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# Missionaries' Masses!

May we make a frank appeal for financial help for our missionaries, and at the same time offer a suggestion whereby you can render a double charity? November is near at hand. During that month most of us have our dear departed remembered in Holy Mass. Your Mass offering, sent now, would provide that Mass be said for your dead by our missionaries during November. And your Mass offerings would help some American Jesuit missionary more than a little in his struggle against poverty and depression to build for Christ and harvest souls for Christ. In return for your generosity, the missionaries and those whom they convert will pray for you and yours. Please send your "Mass Offering" to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, 257 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., or to any of the Mission Procurators listed below. May God bless you abundantly.

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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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. Address

**PROVINCE MISSION PROCURATOR**  
221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

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

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

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

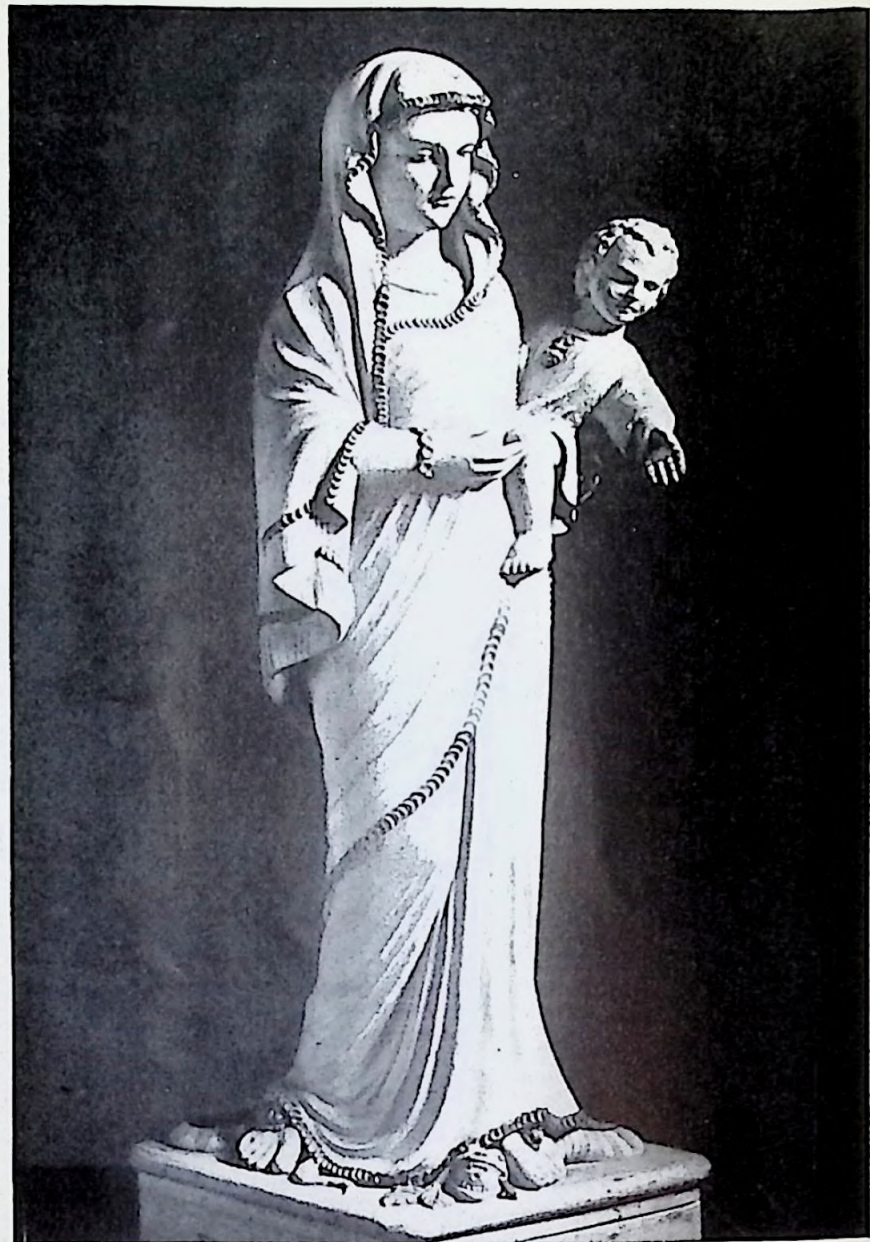
**REV. FRANCIS C. SMITH, S.J.**  
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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

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

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Some examples of native ecclesiastical art in distant missions. Upper left: The Sacred Heart as conceived by a Javanese artist. Upper right: The Christ Child and Our Blessed Mother: statue made in the Mission of the Belgian Jesuits, Chota-Nagpur, India. Lower pictures: two Angels in Javanese style. The Dutch Jesuits are working in Java.

# Yaws in Jamaica's Hills

William H. Feeney, S.J.

**W**HILE I was temporary Pastor at Holy Cross parish, I went on the following sick call, the story of which may be of interest to the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. As I was entering the bush house to visit my patient, I noticed a ten year old boy lying on a burlap bag in front of the house. There was an ugly open wound on his right foot, just below the knee. The disease, whatever it was, had broken out all over his body. The skin of his little foot was coming off in scales.

"How long have you been sick?"

"Thirteen months."

"What happened to you?"

"I ripped my leg on a barbed wire fence."

"Where were you going?" I was anxious to know.

"To Holy Cross Mission to fetch a priest for a sick person."

There was the story. A ten year old boy going twenty-five miles on foot for a priest and he had tried to take a short cut down the mountain side. A barbed wire fence had torn his leg and evidently infection had set in. He was a little hero and my heart went out to him.

I visited his father, my first sick call, then blessed the boy and started off along the ridge behind my guide. But the thought of little Arnold Anderson's story haunted me.

I finished distributing Holy Communion to the rest of the sick, returned to the car and drove, not now to Holy Cross but straight to the Kingston Hospital. To the doctor on duty I said:

"I have a boy suffering from blood poisoning. Will you admit him if I get him in from the Gap?"

"When can you get him in?"

"Wednesday."

"Yes."

**O**N Wednesday, Father Berigan and myself carried Arnold in a spread as in a hammock, down the hillside through a deep V shaped gully to the waiting car and thence to the hospital where I told my story. This time, however, it was not the same doctor I had seen before.

"That's not blood poisoning," he said, looking at Arnold's open wounds. "It's yaws, a contagious disease, and we can't take him in. We don't treat that here."

"Couldn't you put him in an isolation ward?"

"No, we don't treat it."

"Well, I'm in a predicament. I can't get him back to the Gap. I can't take him any place else. I brought him in only after requesting a bed."

"Doctor —— would not have told you to bring him in had he known what it was. We can't take him."

Then followed a long pause. A nurse, Father Berigan, myself, Arnold, and the doctor were in the room. Aspirations were being said by at least one of the group. Finally the doctor spoke.

"Well, I'll admit him, but I won't promise that he'll not be thrown out."

**N**OT very encouraging, to be sure, but it was something.

"When shall I come to hear the verdict?"

"Friday, at 11:00 A.M."

Friday, I searched out the same doctor.

"What's the news about Arnold Anderson?" I asked.

"I haven't seen him since I admitted him. I sent him to another doctor's ward. See Doctor ——."

I searched for his office with some trepidation. When I entered he seemed a bit distant.

"Doctor can you do anything with Arnold Anderson's case?" I asked.

"Do anything? Of course; in fact, I'm giving him extra injections already. I made special studies of yaws out in Portland."

I breathed a sigh of relief and said: "Will you be able to cure him?"

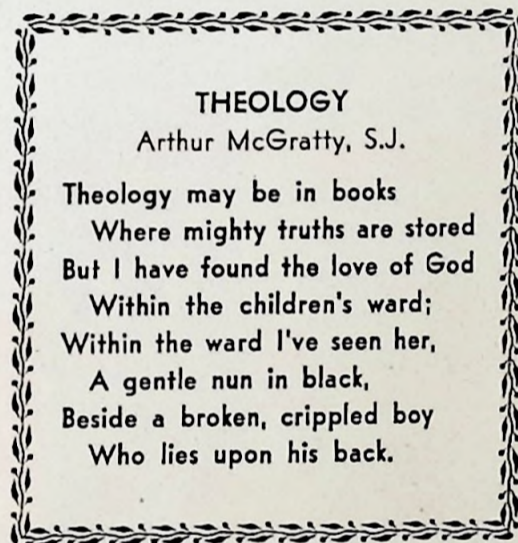
"Surely, I'll clear him up in a couple of weeks. The cure consists in injections and if I can't reserve a bed for him in the hospital all the time necessary, I'll place him some-

where in the city where he'll be able to get the injections. And after all," he continued, "it's your countrymen who are waging the campaign against yaws down here." (Here he referred to the Rockefeller Foundation.)

**A**LL this was most unexpected. I expressed my gratitude in a more or less coherent manner and then almost wrung his hand off. My effusiveness almost destroyed completely his Protestant reserve.

Well, Arnold Anderson left the hospital on February 8, completely cured.

When Father Berigan and myself had first asked the father, Mr. Anderson, for permission to bring his son to the hospital, he had become a bit worried for as he said: "His mother is not at home and I do not know how she will feel." Upon her return from the fields, however, the mother had given a reluctant consent, but now at the good news the joy of herself and of her husband was unrestrained. This is only one instance of mission life in Jamaica and of the efficiency of that unbeatable combination prayer, Divine charity and the Rockefeller Foundation. May their combined influence continue to work together unto good.



## THEOLOGY

Arthur McGratty, S.J.

Theology may be in books  
Where mighty truths are stored  
But I have found the love of God  
Within the children's ward;  
Within the ward I've seen her,  
A gentle nun in black,  
Beside a broken, crippled boy  
Who lies upon his back.

# Big Day at The Boom

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

**S**UNDAY, the tenth of November, was set for the laying of the corner stone of the new church at The Boom, but you should know that when the Belize River is in "top gallant flood" the only celebration you can count on having in one of these river villages is a water carnival. Besides, the thirty miles of road that separate The Boom from Belize would be well covered with water, and the road that lies through bush and over the Pine Ridge (the tropics' best approach to a desert) would not be safe traveling. To have a celebration really worthy of a big occasion at The Boom, one must have a good representation from Belize. This was to be a big occasion, or the missionary of these parts, Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., would be the most disappointed man in British Honduras.

You see, The Boom, or Burrell Boom, to give the town its right name, was to have a brick church, not one of your ordinary frame affairs, nor yet, just a bush church. This was a distinction claimed by only two churches outside the town of Belize. The honest-to-



"The procession in the early afternoon moved along the road for about a mile, the drummer boys beating their military march, and the Boy Scouts as a guard of honor . . ."

goodness concrete corner stone of such a structure could not be set into place with the merest simplest blessing of a priest; there must be some solemnity about it in keeping with the auspicious event. Then, too, Burrell Boom was worthy of more than usual attention, for while this is still a small but growing town, the Catholic citizens are well in the minority, but the majority of the town had urged Father Schaefer to come there to build a church among them. A non-Catholic gentleman had offered the land on which the church was to be built. A non-Catholic brick maker and brick-layer had guaranteed to supply and lay the bricks at a very reasonable rate, and the men of the town would contribute their labor. With all these attendant circumstances, it was a big disappointment to Father Schaefer to tumble out of his hammock each morning of the week previous to November 10, and find the flood waters swishing and swirling their way to the sea but a few yards from the home in which he was living, and he knew that the roads to Belize would be well under water. "Well," said he, as he smiled to himself, "The Sacred Heart will grant us a better day next Sunday."

**T**HIS certainly was not misplaced confidence, as the following Sunday was made to order, just one of those days that put you in your best humor and prompt you to enjoy the day in the open, near to Nature, and near to Nature's God. Merchants in Belize were generous in lending their trucks to convey to The Boom the people from the city who were to transport some of the Cathedral spirit to the little village. After the morning Masses the trucks moved off with their holiday crowds, which included units from the men's choir, the Rosary Sodality of the Cathedral, Father Hugh Harkins, S.J., and his drum corps that now boasted of

six buglers with their white uniforms and red sashes, Brother John Jacoby, S.J., and his troop of uniformed Boy Scouts, and the acolytes in their white cassocks. Others followed on bicycles or private cars. What though they had to cross the river twice, and this via the slow  
(Turn to page 251)

Very Rev. Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the British Honduras Mission, laying the corner stone of the new Sacred Heart Church at Burrell Boom.

# Notes from Tagnipa

Walter J.  
Hamilton, S.J.

**W**ONDERS never cease. Some time ago I was called to attend a sick woman, wife of a Chinese up near Initao. She seemed to be sleeping normally, with no fever, healthy and sound. Yet she was unconscious. Testing for apoplexy I raised her arm to observe if it would drop in the normal way or lifelessly, as do the arms of persons afflicted with cerebral lesions.



Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., (left) with the teachers of Tagnipa Mission, Oriental Misamis, P. I. To the right of the picture is Brother John E. Abrams, S.J., who has done wonders as a valiant mission helper to Father Hamilton.

Neither arm dropped like a rock, but to my profound astonishment each arm would remain fixed in the position to which I had raised it. The patient was in a trance, but physically to all appearances normal. Her ailment seemed to be deep-rooted, psychological or better perhaps psychic. For some time before going into the trance, she had shown signs of melancholy, talking but little, etc., not being her healthy self.

Being invited to dinner, I sat down then to my rice and fish, keeping my eyes on the patient to observe any possible signs of returning consciousness. There she lay motionless in the room behind the Chinese store, surrounded by her many children, one of them very young. Nothing made any impression on her; to no stimulus would she react. From time to time we tried the lone system of suggestion in the hope she might hear. We advised that when she awoke they put the baby in her arms, show the patient much affection, inspire her with the desire to live. They told us that every night the patient arose quietly, took a little food, kissed the baby and went again into trance.

**A**FTER some time we persuaded the husband to take his afflicted wife to the Cagayan Provincial Hospital. Here the doctors and nurses marveled at the case, were amused even at times, especially at the stiff, statue-like manner the woman had of getting out of bed about the same time each night. They tried the electric-massage treatment among other things, and the poor woman seemed to improve a bit. But her husband had her removed after a week or so, to the town Chinese club, and from there back to her town, to a different house. For some months she was almost normal, then lapsed again and went six full weeks without a bit of food or a drop

of water. Then she snapped out of this trance and was about again and for some months now seems normal.

A young interne called me into his office one day and showed me the page in his medical book describing the symptoms of hysteria kataliptica. The katalipsis means the symptom I mentioned viz., the fact that the arms would remain in any position in which they were placed. In fact this seemed true of the whole upper portion of the body. If they placed the patient in a chair, after a few moments she would start gliding down. On one occasion when they told me she was better, I decided to have her make her confession. She sat in a chair and in a few moments started slipping off the chair, the whole upper part of the body rigid.

