. By Kilian J. Hennrich. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price \$1.50.

Another useful addition to the growing list of publications on retreats. An adaptation to American life of a part of a series of meditations written by Rev-

erend Athanasius Bierbaum, O.F.M., under the title, "Mit Gott" and well received in Europe. The book contains considerations on the value of a retreat, the Soul, Sin, Death, Following Christ, Special Duties, Obstacles and Happiness.

Annuaire Des Missions Catholiques Au Congo Belge. By Abbe Alfred Corman. L'Édition Universelle, S.A., Brussels, France. Price twenty-five francs.

An almanac of the Catholic missions in the Belgian Congo, written at the express wish of the Committee of Superiors of the Catholic Missions in the Belgian Congo, presided over by Very Rev. Father Van de Vorst, S.J., Provincial of the Society of Jesus. The booklet is likewise honored by the patronage of His Excellency, Monsignor Jean-Baptiste Dellepiane, Titular Archbishop of Staurapolis, and Apostolic Delegate to the Belgian Congo. The statistics are as of June 30, 1934, and have been contributed by the Superiors of the respective mission posts, including twenty-two Congregations and Societies of priests and Brothers, six Congregations of teaching Brothers, and the Superiors of fifty Congregations of Religious Sisterhoods. The book contains charts and graphs, statistics of the apostolic delegations, of the auxiliary works of the mission, data on the various Vicariates and Prefectures Apostolic, on the European personnel, teaching Brothers and Sisters, on the spiritual fruits, especially Baptism, on the schools, an alphabetical list of the mission stations, and excellent photographs of the members of the hierarchy. On pages 388-390, we find an encouraging total of native priests and Brothers and Sisters. The book is a most valuable source of information in regard to the missions of the Belgian Congo.

Pray for Us. By Very Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00, blue cloth; imitation leather, \$2.00.

Father Burke introduces his unique collection of prayers with a splendid explanation of the Catholic doctrine of prayer, which tells us that when we pray for others, at the same time we pray for ourselves, because we are all united in Christ. "Pray for Us" is really a collection of prayers for others—for our relatives, our friends, for mothers and fathers, for children, for the aged, the sick, and the heavy-hearted. It includes over one hundred and fifty prayers that have long been awaited to give concrete expression to many of our heartfelt sentiments. These are prayers for our fellow members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

BUMPER CROP IN JASAAN

(Continued from page 143)

steps and entered the only room in the hut. Off in one corner, all alone, squatted an old woman obviously sick. Father O'Beirne heard her confession in Visayan and we knelt down as she received our Lord with tears streaming down her withered cheeks. After a few words of encouragement from the *Pari*, we went to the next call.

After dodging more coconut trees, we finally hit the road and in five minutes were at the second stop. Up the slippery bamboo steps again, but this time there were about fifteen to greet us. Off in a corner was an alcove made of bed sheets, and lying on the floor with a blanket as a mattress was a woman of about forty-five years. Father O'Beirne anointed her and after hearing her confession, called in all the relatives before he gave her Holy Communion. As I knelt down, my foot broke through the thin bamboo floor, and when the entire family came in, the whole building began to sag, and I had visions of combing bamboo out of my hair and teeth. Nothing happened, and we were soon on our way with "*daghan salamat*" ("A thousand thanks") ringing in our ears. The poor people could give no money, but what they had they gave, nine chicken eggs, and as treasurer of the day, I put them in my cap as the safest repository on a rocky road.

We had to leave the jitney on the road for the next call and cut straight into the woods. A guide led the way, and up and up we slipped for more than a kilometer until we came to a level spot where there was a coconut grove and in under the trees a fair sized nipa hut. The sweat was pouring off all of us and the spluttering of a thirsty auto radiator about describes the noise that came from our lungs.

This poor woman had *beri-beri* and was close to death, but quite conscious. She was very weak and Father O'Beirne had practically to lie down to hear her confession. She had difficulty in swallowing the Host, but several teaspoonfuls of water accomplished the task. There were about six of her relatives present, and gratitude was written all over their countenances. I could feel a thrill of gratitude myself at the obvious mercy of God and at the consolation of Father O'Beirne as His minister. Back we hiked to the Ford laden with more eggs. And not long after the Angels had a far more precious burden.

BEDTIME STORY

(Continued from page 146)

strained herself; and seemed determined never to be beaten to the draw again.

