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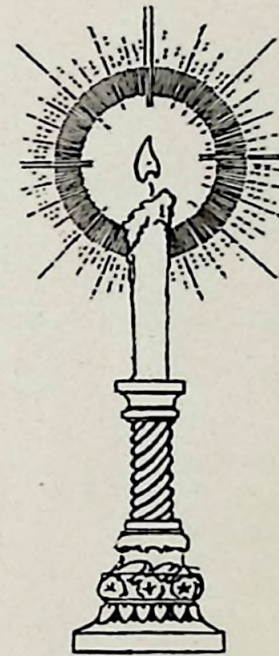
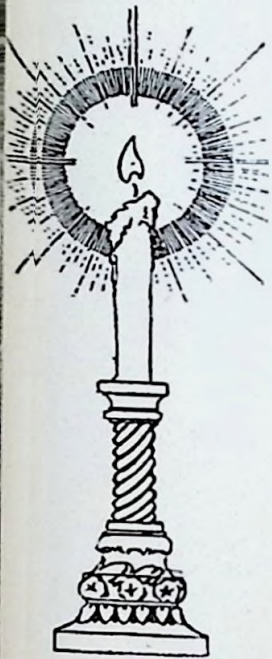
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*May we ask: Will you remember them? For the sake of their Master and yours, will you try to be generous to them this Christmas? Any gift, every gift, large or small for the American Jesuit Missionaries will be gratefully received and as gratefully acknowledged. Please send that gift without delay to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below.*



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. THOMAS B. CANNON, 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 midwestern 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

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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.**  
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"Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass . . . and they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger." (Luke ii, 15, 16.)

# Children's Faces Haunt Me

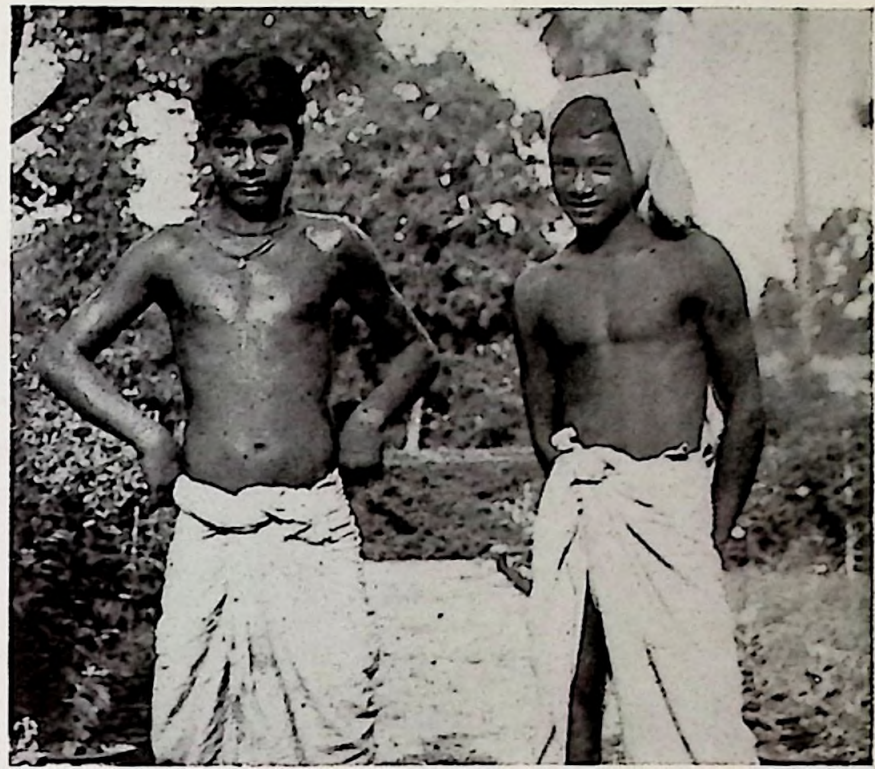
Peter J. Sontag, S.J.

YES, I'm "settled down" now, if this expression can be applied to an old man splashing along from village to village through rain and shine in quest of the poorest of Christ's poor in Patna Mission, India. It's a great life. You'd enjoy seeing the old man picking his way, barefeet, trousers rolled up, over the narrow, slippery, treacherous embankments that divide the paddy (rice) fields and serve as paths, for the fields are mow all basins of water. Of course, he does not always succeed in keeping his footing, and the result is at times rather disastrous to anything like a dignified appearance. Surely, in this work the missionary must learn how to become a fool. (The world must think us mad men!) But it's all for Christ and souls, and that makes it all a grand privilege. Then, too, we know full well that we can never equal His folly!

You will readily understand that in this kind of work it is difficult to find leisure for writing. When you come in from the trips through the villages you feel more like taking a little rest than like writing. Yet I suppose without "shouting" (writing) there will soon be no "fooding"—as the Indians express it; without "fooding" how will the old man and his catechists continue to preach?

THERE are a number of factors which prevent any notable forging ahead just now and for some weeks to come. But in the meantime we are perfecting an organization, continuing the instruction of our neophytes and laying plans for a spiritual "offensive" as soon as the circumstances will be more favorable.

Thus far progress has been consoling enough, even though it has been progress in the face of constant great difficulties. Only a few days ago I had to go to the rescue of a group of recent converts (Depressed Class) who were being bullied by so-called *high* caste Hindus, who tried to induce them to be reconverted to Hinduism. As the neophytes refused to submit, the party beat up the leader of our Christians. So I had to help him file his complaint before the authorities. What redress can be gotten remains



Mussabars—"Depressed Class" field laborers. A number of this group have embraced the Catholic Faith recently.

to be seen. One simply cannot tell ahead of time.

In one of the villages which serves as a central station for one of the areas, I had rented a small house where we could gather our Christians for Mass, instructions, etc. The landlord is a Mohammedan,—a lawyer. Despite his professional rank the Hindus, when they learned that a missionary had rented the house, began making things so unpleasant for my good Moslem that he was on the point of begging me to give up the house, lest his Hindu "friends" should make life unbearable for him. We are still occupying the house. For how long? Let's see!

IF you bear in mind that the great mass of these Depressed Classes have for centuries been treated practically like slaves, you will not be surprised to hear that frequently their intelligence test does not turn out very brilliantly. Take this, for instance. One of my recent converts was suffering from a broken leg which after three months puttering in the small hospital of his town

had not mended. He was a headman, with control over his fellow castemen in eighteen villages. I knew he would never regain the use of his leg in the one-horse hospital of his town, so I offered to secure his admission to the large Government Hospital in Patna. There a highly skilled surgeon took care of him. He was X-rayed and every effort was made to redeem his leg. Finally his leg up to the hip was placed in a heavy plaster cast. This was too much for my headman. The very first night after the plaster was applied he somehow secured a knife and ripped off every bit  
(Turn to page 307)

## MIDNIGHT MASS

John J. Walsh, S.J.

The candle-stars were lighted one by one,  
And with the vesture of their silvering  
Strove, all in vain, to shield the paten-crib,  
Like gossamer wings of angels hovering.

A word was spoken—word among all words!  
And Love Incarnate fled eternity,  
To seek within the confines of the years  
An altar-throne for His Divinity;

Not in the radiance of the candle's gleam,  
Nor on the burnished paten did He rest,  
But softly down the incensed ways He came,  
Till He had laid His Head upon my breast.

# Martyrs of Ceylon

Albert S.  
Foley, S.J.

**T**WO trios of valiant missionaries, two army chaplains, and a victim of Dutch heretical fury. These constitute the pure offering of the Society of Jesus for the Faith in Ceylon. They were not alone in paying this price for its christianization. To them the Franciscans join their martyr-Friars' witness to Christ on the "Island of Delights." Hundreds of natives besides, among them the son of one of the rajahs, have given up their lives to swell the irrigating stream of martyrial blood.

This stream began with the coming of the Franciscans in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Landing in the southern part of the island with the Portuguese explorers, they first brought to this center of Buddha-worship the worship of the true God. Towards the middle of the century, Francis Xavier first exercised his influence over Ceylon. Some natives of the nearby island of Manar sent to him, inviting him to bring them the Faith. He sent to them one of the secular priests who was laboring with him in India. In a few months many hundreds of the Manarese had received instruction and Baptism.

The Rajah of Jaffna, suzerain also of Manar, became



(From an old print) Father Bernardine Pecci, who had won fifty thousand people to the Faith, suffered martyrdom by decapitation.

enraged at this defection of so many of his subjects from his religion. Crossing over to the island he massacred the colony of Christians, thus giving to that land the name "Isle of Martyrs."

**F**ATHER JOSEPH VAZ of the Oratorians had won for himself the title "Apostle of Ceylon" before the advent of new Jesuit missionaries in 1602. A little band of four entered the island on the west coast at the same time that the Dutch gained their first foothold on the east. Soon after, more missionaries followed, achieving great success for a dozen years or so. This roused the envy of the native pagan priests. Their first retaliation came in the Winter of 1616.

Matiagama, on the west coast, was the home of three Jesuits: Fathers Louis Palignotti, John Metalla and John de Mello. On these the hatred of the priests first descended. Calling together a band of their fanatic devotees, these Singhalese of Kandy bound them by oath to secure the extermination of those enemies of their gods.

These warriors, fifty strong, descended on the peaceful village to start their revolt against the Portuguese and

their persecution of the Christians. Feigning to carry some message of peace to the Fathers who had acted as arbiters between the native king and the governor of Goa, the idolaters turned their mission of peace into a bloody massacre. Father Palignotti they made the

(From an old print) Father Louis Palignotti and John Metalla, victims of the hatred of pagan priests, were beheaded for the Faith.

(Turn to page 307)



# Talking of Haunted Houses

Walter Hamilton, S.J.

SOME months ago I was spending a week or so as Acting Pastor at Cagayan. While enjoying breakfast there one Sunday morning after late Mass, two young men approached me, asking me to bless a haunted house in the neighborhood. They had suffered much *kasamuk* (conclusion, annoyance) for the past week, especially at night, their sleep being unceremoniously interrupted by water and rocks dropping unannounced from or through the nipa roof, plates flying over from the cupboard in the pantry, sand being blown across the floor, etc. A small lamp was seen to fly across a room and alight on the top of the *mosquitero* (mosquito-net). No adequate explanation was at hand. No magicians or fakirs had been heard of in the *barrio*. When the water came through the weather was clear without.