**I**N the medical book referred to, this distressing disease and its symptoms are disposed of in a few lines. It is due to deep emotional disturbances arising from, e.g., fear, jealousy, hatred, etc. "Rare is the physician who can cure this disease," concludes the account. The afflicted woman now seems close to complete recovery. All thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

While enjoying breakfast one Sunday morning, two young men approached me and asked me to bless a haunted house in the neighborhood. They had suffered much *kasamuk* (confusion), they said, during the past week, especially at night when their sleep was unceremoniously interrupted by water and rocks dropping unannounced from the nipa roof, by plates flying over from the cupboard in the pantry, by sand blowing across the floor, by a small lamp which flew across the room and landed on the *mosquitero* or mosquito net. I investigated and found the answer and will tell it to the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS in my next contribution.

# Just Boys

Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

“AND as soon as I started class,” complained the new Chinese teacher, “that boy asked me what degree I had and what book I had written. He said that every professor who teaches here must have a degree and should have written at least one book.”

“You don't mean to say that Tsen Sen Bao asked you that?” we asked in surprise.

“Yes, that crossed-eye one; and then all the other boys wanted to see the book that I had written.”

“Why of all the nerve!” we chorused, for not only were such requirements purely imaginary, but the boy in question was the most backward in the class, and when dealing with us, one of the most humble and unassuming. Certainly here at Gonzaga in Shanghai just as well as at home in America, boys will be boys. Whether they are Chinese, American or what have you, just give them a chance and the boys will come out with all their fine qualities that are so refreshing and all their weaknesses that so need correcting.

I have found the Chinese boy so interesting that often my typewriter has a real “yin” to click off a character analysis of him, but then I think of the words of Cooke, the famous Sinologue: “The truth is, I have written several fine characters for the whole Chinese race, but having the misfortune to have the people under my eye at the same time with my essay, they were always saying something or doing something which rubbed so rudely with my hypothesis that I burned several successive letters. These difficulties only occur to those who know the Chinese practically; a smart writer, entirely ignorant of the subject, might readily strike off a brilliant and antithetical analysis which should leave nothing to be desired but the truth.” For the above reason I decided that the best course was to narrate some interesting qualities of the Chinese boy and humbly to skip the analysis.

TRUE as is Cooke's statement for the Chinese in general, it is never more true than when applied to the Chinese boy, for I have met with all that frank sincerity that makes boys so likeable and the next moment stumbled across the delicate indefiniteness of an evasive excuse. I know of no more frank and sincere statement than that made by one of our boys on the subject of religion. One day Tsang and I went for a stroll. I was new at the school and did not know the boys very well, so in the course of conversation I asked:

“Tsang, are you a Catholic?”

“No, Father,” was the straightforward answer, “but I am studying the doctrines of your religion now. I want to understand them well, for if I become a Catholic I don't want to be a half-hearted one but become a genuine practical one.”

This statement certainly won my heart and it proved



Here you have some of the boys who make life at Gonzaga more than passingly interesting.

to ring true. After a year of study and consideration this boy became a Catholic and, although he is the only one in his family, he practices his religion as regularly and whole-heartedly as the most fervent.

As outstanding as was this boy, yet was his whole class outstanding or remarkable. Paul Tai, a friend and classmate of Tsang's, came to me before the Baptism and said:

“Today I am so sad, for I shall see my friend baptized and I cannot join the Church with him. I believe all the doctrines and attend Mass regularly but my father will not allow me to be baptized.”

“Why not?” I questioned.

“Because he knows that if I become a Catholic, I cannot sacrifice to his spirit after his death.”

I sighed inwardly, for I knew this to be the case with many a Chinese boy. Just then another classmate, Justin Wu, came up to us and here again was a boy who believed and practiced the Catholic religion but who was not allowed to follow his beliefs. Certainly the prayers of those at home can help win for these boys the coveted permission.

THESE boys, according to school regulations, rose at six and attended Mass while the non-Christians had a study period. So anxious were the boys to study that they used to rise quietly a few minutes before six and hear the six o'clock Mass so that they could study with the others. Mornings when the sun peeks up before six, the rising hour for the boys, I find many a boy awake and reviewing his lessons as he waits for the rising signal. Here, I believe, our American boys could learn a lesson, for the Chinese boys seem to be greedy to learn all they can during their precious school period. This perhaps in part is explained by the fact that education for everyone is a new thing over here and hence the boys look on school as a miser would look on a mint. Of course, there are some lazy ones who are quite artful in getting out of as much work as possible, but these are still in the minority.

(Turn to page 251)

# First Fruits

Frank A. Sarjeant, S.J.

**I**N the night of June twentieth last year there sat down to table beneath the palms that border the Tigris eleven young men. This was a banquet table—and the young men were Baghdadis. Of all subjects too write about, commencements in June are the most worn out. But this was more than an ordinary commencement. In Mesopotamia we have had very nearly everything in the world. But never before had there been a class of boys graduating from a Jesuit school. Last year

Mesopotamia had its first when we sent forth the first graduating class of Baghdad College.

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS need no introduction to Baghdad College. They have followed it, in these pages and those of the *Baghdadi*, from the days in 1932 when it was started with two high school classes, through all its joys and sorrows and meanderings from Baghdad to Sulaikh. Housed in a mud palace, and struggling against tremendous difficulties, it has come nearer to fulfilling the purpose of a school than many a pile of granite in more advanced countries. That is because its teachers, heirs of a grand tradition in things educational, understand better the purpose of education than many a granite-custodian elsewhere. And knowing where they were headed for, and being headed for the right place, they naturally made more progress despite the mud and heat of Baghdad. Those eleven young men will prove the truth of this, we hope.

**C**ATHOLIC commencements, like Catholic education, are not, of course, confined to the banquet table. So the following morning these eleven assembled in the chapel of Baghdad College and listened to Father Mahan deliver the first baccalaureate sermon of Baghdad College. After dwelling on the labors and pains that had gone into the founding of this school, he called their attention to another eleven that had sat at the feet of a Master some two thousand years ago in a country not far distant. They had gone forth into a hostile world,



*The "First Fruits . . . In Mesopotamia we have had very nearly everything in the world. But never before had there been a class of boys graduating from a Jesuit school." Seated in the center of the group is Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., Superior of Baghdad College. At his right is Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J., and at his left, Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.*

and with Faith had conquered it. Our eleven were going into a hostile world where their Faith would be tried and tested. This was no mere figure of speech, for already these boys had suffered severe handicaps for their fidelity to Catholicism. But we, like that first Master, had more than words to strengthen them in the struggle. We had the Bread of Life that He had left us for this very purpose. And to our eleven, Father Rice, who celebrated the Mass, fed it.

**T**WO hundred people gathered at Sulaikh that night. The audience there was a mirror of Catholicism. There a Dominican, Apostolic Delegate to Iraq, presided. There was the Syrian Archbishop of Baghdad, and beside him the Armenian Bishop. There, too, was the Greek Catholic Archimandrite. Brown-robed Carmelites were there; Chaldean priests and nuns, Armenian Sisters, and Catholics of all the rites. And they were there to thank American Jesuits for their part in bringing forth these first fruits for the Oriental Church and for the young nation of Iraq. After short sketches in Arabic and English, and the customary addresses, Baghdad College awarded its first diplomas. Although they are at present not "recognized" by the Government, they are not mere scraps of paper. Each graduate can take his and read there the story of faith and sacrifice. He can read there an assurance that his education has been full and vivifying, and that the well springs of life have not been poisoned. His diploma may (Turn to page 251)

# The Rosarians of Ceylon

John T. Linehan, S.J.

**T**HE world will never cease to marvel, whether it will or no, at the transformation that the toilsome sons of St. Benedict effected in giving the face of Europe an entirely new complexion. Like the watery drop that, unnoticed by man, trickles down the mountainside and one day adds its little that goes to form the majestic river, so the monks by their unceasing and continuous toil helped to produce what we call Christian civilization. Confronted by the ruins that the debacle of the Roman Empire bequeathed to Europe, annoyed by the barbarian hordes that threatened to reduce all to savagery, hampered on all sides by the lack of means to initiate their work on a grand scale, they resolutely set about their labor knowing that it had the approbation of Heaven and that their thankless task would lead untold millions into the Church's bosom. Since the primary purpose of the monks was to work for their own sanctification, so much the greater is the marvel, at least to the unthinking, that they were able to evangelize and civilize; and at the same time infuse with new life the remains of a decaying culture.

**T**HEIR love of God, coupled with their love of their fellow men, made them hurdle what seemed insurmountable obstacles. They had the wearying toil of teaching unwearingly the Faith to those rude and rough children of the northern forests to whom nothing was sacred; they had the almost hopeless labor of attaching nomadic tribes to the soil and inculcating the dignity of human labor, where such a thing was a matter for scoffing; they had the supreme pleasure of seeing reared on the foundations of Faith that glorious edifice from which goes forth all that is best and stable in modern culture. The Gothic cathedrals whose worshipful spires reach for the skies harken back to those saintly men; the practical application of that *philosophia perennis* which the modern social order needs so badly, was not entirely unknown to them; that truly Catholic renaissance of the twelfth century and its full flowering in the thirteenth are but the fruition, in great part, of their saintly husbandry.

The modern world, no less than the medieval, needs men like them: not necessarily to meet conditions such as arose during the so-called "Age of Darkness." Just

as in those days, when the tottering civilization was threatened with dissolution and a slow death seemed to lie in wait for the feeble remnant of a mighty culture, the monks came to the rescue, so today some modern monks in Ceylon are beginning a work, *mutatis mutandis*, like their Religious forebears that will make their impress on Ceylonese history, as Benedict's unrivalled sons did on Europe's. A handful of native monks urged on by charity are on their way to accomplish a work that has balked the efforts of the greatest modern empire.

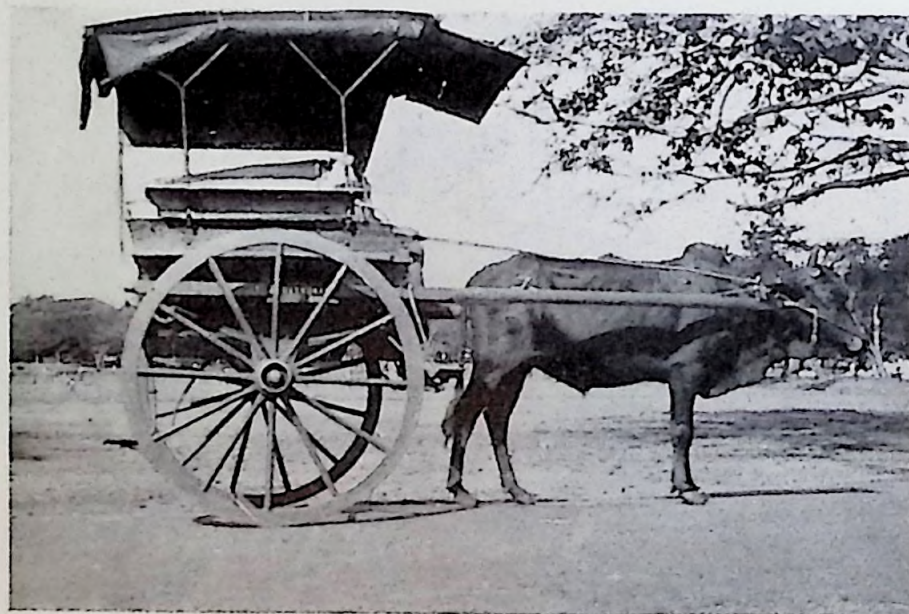
**C**EYLON, the pearl of the Indies, the delight of Greek and Roman traders, the jewel for which Portugal, Holland and England have shed so much blood, witnesses the attempts of the Rosarians to convert its unruly jungle into a fit place to live. Untold attempts have been made to induce the Ceylonese to clear the land of its exotic vegetation and to make habitations on the clearings, but the first approach of marsh fever has caused the native and family to flee to a more salubrious atmosphere in other parts of the country.

That blessed isle, dowered by a bountiful Providence with a soil capable of supporting triple its some five and a half million inhabitants, has already seen the first successes of the monks to render its jungle spaces habitable. The first impulse for this courageous undertaking came with the appearance of the Papal Encyclical, *Rerum Ecclesiae*. This encyclical with its program of action for missionaries profoundly moved a Ceylonese priest, an Oblate of Mary Im-

maculate, to undertake the work of founding a Congregation of Contemplatives, if his bishop agreed to and approved the project.

**I**N due time, this approbation was forthcoming and a site to begin the monastic life in Ceylon was obtained at Tolegatty, about fifteen kilometers from Jaffna. This property consisted of an old almost abandoned mission church and four acres of land. On February 2, 1929, J. A. Guyomar, O.M.I., Bishop of Jaffna, was present to bless the new foundation and encourage the pioneers.

As is usual with religious foundations, Ceylon's first Catholic monastery had the customary train of tribulations and trials. The greatest of these were not the material privations, nor the lack of interest of the people at large in a Congregation that knows no caste distinctions, nor the austere manner of life. It was rather the



The missionary's first means of travel in Ceylon. Twenty-five miles a day was considered excellent speed.

defection of some on whom seemed to rest the Community's future. These defections made the future look uncertain. Through the instrumentality of the Jesuits of the Dioceses of Trincomalie and Trichinopoly, new hope was born and a new impetus given. Convinced that a monastic foundation based on the rule of La Trappe was a godsend, they encouraged some young men of their diocesan associations to enter. Before long, neighboring dioceses in the Tamil country learned of the new undertaking, so that vocations began to come in from that expanse that stretches from Malabar to Maalacca. However, in spite of discouragements, the new Congregation has continued to go forward trustfully, so that seven years after its founding, on February 20, 1935, a new monastery was started in the heart of the jungle at Madhu. It seems fitting and, doubtless, an augury of greater things to come, that this Congregation, dedicated to the Blessed Mother, should have a house in close proximity to her most famous shrine in Ceylon.

The work of the Rosarians may be summed up in prayer and manual labor. A hasty survey of the order of the day will show that. They rise at four o'clock; recite Morning Prayers and chant, in Tamil, five decades of the Rosary. At five o'clock, they begin their meditation which lasts for three-quarters of an hour. Mass and thanksgiving follow, after which comes breakfast at seven o'clock. The rest of the day is given to manual labor and other spiritual exercises of which the principal is to mount guard before the Blessed Sacrament. This is done in turn by two members at a time during the night and day; during this time the Rosary is said in a loud voice. Besides, the Rosary divided into three parts is chanted with a Tamil melody, once a day by the whole Community. It is from this uninterrupted recitation of the Rosary that the Rosarians take their name. Their devotion to Our Lady is one of the most important features of their life.

SINCE the purpose of the monks is to render homage to God by prayer and expiation, in accordance with desires expressed by His Holiness in the encyclical on the missions, they observe a severe fast and abstinence and keep a silence almost perpetual. Only on Sundays and feast days is there any diminution of this rigor. This almost perpetual silence has made so profound an impression on the native imagination, that another name has been given by popular accord to the Congregation,

*Mavuna Sabhei*; this may be translated the "Society of Silence."