"There I was," she began, "sleeping peacefully, dreaming about the end of the world, when Mother Amadeus awakened me. She asked me how I could sleep so soundly and I told her it was just another of my bad habits of my youth. The cyclone hit us in 1894, so you see, I wasn't so old, just forty-three, too be exact.

"I hurried down to the chapel. Father Joseph Damiani, S.J., was making his thanksgiving after his 4:00 A.M. Mass.

"Father, the roof is going off!"

"He said nothing; didn't even notice me. Another reminder was fruitless. The third time I informed him that the roof was going away, he turned to me and whispered:

"Let 'er go!"

"Oh, I've had quite a few experiences," said Mother Thomas. "I remember when I took the girls camping in Glacier Park, before it was anything like a park. Every night for three weeks I had to scare away the bears, but I thought I could bear it as long as the bears could. Returning from the camping trip, we arrived at the railroad bridge over Two-Medicine Creek just in time to help the contractors fulfill their contract, that is, to have the engine across the bridge that night. The girls, I, and everyone else around helped push it across. Then, for want of a better hotel, we all spent the night in a box-car."

Mother Thomas paused; glanced through the parting in the chintz curtains of her little room upon the bleak, loping plains to the Glacier Park mountains in the hazy distance,—primal, desolated country. Such had been the scene of her fifty well-spent years among the Indians of Montana: interminable plains of killing monotony; tall mountains of difficulties. Superioress, Mistress of Novices, organist, and laundress, Mother had seen it all. Electric, vivid, blunt, and witty, she is certainly a true missionary, a blend of "Saint" and "Warrior."

Of course, I don't know if Mother is a "Saint," but she is undoubtedly a "Warrior!" Trials and hardships that would baffle and crush us ordinary mortals she dispensed with a word that meant they were all in the day's work or were merely typographical errors in a volume of brave deeds.

Words are too feeble to describe her. One might say that she is a wonderful lady and every inch a man.

CONSTRUCTION IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 151)

have laid waste the plantations, and consequently their assistance is meager and very irregular. However, it is God's work and I know He will raise up friends to help me pay the debts incurred in building His edifices here in Jamaica.

And what of the year that lies before us? I anticipate the glorious change of occupation that banishes all building in the material order and makes it possible to start a great spiritual drive on my Mission. It's hard to express how happy one can feel when he realizes that for the next two years he can be a real priest and not merely a contractor. Beginning next Sunday, February 2, and, to be sure, under the gracious auspices of Our Lady, I am beginning a series of missions that will occupy me from Sunday to Sunday, the first week of every month from February until July inclusive. The first week of the month has the full moon, and

moonlight is essential for the success of the services. For every morning there will be Mass at six o'clock followed by an instruction on the Commandments. In the afternoon, where I have schools, a little retreat for the children, and at seven in the evening, an instruction on the sacraments, at seven-thirty the mission sermon, and at eight-fifteen, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Many of the poor souls making the missions in the different stations will come from homes buried in the bush and won't be able to get back to their humble dwellings until after ten and ten-thirty at night. I have had handbills printed with the names of the churches and the dates of the mission for the particular church. I hope to attract as large a gathering of non-Catholics as possible, in the hope that the mission week will lay a solid foundation for a successful convert class that I shall run regularly in the different stations where I hope to spend a week every month. I'll let you know how the mission drive went over next July.

CRUISING FOR CHRIST

(Continued from page 155)

waiting two days and two nights to reach his flock.

The bright morrow was broken by the clanging of the church bell announcing to the scattered settlers that a *Padre* was in their midst. The fishermen beached their boats early, and after salting their early catch, prepared themselves for Mass. A new life in the community was evident as the people came to church to receive the sacraments of God.

After confessions and Mass, the *Padre* started a busy day, solemnizing marriages, baptizing the new population born since his last visit. He visits the families, scattered on the island in neat adobe houses with their thatched roofs. Graves are blessed and prayers said over the bodies of the departed ones. Now his fare is the best that can be provided by an appreciative people who vie with each other to supply his wants. *Escabeche* and *tortillas*, together with other Spanish delicacies, fill his table. This is the hospitality offered by a grateful flock.