So on a dismal wet Sunday night I went over to the benighted house and was met by a number of curious young men. Not to take the matter too seriously, I sat down and played the piano a bit, and we all sang some hymns. Then we said the prayers, etc., customary on such occasions. All the happenings thus far were vividly described to me, and it seemed clear that no adequate natural explanation was at hand. For we exhausted all the known possibilities. However, we made no conclusions there.

AT about 11:00 P.M. we lay down, the windows closed, small lamp turned down. I was given the only bed in the house. Before resting, I drank half a glass of water, and placed the glass on a little table near the wall, not far from my head. I kept a flashlight in my hand, now and then flashing it around the room. At just about 12:00 P.M., a rock crashed down at the foot of my bed. The young men were up in a jiffy, all excited. "That's just the way it happens at this time every night," said one. The nipa roof seemed intact and there seemed no way of explaining the phenomenon. A weird, creepy feeling possesses you in such circumstances. What if the rough rock should drop unexpectedly at the other end of the bed and miscalculate an inch or two? Well, with the consoling thought that people are not generally seriously injured in haunted houses, I lay down again. The boys lay on the floor at the head of the bed. After about an hour all were composed and dozing, when crash, bang, all jumped up, turned up the lamp, and gazed about in stupefied terror. The glass, half-filled with water, had been flung furiously from the table across the room, striking the wall with a tremendous crash. Shattered glass from the wall cut the wrist of a boy sleeping on



This is Tagnipa, a barrio of Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I., where Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, is Pastor.

the floor, and first-aid had to be administered. Things were getting too hot. I told the boys they could sleep and I would guard. At frequent intervals, flashlight in hand, I patrolled the house, searching about inside and outside. The "show" was finished for the night. At dawn weary, tired, I walked to the *convento*.

THINGS continued to happen in the "haunted house." Crowds gathered outside till after midnight. I secured from Bishop Hayes a relic of St. Francis Xavier and fortified with this went over, blessed the house, and that night nothing happened save that a rock dropped in another room. Perhaps I should have described at the beginning of this informal narrative, the lay-out of the house. There were two rooms in the front, the wall between not reaching to the roof. This is a customary arrangement in these parts, for various reasons. In the back was a big pantry, divided by a low wall. Behind the pantry was a native kitchen. Plates would fly over from the locked cupboard in the pantry to the next front room. Clothes recently washed had flown up to the rafters and it required strength of arm and will to coax them down again.

The owner of the little house had gone to Cebu. It was the night after his departure that the *kasamuk* (trouble) began. The occupants of the house, two young men, one a student, his brother, married, had separated from his wife in Cebu, because of some differences. The married man had been doing odd jobs, even washing clothes, helping his brother through high school. They were both liked, seemed to have no enemies, were leading decent lives.

Not having time to investigate the possible sources of the trouble that was wrecking the nerves of the young men and their companions, why (Turn to page 307)

# The Man and the Book

Michael J.  
McCarthy, S.J.

A POST card recently arrived here from one of a group of our students who are touring Italy at Mussolini's expense, bearing among other revelatory remarks the following, "Few people know where is Baghdad!" Which proves that Podunk is not the only town whose citizens must import a sense of proportion for their fair city.

On the other hand, many people do know "where is Baghdad," and the picture of the man who informed them of that fact and many others besides, is on the right. Now that the popular demand for a book edition of *Al Baghdadi* is about to be satisfied, it seems only just to raise the veil of anonymity woven by the author for reasons of modesty and prudence.

So I present Father Madaras: known to the local business world as "the sharpest man in Baghdad;" rightly suspected by some thousands of people scattered between the North and South Pole, of writing *Al Baghdadi* alone and unassisted; known to readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* as a constant and welcome contributor, to business houses in Europe and America as a voice from the desert crying that the customer is always right, to somebody somewhere in India as another Solomon; owned and sedulously guarded by Baghdad College as procurator, publicity agent, pep man and professor.

BUT if you think that a man of such multiple relations is a cold, efficient machine, you are wrong. You have not read the *Baghdadi*. He mixes banter with bargains and sociability with efficiency, as his numerous long-distance business correspondents will attest. To his pupils he is the benevolent tyrant pictured by the sages of ancient Greece. The only always articulate member of the Community recreations, he has been accused by the leader of the moderate element of "making the better part appear the worse and the worse the better."

Hailing from Cleveland, Ohio, Father Madaras entered the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus after his teens and followed the ordinary course of studies until he was sent to Valkenburg, Holland, whence he returned with a knowledge of theology, German, and the map of Europe. Shortly after, he was chosen as the contribution of his Province to the new Mission of Baghdad, for which he set sail with Reverend Father William Rice, his houseless Superior, thirteen pieces of baggage, mimeograph included, and faith in Divine Providence.

From New Jersey to Beirut is a three weeks' trip which, despite recurrent storms, Father Madaras utilized to found his *Baghdadi*, writing, mimeographing and addressing it in the spacious cabins provided by the American Export Line. The *Baghdadi*, written in the author's own personal-letter-light-essay style, was sent as a letter of gratitude to benefactors of the projected Mission,



"I present Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., (all windows have bars in Baghdad) "rightly suspected of writing *Al Baghdadi*."

great and small, and to those who might be interested. An immediate success, the *Baghdadi* was demanded by missionary fans in increasing numbers. With no subscription campaign, other than the fact that the sheet was "Priceless," the circulation mounted from two hundred to over four thousand. Recently, when muddy interpretations of clear laws threatened its life, the present sixteen-page printed *Baghdadi* transferred its printing and mailing department to Lenox, Massachusetts.

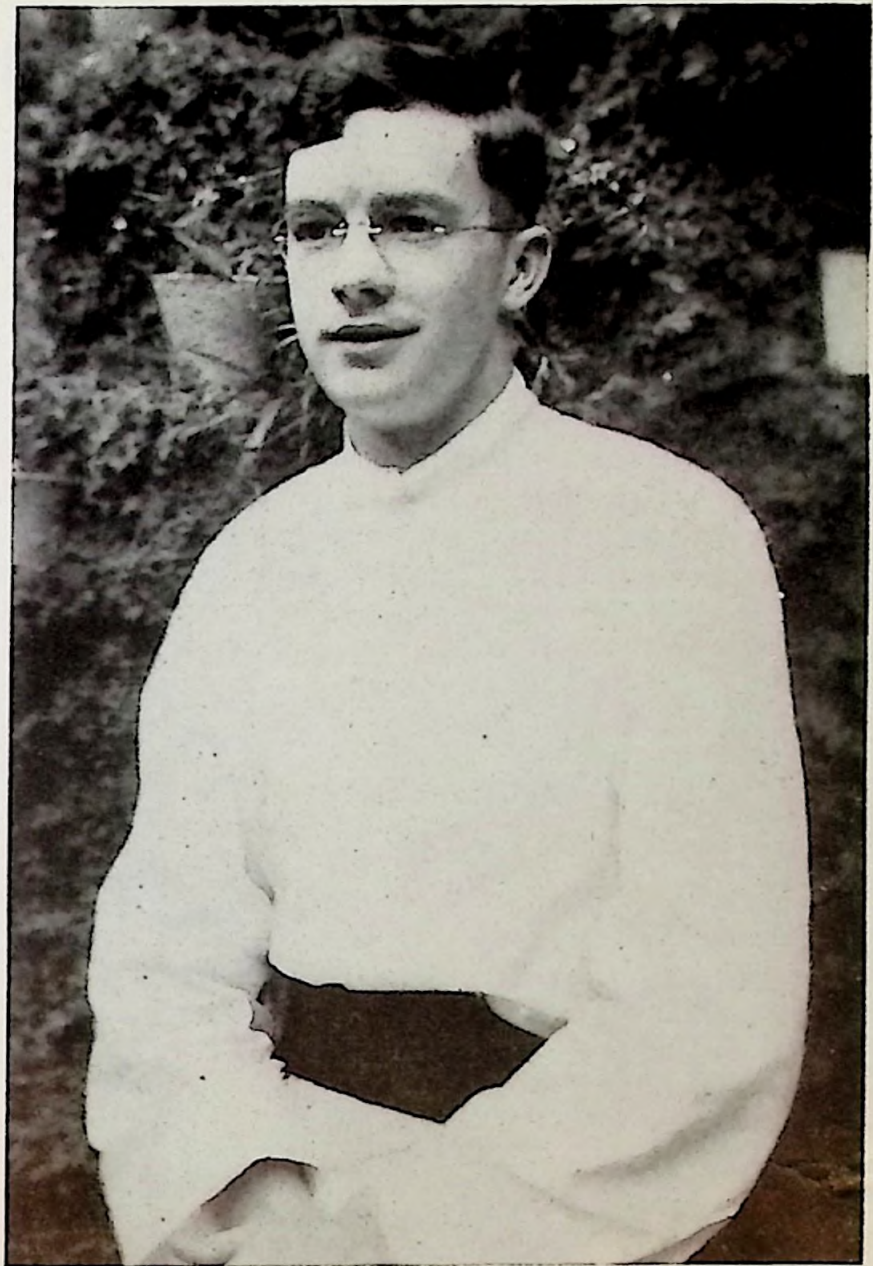
TRANSFERENCE to the prosaic U. S. evoked a chorus of protests as had the proposed printed issue, "It will lose its romance!" After the event, one romanticist wrote, "The *Baghdadi* has arrived—seems to have lost nothing but the Iraqi stamp!" Transference also involved the laws and regulations of the U. S. Postal Department, in line with which the "priceless desultory journal published as mood and circumstances permit" became a fifty cent quarterly. The latest development is the book edition of all the numbers up to the present, published by Jesuit Mission Press. Still editing and cartooning his popular creation, Father Madaras tries to subdue the smaller fry at Baghdad College with the unspoken threat, "Everything you say will be used against you in the *Baghdadi*." Indeed, he is of such a sweetly vindictive nature generally that we would not be surprised if he even publicized us before the world in *JESUIT MISSIONS*. At least, we caught him typing titles for the next edition. We can only watch and pray. We are helpless before the power of the press. We will watch the man if you watch out for the *Baghdadi*.