MANUAL labor bids fair to take an important place in the Congregation's development; in fact, it is going to provide sustenance for the monks. This work is primarily the clearing of the jungle waste and the preparation of the land for cultivation. Besides providing means for a larger food supply, those plagues that take their awful toil of life will be considerably checked. The draining of the swamps and marshes will obliterate the breeding places of disease-carrying insects that only recently made a charnel

house of that beautiful isle. Due to lack of room, the ideal has not yet been realized; for this the rapid and unlooked-for increase in vocations is partly responsible. The imagination easily conjures up a picture of the growth of towns in a not far-distant future with the monasteries as their nuclei. The similarity in results thus far obtained by these monks to those of their religious forerunners of the Middle Ages makes further conjecture idle.

Like the monks of old, their successors in Ceylon are turning marshy wastes into veritable gardens. What is more, they are giving a concrete application of that ideal of Evangelical perfection—the Sermon on the Mount—

which appeals strongly to the Indian mentality. Who knows but here may be found the providential solution to that provocative question that sets all India tingling—Untouchability. May God speed the noble, unselfish and prayerful efforts of Ceylon's Rosarians. Future ages will reap the blessings of their toil.

In general, the nature of the task which the Church faces in Ceylon is not unlike that of India. The "Depressed Class Movement" there will undoubtedly have its effect in Ceylon as well, though the number of Hindus in the Island is not proportionately as high as in India proper. In a population of approximately 5,310,000, Ceylon has 2,770,000 Buddhists, 982,000 Hindus, 302,000 Mohammedans, and 440,000 Christians. The total number of Catholics in Ceylon is about 425,000. There are five ecclesiastical divisions: one archdiocese and four dioceses. The Archdiocese of Colombo has by far the most Catholics. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate have charge there and they number about 109, besides some 38 diocesan priests. Jaffna is also entrusted to the Oblates. The Benedictines have Kandy, while the Jesuits have Galle and Trincomalie.



Three native teachers at St. Michael's, the Jesuit college at Batticaloa, Ceylon. All three are converts from Hinduism.

# Night Under the Northern Lights

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.



**M**OST missionaries who have mushed for any length of time have been forced by bad weather or a difficult trail to sleep out at night. In the interior of Alaska where there is plenty of timber this can be made a not too unpleasant experience. There is an abundance of wood to make a roaring fire and provide a steaming supper. Should one have an expert guide, as we missionaries generally do, he will watch with interest the efficient preparations for the night. In the twinkling of an eye a wind brake is made of fir boughs; a cozy bed of soft pine branches soon follows. Under such conditions, sleeping outside has its attractions. One rises in the morning after a long restful sleep refreshed and exhilarated.

Here near the Bering Sea, sleeping in the open is never very pleasant and at times can become just a prolonged nightmare. However, don't imagine that sleeping out is a frequent occurrence. It depends a great deal on luck and sometimes on the foolish hurry of the missionary. If one implicitly follows his guide—he will sleep out very little.

**D**URING the first part of the new year (1936), I had been pretty busy visiting my villages on the lower Yukon. I returned to headquarters at Akulurak for a brief respite of three days. The dogs were refreshed when we again hit the trail and set a good pace despite the fact that we were loaded with fish and other provisions for a hundred mile trip. Leaving Akulurak we headed straight for the sea. After a few hours of travel we struck the Black River trail which runs parallel with the Bering Sea but some eight miles in from the coast. It is a long level stretch of tundra. We had easy going here. The wind has free play in every



"Berry," the lead dog of Father O'Connor's stalwart team.

direction and keeps the trail smooth and clean. Lunch was taken as usual in one of the little cabins that dot the trail every ten miles near the Mission. A little before four we crossed the Black River and stopped a moment at Uksukallik. Father Deschout built a little log cabin chapel here, and if I had known what was to follow, I would have remained for the night. However, practically all the people had moved away to Winter camps, and since the next day was Sunday, I decided to push on to Kaputhluk and give the people there a chance to hear Mass. The little flock at Kaputhluk had been without the sacraments for over a year.

**L**AST year on a good trail I had made the trip from Uksukallik to Kaputhluk in little over an hour. Consoled with this thought I geed my team out into the river again. The dogs, however, were loathe to go. They had often stopped at Uksukallik. Their instinct told them that five hours on the trail was enough that day. Besides, their feet were frayed by the hard and crusty trail. Why move on in this gathering dusk? But on we went! At first all went quite well.

Near the village the trail was good, but it soon thinned out and before long there was none at all. Compass directions were then taken and Berry, my leader, after almost a human look at me, wearily picked his way over the unbroken trail. Darkness settled down like a blanket over the immaculate (Turn to page 251)



Father O'Connor's native guide gives the dog team a rest on the trail while his beloved Pastor snaps a picture of the group on a bitterly cold day.

# "Perhaps!"

Timothy J. Dwyer, S.J.



AMONG the many small villages that dot the line from Sudbury, Ontario, to Sault Ste-Marie, you will find not a few Indian settlements. The Reserve that runs along the Spanish River stretches to the railway so that part of the far flung reservation touches on civilization while the rest stretches its reaches far into the fastnesses of the bush. Even the villages that touch on the railroad have a forlorn look about them; in many cases such settlements have seen prosperous days and are but the remnants of past glories, when some lumber or mining boom brought scores of Whites to the place in quest of riches and then disappointed them by dying quietly out, as so many such booms or mining rushes do. Cutler is one of the small stations we speak of, and its Indian name is Genabatch or Ganabatch which means "Perhaps," and when you step off the train and look out over the country you have just that doubtful feeling that the name would inspire!

At first sight nothing meets the eye but the forlorn looking station that seems to be absolutely deserted. Further down is the little village, boasting a solitary store, post office and church. Genabatch was once a thriving lumber town with a fine school and with mills running at top speed, but the wary prophet who christened it "Perhaps" must have had a foreboding of what would come to pass, for after fifty years the place is closed as far as industry is concerned, the school is but a shack with a few Indian children attending, and the only Whites who have stayed are those who, being forced by circumstances or by their work as railroad men, have been obliged to remain.

GENABATCH is a place where you can best study the effects of the White on the Indian. With the coming of the lumber industry many of the Ojibways who had lived on this part of the Reserve went further back to the deep forest in search of their own native solitude. Those who stayed, and were left after the boom to fight their way with the new ideas they acquired from the Whites, succeeded more or less according to their strength of character. The half-hearted farms and gardens of today show the half-hearted efforts of people who

do not easily adjust themselves to domestic life. There are exceptions to this rule; some have turned out really good farms, but they are numbered in the very few. The Indians have adopted the White's ambition for money, but the old Indian policy of "live for the day" still holds sway. Having acquired the ambition to gain money, they have not learned the value of it, and one day after payday finds them without the wherewithal to provide themselves with ordinary necessities of life. Few have gardens, few have saved anything towards the Winter when the berrying season is over; they trust implicitly, as of old, to what the hunt will bring, and accept stolidly the ill luck which so often accompanies the chase.

THE language of most of these people among themselves is Ojibway, but it is a vitiated form of the language with many of the syllables clipped to an extent that the words are hardly distinguishable. The advent of Whites to the place had meant the mixing of congregations and the Indian people prided themselves on the fact that they were learning to sing their hymns in a new tongue. The result is that the choir, consisting now of Indians only and singing for an almost entire Indian congregation, sticks to the old habit of singing hymn after hymn, one in each language. Because the place is so poor the families, except for a few, are not really permanent, the children are but irregularly at school, and they speak far more Indian than English. Their parents, being forced more and more by circumstances to find their living in the old ways, are turning more to the customs of the older generation; for them at least the benefits of civilization have been few. Some few definitely have gained as their farms and cattle and horses show, but for the most, the people have remained as poor as before and, if anything, less resourceful. It is hard to say what the future holds for them.

The young people in this type of mission are a problem. Some of them go to nearby towns and find their living. Being more at home with Whites than their brothers of the further Reserves, they are able to hold their own in certain positions, but such positions are few and far between, and most of them are not happy in the towns. When you address a class of these young people for catechism in the evening and try to guide them along the right lines, try to speak the right word of encouragement to them; when you see of what stuff they are made, and the fight they have before them in their contact with White transients, who are but the lowest of the White rank, you wonder what is to be their life. Had they better face this meager (Turn to page 251)

## TO THE QUEEN OF PEACE

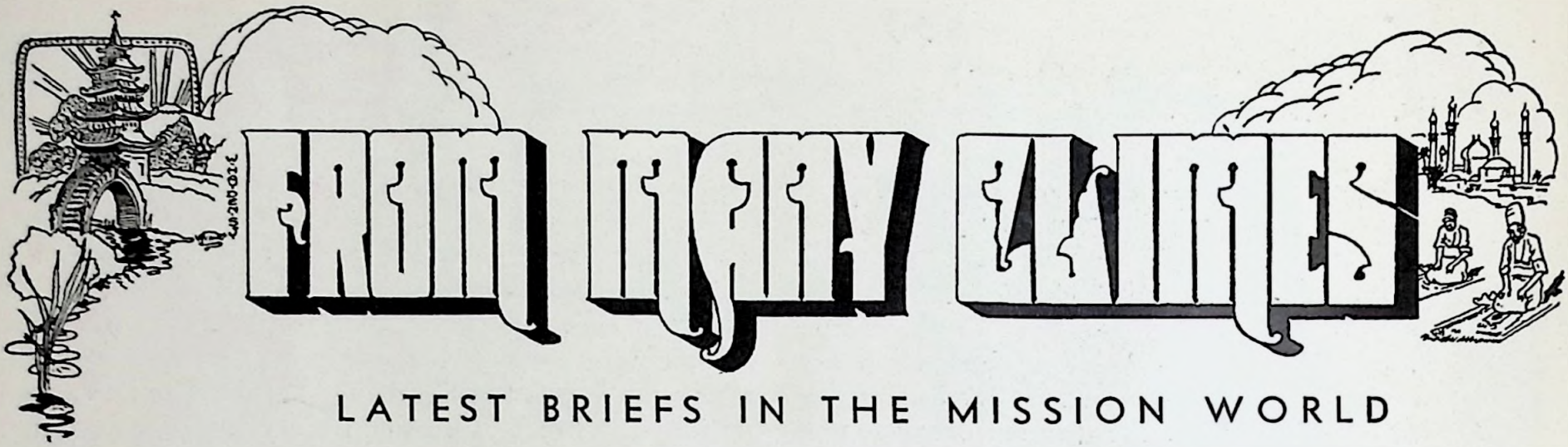
Raymond Mooney, S.J.

Mother, how grieved your heart must be  
When from above  
The souls you love  
In frightful sin and vice you see!

Mother, if sinful Russia knew,  
As God has shown  
To us, His own,  
How sweet, how fair He fashioned you.

Mother, could she yet wound thy heart,  
Thy love despise,  
And pleading cries,  
And claim with thee to have no part?

Mother, Most Powerful in Grace,  
Let Russia see  
Thyself as well  
Oh Mother, save the Russian race!



LATEST BRIEFS IN THE MISSION WORLD

The Catholic students at Aurora University, Shanghai, two hundred in number, constituting one-third of the student body, closed their scholastic year with a retreat from June 28 to July 2, in which they followed the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, as given by Father de Raucourt, S.J., and Father Wang, the latter a former student at Aurora.

\* \* \*

In the University Examinations held recently at Bombay, India, two Catholic students of St. Xavier's College, the only Catholic college in the Bombay Presidency, conducted by the Jesuits, secured high ratings, Mr. F. Meneses-Fernandes, scoring first in the examinations for the Degree of Master of Arts, and Mr. T. Aguiar, winning the much coveted Chancellor's Gold Medal.

\* \* \*

Three natives, though showing real bravery, were seriously wounded in a fight with a leopard at Moshi, Tanganyika, East Africa. One man walked directly towards the leopard and as it jumped for him caught the two front legs in his hands, holding the animal in the air resting on its hind legs, while the others speared it. The first man missed the leopard and his left arm was badly scratched; a second caught the paws; but the leopard bit at his head, and left a nasty wound on the forehead; another stuck a thorn bush in the leopard's mouth to prevent any further attempts at biting. Other natives speared the animal and the battle was over.

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After fourteen months of silence, a radio message received on May 16, advised His Excellency, Monsignor Turquetil, Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, that Father Henry, O.M.I., who is stationed at Repulse Bay, north of Hudson Bay, had finally reached the Magnetic Pole, the first priest to do so.

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Three thousand volumes, of which five hundred are valuable ancient works in European languages, and one hundred are old Japanese writings have been discovered in Peking, telling the story of the ancient Japanese missions. Father John Laures, S.J., Professor at the Catholic University of Tokio, is making additions constantly, and it is hoped that in a few years it will be possible to found

a scientific institute of mission history in Japan.

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Hospitals erected by the missionaries in several cities of Shantung, to care for the many victims of the floods caused by the overflowing of the Yellow River, have been the occasion of bringing the light of Faith to many souls.

\* \* \*

A most potent preventative of Communism in China is the Agricultural Bank through which considerable sums are to be advanced to members of a Farmer's Cooperative Association, organized and directed by Mr. Vincent Wang Yu-San, Ph.D. To date, the Association has had unprecedented success. It is conducted on the model of the famous *Boerenwond* of Belgium.

\* \* \*

At the invitation of the Franciscan Tertiaries of Manila, Mr. Lo Pa Hong, eminent Shanghai Catholic worker, will be present at the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress to be held there in February, 1937. Mr. Lo Pa Hong was one of the canopy bearers in the final procession at the Eucharistic Congress held in Chicago.

\* \* \*

In the Vicariate of Suanhwafu, a mission in North China, three Christian women of the city have devoted themselves to caring for old beggars and the sick poor. During the past Winter they were able to shelter and feed nightly in a warm house on an average of thirty people, to whom they explained simply the Catholic doctrine.

\* \* \*

One-third of the one hundred and sixty young men in the Citizens' Training Camp at Pasumo Tsining, China, are Catholics, and in order to assist at Mass on Sundays, they hike a distance of seven miles to the nearest church, which is the Cathedral of Bishop Joseph Fan, Chinese Vicar Apostolic of Tsining.

\* \* \*

Word has been received of the death of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Joachim Lima, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay, India, July 21. His Excellency was born at Braga, Portugal, in 1875. He was ordained to the priesthood before he joined the Jesuits in 1899. In 1922 he went to India where he was in

charge of the College at Belgaum and later Superior of the Portuguese Jesuits in India. In 1928, subsequent to an agreement between the Holy See and Portugal, abolishing the *Padroado*, he was named Archbishop of Bombay, succeeding His Excellency, the Most Reverend Alban Goodier, S.J.

\* \* \*

Twenty-five most fruitful years have passed since Catholic Action was first organized in the Vicariate of Shanghai. To commemorate the occasion special ceremonies were held the first three days of May. Solemn Masses were celebrated in three of the outstanding institutions of Shanghai which owe their inception and support largely to Catholic Action. May 1, the Very Rev. Yves Henry, S.J., officiated in the chapel of Sacred Heart Hospital. Next day, Bishop Simon Tsu, Vicar Apostolic of Haimen, Kiangsu, celebrated solemn Mass at St. Joseph's Hospice; and the Vicar Apostolic of Shanghai, Bishop A. Haouisee, S.J., officiated at the Mass in the new chapel of the Mercy Hospital for Mental Cases which recently opened in one of the suburbs. The following day Bishop Haouisee presided at a Jubilee Benediction in Tungkadoo Cathedral. This was followed by an official banquet.