Novenas are started, and preparations for a brilliant procession are made in honor of San Pedro, the Patron of the cay. The *Señores* will carry the saint's statue through the streets of sand. The band will play martial music to St. Peter who holds the key to Heaven. The *Señoritas*, in their bright colored *mantillas*, follow along, singing and chanting prayers. Days of such festivity and religious manifestation mark the periodic visits of their *Padre*. Nor does the celebration end with these religious protestations of faith. The *Padre's* coming is a time of gay festivities, spent in feasting and dancing. But during all of this gayety, he insists that the little church on the shores of the Caribbean be the center of their lives, whether at work or at play. From there flows out the source of their lives; from there goes out the benediction that brings peace to their simple

homes, and safety to their men folk fishing among the reefs and in the blue holes of the sea. While the *Padre* is there, Christ lives physically with them in the Blessed Sacrament. Their hungry souls are fed with His truths, and His sacraments bring down Sanctifying Grace. As these people are welcomed to God's altar by the priest, he is welcomed to their games and social life. His influence is felt. He enjoys their fun with them; he watches the graceful *mestizado* dance; he barterers at their booths; he mingles with the old folks who chaperon their children. Such is the life of this missionary to Ambergris Cay.

After three days of tiring work,—pleasant, when encouraging the fervent souls to a closer friendship with Christ, unpleasant in the task of stirring the apathetic souls to an appreciation of their religious duties,—the missionary prepares to leave this flock, to visit other souls on the smaller islands nearby. He sets out with a native in a fishing smack—a nine foot dugout, with only a jib and small mainsail. It takes courage to sail back and forth to these cays, over the rolling crests and down through the deep troughs of a high sea. Perhaps it is less human courage than an utter abandon to God's Providence. For he is assured that Christ, Who calmed the sea of Galilee, will protect and guide him, cruising among the cays, seeking out these people of the islands who have waited long for the holy sacraments. Whether it is a small dugout, a motor launch, or even the big schooner, the missionary forgets his fears and keeps only the ports in mind where souls await his arrival. Storms or calms, sailing by night or by day, are accidental to a sea missionary. If his flock braves life and death, day after day, on the deep to catch their sustenance, he certainly values his life less in bringing these brave seamen God's nourishment.

His religious brothers who travel on land through the entanglement of the tropics experience fatigue and bodily hardships. Perhaps the journeys of a sea missionary are less fatiguing, but an heroic patience is required. Whether waiting on a calm sea or fighting desperately to reach port in a storm, he must be patient and brave. Yes, to his flock, he is a good missionary if he is a good sailor, for danger always lurks beyond the horizon for him. Despite this danger, there is romance and beauty in this unique life of cruising for Christ. It is discouraging at times to see the inroads that the spirit of darkness makes among these people during his absence. But after all, God's work is always slow and wrought with obstacles along the Spanish Main.

There is, however, a real consolation, a human satisfaction, to know that these people of the cays are appreciative. They look upon their missionary as a man of God who braves dangers for the good of their souls. They protect him on their boats as precious cargo. They welcome him on the island as an earthly monarch. He learns to like what they like, to think

as they think—he becomes one of them for the sake of Christ.

So, for weeks, our sea missionary has been away from his land community; now he is ready to return home, there to plan anew for his next cruise for Christ. Such is the yearly routine of a sea missionary in British Honduras. And if you could anchor his boat under the shadow of the "flying maiden" poised on the prow of the American pleasure yacht and ask him if he was satisfied with his choice, you would see that unmistakable light of supernatural zeal in his clear eyes. Yes, cruising for Christ was his choice, but he had also found that other pleasure, that enjoyment in nature as God had provided it, simple, genuine and brilliant. For the mighty sea was a semblance of His power, and its beauty a manifestation of His grandeur.

SETTOO'S WIFE

(Continued from page 165)

cited the necessary prayers without hesitation.

The Old Timer was in a dilemma. What could he do? Settoo was a Brahman and the landlord of his village. He was a powerful man and evidently hostile. Not once had he come to see the priest, and all of the missionary's attempts to meet the man had ended in failure. So far he had not come out in open opposition, yet the Old Timer knew that on several occasions difficulties had been put in his way by the husband of this young woman who was asking for Baptism. If the Brahman knew that his wife wished to become a Christian there would be no end of trouble. And yet here was the lady outside his hut, eager and ready for Baptism, and waiting for an answer.

When George entered the hut after questioning Settoo's wife he found the Old Timer on his knees behind the curtain that concealed the tabernacle and altar when the little house was used as a living room and not as a chapel.

"Father, she is well prepared."

"But what are we going to do George?" asked the priest, getting up and sitting down at the large packing box that served as desk or dining room table as occasion demanded.

"She wants to be baptized very much."

"But what will her husband do?"

"He will be very angry."

"That is evident," said the missionary, rising and moving to the door, "but come outside with me."