# Calumet Takes His Daka

William R.  
Hussey, S.J.

THE next time you do any light reading in Santali, notice how frequently *daka* elbows its way into the story. Of the entire Santali vocabulary it is the never-to-be-forgotten word. You simply can't get along without it, especially in the region around Bhaggaya. Every Santal infant learns to lisp *daka* long before it can say da-da; the reasons are excellent. For the child, *daka* is the quintessence of all things delicious; for the grown-up it is life, staff and trimmings; for the sick, one grand panacea; and for the dying, *daka* is a pledge of blessedness in the world beyond. Shrugging your shoulders when you discover that in plain English it denotes plain boiled rice in no wise lessens its meaning to the Santal. Have you ever had a bad case of malaria when there wasn't any *daka* in the pantry?

About three weeks ago Calumet one of our Santal boys of St. Mary's Mission at Gokhla (on the Ganges) in Patna Mission, India, was stricken with malaria. (No, we do not name the Santals after peace pipes and such, when we baptize them. My poor little sick boy calls himself Calumet because that is as close as he can get



Presenting the Author: William R. Hussey, S.J.



to Clement, his Christian name.) The attack was more serious than usual. For eight days Calumet ran a temperature above 103 degrees. Our best medicines brought no relief to the little ten year old lad who rolled and tossed on his white cot. Finally, on the ninth day the graph line on Calumet's chart dipped down a bit. But on the ninth day Calumet's parents arrived.

WE have no telephone service here at Gokhla; news, however, travels from village to village faster than gossip. Someone told someone else, and the word was passed along the road until it reached Calumet's village. His parents lost no time in starting for the Mission. They were very evidently pleased to see that we were doing all we could for the patient. Then the doctor spoke. They heard his advice with many patient nods; they even admired his great skill in reading the thermometer. At last, however, they put the inevitable question.

"What are you feeding him?"

"Barley water," we answered.

"Barley water! But what of *daka*?"

I gently told Calumet's parents that when a boy has a high fever we do not give him *daka*. Although my treatment was highly approved of by the doctor, I knew that it was just the opposite of what a Santal would recommend and, in fact, demand.

Calumet (right)  
and his little  
brother Jacob.

After a lengthy discussion it was decided that the parents would take over the respon- (Turn to page 307)

# Port Antonio

Francis X. Downey, S.J.

**J**UST think of the irony of it all, and let Father Skelly "sigh for what is *not!*"

Only a few days past, and I have been his guest for three weeks now, I read in an abridged History of Jamaica these few lines from a paragraph on Port Antonio: "Port Antonio is the second port of the Island. Its two harbors are safe and commodious. A large number of ships call there. There is a very fine hotel, the Titchfield, in Port Antonio. Important villages in Portland (Parish) are Buff Bay, Manchioneal, Hope Bay, and St. Margaret's Bay. The chief product of Portland is the banana. Coconuts are also grown. It was in Portland, in 1868, that the banana trade with America was first started."

Alas! for the days that are lost to me, lost to me! This brief History of Jamaica was published before the Jamaican depression and the last devastating hurricane, the coming of that destructive fungus growth, the scourge of the plantations—the Panama disease. It was all glamorously true five years ago.

**B**UT now! Port Antonio in this our day is far from the Island's second point of portage. If it is not second from the last it lacks little to be so called. Its two harbors are still safe and commodious, both unto desuetude. An occasional visiting smoke stack in the harbor is the rare delight for hundreds of willing hands: it means a temporary relief from very temporal and apparently permanent distress. Boats, *once* came to Port Antonio and glided out laden with the world's most luscious bananas. But sad to say the "Second Spring," has not as yet smiled upon our fields. There is left only hope, and a little faith, and memories of the past. The important towns are not of interest now, and the sea kissed hamlets are silently slumbering: all as dormant as the extinct volcano reclining in the hilly arms of little old Buff Bay.

There *was* a very fine hotel, The Titchfield, in Port Antonio. Yes! the recurring chorus is "There *was*." The Titchfield Hotel, the watchword for hundreds of tired tourists from England and the States, perennial guests, to whom it was always a home is *now* no more. It stands stridently within distinct view of where I sit, a site of desolation: a home now for the devouring insects that are destroying its fine beams and paneling, and feasting in its destruction. The house of a thousand blinded windows!

It is in this little town where everything *was*, and is no more that we find my genial host, Father Oliver B. Skelly, S.J. A native New Yorker, he, too, set sail on the *Tolosa* thirteen years ago and came direct from Kingston to the Port. Only two years before his advent, Father Joseph T. Lowry, S.J., changed this prosperous spot from the status of a mission post to a central church, and parent of three deeply dependent missions. Things went well in the beginning. The parishioners were work-



*Ready for the bush. Father Oliver B. Skelly, S.J., Pastor at Port Antonio, Jamaica, B. W. I.*

ing on the banana plantations and on the coconut groves, and on the ships and wharves. And business in the lower town thrived on the well earned money of the laborers. The hotel employed men and women and brought money into local trade, an important item in civic affairs. If its closing brought misery to the town, it dealt a thumping financial blow to the cause of Christ in this mission field and left here a shepherd struggling with the futile battle of feeding his sheep on little more than love.

**D**URING Holy Week of this year I remained at Father Skelly's Presbytery, as I choose to call it, while he was away on one of his missions. After five days in the bush, during which he ministered to two remote villages, he returned home, a happy, tired priest of Christ's own poor. He had given them the heart balm of the sacraments; he had washed away their big and little sins; he baptized one and joined four happy Easter couples in holy wedlock; he carried out in simple solemn ceremony the entire three days' sacred service of the Church. And on Good Friday, amid the hymns and the prayers of a thronged church of two hundred men and women who wept audibly and visibly because Christ had to suffer for them, he preached the *Tre Ore*. On Sunday evening after his return, in his recital of it all to me, I was naturally thinking of my own experiences on Good Friday and the Three Hours in the States. You will pardon my curiosity, I hope, as did Father Skelly, when I asked him,—it is the New Englander in me—about the stipend—the collection. Yes! the collection for

the Three Hours? Is it pathos or a bathos? One dollar and seventy-five cents! But I must not forget that out of the abundance of their empty pockets and hard worked fields and hearts at least that are full, we have had at our Presbytery table in Port Antonio three rather blending varieties of pea soup, at dinner and supper, and yam for ten days.

AND the humorous side and the practical, too, is the fact that we know that up in "them thar hill is gold," for not only does Father Skelly embellish their souls but he garnished their flesh and bones as well, and in the Easter parade in that mission may be seen the gowns and shoes and headware, many of them looking suspiciously new, all of which are sent as out-worn clothing from Brooklyn, New York. These garments sent periodically are rightly addressed to Reverend Oliver B. Skelly, S.J., Port Antonio, Jamaica, British West Indies, and the package is duty free if marked, "No Commercial Value." No! these garments have no *commercial* value. But they are a blessing not only on the bodies that wear them, but on the souls that give them.

If the material end of things is not all that money could make it here at "de Fader's church," the spiritual is assuredly not neglected, and the educational and cultural elements are in high repute and on a serious plane. Father Skelly must needs be a skillful executive to keep both ends on speaking terms, for indeed at times they do not meet. There is the upkeep of the residence, the "Poor School," and the church. While financially free from responsibility in the conduct of the Academy, there are still many drains on the purse string.

ST. ANTHONY'S ACADEMY, a secondary school, fully recognized and accredited by the Government for the proved excellence of its work, is conducted by a staff of three spiritually inspired Sisters of Mercy and a group of lay teachers. Reviewing the work of these Sisters even from a distance leaves one mystified and speechless, and the instinctive exclamations of admiration that arise make one feel humble and inept. I have often heard it said that the Sisters can make a dollar go to Europe when a New Yorker could not force it downtown. The saying is indeed true, but who knows the

privation and suffering that projects that dollar! I have seen it—even today! When dollars are slow, Father Skelly just fasts.

IN the mail the other evening came a letter, addressed to de Fader. He permitted me to read it. It was from Father Skelly's sacristan and *conditio sine qua non* at one post in the bush. It read:

"Dear Father,

"You told me before you leave us to remind you of what was required that you may rite it down I never remember to do so you need dear Father wox candles the one we have in the press we use it for mass last



Port Antonio, Jamaica, B. W. I., where "boats once came . . . and glided out laden with the world's most luscious bananas."

month so you need candles, insents burse and vail the Tabernacle I am sending at May River for it I try to talk it up to whome I meat that they may turn out well and in time hope you are well and we may meat on wednesday we are all well at present

"I remain your

"A. E."

I PURPOSELY selected this particular evening's mail because it made me reflect on facts. I, now at fifty years of age, accustomed to the comfort and the luxury of the States, begin to wonder what Christ really did desire when He so amazingly said, "Whatsoever you do to the least of these, My brethren, you do unto Me."

And I asked myself the inevitable question: Am I really putting a dollar in the outstretched Hand of Christ if I send it to Father Skelly for His and his poor, Their loved ones? The field for his charity is extensive. But Port Antonio is merely a point of departure for other mission fields situated in the adjoining territory of Buff Bay, Avocat, May River and Mount Joseph.

# In a Chinese Monastery

Cornelius  
Pineau, S.J.

**T**O visit a Buddhist monastery, with its temple, its bonzes' residences and its pagoda is rather an extraordinary event. Father Lombo, S.J., missionary in Anking, China, happens to be the friend of the chief bonze in charge of the pagoda. Knowing our ardent desire to take movies of the monastery, he kindly interceded for us and permission for this was granted.