The success of Catholic Action in Shanghai, which has many remarkable achievements to its credit, is in large part ascribable to the initiative and fine example of Mr. Lo Pa Hong, now President of Catholic Action in China, whose untiring efforts through these twenty-five years have earned for him the appellation of "The Ozanam of China."

\* \* \*

An article in *Swiss Catholic Mission Yearbook for 1936* under the title, "The Great Saint Bernard in Tibet," is a valiant defense of the work being done by the monks from the famous Alpine hospice.

The hospice is to be erected in a mountain pass which is 12,500 feet high, where an average of one hundred travelers pass daily. Many of these travelers die from exhaustion and exposure. It is to be hoped that the charitable endeavors of the monks will be the means of opening Tibet to the Gospel. How might one better practise either the corporal or the spiritual works of mercy?

# Catholic Press in Manila

Coleman A.

Daily, S.J.



**D**URING last February, a Catholic Literary Exposition was held in Manila by the Campion Literary Guild under the inspiration of a Jesuit Scholastic from the Ateneo de Manila, Mr. William Master-son, S.J., and approved by the executives of the International Eucharistic Congress. It was graced by the presence of His Excellency, Monsignor Piani, Apostolic Delegate, and His Grace, Michael O'Doherty, Archbishop

of Manila. The site was the Social Center of the Catholic Women's League, an ideal situation directly opposite the University of the Philippines and not too distant from the National Library and Normal School. Many proofs for the need of this Exposition might be adduced. None perhaps would be more potent than the fact that the vast majority of reference books in the school system of the Philippines are non-Catholic and at times even non-Christian and anti-Catholic. The National Library itself is managed by a very prominent Mason. The fact that recently the Library was offered a gratuitous subscription to the Catholic Philippine *Commonweal* and refused the offer is merely indicative of the direction in which the wind is blowing.

**F**OR publicity purposes several thousand posters were distributed to be pasted on the windshields of automobiles. A large number of placards were hung in public places and previous to the Exposition, the Philippine *Commonweal* published a series of articles to awaken interest. The books were to be arranged under ten different captions and different colleges were assigned in charge of books in different sections, each college being assigned one section. The Exposition was opened to the public on February 13 and continued for a complete week. The hours of the Exposition were from 4:00 to 7:30 P.M., while on Sunday and Thursday it remained open for the entire day. Thanks to the girls from the various colleges, the bookracks, tables and chairs were arranged neatly, and the salon decorated with ferns and



*What one zealous Jesuit missionary, though he still needs more books to fill vacant spaces, has succeeded in doing by way of providing reading matter for his people. This library and reading room are the work of Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I.*

palms, with a profusion of flowers on the tables. A specific day was assigned to be sponsored by each college and on that day the students of the designated college were expected to attend and to urge their families and friends to come. On these days the college managed a sale of commemorative badges, done in yellow with blue printing announcing the occasion. The money received from these badges was used to defray expenses. Another source of revenue came from the patrons themselves.

Approximately two thousand books were on display, representing every branch of knowledge, moral and philosophical problems, fiction, education, lives of the Saints, and, of course, works on our Lord and our Lady, and asceticism generally. The majority of these books were procured from the Catholic Trade School which is managed by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. Other publishers furnished other books, yet, with all their contributions, many excellent books were absent. It was impossible to procure any of the biographies by Belloc or his historical essays. Only two books of Chesterton's were on display. It is not an exaggeration to say that nearly seventy-five per cent of the authors listed in the plebiscite held by *America*, the National Catholic Weekly, were not represented.

**I**N Manila, the Philippine Education Company is considered the largest supply house in the city. When requested to offer books for the Exposition, they submitted less than fifty, many of them unimportant. It was a surprise to learn that they (Turn to page 251)

# A World Movement of Sixt

## "Which Way Lies Life?"

Peter J. Sontag, S.J.

**T**ODAY India is witnessing what may develop into one of the most stupendous events of mission history. The stage is set for action on a gigantic scale. More than sixty millions of Christ's favorites, the poorest of His poor, are standing at the cross-roads asking: "Which way lies life?"

They do not write life with a capital L. They are too agonizingly engrossed in their struggle to secure the human life which is their God-given birthright, to think orderly about the Life which their Heavenly Father desires to give them. The utter selfishness and greed of other millions mightier than themselves have reduced their present life to a shameful mockery of human living, to little more than a bare existence. The more than sixty millions of the Depressed Classes, the despised and outcaste of Hindu society, have at good last found a voice to clamor for their most elementary human rights.

In October of last year, Dr. Ambedkar, a graduate, by the way, of Columbia University, the accredited spokesman of the Depressed Classes of all India, publicly declared it to be the definite decision of his followers to withdraw from the Hindu religion, which brands them as untouchables and pariahs, and to embrace a religion that can lead them out of their miserable slavery.



It was not a mere passing gesture. Since then meeting after meeting has been held, municipal, regional, national. Always the same resolutions,—the Depressed Classes must, they *will* leave Hinduism. That much, they declare, is definite. Which religion they will choose, that requires careful study. And each day the Indian papers report further developments as the movement widens and deepens.

**N**OTABLE it is that although the leaders in this movement are, as they themselves frankly confess, primarily seeking social and economic uplift for their people, still nowhere is there even a suggestion of abandoning religion as such. At some of the big meetings held, representatives of various religious bodies,—Sikhs, Moslems, Christians,—were invited to give lectures on their respective faiths, and in the lengthy discussions that followed the leaders appeared very earnest and resolute.

Whether or not the leaders will actually succeed in persuading even a notable part of their more than sixty millions to embrace in a body any particular faith outside of Hinduism, remains to be seen. But even though they fail to achieve this conversion *en bloc* the far-reaching effects of the present agitation can hardly be over-estimated. This much is already evident. Today impressive numbers, even entire villages that only yesterday were impervious to any suggestion of change in their religious adherence, are ready to give the Church a hearing. From every corner of India comes the word that the harvest is whitening but, alas!—it is the old cry—the laborers are so few!

Patna Mission, too, is witnessing the effects of this new ferment in its seething millions of whom about one-fourth belong to these Depressed Classes. Already many of these are roused from their lethargy. Several hundred of them have, in the last few months, been received into the Church. Shall we of Patna Mission be able to meet the situation as it confronts us?

Catholics justly glory in the mighty, world-wide organization of the Church. But in the face of a situation like the present, when more than sixty million souls, Christ's predilect poor, are standing with wistful eyes at the parting of the ways, of which one leads Christward, the other into the wilderness, it makes a Christ-loving soul, soul-loving heart almost break with anguish to think of what might, of what would almost certainly happen in these next few years if we, Christ's privileged ones, could meet them with the truly Christ-like gesture!

**T**RUE, their motives are as yet far from being highly spiritual. But can any one under the circumstances reasonably expect more than they are? How can we expect them to hunger for the Kingdom of Heaven before the Glad Tidings have even been preached to them? Suppose the leaders do confess that they are not overly much interested in the life to come. Faith springs from a tiny mustard seed. It grows. And then the children, whose hearts are still facile as the potter's clay,—these vast armies of bright-eyed urchins,—Chamar, Dosad, Mhetar, Dom, Dhobie, Mussahar,—they at least will dare to love their Heavenly Father no whit less than their little brothers and sisters in far-off America. Ah, if only the Church could now make *the* Christ-like gesture!

You and I, dear reader, are not the Church. We, in our poverty and littleness, cannot make the grand gesture that will in one mighty sweep draw these more than sixty millions to the Heart of Christ. But we, you and I, *are* members of this Church, the Mystical Body of Christ. Are we, you and I, going to do *our* part?

*Two attractive lassies of the downtrodden "Depressed Class."*

# Million Souls

“Come Over And Help Us!”

James A. Creane, S.J.

**I**T is nearing midnight. Father Michael D. Lyons, S.J., is sleeping on a bench on the station platform, and I am here in the waiting room getting off this belated note of thanks to you for your recent letter.

Father Lyons and I have just come in from a tour of some of the villages in his extensive mission field. In spite of a vigorous opposition, Father Lyons is opening up mission stations among our low caste people which give promise to be among the most fruitful in Patna Mission. Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., who is a veteran in mission works, says he has never seen anything so hopeful as this new group conversion movement. Within the last few months over three hundred have been baptized. The prospects for more conversions in the immediate future are so great that it would surprise no one in the mission to see the number of baptized in this new field leap up into the thousands during the coming year.

Yesterday, while Father Lyons was baptizing a group of men, there was a quivering and trembling of the earth beneath our feet,—an earthquake shock that was felt all over northern India. Perhaps this shock was but a harbinger and symbol of the spiritual shake up that now seems imminent in India. Let me tell you about it.

**Y**OU are no doubt sufficiently familiar with the caste system in India to know that our low caste people here are regarded as “untouchables.” Their touch and in places even their presence is supposed to pollute and defile. As a consequence they often have to live apart in a separate section of the village. They may not draw water from the common wells. The Hindu temples are closed to them. Their children cannot read in the village schools. Often they are forced to labor without remuneration. For thou-



*A native woman of the “Depressed Class” at Ghyree in Patna Mission, India.*

sands of years they have been a downtrodden people and suffered these grievances. But now, under the leadership of Dr. Ambedkar, they are determined to suffer them no longer. They have made up their minds definitely, so their leaders say, that they will leave Hinduism.

**T**HIS was made clear in a three-day conference of the Depressed Classes at Lucknow which Father Lyons and I attended a few days ago. It is only a question now as to what religion they will join. The Sikhs, Mohammedans and Christians are making a strong bid for them. Their cry is for equality, liberty, and fraternity. They want to join a religion strong enough and well organized enough to give them protection.

And mind you, there are between sixty and seventy millions of them. Now suppose they decide to join the Catholic Church,—what a tremendous gain it would be! Nothing like it was ever heard of in Christendom. And yet it is quite within the sphere of possibility. Certainly it is something for all who have the cause of Christ at heart to work and pray for.

Like the call that came to St. Paul from Macedonia, there now rings out a cry from the Depressed Classes of India to the whole Catholic world: “Come over and help us!”

We have before us perhaps the grandest and greatest opportunity in the history of the Church. Shall we let it slip by and later lament our loss? Or shall we seize it by the forelock and reap a great harvest of souls? Was there ever a chance for a greater display of world-wide Catholic Action?

The doors of Hindu temples are closed to over sixty million “untouchables,” but the portals of Christ’s Church are wide open to receive them. It is for us to lead them in prayer, alms, workers: these are the three great needs.

*A group of “Depressed Class” people. The background is one of the mission buildings.*

# 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.      LUDGER GUY, S.J.  
JOHN McKEY, S.J.      PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

Associate Editors

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

Editorial and Publication Offices

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## Your Date with the Missions

THE second last Sunday in October is "Mission Sunday," so designated by the Holy Father for the Catholic Church throughout the world. Due to certain local conditions in some dioceses of the United States, a different Sunday has been dedicated to the cause. Let us hope that soon all the dioceses will see their way to adopting the Sunday as designated by the Holy See, for there is definite advantage in this universal celebration.

Mission Sunday has as one of its chief functions the arousing of a more intense mission consciousness in all of our people so that they may, by prayers and alms, help on the missions in every possible way. The work, therefore, that Mission Sunday should accomplish is educational. We hope that this work of mission education will be especially emphasized in our Catholic *parishes* this year. We give special mention to the parish because of a resolution along this line, taken by all the National Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at their annual meeting at Rome in May. Referring to that resolution, the Holy Father said to the assembled Directors: "Our confidence is all the more justified in seeing missionary activity receive such a fitting place in parochial life. In this way it will make itself felt everywhere, even in the tiniest veins, in the most remote members of the great Mystical Body of the Church. . . ."

But little will be accomplished unless each parish has a rather definite program. The following may be helpful in stirring up interest. In the parish school during the week before Mission Sunday, let there be a talk given in each class each day on some phase of mission life and work. Mission magazines, pamphlets, pictures, lantern slides, etc., could all be used to advantage. Teach the children the story of the missions, just what missions are and what missionary priests and Sisters and teachers and catechists do. Get them enthused and make them

grasp the lesson of making sacrifices for the missions. Given a little time, the teacher could gather most interesting information on what the children are like, how they live, play, work or study in Alaska or China or India or Japan or the Philippine Islands.

For the adults there could be a special mission announcement on October 11, stirring up interest and urging all to join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. During the week the promoters could canvass the parish for new members and the renewal of old memberships. A special "Mission Holy Hour" could be held on Thursday or Friday night. Then on Sunday at all the Masses there should be a well prepared informational and inspirational sermon on missions. Where possible, a missionary or those engaged in missionary propaganda could be invited to give these special mission sermons. An afternoon Mission Vespers and sermon followed by Benediction could bring Mission Sunday to a solemn close.

Let us try this year to put more enthusiasm and detailed planning into our Mission Sunday celebrations. Otherwise,—well, nothing will come of all the urging from the Holy See and our own Bishops, and the missions—Christ's Cause—will be the losers. When, in all the history of the world since Calvary did the missions of the world show more wonderful possibilities, need more help than just today? And that calls for Action spelled with a capital A from all of us at home. Let us center our efforts this year on a *Big Mission Sunday*.

## The Depressed Classes of India

WHILE the threat of war hangs over Europe, and the United States is focusing attention on its National Elections, India is in the throes of a socio-religious upheaval that involves directly some sixty millions of its people and indirectly affects the whole of its three hundred and fifty million population. For many centuries the Depressed Classes of India have been outcast and untouchable, denied the primary rights to which a human being is entitled, forbidden the opportunities to improve their economic and social status, and doomed to an existence worse even, in some respects, than the beasts'. Events during the past five years have been moving rapidly in hitherto old-world unchanging India, and today the Depressed Classes are in revolt—not armed revolution—but they have determined to break with Hinduism and to seek other economic and religious opportunities which will enable them to rise from their ancient servitude to a position of equality among men. What this upheaval means in possibilities for conversions to Catholicism is emphasized in two articles appearing on pages 238 and 239 of this number of JESUIT MISSIONS, and we wish to call special attention to these accounts, written by two veteran American Jesuit missionaries in India. Not for centuries has so vast a problem faced the Church and called for such extraordinary effort and a massing of resources in missionaries and financial help as does this Depressed Class Movement. Will the members of the Church in Europe and America cooperate in a big enough way to enable these millions to find the only true solution of their problems?