A few minutes later Settoo's wife returned to her house. She was to explain her desire to her husband and ask his leave to follow her conscience. There was only a forlorn hope that he would acquiesce in her request, but the priest felt that the good of his entire new mission field demanded that he first try to win a peaceful settlement.

The next day Settoo's wife did not return, nor the next. The priest was worried, but he could do nothing. Paul was sent to worm some information from the Brahman's servants. In fact, they had not seen her. (To be continued)

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Missions

Mission Club, Coll. of N. R., New Rochelle, N. Y.....	\$5.00
A. G., Detroit, Mich.....	5.00
J. J. G., Fort Peck, Mont.....	4.00
A. R., New York, N. Y.....	4.00
W. D., Victoria, Australia....	3.70
K. V., Baltimore, Md.....	3.00
T. F. M., San Francisco, Cal...	2.00
M. J. S., Providence, R. I.....	2.00
Mrs. R. J. McA., Omaha, Nebr.	2.00
I. J., Cicero, Ill.....	2.00
Mrs. H. V., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	2.00
T. McS., Dorchester, Mass.....	2.00
H. J., Indianapolis, Ind.....	1.00
Mrs. D. C., Cincinnati, O.....	1.00
Mrs. B. K., New York, N. Y..	1.00
G. S., San Francisco, Cal.....	1.00
J. C., San Francisco, Cal.....	1.00

For Philippine Missions

A. M., Ireland.....	14.55
W. S., New York, N. Y.....	10.00
Mrs. J. H., Weehawken, N. J..	5.00
Mrs. F. J. C., New York, N. Y.	5.00
E. B. K., Boston, Mass.....	5.00
B. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	3.00
E. G. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2.00
J. M. O'N., Philadelphia, Pa...	2.00
G. K., N. Cambridge, Mass....	2.00
A. V., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs. M. H. R., Buffalo, N. Y..	1.00
Mrs. L. J., Corona, N. Y.....	1.00
Anonymous, New York, N. Y.	1.00

For Patna Missions

Anonymous, New York, N. Y..	50.00
Mrs. E. M. K., Elmhurst, Ill...	50.00
R. J. C., Windsor, Canada....	15.00
E. K. G., Washington, D. C...	10.00
M. T. S., St. Louis, Mo.....	3.00
L. S., Hoboken, N. J.....	2.00
R. B., New York, N. Y.....	1.00

For Jamaica, B. W. I. Missions

M. E. K., Watertown, Mass....	5.00
M. V. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5.00
D. W. McA., Portland, Me....	5.00

For British Honduras Missions

Mrs. E. M. K., Elmhurst, Ill...	50.00
N. K. G., St. Louis, Mo.....	2.00
H. C. T., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00

For Alaska Missions

E. K. G., Washington, D. C...	5.00
-------------------------------	------

For Other Missions

F. M. New York, N. Y.....	5.00
---------------------------	------

Gratitude is also expressed for two hundred and ninety-five Mass stipends.

The Mass of the Missions

a study of
The Holy Sacrifice

by

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

A booklet of eighty pages!

— Illustrated —

For private reading

and

classroom instruction.

PRICES

per copy, 10c. (postage 2c. extra)
per 100, \$7.00 (postage 15c. extra)

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Save Stamps, Save Souls!

Please send your canceled stamps
to one of the addresses below:

Mission Stamp Exchange,
Woodstock College,
Woodstock, Maryland

Mission Stamp Exchange,
St. Louis University,
St. Louis, Missouri

Patna Mission Stamp Mart,
West Baden College,
West Baden, Ind.

Mission Stamp Exchange,
Weston College,
Weston, Mass.

Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy,
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto, Canada

The Missionary Society,
Mt. Saint Michael's,
Spokane, Wash.

The Ceylon Stamp Bureau,
4133 Banks Street,
New Orleans, La.

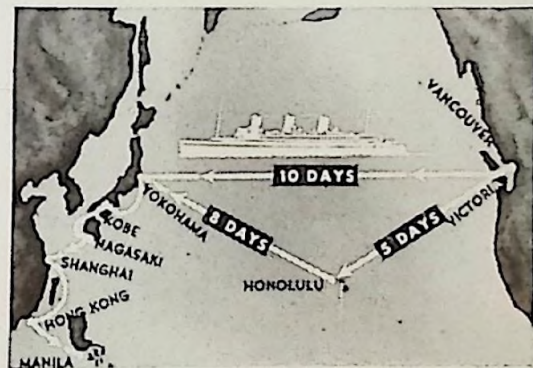
Mission Stamp Bureau,
1855 est, rue Rachel,
Montreal, Canada

EMPRESS EXPRESS

Comfort • Economy

Speed direct to Yokohama in 10 days
on the *Empress of Asia* or the *Em-
press of Russia*. Or sail via Hono-
lulu in only 3 days more on the
luxurious *Empress of Japan* or the
Empress of Canada.