So one day we arrive at the monastery gates. Climbing the temple steps we are greeted by a round half dozen of young beggars who were lying there in wait for unwary visitors to give them a cent or two. One of them drew my interest. Was he fifteen years of age? Was he twenty-five? With pleading tones and stumbling steps he followed us, begging for a cent or so: "*Pai-i-ko! Pai-i-ko!*"

The chief bonze of the monastery was most cordial in his welcome; his assistant was also there to meet us. Both bowed, Chinese fashion, then shook hands with us, American fashion. After talking for a few moments, we were invited to partake of a little meal of pistachio nuts, watermelon seeds and tea. I must confess though that we were in an awkward situation when the melon seeds were placed before us. How were we to eat them? I furtively took a look at the two bonzes, and to my horror I saw that the fingers may not be used in controlling the seeds during the operation of cracking them: a circumstance which only added to our awkwardness. The bonzes seemed to be about to break into smiles, but what can you expect?

**A**FTER this, we began the visit proper. We toured every part of the place: the monastery, the temple, the tower, the gardens. The temple was deserted at this time, so consequently we were able to poke about at our leisure. Along the walls, huge idols, ten or more feet in height, sat looking down upon us with hideous, grimacing faces. In the middle of the hall a gigantic golden Buddha—a smiling, placid figure—seemed contented with the idolatrous incense burning at its feet and slowly curling up to this divinity "that has a nose but cannot smell." Near it is a big drum, used only to call the faithful to prayer. Father Lombo pretended that he was about to strike the drum with the mallet which was used for that purpose. This threw the bonzes into a state of consternation. And no wonder: for according to their belief, to strike the drum untimely spells disaster both for the culprit and for the entire city. However, Father Lombo explained that it was only to show us how to use the drum. The bonzes recovered from their consternation.

In a lonely room we saw the urns containing the ashes, (since they are all cremated) of all the bonzes who had lived and died here since the foundation of the monastery in 1570.

We next visited the bonzes' own private temple. Here all was dark and gloomy, and filled with smoke of burn-



*Father Lombo (left) and Father Pineau, with the superior and the high priest of the Buddhist monastery.*

ing incense. This private temple was not empty like the larger had been, but was filled with Buddhist worshippers. A constant whispering of prayers could be heard in this dark and gloomy place.

As there was no canonical enclosure to stop us, we passed through all the halls and gardens of the monastery. In one of the latter, sitting on the banks of an artificial lake, we saw a Buddhist priestess. She was saying her beads. This was too good a scene to miss, so we filmed it immediately. While we were doing this, the old priestess stood up and began walking the length of the garden path. This was simply a perfect picture for us. Then we filmed the bonze. While we were giving this latter instructions on what we wanted him to do, the old priestess, fully understanding what it was all about, drew near him and gave him her beads as if to say: "Act like a good religious; say your beads while you walk."

**T**O climb the pagoda tower we had to tip the janitor or the guardian of the tower, whatever he may be called. The stairway ascending to the top of the pagoda is solid stone, dark, narrow and steep. The sun, peeping through an opening above us as we ascended, seemed but to make the shadows deeper. And try to get out! Is there any superstition connected with the doors of a staircase? I don't know, but anyhow, it is possible to go around that pagoda three or four times before finding a way out.

Now for a bit of history. The tower was built in the sixteenth century. But why? Ten (*Turn to page 308*)

# "He Came unto His Own"

Austin V.  
Dowd S.J.

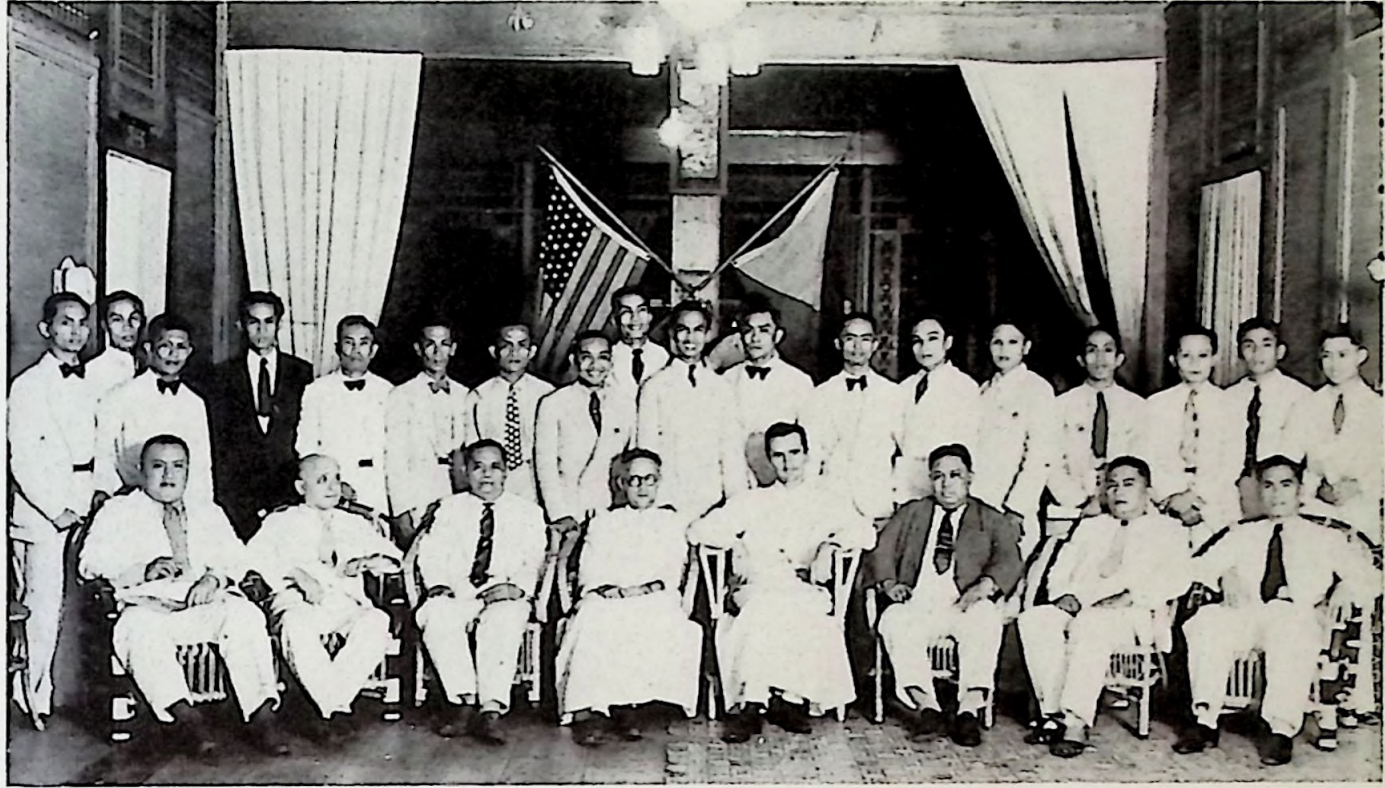
"ASA ba Balay?"  
"Didto."

The question came from me; the answer from a little Filipino, who pointed ahead with an indefinite sweep of his thin brown arm, in the general direction of the next province. He was guiding me to a lady who was dying. About eight o'clock that morning he had come to get the priest at the convento in Cagayan.

He had been a bit vague about the distance to the sick lady's house. In my innocence, I believed that it was about a half hour's walk. How I was deceived! For two hours

we had plodded through mud and water, up hill and down dale, through coconut groves, and over gravel hills, until I was puffing like a tired runner and covered with mud. I was drenched with sweat; my shoes were soaking wet. My whole body was craving a rest. So to save my self-respect, because the little Filipino was tireless, I put the above question in my limited Visayan. It means: "Where is the house?" His answer was the vaguest: it means just about, "Over there." I looked "over there." There was a real mountain ahead and plenty of trees, but no house. I groaned and went on.

MY stay in Cagayan had been very brief. My Visayan was "coming on," but I was not yet considered a grammarian or anything like that. Neither am I webbed, as to the feet, which seemed to be the best kind of pedal extremities for the sort of terrain over which we, I, that is, was making such slow progress. It had rained the night before and had ceased about five minutes before my guide had arrived at our house with his news of the sick call. I had gone immediately to the church, gotten the Holy Oils and the Blessed Sacrament, and had started out. I looked ahead at my guide. He was clad in a khaki shirt and a nondescript pair of nether garments now rolled up to the knees. His feet were as Nature had given them to him, somewhat enlarged, I presume by growth through the years life had allotted him. Really his feet, as they were, were the most efficient mode of travel. The reader may remember how one slips as he tries to walk along an icy pavement. I was slipping that way now, not on ice, but on mud, rich, oozy mud; affectionate mud, the kind that clings lovingly to your shoes, about a pound to every ten yards. I would take a step, slide, try to balance myself and feel



Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior of Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. (right center), and Father Austin Dowd, S.J. (left), together with teachers from the Catholic schools after a course in Scout Master training. Among the guests are the Provincial Governor and prominent Cagayan business and professional men.

myself seep down into the ooze. Obviously nothing could be done about it.

I paused on the top of a steep hill and gazed about. Below us, in all its tawny splendor, swept the Cagayan River. Ahead lay our path, down into the valley. It was one of those kinds of paths that mountain goats exult in, and on, with ease and grace. I was not a mountain goat; neither was my guide. He started down over mud and pebbles with great unconcern and speed. I followed very gingerly. My guide was not a mountain goat either. I think he would have made any self respecting mountain goat quit with exhaustion any time! There was not a house in sight. And on we went, slipping and sliding, until we finally came in sight of a small clearing and there in a little hut was the lady to whom I was coming to administer the last sacraments.

QUICKLY we climbed up the ladder-like bamboo steps. The house was tiny with two tiny rooms; the first was devoid of walls; the second one had them, a few bamboo strips,—nothing more. Into the second room I went, and there on the floor lay a gentle little old lady waiting for her God.

I almost had to lie down to hear her confession. I was so tired I almost fell asleep. After hearing her confession, I called her friends into the room, two other old ladies. The piety manifested by all was touching; the affectionate and personal prayers of the dying woman (she was addressing them to her Sacramental Lord) showed she had no fear of death. The gratitude on her old wrinkled face as I gave her Viaticum and administered Extreme Unction was beautiful and amply repaid me for my long journey. Then I went into the next room to get my breath.