# THE MISSION INTENTION

## A Family Mission Budget

IT is an appeal to our Faith much more than to our charity that the Sovereign Pontiff is making when he expresses the wish in this month's Mission Intention that the annual budget of every Christian family should include a contribution in favor of Catholic Missions. For it is only Faith that will sustain us in the exercise of this high charity. While the very word "charity" connotes in the minds of many ill-informed Catholics a gift of supererogation, an offering made without any moral obligation whatsoever, the facts in the present case are these. God is our Creator and our Master. Our money, therefore, belongs to Him. Even though we have gained it by work with the title of justice, it is still only lent to us in order that we may employ it according to His intentions, and His intentions are first, that we use it for our own maintenance and for the needs of our family, and then for the needs of our neighbor. Yet, who is in greater or deeper need than the pagan whose poverty while oftentimes one of material resources, is at all times evident in the dearth of supernatural resources? It is not without significance surely that our Sovereign Pontiff, while advocating support of our Catholic activities, such as the Catholic Press, the Catholic Theater, the Catholic Cinema and the Catholic School, has explicitly recommended the Missions alone for a place on the family budget.

Budgeting for the missions is budgeting for souls. "If even a soul were lost," wrote Pope Benedict XV in his encyclical, *Maximum Illud*, "if even a missionary finds himself impeded in his apostolate on account of a lack of resources that we could procure for him, we would be charged with a responsibility on which we could never sufficiently reflect for the rest of our lives." Budgeting for the missions means in the concrete: (1) the enrollment of all our children in the Association of the Holy Childhood; (2) the enrollment of each member of the family over twelve years of age in the Propagation of the Faith; (3) a contribution to the work of St. Peter the Apostle for the formation of a native clergy. In Belgium for some years they have been organizing a "Thrift Week" in preparation for Mission Sunday in the month of October. Since this excellent custom has been established, mission collections have doubled in many parishes and this despite the economic crisis. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the splendid record of the Belgian missionaries throughout the world is in great part dependent upon this cooperation from the home country? Daily from the missions of the world comes this complaint: "We should build chapels, churches, schools, seminaries, hospitals, dispensaries; we should multiply our catechists, teachers, doctors, nurses; we ought to undertake various social and religious works—but we lack the money. Our congregations are poor, we can only count on our benefactors in Europe and America." "That which you shall have done to the least of Mine, you shall have done to Me." With these words ringing in our ears and understanding the implied promise of reward that they convey let us begin today to budget for the missions.

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Are Lepers to be Left Out?

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

More than a few times JESUIT MISSIONS has gotten me into an argument. I like the magazine immensely. My friends like it, too. They have a keen appreciation for the mission pictures that you use, but so many of them disapprove emphatically when a picture of some poor, suffering leper appears. My friends, who really are interested in the missions, insist that a picture depicting the terribleness of leprosy helps neither the lepers nor JESUIT MISSIONS—rather, it turns away possible friends and readers. They think you could tell stories of lepers and show the leper islands, but when it comes to looking at a real leper, they put "thumbs down." I have my own answers to these objections, but I am tired of saying the same thing. So, I appeal to you and to your readers—if they will take up the issue—to help me to explain to my friends why JESUIT MISSIONS publishes pictures of Culion and Cebu and other leper islands.

Lakewood, N. J.

E. FREEMAN.

## Worries

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

I subscribe to a lot of popular magazines and I gather from the reading of these, education, inspiration (a little), and information. But when I have finished reading each issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, all I have is worries. I worry over the poor missionaries who are so in need of help. But most of all, I worry over me, wondering where I am going to stand on General Judgment Day. Surely the missionaries will be given very high places in Heaven, but what can a "stay-at-home" expect unless he helps the missions?—And I can help so very little.

Bronx, N. Y.

M. DONNELLY.

## A Pioneer Subscriber

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Ever since January, 1927, when the first issue of JESUIT MISSIONS appeared on the "market," I have read with keen interest the stories and accounts of the Jesuits in mission lands. Through the pages of your magazine I have been introduced to many missionaries and I admire them beyond words for the daring spirit that carries them to such heights of sacrifice and self-forgetfulness as they go about saving souls for eternity as "time marches on." Would to Heaven that I had the wherewithal to be of financial assistance to the missionaries I have met. So far I have helped (at least I hope I have) in a spiritual way only. I suppose most of your readers are in the same category. May we then by our prayers gain for the missionaries a host of friends who can and will help them financially. And may JESUIT MISSIONS give to the world a mission consciousness that it has never before known.

New York, N. Y.

MARY LEE.

## The "Tops"

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Your magazine is the "tops" in mission lore. I read it eagerly each month and pass it on to a Nun who uses the stories to inspire the lads in her class. They are all hero-worshippers, and who are better heroes than our missionaries? It is a relief to turn from the daily papers with their terrifying accounts of war and greed and crime, and to read in JESUIT MISSIONS the stories of men fighting, not for the possession of land or sea or personal glory, but fighting for the souls of men that they may all be saved to God.

Teaneck, N. J.

FLORENCE BRADY.

## It's a Gift

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

You ask me to subscribe to your magazine. Would it interest you to know that I have been reading JESUIT MISSIONS regularly for some time through the kindness of a friend who sends it as a gift? I wish that all my Sisters in Religion could enjoy the same good fortune. I have always been intensely interested in the work of the Jesuit Fathers, and JESUIT MISSIONS helps to keep this interest alive. God grant a long life to JESUIT MISSIONS and the missionaries it represents.

Yonkers, N. Y.

SISTER M. M.

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*The scene pictured above will be a familiar one to you next Winter if you go as a pilgrim to the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress at Manila. In the foreground is the Luneta, where the principal ceremonies of the Congress will take place. In the background is the old Walled City, including the Cathedral. At the left is the S.S. Empress of Russia at her pier, situated within short walking distance of the Luneta. This steamer has been specially chartered as our hotel for the convenience and comfort of our pilgrims during their stay in Manila.*

In days of old, all roads led to Rome; this coming Winter the world roadways will pass through Manila. To prepare YOUR way to Manila, we have selected the ten most interesting routes from the United States and Canada to the Eucharistic Congress in Manila. You are invited to select the one most suitable to yourself.

To meet individual requirements as to duration, cost, and itinerary, a varied program of trips has been arranged, some around the Pacific and some around the World. The trips range from seven weeks to almost five months in duration. The cost of the trips ranges from \$605 to \$2675. In the aggregate, the itineraries include every Continent of the World, all reaching a climax in the Philippines early in February.

A trip for every taste; a price for every purse—that is the end to which we have worked so that the greatest possible number may have the good fortune of meeting in Manila next Winter with Catholics from all over the World, and there pay special homage to the King of Kings, during the International Eucharistic Congress which will be held from February 3 to 7, 1937.

The Eucharistic Congress at Manila . . . a luxurious tour of the Far East, the South Seas, the Southern Hemisphere or Around the World . . . deeply interesting and instructive visits to the fields of Catholic missionary activity in foreign lands . . . a never-to-be-forgotten Summer vacation in the Winter . . . these are among the rewards that will be yours on any one of the ten routes that have been arranged for you to choose from. Decide now that you will join us—On to Manila!

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

*Dear Father:*

*I should like to go "on to Manila!" Please send me your book describing the ten routes from which I may choose my trip. If I find that I can join the JESUIT MISSION Pilgrimage, I shall let you know, and make my reservations, as soon as possible, through you.*

Name ..... Address .....



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.S.J., at St. Rita's Church, Balingasag, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"We began the month of March in going out to the *barrio* Sunday Schools and bringing Our Lord for the first time to those children who had faithfully attended classes every Sunday. On the first Saturday we were in a hamlet by the sea. The principal occupation of the men is fishing, as was evidenced by the numerous fishing nets. The hamlet has no chapel, so a Chino merchant loaned us his *bodega* or warehouse, if you will. There were thirty-six for first Holy Communion, and after Mass the *Pari* ate his breakfast in the *bodega* while the *Fiscal* (Sexton) prepared thirteen children for Baptism. On the second Saturday we were in a place called Lo-oc, where thirty-one received Our Lord for the first time. The *Pari* sat under the coconut palms drinking his Washington's coffee, sent by a great benefactress in Baltimore, while the *Fiscal* prepared twenty brown babies for Baptism. For March nineteenth we were in the great town of Salay for *fiesta*. Before the High Mass we married two couples, and spent the rest of the day baptizing one hundred and seventy-nine babies brought from the hills and the plains. We closed the day with a long procession headed by five companies of the National Volunteers, soldiers of the new Filipino Army. Two days later we were back in the same town for twenty-eight first Holy Communion and five more Baptisms. That was our second first Holy Communion class. In the first class last November there were forty-four. In the *barrio* of Lagonlong on March twenty-eight, we heard over one hundred confessions, twenty-five of whom were first Holy Communicants. The priest can get there only a few times a year, and yet the *Hijas de Maria* (Children of Mary) are still flourishing with their own officers and meeting every Sunday for the Rosary and other devotions. While I was hearing confessions the previous Friday afternoon some devout people were conducting the Way of the Cross.

"In the big town of Balingasag we gave our school children first choice

for first Holy Communion. On Sunday morning, February twenty-third, fifty-nine first grade pupils received the Divine Teacher for the first time. Those little tots coming up to the altar in pairs made a fine impression on the Pastor and upon those present at the Mass. There is no better advertisement for our Catholic schools. During the Holy Week just passed we had over a thousand confessions, distributed about twelve hundred Holy Communion, buried the dead and baptized on Easter Sunday."

\* \* \*

Father Clement R. Risacher, S.J., Cebu Leper Colony, Cebu, Palawan, P. I., writes:

"Just now I am busy with my little Eucharistic Congress to be held next week. And as I have to do everything, well, it is go from early morning, 4:00 A.M., until 9:00 or 10:00 P.M. They are having Eucharistic Congresses in all parishes here, and as there isn't even a sound healthy priest to each parish, some as large as forty thousand souls, you see I have had to help out. Last week I heard confessions all day till 2:00 A. M., this for two days with two hours sleep for the forty-eight. I personally could never let people who have come down from the mountains and waited one or two days for a chance to go to confession after they haven't been to confession for eight, ten, twenty years, go back without confession. I prefer to drop first. Yes, thank God, I am still physically fit. Financially, well, hardly floating."

\* \* \*

Father Austin V. Dowd, S.J., wishes the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to know that he has now been changed from Manila to the Church of St. Augustine, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P.I. In his letter he notes:

"The traveling I have done since I came here gave me a chance to observe that this section of the country needs quite a few priests. Thank God for the auto. It makes for multiplication of one's self so that a priest can manage two *barrios* or towns on a Sunday, which would have been impossible in the old days. Roads have been opened up and bridges built which did not exist when I was here seven years ago as a Scholastic. All of this enables the priest to do more and to do it more quickly than could be done seven years ago."

Father Augustine S. Consunji, S.J., writes from Jolo, Sulu:

"This coming June we will add one more grade to our parochial school of Mount Carmel, Jolo, Sulu Archipelago. Three Belgian Sisters are taking care of this school and the church fund gives them one hundred and twenty pesos or sixty dollars for each month's expenses. When I was assigned to this place, I found my *convento* lacked a ceiling. Thanks to the assistance of my friends, it now has one."

\* \* \*

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

"I have shipped a trunk of curios for the JESUIT MISSIONS Museum, and they should arrive in New York with the men returning for theology. It was good to see our schools open again and the children come back. It is a mystery where they all disappear to during the vacation period. The only answer seems to be 'up in the Bukid,' (mountains). That means anything. Anyway, most of them made their Easter duty before school closed."

## ALASKA

A letter from Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., at Akulurak, gives an idea of the missionary life of Catholic Sisters in the North:

"Up here in northern Alaska, we have four missions at strategic points. The middle and upper Yukon are taken care of by the Sisters of St. Ann. The Nome and Kobuk district is handled by the Ursulines at Pilgrim Springs. The lower Yukon and Bering Sea district is also looked after by the Ursulines.

"Five of them at Akulurak, a settlement about twenty miles south of the Yukon and the same distance east of the Bering Sea. It is off the beaten trail of the Yukon, and once a Sister comes here she practically bids goodbye to white faces other than those she will find in the Community. The priest on the trail often meets fur traders, wandering Government officials, aviators, and others. But the Sisters always remain at the mission. Their aim is not to make white children of these Eskimo pupils. An education that will enable them to become good Catholic husbands and wives in their native surroundings is



Father George J. Willmann, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, who after years of zealous work as Director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau of New York, returns to the Philippine Islands as a missionary this Fall.

the object of the school.

"Their efforts are bearing fruit. While traveling through the district I am cheered beyond expression when I enter the lowly igloos of former pupils and am received as a priest ought to be received—with respect and reverence. Night prayers and rosary are said with a precision that makes one realize that they are a daily practice. Mass is heard with attention; songs learned at the mission are sung. The Ursulines are cloistered by snowy wastes which are much more effective than walls, but their teaching spreads and warms many a heart chilled by arctic blasts."

\* \* \*

Father William G. Le Vasseur, S.J., reports a new venture in Southern Alaska:

"A retreat house and shrine in honor of Saint Terese, 'The Little Flower,' Patroness of Alaska, and also Patroness of all the Missions, is rising on the shores of Lynn Canal, twenty-three miles from Juneau, Alaska, in a scenic setting of snow-capped peaks and giant trees.

"Ten acres of heavily timbered land were secured free from the Government. A log cabin retreat house, built entirely of logs cut here and on adjacent property, will be completed in time to hold there in the Summer of 1936, the first laymen's retreat ever held in Alaska. It is 32 by 42 feet, plus a space 10 by 10 feet for the altar, including a chapel 20 by 40 feet and an old-fashioned fireplace. Ten rooms will be provided for retreatants. Extra housing accommodations will be available through the construction of small but cozy cabins, made possible by a generous donation of lumber by a

large Juneau firm. On the ocean side of the retreat house a veranda, 8 by 32 feet, will afford a splendid view of the Chilkat Mountains, snow-capped throughout the year, marvelous Alaskan sunsets and the large Alaska steamers en route to historic Skagway.

"Three hundred feet from shore is a little island, appropriately named 'Shrine Island,' an acre in size, accessible at both high and low tide by a causeway. On the island a log chapel will be built, which will be a repository for beautiful religious paintings. Four greatly admired oil paintings have been received as a gift to the Shrine to remain in the little chapel permanently to add to its beauty and interest. The chapel will also serve as a mission church for the residents of that growing district, and eliminate the long drive to Juneau during the cold Winter months.

"The retreat house and shrine will be a proper and enduring memorial to the forty-two years that His Ex-



Father Francis J. Welzmler, S.J., of the Chicago Province, has been assigned to missionary work in Patna, India.

cellency, Most Rev. J. R. Crimont, S.J., D.D., Bishop of the Vicariate of Alaska, unselfishly devoted to the furtherance of the work of the Church in Alaska."