Regular sailings from Vancouver
and Victoria in Canada's Evergreen
Playground. Orient fares include
passage from and to Seattle. To
Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shang-
hai, Hong Kong, Manila. Reduced
Summer round-trip fares . . . First
and Tourist Class. Also Third Class.



Make your reservations now for
the all-expense trip to the XXXIII
International Eucharistic Congress
to be held at Manila February 3 to
7, 1937. Sail January 9 from Van-
couver or Victoria on the *Empress
of Japan*. See Hawaii en route. Re-
turn February 9 on the *Empress of
Russia* by way of China and Japan.
Very low fares.

Special facilities aboard all *Em-
presses* for the celebration of Holy
Mass.

Booklets, information from YOUR
AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New
York, 344 Madison Ave.; Chicago,
71 E. Jackson Blvd.; San Francisco,
152 Geary St.; and 38 other cities
in the United States and Canada.

EIGHT Jesuit Martyrs of North America!

— At Last —

Eight short story lives of these Martyr Saints!

All by
NEIL BOYTON, S.J.

The White-Robed Blackrobe

St. Isaac Jogues

The Giant of God

St. John Brebeuf

Surgeon and Saint

St. Rene Goupil

Squire of Christ

St. John Lalande

Hero of the Hard Trail

St. Noel Chabanel

A Shepherd Staunch

St. Anthony Daniel

"Up Then, My Soul!"

St. Gabriel Lalemant

The Cheerful Giver

St. Charles Garnier

Each pamphlet 5c. a copy
\$2.25 per 50; \$4.00 per 100

A Novena to the Jesuit Martyrs of North America

A pamphlet by

JOHN J. McGRATH, S.J.

Assistant Director of the Martyrs' Shrine, Auriesville, N. Y.

5c. a copy; \$2.25 per 50; \$4.00 per 100.
The set of nine pamphlets for 50c. postpaid.

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Canadian Pacific
TO THE
ORIENT

Pilgrimage to Auriesville

AURIESVILLE SHRINE

The Site of the Martyrdom of Three Saints

Birthplace of Kateri Tekakwitha

Auriesville is 4 miles from Fonda, and 5 miles from Amsterdam, N. Y. The SHRINE opens April 1st; closes Nov. 1st.

\$ 2.00 ROUND From New York via N. Y. C. R. R. TRIP July 19, August 30th, Sept. 27th

**Boston Pilgrimage, August 29th-30th
Springfield Diocese Pilgrimage, Sept. 7th—Labor Day**

For information address

REV. P. F. CUSICK, S.J., THE SHRINE, AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

"America" Sails the Seas

"They that go down to the sea in ships" will find "AMERICA" awaiting them on the following steamship lines:

North German Lloyd New York	French New York	American Scantic Jersey City
Mexican Mail San Francisco	Gdynia America New York	Panama Mail San Francisco
Black Diamond New York	Clyde Mallory New York	Cosulich New York
Munson New York	Fabre New York	Grace New York

Yearly Subscription Price

\$4.00 Domestic :: \$4.50 Canada :: \$5.00 Foreign

THE AMERICA PRESS

461 Eighth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

THE PADRE OF THE PRESS

Recollections of

John J. Monahan, S.J.

by

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

This book gives its readers a splendid idea of the religious situation in the Philippine Islands where the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress is to be held in Manila, Feb. 3-7, 1937.

Price \$1.50, by post \$1.60

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Ave.

New York, N. Y.

For Summer Reading!

The Ruined Temple

by

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

Missionary in Patna, India

The cool calculations of Father Ryan and the bold daring of his young friends will send a chill up many a spine.

Price \$1.25, by post \$1.35

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Ave.

New York, N. Y.

**Business Editor
Jesuit Mission Press
257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.**

Dear Father:

I am enclosing \$..... for which please list a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for year(s) in the name of

Name

Address

DOMESTIC	CANADIAN
1 Year\$1.00	and
3 Years 2.75	FOREIGN
6 Years 5.00	1 Year\$1.25