(Turn to page 308)



# FROM MANY QUARTERS



## AROUND THE MISSION WORLD

A bi-lingual catechism of Christian Doctrine in Chinese and English has just been published in an excellent edition by the Nazareth Press of Hong Kong. The English translation which runs parallel with the Chinese text was prepared by Father D. Donnelly, S.J.

\* \* \*

Patna Mission, Northern India, in charge of the Jesuits of the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus, reports an increase of 2,450 Christians during the year ending June, 1936. In 1921 when the Mission began, Catholics numbered 5,000. Today, the total is 16,383. The population of the Patna Diocese, spread over 89,385 square miles, is 27,571,166.

\* \* \*

Chinese Communists unexpectedly advanced into southern Kansu, and the missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word were forced to follow the regular army troops in their retreat to Lanchow, capital of the province. Father Bromkamp, cut off in his retreat by Reds, is believed hiding with native Christians in mountain caves. Father Vogt escaped from Taochow and reached Lanchow August 25. The same day Father Paul Miller arrived safely from Lungsi. Father Stange likewise escaped the Reds. To date, there has been no news of Father Frick who was working among the natives in the Changhien region.

The general situation in Kansu may be summed up as follows in the words of one conversant with conditions. "If Lanchow falls into the hands of the Reds, the culture of the country which has been developing rapidly, will suffer a setback of many years. The terrible explosion which took place last year destroyed many of the old Chinese houses. These are now being replaced by modern buildings and wide streets. An aviation field and school of economy have been constructed on the site of the old cemetery. . . . Lanchow is considered to be the key to central Asia. If the Reds secure possession of it they will be in control of Kansu and all central Asia."

\* \* \*

The Spanish Jesuits of the Mission of Ahmedabad have founded a Congregation of native Sisters, the Daughters of

St. Francis Xavier. The first four Novices of the new Congregation received the religious habit on July 31, 1936, the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola. The Daughters of the Cross of Liege, Belgium, have undertaken the formation of the native Religious.

\* \* \*

The Provincial Government of Anking has delivered rain gauges to the heads of eight districts of the Vicariate Apostolic of Wuhu, Anhwei, in charge of the Spanish Jesuits. The missionaries must send in monthly reports of the daily rainfall.

This decision of the Government is worthy of notice in view of the fact that in the districts where they have entrusted the Jesuit Fathers with the task of making observations there are also Government schools. The Jesuit College at Wuhu has been making meteorological observations for several years. Reports are sent regularly to other observatories in China and nearby countries.

\* \* \*

A lion recently made several attacks on the flocks of a village in the Vicariate Apostolic of Nyeri, killing several animals. A hunting party was arranged and one night several of the villagers, armed with poisoned arrows, surrounded the spot usually visited by the king of the forest. The lion walked into the trap set for it and immediately received a shower of arrows from all sides. One of the hunters, believing that the marauder was already dead, approached to secure the tail, a valued trophy. But there was still a spark of life left in the victim and with a final effort it leaped upon the man. One of the arrows ripped the native's side and the deadly poison soon claimed another victim. The native, a faithful Christian, was able to receive the final comforts of religion from the missionary before he died.

\* \* \*

Reverend Pierre Charles, S.J., at the fourteenth Louvain Missiology Week, successfully endeavored to define the very delicate topic of witchcraft after making a careful distinction between magic and sorcery and rejecting old definitions which confounded all sorts of diabolical works. Father Charles determined the

five elements which are to be found in witchcraft as "real or supposed practices, exercised by a living human being, to the detriment of his fellow beings, by means of uncontrollable agents or influences, which no divine authority guarantees."

\* \* \*

Scenes of great enthusiasm greeted Father Albert Leung when he arrived in his native village of Wong Tung to celebrate his first Mass. He is the first priest of the village, which is almost entirely Catholic. Father Leung was the first pupil to be enrolled in the Hoi Sing School at Shiu Hing, directed by the Portuguese Jesuits, and made his studies for the priesthood in the seminary of Macao.

The village of Wong Tung, which is at the end of a valley in the West River District of Kwangtung, has an interesting place in mission history. It is more than a century since the Faith was first preached there by French missionaries. The area that these pioneer priests had to cover was so large that one could reach Wong Tung only at rare intervals, yet several families were converted there. When anti-foreign feeling arose, during the period approaching the Boxer Rebellion, the priest could visit the place only by night. Finally, it became quite impossible to visit it at all and for many years the people never saw a priest. But the Faith that has stood against persecution does not easily die, and the Catholics in Wong Tung not only persevered but actually grew in number.

When calm was restored many years after the Boxer rising, Catholic life returned to the district, but, somehow, Wong Tung was forgotten, and when the Portuguese Jesuits took over the mission area they knew nothing of this little Catholic group. One day the missionary who had charge of the district reached the head of the valley and climbed wearily to a village of which he had never heard. It was Wong Tung, and there to his amazement and joy, he found himself among friends. Before long all the remaining non-Catholics had embraced the Faith and the finest church of the whole district was built in the village. The Christians now have the joy of having a native son of the village to care for their spiritual needs.

# Christmas with the Sioux

Leo C. Cunningham, S.J.



Mato Inajin (Chief Standing Bear) tells the people of his tribe the story of the Christmas Star.

**W**IL lamps burning in white tents and shining, too, from the windows of the meeting house illuminated the church yard at Wounded Knee Battlefield, South Dakota. It was Christmas Eve, 1935. Outside a blizzard was raging and whirling snow into drifts and driving it under the door of the sacristy of our Sacred Heart Chapel. I came at about five in the evening to prepare for midnight Mass. The Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Father Daniel B. McNamara, S.J., was to arrive a little later to hear confessions and to have midnight Mass. When the vestments were set out and all in readiness I shouted a Merry Christmas to my good Indian people and headed, in my car, to the north towards Porcupine, ten miles away.

My midnight Mass had been planned for Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel. For a week the Sioux of the neighborhood had been weaving garlands and wreaths of fresh cedar. Charlie Little Boy, Harry Wounded Arrow, Joe Short Bear, Philip Good Shield, Charlie Thunder Hawk and Louis Brown Eyes, all fathers of families, decorated our little chapel and prepared a crib for the Divine Infant. The good Sisters, too, had been busy with the altar. Our little chapel seemed like a dreamland.

**A**LL evening the storm raged and the weather was bitterly cold. But like the Shepherds of old, the lowly Sioux made haste to come to adore the New Born King. While I heard confessions, most of the people gathered about the stove in our log meeting house.

Midnight and Christmas! Our little chapel at Porcupine was crowded. Sisters and Indians sang out the

much loved hymn, "Silent Night," but in the language of the Dakota Sioux. The words run: *Hanhepi wakan kin \* \* \* Oiyokipi hca \* \* \* Wanji kikta cekiya \* \* \* Tanyehci awanglaka \* \* \* Wakantanka Cinca.*

The Mass went on and *Wakantanka Cinca*, the Son of God, came down upon the altar. Red men and White men, women and children bowed in humble adoration. Soon they pressed the Divine Infant to their hearts as He came to them in Holy Communion.

Christmas morning the thermometer registered twelve degrees below zero, as two Sisters and I made our way ten miles north to St. Paul's Chapel. Here, too, our Indians had pitched their tents. As we drove into the church yard we were greeted by these Indians, Lone Elks, Bushes, Eagle Tail Feathers, White Crows and others. Mrs. White Crow was shoveling a path through the snow to the chapel. Frank Lone Elk was starting a fire in the tin stove in the chapel. Willie Bush was decorating the crib with cedar.

The bitter cold kept some of my people from attending the Masses at St. Paul's. One family had come ten miles in an open wagon. The little children cried because of the cold and the parents had to stop at a house along the way to warm up. But by noon a large crowd had gathered and Christmas dinner was eaten in common.

**M**Y fourth chapel, St. Mary Magdalen's out in the Bad Lands, had no Mass on Christmas Day, but we celebrated there on the following Sunday. Saturday night, the good Indian people worked into the night preparing the little chapel with garlands and bells. The Christ Child was lovingly placed in a crib made of a carton. Corn was popped in the meeting house in preparation for the gift-giving to the children. From far and wide, from all quarters of the Bad Lands, came wagons and old cars loaded with men, women and children. I was kept busy all morning with my two Masses and the many confessions. All seemed most anxious to receive our Lord in Holy Communion.

There were Christmas trees at each of the meeting houses of my four chapels. The Sisters had arranged the gifts and typed the names of the Indian children on little cards. Indian women had made bags for candy, nuts and pop corn. Indian children, with expectation in their dark eyes, waited for their names to be called. Then what a thrill filled their little hearts as they grasped the bundle of gifts that was their very own! Surely the kind benefactors, at this sight of joy, would say to themselves: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

# Border

Charles D.

One day this year, in middle Springtime, an old Chinese lady whose family has just begun to cross the line from paganism—because of a daughter's proposed marriage—brought her son to me to be cured at all costs. He had what is called the *P'i-k'wai*. Now the *P'i-k'wai* looks for all the world like the jaundice, only far more dangerous. The savants tell us (though the mother blames the poor old devil) that the sickness is due to a microbe or insect that attacks the liver and then the poor victim becomes so yellow that full-bloomed Chinese appear to belong to the white race in comparison. Of course, the mother wanted her son to become a full-fledged Christian, or Catholic, immediately—to drive out the devil. As the boy was still up and around, and fairly insufficient in knowledge of Christian Doctrine, I postponed the case and promised to visit the family in a few days. I did so. And then the devil, or his first cousin, had taken possession of the mother. The boy was lying on his mat on the floor extremely sick; but I was flatly refused admittance either to speak to him or to baptize him. At length after much prevailing on the part of my catechist, the mother yielded with the secret hope that by some magic Baptism would cure her child. But my poor self being no miracle worker, it didn't. Nevertheless I went away in my secret triumph, as the boy seemed to have had very fine dispositions for Baptism.