\* \* \*

Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., the apostle of King Island in the Bering Sea, writes under date of July 10:

"After a rather tough trip, by skin-boats, I returned from King Island two days ago, and found on my table your very welcome letter of March 13. Believe me, Reverend Father, that help comes in time. My poor natives have been hit very badly this last Spring. Despite all their hard labor they could procure only a few walrus. The conditions of the ice, and the currents, and the fog, were such that the natives could not reach the animals, and without them, they cannot live. There being no wood at all on the Island they need the oil of the

walrus for their stoves and the greatest part of their food; they also need the meat which they dry or preserve in their natural cold storage; they finally need the hides for their houses and their boats. Moreover, the ivory of the walrus enables them to make money to buy provisions and clothes. Now they have nothing. The depression was bad enough, but this is ten times worse. That puts us also in a bad predicament. We cannot cope with the situation. Every King Islander (one hundred and ninety-two) is a Catholic. The people there are a hard working, well deserving crowd. Naturally in their distress they look up to us. I hope that the Government will do something, at least to supply our deficiency."

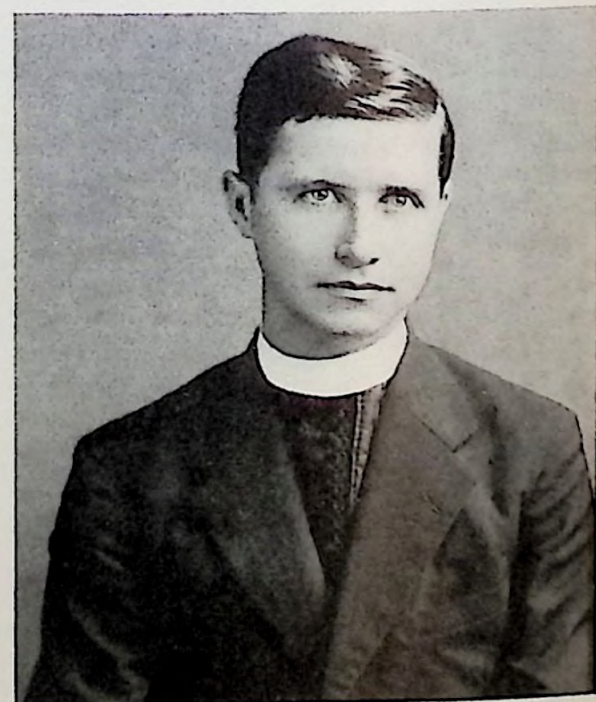
## PATNA, INDIA

Father James A. Creane S.J., founder and zealous apostle of the Santal sector of Patna Mission, has been making a tour of the villages entrusted to his care and sends in a most interesting report:

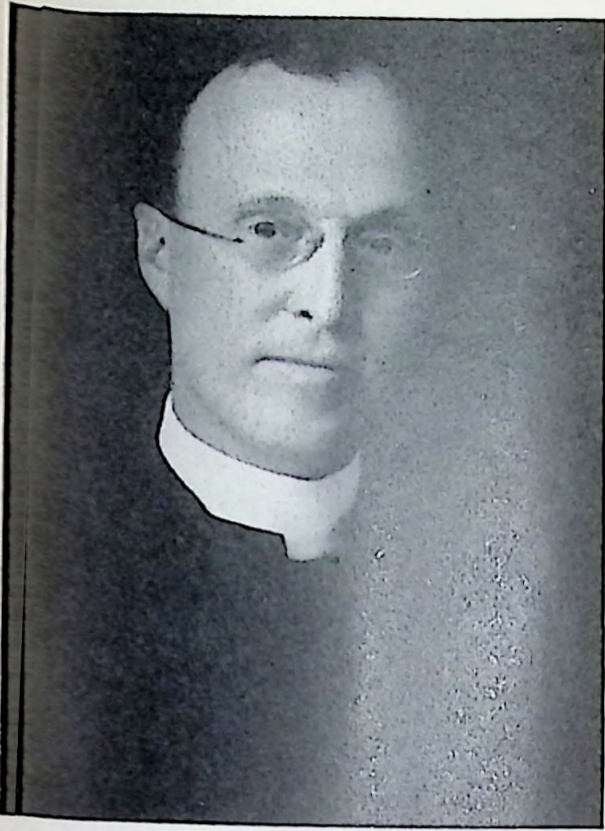
"Your last two letters deserved a more prompt reply, for they were no mere words, but also contained help for my work. The only excuse I can hide behind is that I have been (and still am) on tour in the villages, and when one is on the march it is not always easy to find time and convenience for correspondence.

"The dust-laden winds and the scorching heat (over one hundred degrees in the shade already) are not precisely conducive to letter writing. Anyhow, even with such odds against me, I am going to attempt a few words tonight. A native rope strung cot will serve as my swivel chair, and my Mass box, baptismal box, and medicine chest piled on top of one another will do for a roll top desk.

"It is night and I am to share my sleeping quarters with my Pahariya host's bullocks. I have just come



George M. Ziebert, S.J., of the Chicago Province, has been assigned to missionary work in Patna, India.



Father James V. Kelly, S.J., of the New England Province, who at the age of seventy-four is returning as a missionary to Jamaica, B. W. I., where he labored many years ago.

from a gathering of Pahariyas down the village street. My catechist, Dominic, and I were lecturing them on the reasons for embracing Christianity. With what fruit, God only knows. To date we have only three families baptized here. But we hope for many more. One old man who is already the picture of a corpse and surely has not long to live was loud and persistent in stating that he would not become a Catholic. Whither his forefathers had gone, thither he, too, was content to go. Let us hope that someone's prayer and penance will win him over before the last leap.

Just north of this village is a jungle covered hill. Up that hill a boy and girl climbed yesterday in quest of birds. While wandering about, they saw a female leopard with her offspring. The boy in his simplicity said to the leopard: 'Le! Le! Le!' (The Santal call for a dog.) The mother leopard answered the summons and gave them a gentle mauling with her mighty paws before their cries brought help from the foot of the hill.

"Last night I was staying with a Christian family in Asanbona. The eldest son is soon to be married. Preparations were in order. A *mandwa* (a flat roof for a shade only supported on posts in the courtyard) had been built. A large party from the bride's village had come and enjoyed a feast of rice and pork. Last night tea was served to the villagers and a dance followed. It broke up only after midnight. I sought repose under a nearby mango tree, but not with enviable success. A detailed account of a Santal marriage would be very interesting, but I shall not attempt one now.

"Marriage mix-ups cause us missionaries a good deal of trouble. The

Pauline Privilege is often used. So far on this trip we have had over thirty Baptisms and hope for a few more before we return to Gokhla for First Friday.

"Our Easter celebration was held at Dakaita again this year. Father P. L. Frank, S.J., and Father Charles D. McAleese, S. J., had the services at Gokhla. At both places a large crowd attended."

Father Creane sends another letter from Catholic Mission, Champanagar P.O., Bhagalpur, India:

"This time I am writing you from Bhagalpur. It was here that I began my missionary career about nine years ago. Bhagalpur is a fairly large city, the third largest, I believe, in Patna Mission. Its population is some 80,000, and it is thoroughly pagan. Our only establishment here is a small church



Father Arthur B. Tribble, S.J., of the New England Province, who has been assigned to missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.

which serves the needs of the handful of European, Anglo-Indian and Indian Christians who reside here. Our boarding schools for Santal boys and girls, which for a few years flourished here, have been transferred to Gokhla.

"The great majority of the inhabitants are Hindus and Mohammedans. How to convert them,—that is a great problem and a puzzle. One of the reasons for my coming in here was to see if we could find some solution. I have been talking the matter over with Father A. Forster, S.J., who is in charge of the little parish here and is keenly interested. Possibly there may be a chance of an opening in the lower castes. But so far we have seen no signs of immediate conversion. That is, however, no reason for discouragement. 'Per aspera ad astra.' Once a beginning is made, progress might be rapid. The conversion of Bhagalpur City and the thousands of

villages that surround it is a project to pray for.

"Our work among the aboriginals still continues with consoling success. We shall soon have to make out our annual report for the year ending June 30, 1936. If all goes well, we should have close on five hundred Baptisms to report.

"Smallpox is again in full swing in the villages. In many villages scarcely a family has been spared. Deaths have been numerous and still continue. Smallpox seems to be particularly bad among the Paharias.

"The hot weather is again with us— one hundred and five degrees in the shade already. Fortunately, it is a dry heat and one does not mind it so much."

## BRITISH HONDURAS

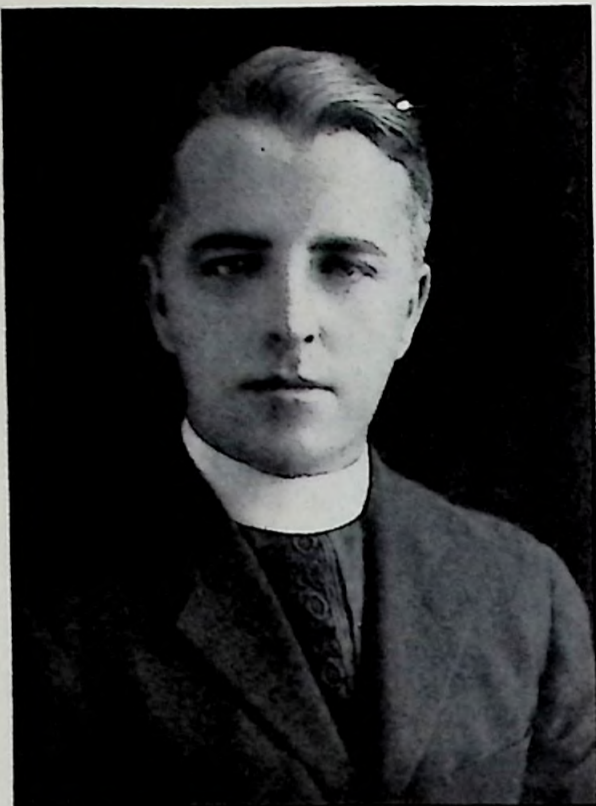
Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, sends the following notes:

"In his church at El Cayo de San Ignacio, Father Joseph L. Kemper, S.J., has erected two side altars and a new Communion rail which are made of an assortment of the rare woods of the Colony. British Honduras is noted for its precious woods, and many of these, like its famous mahogany, present a most attractive appearance when polished. The finished whole is much admired by those who visit the church.

"The Mission of El Cayo possesses its own tunnel river boat, so that when Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., makes his trips up and down the low and rapid Belize River, he goes in his own mission boat *San Ignacio*. Returning from his trips, Father Leonard usually has from twelve to twenty



Father William F. Colman, S.J., of the New England Province, who has been assigned to missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.



Father Thomas E. O'Lalor, S.J., of the New England Province, who has been assigned to missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.

Baptisms to register in the mission records, but sadly he has to note that over half of these children are illegitimate. In a recent Government publication of vital statistics, practically half of the births listed were illegitimate. It is regrettable that many poorly instructed or weak-willed Catholics follow the prevalent vice of the country. Even so, the Catholic priests of the Colony have over twice the number of marriages as are solemnized by all the ministers and civil authorities combined."

### AMERICAN INDIANS

Joseph P. Donovan, S.J., of Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, sends word of the recent destruction of a Mission:

"Another landmark of Catholic pioneering zeal on our now vanishing frontier has been devastated by fire. Only charred ruins remain of what was once the thriving Mission of Saint Francis Regis, near Colville, Washington. The fire, on August 4, originating in the garage, had soon engulfed the surrounding buildings, the chapel, school, and granary before the vigorous efforts of the Fire Department, Forest Service, and C C C men could arrest its advance. At risk of danger the sacred vessels, altar linens, statues, and a valuable painting of the Madonna were saved.

"Such is the denouement of another drama of mission life; flames have again devoured the fruit of toilsome years; the pride of the early Fathers and glory of the devoted Indians lies in ashes. Tragic as the end is, great and heroic were the actors who crossed that stage: such as Fathers De Smet, Ravalli, Tosi, Grassi, Diomedi, Militry, Vanzina,—not merely names but figures in Northwest history. Nearly a

century ago, 1845, Father De Smet first opened a mission near Fort Colville for the Skoielpi Indians. Father Ravalli later built a log building and placed it under the protection of St. Paul, which prospered as a Mission until 1858 when, with the advent of more White settlers, a new site was chosen and a log cabin church was constructed—the first in the Inland Empire. Finally in 1869, these two Missions were united under Father Grassi and became known as St. Francis Regis Mission.

"The successive scenes of the story are of sufferings and successes, days of hardship and of prosperity, sorrows and consolations; in brief, but part of the noble lives of Christ's gallant soldiers, men who came in the vanguard of a new civilization and live in the annals of the old; men who unshackled the slaves of paganism and bound them in the love of God; men whose deeds will be read in the yellowed pages of history when marble monuments to their memory shall have crumbled in the sands.

"Shall we close the book with the



Father Sydney J. Judah, S.J., of the New England Province, after completing his studies, has returned as missionary to his native Jamaica, B. W. I.

story ended, or is this merely another page in an eventful history? The roll of honor is not complete; those early laborers of Christ but sowed the seeds; it remains for other brave men to continue reaping the harvest, and, since the Indian is not an effete race, to continue the sowing. The children of those sincere Skoielpi, Okanogan and Spokane Indians who welcomed the Black-robos a century ago, today need and beg our help. The drama would indeed be a tragedy if now we abandoned those souls. Culture has replaced savagery; Catholicism has overturned the idols of paganism; but now Christianization must unite with Americanization that the unsavory features of the latter may be dispelled by the saving teachings of the former."

\* \* \*

On August 9, Father Matthew A. Connell, S.J., succeeded Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J., as Superior of the Sioux Indian Mission at St. Francis, South Dakota. Father Connell has for some years been doing very successful work at St. Stephen's Mission in Wy-

oming among the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians. Father Schiltz has taken up his work as a missionary at St. Stephen's.

### JAMAICA, B.W. I.

Father James J. Lyons, S.J., notes from Sacred Heart Rectory, High Gate, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"I suppose you would like to hear a little news from High Gate. Although the weather is a very trite topic to discuss, yet, I couldn't let this opportunity pass without mentioning the fact that High Gate is just recovering from the forty days and nearly forty nights of rain. The last few days were fair and just when everyone began to say that the rain was over, a cloudburst popped up from nowhere just to remind us that the judgments of men are fallible. A couple of months ago I was beginning to feel proud of my work in bringing a number of singers to my church from the Anglicans. But I am much more humble today. The Anglican pastors were becoming worried about the choir members joining my church here at High Gate and so they installed a Delco plant and equipped their church with electric lights. The effect was magical. The exodus began and now the Anglicans are rejoicing that their lost children have come back to them. Yes, the competition is keen, but money is needed. If some kind benefactor could donate a second-hand Delco plant to my church at High Gate I could have something to attract the poor Jamaicans. I have just bought a new gas lamp and although it gives a fine light, yet the difficulty is the time it takes to light it. I have one boy who can light the lamp but the difficulty is trying to find him when I want him. So I have



Father Francis J. Krim, S.J., of the New England Province, who has been assigned to missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.



Father William D. Sheehan, S.J., of the New England Province, who sailed on the "Excambion" on September 1 to join the American Jesuits teaching at Baghdad College, Iraq.

to drive two miles to the church and light the lamp myself. This might not seem like much trouble, but when you consider that I have to think of a sermon and go to the convent for the Blessed Sacrament and drive over to the organist's house and take him along, and countless other details I think you would at least admit that the priests in the States have a much easier time than the priests down here in the bush.