The day following I paid another visit to bring Holy Viaticum to the boy. Another flat refusal. Shortly after Baptism the boy had had a hemorrhage and spit blood, and so the Baptism was to blame. The mother then called in a sorcerer, and believing the witch had helped some, was afraid that I might break the spell. I did manage eventually to give the boy his first and last Communion, for he died a few days later, the mother and all her friends believing I had helped him to do so. The boy, I sincerely hope, is with the Angels, but I am afraid the rest of the family will never come near the Church again. The border lines of Christianity received a dent in that sector.

NOT, however, in all sectors, even in similar circumstances. A short time later, a very earnest father of a family, a catechumen, who had learned that paganism was false and had absorbed much about the Catholic Faith, lay dying from a sunstroke or a heart attack. My inexperience in things medical could not discern which. His brother, but recently baptized, called me to the mortal bedside.

The man was breathing heavily, his eyes staring, and was powerless to speak. I announced to him in my best Chinese that the priest was come and would baptize him. I then tried to make with him or for him an Act of Contrition. He appeared to understand what was said. Baptism forthwith was administered with all the ceremonies; at the end of which he seemed to smile or rather laugh. Then, in virtue of special missionary powers, I confirmed him. As I raised my eyes from the ritual during the last prayer, I noticed that all respiration had just ceased; his distended form was limp: he was dead. Here was victory number one on pagan land. It seemed as if good Providence had permitted him to live just long enough to receive these life-giving and strengthening sacraments—and no longer. He had no need of Extreme Unction. I felt like falling on my knees in adoration of God's great mercy to his unknown Chinese in an unknown village in one of the most unknown parts of China.

But not so the pagan relatives. They said I poisoned him on putting the blessed salt into his mouth. Others said that his brother was to blame. This brother had recently built a thatched hut close by without the least regard for sorcery or superstition! What else could you expect but sickness and death from such a way of acting! The immediate mem-



*A veteran missionary friend visits one of Father Simons' Christian families on the Haichow Border.*



*Young Haichow smiles an invitation to more missionaries and more assistance for a "Border Mission."*

**B**ORDER incidents are numerous in the East where boundaries are vague and sensibilities are keen. They are of two kinds: those that cause a profusion of bullets and those that cause a profusion of words. Border incidents between Russia and Manchuria, during the first four and one half months of this year, attained the prodigious number of eighty-two. Fortunately, these incidents caused more words than bullets.

We are not going to speak about Manchurian border incidents. They are as unvaried, as uninteresting, as the plots in cheap novels. There are other incidents far more interesting. They happen along the border line of paganism and Christianity. They are as varied as the souls of men. As individualized as their characters. Manchurian incidents always make people worry. These other incidents sometimes make you worry, and sometimes make you happy. And their number is legion. Here are just a few.



# Incidents

Simons, S.J.

bers of the family did not heed such silliness, however. They, with very creditable firmness, entrenched themselves on the Christian side of the border. They consequently had Requiem Mass said for the poor, or rather happy, fellow, and had him buried in the presence of the priest and with all the rites of the Church. Not a vestige of superstition, so dear to paganized family traditions, except—and always an exception!—someone had to get hold of a lighted lantern and lead the procession to the grave! Of course, how else could the soul find its way to the tomb unless someone lighted up the way?

ASSISTING this poor pagan on his death-bed carries me back, by contrast, to my first sick call as a priest. The sick person was a young girl, near Shanghai, of an "old Catholic family" that had kept the Faith for over three centuries: since the time that Ricci had pushed the Christian lines into China. The girl was hardly twenty, fair to behold, and one might say with every prospect of a happy Chinese life . . . about she was in the last stages of consumption and she knew it. Having learned her condition, I endeavored the best I could to console her. My Chinese was stammering, but she understood. From her lips, so used to chanting, as the Chinese do, their prayers, there fell, so sweetly and with such indescribable faith: *Zu-bie T'ie-tus*. "As God wishes." She was perfectly ready; God had been the keepsake of her family in the midst of persecution and misery; God was soon to be hers physically in Holy Communion, and God was soon to be her unparting possession for eternity. What more natural than: "As God wishes"?

This living Faith is not however the exclusive heritage of "old Christians." Another young lady far from the land of "old Christians" had asked insistently for Baptism. She knew Catholic doctrine so well, that for some time she had been instructing catechumens. I had to refuse, however, as she had been espoused by her parents to a pagan and moreover was near the marriageable age: or near the age when they "go out of their home" as the Chinese phrase puts it. She insisted, and I retorted:

"If your future husband does not come to the catechumenate, I cannot baptize you."

"If he will not come, I will not go," she tersely put it. And that settled the matter.

THIS example, though invigorating, is not so touching as that of Tsan-mei and her two sisters. An epidemic of measles had broken out in the girls' school. It was considered necessary to stop classes and send home all who had not fallen sick. Tsan-mei and her sisters were still well, but they begged to remain. They confided to the Chinese Sisters that their family was very poor and that when at home they were forced to steal to keep a few vegetables in the family pot. And they knew that to steal was a sin, and they did not want to commit sin! It mattered little to them whether they caught the measles or not.

Such hatred of sin sometimes gives birth to heroic courage. Little Saint Agnes of Rome died for her queenly virtue only to live undyingly down the centuries even into the heart of China. Last year, while the waters of China's two giant rivers were flooding a great part of the country, a band of brigands in northern Kiangsu Province swooped down unfettered upon a helpless village. One of their prizes was a young Christian girl, to whom the brigands tried to do violence. With all her might she resisted them while her tongue reviled them. Unable to become masters of her, one of them let off his revolver and wounded her mortally in the breast. When aid finally came, her first words were: "Quick, call

Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., (center) entertains a local Chinese official and his body-guard.



Not a brigand! Just a sample Haichow catechumen.

Father Sou!" When the Father arrived where she lay—for no one had dared to touch her—he found her on the ground in the little family hut, in the midst of her own blood. The Father bent reverently over the dying martyr:

"Father Sou," she whispered, "I am going to die, but I did not want to sin."

And so the missionary has his consoling "Border Incidents" and those that are not consoling,—but with God's grace he keeps pushing on. The work of making Christians, Catholics, is not so quick and easy as some people imagine. To start from absolute zero in order supernaturally to arrive at a working knowledge of religious truths is very slow work. A year—at least an "apostolic year"—is required in this mission among the Chinese before catechumens are admitted to Baptism. Hence those who come in the Autumn for the first time, cannot hope for Baptism before the following Spring at the earliest; and those who come during the Spring time must wait at least until Autumn.



Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., (center) entertains a local Chinese official and his body-guard.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

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**A** MERICAN Jesuit Missionaries from North, South, East and West join the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS in extending to all of our readers heartiest wishes for a Happy Christmas filled with abundant blessings from the Divine Babe.



## We Celebrate Our Tenth

**A**S the presses roll out this December issue of JESUIT MISSIONS we are rounding out our tenth year. In January, 1927, the modest twenty page first edition made its bow to the public as "A Magazine of Apostolic Endeavor" published in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. The Jesuits of the United States had always had mission interests: in fact, the American Provinces were themselves the outgrowth of missions begun in our Western Hemisphere by European Jesuits. But as the American Provinces grew, they themselves took over mission work in foreign fields. As these works expanded there was felt the need of a magazine that would make known to our Catholic people the mission work being done by their American Jesuits and would encourage more vocations and win much needed prayerful and financial aid.

And so JESUIT MISSIONS was launched. Development and expansion came with the years, until the magazine had increased to a thirty-two page monthly issued in its present form. During the decade just passed, the number of readers has multiplied and the magazine has found its way into many hands. As was to be expected, the depression years found some friends no longer able to carry their subscriptions, and our lists suffered somewhat of a slump—only to increase again during the last two or three years.

Through the instrumentality of the magazine many friends were won for our missions, and these have given both prayerful and financial support. Vocations to the Religious Life have been fostered through the reading of JESUIT MISSIONS, and we have had reports of Re-

ligious who feel that, next to the grace of God, they owe their vocation to what they read and saw in the magazine.

For all of this we are most grateful to God and we know that our readers will join us in our *Te Deum* to the good Lord. Without Him we could have done nothing.

Throughout the years of its existence, JESUIT MISSIONS, except in time of great disaster in three of the missions, has eliminated direct appeals from its articles. Some voices were raised in protest at this, but we feel that the majority of friends and readers rather preferred the method of approach wherein the missionary told his story without the "Gimme" note attached to it. Sympathetic readers could easily enough read between the lines and were generous from time to time in forwarding help. Perhaps direct appeals would bring in more money, but would we achieve our purpose of mission education and would we, in the final analysis, hold as many to the cause? The question is debatable, but we have a feeling that our readers want the tone of JESUIT MISSIONS to continue as it is.

We are, in our January issue, making a few changes—none in tone and policy—which we hope will meet with interested approval. Let us know how you like them—or dislike them. So watch for the first number of volume eleven.

Our hope is, too, that as we pass our tenth milepost, our readers will make a united effort to give us a birthday gift in the form of a new subscription from each reader. We know you will pardon the "direct request" for a birthday present. However, if you can enlist one additional friend in the cause of JESUIT MISSIONS, we wish to assure you of our own deep gratitude and also that of our missionaries. We're willing to have our office flooded during the next few weeks with "Tenth Birthday Gift Subscriptions."

New friends will mean that many more people will be praying for our missions and, we hope, will send us occasional offerings for those missions. What a consolation to know that you are sharing in the great advance of Christ's Kingdom in the missions cared for by our American Jesuits! Think how your prayers and alms will travel around the world to our missionaries in Alaska, British Honduras, China, Jamaica, Iraq, Patna, India, the Philippine Islands, Ceylon, and among our American and Canadian Indians.

These missionaries, after all, are the source of interest in JESUIT MISSIONS. They furnish the striking articles and the attractive pictures. They take out time from their crowded days to keep us Editors informed of progress and happenings in their respective fields. Without their cooperation we simply could not give you the world view and the world news you get at first hand in the magazine. And so we know you will do what you can to further the work of JESUIT MISSIONS, conscious that in helping here you are helping God's work carried on in missions in every quarter of the globe.

And so we are launching the second decade of JESUIT MISSIONS, trusting in God's continued help and guidance and confident of the abiding interest and support of our many mission friends. To be sure, we shall be grateful for that "Tenth Birthday Gift Subscription."

# THE MISSION INTENTION

## Financial Collaboration of Neophytes on the Missions

THAT a nation's patronage has at times proved useful for the founding of the Church in a foreign mission land no one conversant with the history of Catholic missions would deny. That this patronage should never interfere with the spiritual jurisdiction exercised from Rome, all will again agree. Moreover, according to the mind of the Church, this patronage must be merely temporary. Let it last while the need lasts, but let it be the duty of the evangelizing nation to remove the need at the earliest opportunity. To foster the need in order to settle in a new land a permanent foreign hierarchy is a policy repeatedly condemned by Rome. For, as lately noted by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, successive Popes have ever held aloft before their missionary sons the apostolic ideal of a native hierarchy functioning at the head of an economically self-sustaining Church.

Therefore, though the mission personnel will of necessity be foreign for a time, native collaboration both with men and with money is the ideal. This financial cooperation on the part of the newly baptized Christians has been recommended by leading missionaries for years. To cite merely a few. Father Schmidlin in his "Catholic Mission Theory" notes how Cardinal Lavignerie recommends that every effort should be made to render the individual stations self-supporting as soon as possible and to create the necessities of life on the spot. The Cameroon Synod of 1906 decreed that the Superiors should strive to advance ever nearer to a position of self-support by obtaining as large a proportion as possible of the missionary means in their own territories. The Hong Kong Synod of 1909 directed that a productive reserve fund should be created for the future needs of the missions and provision thus be made not only for present temporal conditions of the missions but also for future contingencies. The Synod of Ningpo (1868) recommended that as a step towards independent parish foundations and to provide support for the missionary, the chapels should be gradually endowed by donations, legacies, collections, and offerings (especially in the case of new buildings). Gonet recommended the investment of all donations in buildings, and this advice has been endorsed by other Jesuits and by members of the Milan and Steyl Societies.

In accordance, therefore, with these specific prescriptions, His Holiness recommends in the Mission Intention for December that converts on the missions collaborate financially towards the support of Divine worship. In the concrete, this includes the construction of mission churches, parish residences, seminaries and schools, donations of vestments, altar linens and appointments and whatever else may be necessary. It is impossible for foreign Catholics, the personal friends of the missionaries, or even for the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, to defray all the expenses of a foreign mission in a foreign land. In tribute to the generosity of our converts, be it said that their prayer runs often thus: "Silver and gold I have none but what I have I give." They have caught the spirit, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." A native hierarchy and an economically self-sustaining Church is our objective.

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Progressive Stay-at-Homes

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

JESUIT MISSIONS is the most fascinating Mission publication that comes within my sphere; not only fascinating, but inspiring, particularly to one whose vocation lies in fields other than actual missionary work. There are many ways in which we "stay-at-homes" can participate efficaciously in Mission Catholic Action.

That Catholic magazines, pamphlets, periodicals, are of unspeakable value to priests in distant stations is proved by the successful apostolate being conducted by the Catholic Press. Through this free distribution of reading matter in India, China, Japan, Africa, the Philippines, many people are reached who otherwise might be ignorant of the teachings of the Church. Incidentally, such magazines are a source of joy to our priests, during recreation hours, and keep them in contact with all the news of the Catholic world. Mission libraries and reading circles are greatly in need of books and publications for adults and children. Leper colonies and hospitals afford excellent opportunities for spreading the Kingdom of Christ on earth. Aside from this, articles of devotion are also greatly welcomed, rosary beads, medals, prayer books, holy cards and religious goods for use in the church.

The Jesuit college at Kurseong, India, conducts a most successful remailing bureau from which literature is regularly sent to libraries, colleges, universities, reading rooms. In this manner, many highly educated pagans, and others outside the Church, are given their first introduction to Christianity. Consider this branch of Catholic Action thoughtfully, and plan your own little campaign! Parochial and Catholic high school youths could accomplish unlimited good by forming remailing clubs and thereby assist in bringing the knowledge of Christ into the lives of those who know Him not. Names and addresses of such missions will be gladly furnished upon request, and you will be interested to know that mailing expenses are very moderate.

Another point. Christmas is coming, and you could make some priest and his mission people very happy by sending a surprise gift-box!

Providence, R. I.

DORIS ANNE DORAN.

The forwarding address of the Jesuit college in India mentioned by the writer is "The Catholic Press Service, St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D. H. Ry., India." The Catholic Press Service has for its object the placing of Catholic literature in the chief centers of intellectual life in India. It includes in its lists 310 non-Catholic editors, 134 universities and colleges, 58 public libraries and reading rooms, and 57 clubs and other institutions. To these it has distributed during the past year some 20,000 pieces of Catholic literature: newspapers, magazines and pamphlets. Other forwarding addresses of missionaries in various parts of the world will be furnished gladly to those who wish to write to Desk E, Jesuit Mission Press, Inc., 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Our American Jesuit missionaries can make good use of the literature remailed to them. Send it to them directly, writing your name and address on the outside of the bundle.

## More Light on Ganabatch

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

I just received JESUIT MISSIONS for October 1936, and was very much interested to read an article entitled, "Perhaps," written by Reverend Timothy Dwyer, S.J. "Perhaps" or "Ganabatch" in Indian, is the name of a small Indian mission near Cutler. Will you allow me to write a few lines on the subject? I have been told many times that about the year 1884 or 1885, there were a good number of men near Cutler building the C. P. R. line between Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie. These workers were often in contact with Indians living in the neighborhood and asked them questions about the condition of the ground. And the Indians, not knowing English very well, answered most of the time: "Ganabatch, ganabatch," (Perhaps, perhaps). So the working men concluded that those Indians likely came from a place called "Ganabatch," because when answering, they were pointing ahead with their finger. Then, it is not any wonder that the workers called that station, "Ganabatch," not knowing at the time, it meant, "Perhaps."

Garden River, Ont., Canada. (REV.) ERNEST COMTE, S.J.



# Jesuit Missions

Editorial & Business Offices  
257 FOURTH AVE.  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Friend of JESUIT MISSIONS,

As Time beckons to 1936 to pass into history it brings another Christmas to us. Just twelve months ago I addressed all the friends of JESUIT MISSIONS and expressed my sincere appreciation of the cooperation we Editors had received from you in the way of subscriptions to the magazine, gifts and Mass offerings for the missionaries, and prayers for our "Foreign Legion."

The occasion of my letter last December was the tenth year of JESUIT MISSIONS. If we had reason for gratitude at the beginning of our tenth year, I assure you we have still greater reason for gratitude at the end of that same tenth year.

Because I never have the opportunity to meet the thousands of you whom I address as "Friend"; because I seldom have the occasion to write a really personal letter to many of you, at this time I shall try to make up for the lack of personal contact with you, and shall further try to give a real and lasting proof of my gratitude.

I am going to give you the best possible personal Christmas present. Beginning on December 17th, and each day thereafter till Christmas day itself I shall offer Mass for you. This Novena of Masses will be for you and your intentions, for your dear ones living and dead, for your friends and relatives, for subscribers and readers alike of JESUIT MISSIONS, for those who are with us now and those who have ceased to be with us either by reason of death or other cause.

The Novena of Masses is my Christmas present to you. And I give it in gratitude for all you have done for JESUIT MISSIONS. May you and yours have a truly holy and happy Christmas.

May I add just one word of petition to my expression of gratitude? Will you please read my letter of December first, mailed to every subscriber, and answer it to the best of your ability? May God bless you abundantly.

Faithfully in our Lord,

(Rev.) E. PAUL AMY, S.J.  
Business Editor.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., writes from Our Lady of Lourdes Mission among the Sioux Indians at Porcupine, South Dakota:

"There is the sound of children's voices and shouts of laughter at Our Lady of Lourdes Mission today. It is the second day of school. The Indian children are glad to be back where they can obtain at least one good meal a day. The Sisters have been busy preparing for them and our little day school and our boarding school are very attractive.

"Perhaps the people of the country are tired of hearing about the drought of South Dakota. It surely has been terrible. The grasshoppers did as much harm or more than the lack of moisture. The gardens in this district are a complete failure. The pastures are burned to a crisp. Just within the last week we obtained enough rain to fill the water holes and to prevent the suffering from thirst of our horses and cattle.

"Only yesterday, the WPA work was opened for the married Indian men. Many of them have been idle since last March. You can well imagine what poverty exists among them. It is a mystery to us how they have kept alive. It is no wonder that the little children have come back to us with a ravenous appetite. Their clothing is unusually shabby. Already, the nights are turning cold and we shall have to supply warm clothing for all our children.

"I have charge of four chapels and the poor people of these four districts look to me for help and encouragement in their great affliction and poverty. When a new child is born to a family, they ask us for clothing. When young or old die, they plead for a dress or suit of clothes to prepare the corpse for burial. The wages that will come in from the WPA will be needed for food. The poor Indians will need help in the way of warm clothing for the cold Winter months ahead."

\* \* \*

Father Joseph Balfe, S.J., formerly Superior at St. Paul's Mission in Montana, has been transferred to Missoula, Montana, where he will be Pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church.

\* \* \*

Father Gabriel Menager, S.J., suc-

ceeds Father Balfe as Superior at St. Paul's Mission. Father Charles O'Brien, S.J., takes over the Indian mission work at Rocky Boy among the Cree and Chippewa Indians of Montana. Father John T. Corbett, S.J., has been assigned to St. Paul's Mission.

## CHINA

After consulting the annual parish statistics, Father John A. Lennon, S.J., reports that in his Sacred Heart Parish in Shanghai, there are 3,701 Chinese and 2,883 foreigners; 69,983 confessions were registered while 242,094 received Holy Communion; 3,039 boys and 2,066 girls attended parish schools. Of this number 1,222 are Catholics and 3,883 are non-Catholics. Of this total again 4,226 are Chinese, and 879 of foreign or mixed parentage.