"I intend to run a Garden Party in August to try and make some little dent in a heap of debts totaling almost one thousand dollars. If I can make two hundred dollars it will be a great help. I couldn't run anything before August because the parish of St. Mary is essentially a banana parish and when the 'Breeze' struck us last November it wiped out the crops completely and it will be August before the crops are ready again."

\* \* \*

Now that Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., of Brown's Town P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I., has finished building rectories, he has begun to add to his own stature, as the following note will prove:

"Despite the fact that I spend most of my conscious moments on the go, I am putting on weight and have touched one hundred and ninety pounds! To remark that the discovery made me desolate is but to mildly express my feelings of depression. Sick calls in the mountains and one hundred and ninety pounds toiling behind a native runner who meets you where the road ends and where you take to personal powers of locomotion is one to conjure with. I must confess that if I believed in evolution I

should be tempted at times to believe that the native runner was a direct descendant of a mountain goat as he climbed steadily and apparently without over much effort up to the high places where many of my mountain flock seem to congregate. I follow him in silence, saving my breath for the further stretches that lay before, marveling the while that the patient I was about to minister to had not died of heart strain years before. But then these natives do not weigh one hundred and ninety and they have spent their years chasing around these ups and down in their life until the mountain paths bothered them no more than city streets do ourselves."

### IRAQ

A letter from Father William A. Rice, S.J., Superior at Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq, tells us something



Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J., of the New England Province, sailed on September 1 for Beirut, Syria, for a year's study of languages before going to Baghdad College, Iraq.

of the progress of their building operations on the new Baghdad College:

"For the past week we have been haggling with every dealer in town, I believe, for the purchase of bricks, cement, plaster, gravel, sand and the thousand other things that go into a building. How different from life in the States where a contractor takes care of all that for you! But here a prospective builder must turn his hand to everything, and become an authority over night on concrete, laying of bricks, electricity, steel joists, plumbing, carpentry, cabinet making, and so on. The common practice here is to buy your own materials and then hire some one to furnish the help and the necessary motive power to keep them moving. This often takes the form of a strong palm branch which he applies impartially to brick-mason, coolie

or whomsoever it may be. They seem to like it, for they will start singing and pass the cement and mortar with greater speed and give the appearance that they are extremely busy. But in twenty minutes they will be back at their former snail's pace.

"We have cleared all obstacles, including the Government permit, the police permit, and have paid down the couple of hundred dollars for building tax, and this week we are digging the foundations. When that is finished, the super-structure will go very quickly. For there is no steel frame to worry about. The school will be of brick throughout, with steel joists and beams, of course. It will be in the Baghdad style and as soon as I can, I'll send you a photo of it.

"Just now I returned from a discussion as to whether it would be cheaper to buy fifteen or twenty donkeys and to haul our own sand, or to buy the sand at what they are offering it to us, nearly twenty-five cents a ton. If we haul it ourselves from the river, it will cost us about twenty cents a ton. Perhaps we can get the dealers to come down to our own price.

"Before anyone comes to interrupt, I had better close and ask you to keep us in your prayers and holy Sacrifices. All the Fathers are in fine fettle. Father Francis Anderson, S.J., and Joseph Connell, S.J., are busy studying Arabic up in the northern hills, and in spite of the pineapple throwing and shooting, Father Edward Madaras, S.J., Father Frank A. Sargeant, S.J., and Father Vincent Gookin, S.J., are able to move around the Holy City and to take in a few important sights."



Edmund K. Cheney, S.J., of the New England Province, sailed on September 1 for Beirut, Syria, for a year's study of languages before going to Baghdad College, Iraq.

# The Coming of the Sisters

John J.  
Murphy, S.J.



*Some of the Sisters of St. Ann who came from Canada to Alaska years ago and did so much for the missions in the vicinity of Holy Cross.*



At last the long cherished hopes of Father J. J. Jonckau, Administrator of the Diocese of Victoria, were to be realized. In the Spring of 1888, two years after the tragic death of Archbishop Seghers, Father Jonckau had written to Mother General Anastasia of the Sisters of St. Ann in Canada, informing her of his ardent desire to establish a school for Indian children in the new Alaskan Mission. At first he was refused, for it was impossible to supply sufficient Sisters to fill the many applications already pressing upon the Congregation. Far from being disheartened by the refusal, Father continued to urge his request. Finally, being much perplexed, Mother General sought advice from Archbishop Fabre of Montreal.

"It is a saint who makes the request. If Bishop Bourget, your devoted Founder, were here, he would tell you that God's finger points to Alaska. So if you find Sisters willing to devote themselves to that difficult Mission you must send them." Realizing the truth of the Archbishop's words, Mother General went back to her house and gave to her Community an account of her interview with Archbishop Fabre. At once three Sisters, imbued with that great spirit of self abnegation and of ardent zeal, of which their holy Founder had given them so illustrious an example, offered themselves.

FATHER JONCKAU was immediately informed that three Sisters, Mary Pauline, Mary Joseph de Calasany and Mother Mary Stephen, the appointed Su-

perioress, would report to him for instructions and commence their new work in the dreary region of the frozen Northland.

The valiant little band set out from the Motherhouse across the Canadian continent to Victoria. Here they met Father Jonckau to receive his instructions regarding their future apostolate. From Victoria they proceeded to San Francisco to embark on May 13, 1888. After a month's delay at Unalaska, they reached St. Michael on June 26, to find no place prepared where they might live. They had been expected, but not so soon. Two carpenters were immediately sent to Holy Cross to construct a convent. It was not until the early part of September, nearly five months after their departure, that the party finally arrived at their destination: Holy Cross.

PRIVATIONS and trials came thick and fast. It took a long while to overcome the apathy, the ignorance and the puerile superstition of the natives. Gradually a few children were collected. The Sisters not only kept the children clean but dressed them nicely. It was a source of astonishment to the natives that the children were much attracted to the school and loved the Sisters. The fact is that the little ones fully appreciated the hitherto unknown luxury of being cared for.

*(Turn to page 252)*

*Ursuline Sisters with a First Communion Class at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska. When Mother Amadeus died she left behind her "a well established Community which has carried on through the years winning the children of the North to the Cross of Christ."*



# Saidaiji Needs Mary

Rt. Rev. John

Ross, S.J.

**S**AIDAIJI stands for one of the most repulsive relics of the pagan cult of Old Japan. For there, only four or five miles away from Okayama, the ancient temple of Kwannon, the goddess of mercy with her thousand arms, is yearly the scene of a spectacle which it would be hard to beat for frenzy and religious sentiment run absolutely wild.

On one of the coldest nights in February the wide court of the famous temple is packed full of almost naked men who jostle one another in an indescribable mix-up. They are fevering with expectation for the moment when a bonze hurls a wand right into the midst of that mass of naked humanity.

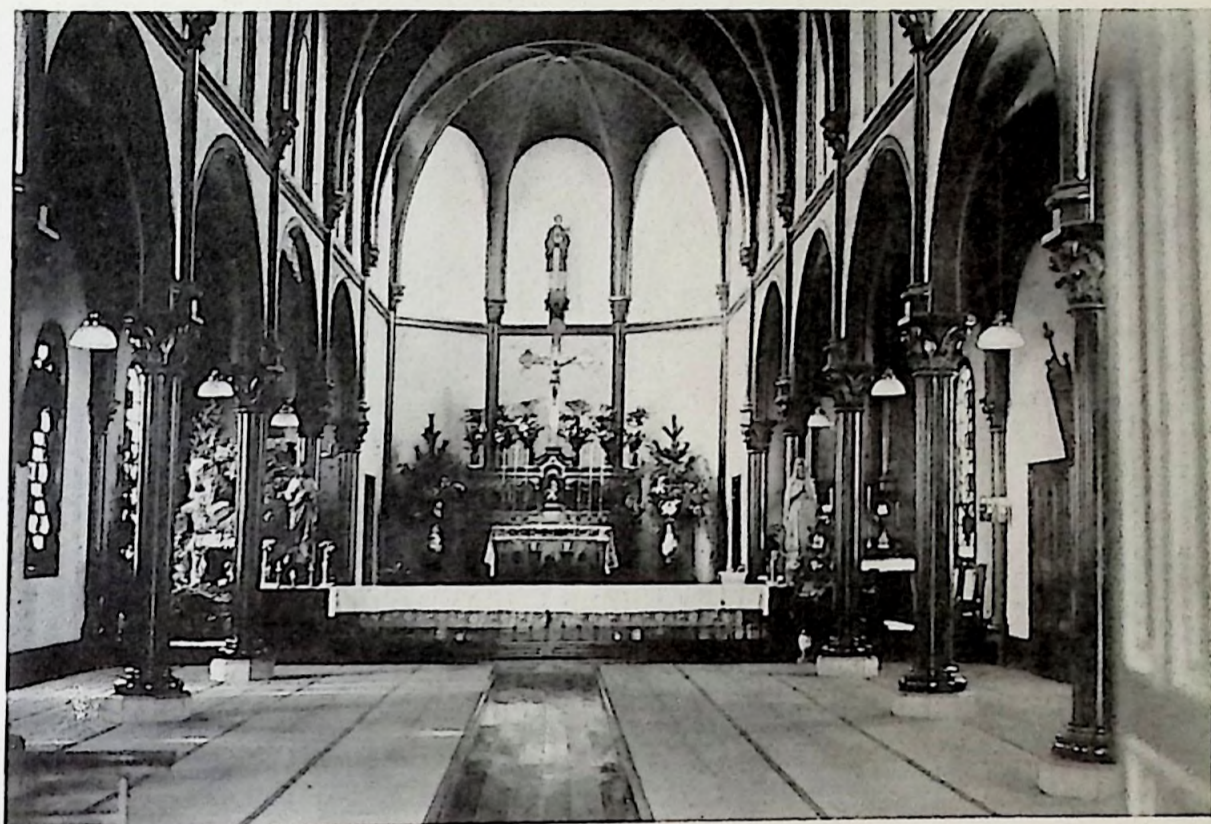
The next moment the hunt is on, and those thousands of naked figures are just rolling over one another in their frantic attempts to snatch the wand and carry it away from that packed crowd. Everyone of them is doing his utmost, and more than his utmost, to snatch the wand from any one who may actually hold it, only to be at once engaged in a desperate struggle against every one else there.

Finally, one escapes and takes his treasure as fast as his feet will carry him to a nearby sanctuary, where he is awarded a sum of money and—more important still—is divinely assured that no evil will befall him in the course of the year. The rest, that is, all of that vast crowd except the lucky one and his associates, slink away or run away crestfallen to sober down again and once more face the realities of life.

If ever the contrast between the degradation, the curse, the deviltry of pagan cult and the dignity, the blessing, the godliness of Christianity can be made to strike home with a flash, it certainly is at the scene enacted every year at the Kwannon Temple of Saidaiji with its thousands of pilgrims from all over Japan.

**B**UT, thank God, there is another Saidaiji, other not geographically, but ethically. There is in Saidaiji one of the numerous higher schools for girls. To widen the pupils' horizon they are periodically taken by their teachers to spots of historical or otherwise cultural interest. The exquisite Autumn weather of late October and early November is especially inviting for such trips.

Well, a couple of weeks ago the Guardian Angel of one of the teachers—yes, they, too, have their Guardian Angels—must have put it into his head to take the girls



*Church of Our Lady of Dolors, Okayama, Japan, which two hundred Japanese maidens visited and where they heard for the first time from the lips of a missionary the story of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother.*

of the two upper classes to nearby Okayama, to see the Catholic Church, dedicated to Our Lady of Dolors. For the building, situated near the High Court and offering a striking appearance through its front in red brick with yellowish granite facings, certainly attracts the attention of passersby.

With truly Japanese politeness the teacher first asked permission of the priest in charge of the church, who, of course, was only too pleased to grant it. Which missionary would not be glad to welcome to his church the flower of the Japanese nation, the young maidens of Nippon, and give them a chance, very likely the first they ever had, to see and be told about the House of God, their God, too, although they know it not!

**A**T the appointed hour they all arrived and were met by the priest at the entrance of the church. No need to tell them to take off their shoes. They would not dream of doing anything else when entering any dwelling, leave alone a place of worship. If they had only known how truly it could have been said to them in the words addressed to Moses from out of the burning bush: "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground!"

All their chattering ceased the moment they entered the sacred building, and forming ranks they were led up right to the altar rails. There, at a word of command from their teacher, they made a deep bow towards the altar, and then stood and listened in attentive and respectful silence to the simple explanation the Father gave them of the Catholic religion and of what they saw of it now with their own eyes: the altar, surmounted by a large crucifix, the statues of (Turn to page 252)

# BOOK REVIEWS

**Rim of Christendom.** By Herbert Eugene Bolton. The MacMillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$5.00.

It is clearly impossible to appreciate the real merits of this volume adequately in anything less comprehensive than a formal essay. The volume itself, of course, will be forever its own best memorial, as well as the author's monument *aere perennius*. It is proof extant of the fact that the Jesuits in New Spain have at last found their Parkman, since what Parkman did for the French Jesuits of New France, Professor Bolton has accomplished with far more scientific, historical critique, and with a no less scintillating style for their Spanish brothers. The book is not merely a biography of perhaps the greatest single missionary of North America, but it is a history of an entire civilization. The author's credentials of authority are presented in what he terms "An Adventure in Archives and on the Trail." This is followed by a panoramic view of the Jesuits in New Spain, but like each of the succeeding chapters is a complete and captivating study of missionary life. The entire subject matter of the book is without doubt one of the most interesting records in the annals of Catholic Missions since the birth of Christianity. Doctor Bolton's tribute is just in time to do public honor to the Jesuits on the occasion of their four hundredth anniversary. Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino, the hero, is an individualist, restive of restraint, fitted best to feature outside the range of stereotyped society, a character of unusual religious fervor and altogether a most vigorous personality. Kino's early years are described in accurate and full detail and we learn of his dream of the Orient, of the way to the Indies, and are able to visualize in this, our day, life as it was in Old Mexico of the seventeenth century. We follow him in his adventures in California, through La Paz, San Bruno, and across the peninsula. From *Favores Celestiales*, Kino's own diary, we learn the story of his life at Pimeria Alta and at Dolores, "Mother of Missions." His achievements were so manifold that he merits to be crowned by history successively as a great missionary, church builder, explorer, ranchman, Indian diplomat, photographer, and historian. Directly or indirectly, he founded missions on both sides of the Sonora-Arizona border, on the San Ignacio, Altar, Sonoita and Santa Cruz Rivers, as well as directly determined the Occupation of California itself, for it was from Kino that Salvatierra, the actual founder, got his inspiration. Fifty expeditions in twenty-four years is merely one indication of this missionary's almost incredible vitality. The understanding and instinctive sympathy which

the author shows throughout the book is preserved to the end where he reminds his readers that "Kino was in the fullest sense a pioneer of civilization. But to him all this was incidental. His one burning ambition was to save souls and to push outward the rim of Christendom." Facsimiles of old maps and manuscripts, pictures of the trails leading from Italy to California, taken by the author, a most valuable bibliography and index, all contribute to the making of this scholarly and enduring work. All Catholics will pay Professor Bolton undying gratitude, while Kino's modern Black-robed brothers in Religion will both praise and bless him.

**Map of Catholic Missions in China—English Edition.** Published at Orphelinat de T'ou-Se-Wei, Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China. Price \$3.00 Mex.

Under the able direction of Father J. B. Prud'homme, S.J., this excellent production, based on statistics as compiled in the *Annuaire des Missions Catholique de Chine* 1936, depicts in highly colored technique the mission field of China with its 125 ecclesiastical divisions, distributed throughout 30 civil provinces. The data given on the map was the result of painstaking research on the part of the Jesuit Fathers at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China. This most recent achievement of the cartographer's art occupies approximately 60 x 45 inches for wall display. It is a striking model visualizing at a glance the progress of the Church in China, and one which Catholic mission fields around the world might profitably duplicate for their respective mission fields.

**The Happy Ascetic.** By Joseph R. N. Maxwell, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.75.

An intimate life story of an old-world Jesuit, Father Adolph Petit, S.J., who by his smiling simplicity and guileless spirituality, preserved the Belgian clergy, the monasteries, and the lay world during the latter half of the nineteenth century from the last vestiges of Jansenism. With a multiplicity of detail, the fruit of much study and sympathetic research, the Reverend Author, whose privilege it was to have lived in the ancient Abbey of Tronchiennes that housed this happy ascetic, has painted an attractive portrait of his "All-for-God-man." The book is a mine of homely virtues, with each chapter opening a distinct vein of thought for meditation and enlightenment. The study challenges one's interest as much for the contrast which exists between this happy ascetic's diminutive frame, and his many-sided talents, as for the amazing proofs of his persuasive

genius, which belie at least according to the standards of the schools of rhetoric, the unadorned and free simplicity of his thoughts and words. Though Father Petit has been said to have preached as Fra Angelico painted, yet, his life formula was most simple: "We ought to give our audience ample evidence of our love for them, and, above all, of our love for God and the Blessed Virgin. If we ourselves are pious and devout, we shall inspire confidence." His illustrations run the gamut from meat balls to the hat of the season. Nowhere has the author better touched off the spirituality of his subject than in his delightful picture of "The little Virtues" and in his use of St. Francis de Sales' definition of a cross. The moral energy charged by this spiritual dynamo spent itself, after his years of preparation, in the duties of the ministry within his own Society as a Master of Retreats in his unexcelled work with priests, in his labors with the working man, in his association with the House of Calvary, and finally in the compilation of valuable spiritual writings, which are still available. His charity was as comprehensive as that of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary from which he drew his inspiration. In this day of sophistication and artificial values, the new world even as the old, would do well to view and study itself in this mirror of a soul who died as he had lived, humbly, amiably, and as a saint. "The Happy Ascetic" is a timely and valuable contribution to the shelves of ascetic biography.

**The Early Franciscans in Florida.** By Maynard Geiger, O.F.M. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price twenty-five cents.

A condensation of a larger work in process of publication, written mostly from original sources derived from the Spanish archives and describing the work of the early Franciscans in the borderlands extending from South Carolina through Florida, Louisiana, Texas and California, that were at one time Spain's outposts of empire and are today America's cultural heritage.

**The Breviary and The Laity.** Translated from the French of Rev. Rodolphe Hoornaert. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Paper cover, thirty-five cents net.

The reader will be astonished and amazed to discover in "The Breviary" as explained in the present booklet, a wealth unsuspected by the majority of Christians and a source of nourishment for his devotion which is identical with that which supplies the clergy with vigor for their priestly life.

## BIG DAY AT THE BOOM

(Continued from page 228)

process of hand propelled ferries!

The people of Burrell Boom had worked hard with their hard-working missionary to have everything in the town prepared for the reception of the visitors and the proper carrying on of the service that would officially begin the work on their House of God. The site of the church was decorated with wild flowers and fronds of the palmetto and coconut palm trees. The roadway for some distance from the church was lined with palm branches or small flags. And I noticed through the corner of my eye, with the manner of a distraction in such a setting, that the good women of the town had arranged a booth at which there seemed to be dispensed—well, what would you imagine one would dispense on a hot day in the middle of the bush?

The procession in the early afternoon moved along the road for about a mile, the drummer boys beating their military march, and the Boy Scouts as a guard of honor, finally the white-robed acolytes preceding the officiating priest, Very Rev. Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission, who was assisted by Fathers Schaefer and Bennett. During the actual ceremonies, the men's choir sang the psalms and the litanies, and later the Rosary Choir sang some hymns. On the corner stone we read the name of the church, "Sacred Heart," in whose honor a generous benefactor had asked that the church be named.

As a little trimming to the afternoon's celebration, the drum and bugle corps favored the villagers and the visitors with a demonstration of their dexterity with the drum sticks and bugles while marching in formation. All in all, as one of the oldest inhabitants of the place put it: "This is the biggest day we have ever had up this way, and none of us ever thought we'd live to see a celebration like this in The Boom." Home to Belize went the visitors, across the sandy roads of the Pine Ridge, and the rough road through the bush, across the two ferries, but happy that they had participated in the laying of the corner stone of Sacred Heart brick church at The Boom.

## JUST BOYS

(Continued from page 230)

A question that often piqued my curiosity was whether the Chinese boy loves his mother as much as an American boy does. There were two reasons that made me wonder about this. In the first instance, Chinese home life is so much different from ours that I thought perhaps the mother did not mean so much; and then again, I heard the boys speak but little about their mothers and I could find but very little written about mothers. The first one I questioned on this matter was a Catholic and hence I discounted the fervor of his reply. Next I questioned some non-Christians and here was the answer:

"Of course we love our mothers. Every

boy's love is divided into about eighty per cent for his mother and the remainder for his father."

And another boy opined:

"Mother is the most loved thing in the world."

Of course, my object in this question was merely to discover if there was a good foundation to build on in promoting devotion to the Blessed Virgin. I might have guessed my answer from the fact that the Chinese Christians manifest such a special devotion for the Blessed Mother.

Perhaps you are wondering why I have failed to mention some of the failings of the Chinese boys; well, that would be telling tales out of school and then, too, a certain loyalty is due to one's friends. After all, they are boys, and if you know American school boys you will probably know some of the tricks of the Chinese boys as well.

## FIRST FRUITS

(Continued from page 231)

not be "recognized," but he will always be recognized. And that counts more.

I am no Scripture student. But those who are, tell me that the people of the Old Law offered their first fruits to God with joy, not merely because they were the first signs of life after a long spell of barrenness, but also because they were a promise of more that were to come. They were a pledge of a new fulness of life; forerunners of many of a like nature. That, too, is why we offered to God these first fruits of Baghdad College last June.

## NIGHT UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Continued from page 234)

sheet of snow. To add to our discomfort and apprehension a heavy fog rolled in from the sea. Things were beginning to happen. I need not add that a village of three igloos is no easy task to find in darkness and fog. After an hour of practically blind traveling the fog lifted in favor of a brisk wind from the North. We began to feel better. Certainly our destination was not far away now. Another hour passed. The sky was dotted with stars and the luminous glare of the northern lights began to appear. Going south under such conditions was no trouble at all. We scanned the dark horizon, searching in vain for some needle of light to betray the presence of Kaputhluk. Berry bravely marched over the heavy and unbroken trail, but his heart was not in his work. When was this long, hard day of work coming to an end? It was now eight-fifteen and both dogs and mushers were exhausted. I suggested to my boy guide that we tie up near some bushes and a bank of snow to act as a wind brake. There were none. It was up to us to camp right there in the wind-swept tundra. Luckily, we had a shovel. After feeding the dogs and munching two frozen sandwiches, we prepared a trench. Our sled cover was then utilized as some sort of protection

against the wind. While untying my sleeping bag my exposed fingers told me that it was colder than I had expected. We crawled into our bags fully clad. I was still warm from the exertion of mushing and for two or three hours slept soundly. I was awakened by my guide who had been up for some time, stamping his feet to keep them from freezing. A little later I followed his example. The warmth of my body thawed the snow underneath my bag and the bag itself was getting damp. Movement and exercise was then the order for the rest of the night.

At home the long cold nights do not seem long enough; in the exposed open tundra they never end. Daylight does not come until nine o'clock. It would be useless to begin traveling until then because only in daylight could we get our bearings. Dawn finally came and with the first streaks of light we were up and away. A half hour's swift going brought us to Kaputhluk. No wonder we did not see any light. There was not a soul in the village. Later we found out that they had gone visiting to a nearby village. Six hours of fast travel brought us to Scammon Bay at the foot of the Eskinok Mountains. Another day was done.

## "PERHAPS!"

(Continued from page 235)

life on the border of civilization, or seek further return to the Reserve and the old ways? There is a knotty problem for you. If you visit Genabatch and study conditions, you will doubtless find some little answer, but if you stay there long enough to see all things as they really are, you will climb on the train after having done your best; you will make plans with the people for your return, and set the date and shrug your shoulders and your answer to any question about the place will be best formed by using its name . . . "Perhaps." For the inroads of the Whites have had effects, good and ill, and the loss of the old simplicity that is the really redeeming feature of the Indians is part of the ill, the gain of self assurance to some degree is a part of the good, and taken all in all, whether the people have really profited is to be answered "Genabatch!"

## CATHOLIC PRESS IN MANILA

(Continued from page 237)

had no books published by Sheed and Ward. Indeed, their representative frankly admitted that they did not know of Sheed and Ward. However, they admitted that they were interested in the purpose of the Exposition and they would increase their stock when they knew what books to secure. A fond hope of the Campion Guild is that a modern Catholic Book Store, Reading Room, and Lending Library will be opened in the business district of Manila.

At the Exposition there were two large racks devoted to pamphlets containing some five hundred, published by *America*, *The Paulist Press*, *Queen's Work*, and *The Sunday Visitor*. Of these there was

a large sale. Just one year ago a well organized campaign was launched by the Guild to sell pamphlets, and within the year preceding the Exposition, 11,500 pamphlets, 1,200 books, and 4,000 leaflets were sold. As a result of the Exposition, it is hoped that there will be a decided increase in the sale of Catholic literature during the coming year. Next February is the month of the International Eucharistic Congress, and as thousands will be here from all the provinces of the Islands, it is planned to have a mammoth exposition during that month. The theme of the Eucharistic Congress in Manila will develop the mission idea. Apropos of that fact, we note the words of His Holiness, Pope Pius X: "In vain will you found missions and build schools if you are not able to wield the offensive and defensive weapon of a loyal Catholic Press."

### THE COMING OF THE SISTERS (Continued from page 248)

For nearly fifty years these Sisters have carried on the Cause of Christ in the far North. Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., does not hesitate to ascribe the success of the missions to the cooperation of these self-sacrificing women. Their kindly services have aroused again and again the admiration of the non-believers and through their influence many have embraced the true Faith.

Ursulines.—For many years the Ursuline Nuns had accomplished heroic work on the Indian Missions of Montana. Under the direction of Mother Amadeus twenty flourishing schools had been founded. Few women have done as much for the sake of Christ as did this zealous nun. In 1900, when she was elected Superioress of the Northern Province, she began to look forward to a period of service in Alaska. The glistening snow, the primeval vastness and the cries of the famished children from their prison of ice and lonely wastelands rang ever in her heart. In 1905, she sent three Sisters to Akulurak. Five years later she joined them as first Provincial of Alaska. Winter had set in when she arrived at St. Michael, so she was forced to remain on the island. The first Winter was spent in a roughly constructed cabin where she and her companions worked tirelessly for the sick and the dying. When the Spring thaws allowed boats down the Yukon, Fathers Crimont, Lucchesi and Treca visited the little convent by the sea. Tears came to their eyes as they viewed the quarters the Sisters had used during the Winter. In the following November the Sisters were summoned to Valdez, an up-to-date, modern town, where they would be well provided for. Although forced to leave the Innuits, Mother's heart clung to the children she loved. Every year she made a journey to be with them. It was during one of these trips that she was seriously injured when thrown from her berth during a storm. Upon landing she was

### Al Baghdadi in Book Form, A Missionary "March of Time."

Time Marches On in Baghdad and so does *Al Baghdadi*, for under the enticing caption of "Tales Told by The Tigris" the first sixteen numbers of the *Al Baghdadi* are now being published in book form. The cover plate for the new volume admirably betrays the spirit of the contents. Beneath the shelter of a palm tree, the author is seated on the sand, his sun helmet tilted back, and a typewriter in his lap, while his camel kneels before him mystified and non-plussed. The index finger of the author's right hand taps away his "Tales Told by The Tigris" which in the cover cut flows along by his side separating him from the domes and minarets of Baghdad which the author himself has blacked in striking and alluring silhouette. For those who have read the *Baghdadi* this notice of the treat in store for them will be sufficient. *Al Baghdadi*, the missionary "March of Time" will introduce the reader to life with the American Jesuits on their educational venture in Baghdad College, Iraq, the most sensitive sore spot, racially, religiously and politically in the Near East, if not in the entire world. The author, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., of the Province of Chicago, is our JESUIT MISSIONS' foreign missionary correspondent in the Near East. Buy now your *Al Baghdadi*, the missionary "March of Time." Pre-publication price \$2.00. Order from Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

carried to the Military Hospital and later transferred to St. Michael. On the ninth of December, with the thermometer hovering around forty degrees below zero, the little convent which she had built took fire and within twenty minutes was leveled to the ground. The shock of the ordeal proved too much for her. It was decided to move her to Seattle where she passed away, leaving behind her a well established Community which has carried on through the years, winning the children of the North to the Cross of Christ.

### SAIDAIJI NEEDS MARY

(Continued from page 249)  
our Lord and our Lady, the Stations of the Cross along the walls, and so forth.

Did the visitors—about two hundred were there—grasp it, or any of it? The Searcher of hearts alone can know whether any of the seed grains thus thrown out will at any time come to life, strike roots and bear fruit in any of those hearts, most of them surely untouched by anything unmaidenly.

What they did do at the end of the talk was that again they bowed deep and long in front of the altar before leaving the church, to go round to the convent of the Japanese Sisters next door, where they were shown what Christ's charity does for a number of little waifs taken care of by the Sisters. "They all went away happy,"—was the comment afterwards made by the Sister in charge. Who knows but that their momentary happiness may turn, at least with some of them, into a longing to be at home in such a church, and there drink in that Christlike spirit of utter selflessness which is the soul of all the Sisters do for their little charges. And who would not gladly help in strengthening that longing into the iron will power needed for the heroic sacrifices it often means for the maidens of Nippon to follow the call of grace!

Mother of Dolors, Star of the Sea and Comfort of the Afflicted, remember the maidens that came to thy sanctuary, and draw them to thy motherly heart!

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