\* \* \*

After five years of patient effort, Gonzaga College, conducted by the California Jesuits in Shanghai, has received Government recognition. This recognition is not readily granted and the process of securing it is a prolonged one. Not many years ago, the Chinese Government welcomed with open arms any attempt to increase educational facilities and considered this work an important step in forwarding the "Three Principles" so necessary for China's reconstruction. As a result, there are at present 600 Middle Schools and almost 1,000 Junior



Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., of the Province of Upper Canada, missionary at Wikwemikong, Ontario.

Middle Schools in Shanghai alone. Recently the local Bureau of Education decreed that no more schools were to be opened and that those existing should need certain requirements to be officially recognized. Diplomas issued by recognized schools bear a special Government seal which must be shown before one may take even the entrance examination of a Government university. Furthermore, without this seal, it is impossible to enter the Customs Service, Transportation, Postal Service, in fact, any training schools whose object is civil employment. Hence it is not difficult to see why the question of Government recognition has been one of the grave concerns at Gonzaga College and why at present there is such great joy there over the recognition.

\* \* \*

American Marines and Shanghai civilians have shown their approval of the Holy Name Society supervised by Father Stanislaus J. Fitzgerald, S.J., in Shanghai. The meetings are well attended and the monthly Communion Sundays have produced an edifying turn-out of Catholic men.

\* \* \*

The following changes among the personnel of the Süchow Mission, administered by the Jesuits of Lower Canada, have gone into effect.

Father Joseph Courchesne, S.J., Superior of the Mission, also becomes pastor of the Cathedral at Süchow.

Adrian Lavarière, S.J., is prefect at the new college, and Gabriel Brossard, S.J., is director of the central school of Süchow.

Father Alphonse Dubé, S.J., Father Louis J. Primeau, S.J., and Brother John Bédard, S.J., go to Sutsien.

Father Emile Muller, S.J., is pastor at Taitalow.

Father Alphonse Boileau, S.J., and Brother Paul Saint-Jean, S.J., are stationed at Yangchwangtsi.

Maurice Belhumeur, S.J., is a student in theology at the scholasticate, Zi-ka-wei, and Brother Aza Souigny, S.J., becomes infirmarian there.

Father Oscar Doyon, S.J., is professor of English in the Catholic University of Tientsin, cared for by the French Jesuits of the Champagne Province.

## BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., sends the following interesting news

items from British Honduras.

"*Diario De Yucatan*, the daily newspaper of Merida, Yucatan, in one of its June issues announced in large letters the death of Reverend Pastor Molina, S.J., who for the past twenty years has been living and working among the people of Merida, Yucatan, his native city. The Mission of British Honduras remembers him gratefully and lovingly as the priest who came into this Mission and worked here for twenty-six years. His ready knowledge of Spanish and his fluency in his native Maya, as well as ability to use the King's English which he learned while a Scholastic in the United States, all admirably fitted him for the zealous energetic life he lived during his stay on this Mission. He was loved by the people of Merida in his old age, and is fondly remembered by the older Indians and Spanish people of the Belize, Orange Walk and Corozal districts of this colony.

\* \* \*

"At the beginning of the school year three boys, former graduates of the Mission's tiny St. John's College, entered seminaries to begin their studies for the native diocesan clergy. Two entered St. Augustine's in Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, and the other began his philosophical studies at the College of the Propaganda in Rome. One lad, who has been working in the Padre's house at Benque Viejo or at Belize for the past several years, answered the

call of Christ to become a postulant as a Jesuit Brother. Two girls entered the novitiate for native girls, and one went off to New Orleans to join the Community of the Holy Family Sisters. Two Academy girls, one from Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the other from Toledo, Ohio, looked deeply into the Eyes of Christ, and turned their backs on the clamorous, glamorous pleasures of the world and forewent the comparative comforts of the modern novitiates of Religious Sisters in the States, to embrace missionary life in British Honduras from the very beginning of their religious life. Hence, on August 29, Miss Carmelita Mullen and Miss Clara Reger entered the novitiate of the Pallotine Missionary Sisters at Punta Gorda, British Honduras.

\* \* \*

"Brother John Jacoby, S.J., went up to the States for a little visit after his nine years on the Mission. Strange visit, which turned out to be six months in the hospital. But now he is back to his Boy Scouts and his work at St. John's College, after having returned through Mexico where he learned some first hand details of the work of the persecution there. Father David Hickey, S.J., fared better on his short visit to the States, his first in ten years. He also is back with his sleeves rolled up ready to busy himself about the many activities that occupy the Pastor of the Cathedral Parish in Belize. Father William Bennett, S.J., is now breath-

ing the cool air of the States after twelve years in the tropics. Previous to this last stay in this Mission, Father Bennett was chaplain to the English soldiers in Bombay. His mission activities began when as a young Scholastic he came to British Honduras and worked with the popular Father William "Buck" Stanton, S.J.

\* \* \*

"Both to honor their Heavenly King and to make reparation to Him for the outrages now being committed against Him and His Church, the men of Holy Redeemer Parish, Belize, united in a splendid demonstration on the feast of Christ the King. There was an outdoor Eucharistic Procession about the parish grounds and school campus. Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament was given at the three altars erected by the men or college sodalists of the parish. No feminine hand had anything to do with the artistic embellishments of these altars, and to impress upon even the most incredulous of the Spanish women that the male members of the parish were in control of this manifestation of loyal manly piety, flower boys took the place of the customary flower girls in the Eucharistic Procession. The day opened with a general Communion of Reparation for all the men of the parish. This day marked the close of the men's novena in honor of Christ the King, preached by Fathers Hickey and Schaefer."

#### PATNA, INDIA

Father Henry P. Milet, S.J., one of the first veteran Jesuits who arrived in Patna in 1921, is still working vigorously in the Mission. He writes from St. Joseph's Church, Jamalpur, E.I. Ry., India:

"Perhaps you can find use for this little incident as my young correspondents are very keen on snake stories. 'Give us a dozen,' one wrote, 'and make 'em hot.'

"I don't know whether there is a shortage in the market, or that even the snakes are feeling the depression. but I was remarking to some one recently that I had no snake experiences for quite a long while.

"But India is the land of surprises and thrills. Just when you least expect it, something is likely to turn up. So only the other night, the even tenor of my life got a jolt that might have put it out of gear completely. However, God is good, and St. Patrick is ever vigilant, so I came off with merely a thrill.

"The scene was my sleeping porch, at the zero hour. Lights out. Just as I closed the last door, I heard something flop at my feet. Fortunately, I had an electric torch in my hand and immediately turned it on to see a young karait wriggling away, and a half eaten lizard lying dead at my feet. In less time than it takes to tell, I had a stick, which we always keep handy, and fin-



Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., with a group of Carib teachers and catechists of British Honduras assembled for a retreat at Punta Gorda, May 14 to 18, 1936.

shed off the snake. He had evidently climbed the door, a favorite trick of theirs, and must have been perched on it with his lizzard. The closing of the door swept them off. 'Handle with care' seems to be the proper label over here for all doors, especially after dark. The karait is one of the most effective in preventing the over population of India. I was certainly thankful to the Lord that the beast missed me in his fall from the door. There is a tradition here that St. Francis Xavier conducts a special protectorate over missionaries against wild beasts and snakes, but I rely on St. Patrick for the snakes."

\* \* \*

Writing during the Summer from Catholic Mission, Champanagar P.O., Bhagalpur, India, Father James A. Creane, S.J., says:

"It is impossible for me to write you at any great length this morning. For I am scheduled to leave shortly for Gokhla, where I am to meet my catechists from all sides, listen to their accounts of achievements and prospects, pay their monthly salaries and give them an instruction and further directions in their apostolate.

"Two of them reported a few days ago that a whole village of Paharias are ready and clamoring for Baptism. I hope to see them next week and, please God, baptize the village *en masse*. In various other places, too, there are little groups waiting for the saving waters. The difficulty is to get around to them. Everywhere there are hopes among the lower castes. Though we have a fair number of catechists in the field, they are far, far too few to cover the territory anything like adequately. As a consequence, much of it must lie fallow for the time being. And let us hope that many generous souls with God's cause at heart will come to the rescue and enable us to send forth many more laborers into the vineyard.

"For truly this seems to be a day of grace and great spiritual opportunities for India. There is great ferment and excitement all over, due to the threat of the Depressed Classes to leave Hinduism and join some other religion, where they will get equality and protection. What will come of it all, God only knows. But surely it behooves us Catholics to keep our eyes open and make the most of the situation. Protestants, Sikhs and Mohammedans are all intensely active, trying to lure the Depressed Classes to join their religion. Can we, who have the truth, be less energetic?

"Do please sound the clarion cry to all Catholic America. Tell them of the new situation which has arisen in India. We need their cooperation,—their prayers, and their alms, and (of those who can give it) their time, talent, labor and lives. To all, India is sending forth her Macedonian call: 'Come over and help us.' Who will be their St. Pauls?

"Only a little over a month ago the representatives of sixty millions (the Depressed Classes) gathered in conference in one of India's largest cities and asked the various religious bodies of India to send delegates to expound their doctrines and present their claims for a following. The purpose of this was, so the invitation stated, that they might better choose which religion to adopt. At the end of that famous conference, all the delegates of the Depressed Classes present were unanimous in this decision to leave Hinduism. But they decided to take a year for further study lest their choice be too hasty and later regretted.

"Meantime they are organizing and holding meetings all over India to stir up their followers to act in unison. Already conversions to Christianity are speeding up in many places and a spirit of discontent and unrest in Hinduism is beginning to show itself among the so-called 'Untouchables' everywhere.

"So with all these facts staring us in the face how can we—you and I and the whole Catholic world,—sit idle? If ever there were a call to Catholic Action, it is right here in India now."

## ALASKA

From Tununak, Nelson Island, Alaska, Father Paul Deschout, S.J., writes under date of June 22:

"It is a real pleasure for me to be able to let you know that I am back in God's country. I left Seattle May 27 on a small motorship called the *Meteor* and after thirteen days and thirteen nights of travelling on the waters of the Pacific and the Bering Sea, I reached Tununak June 9. The trip north was fairly pleasant except when crossing the Gulf of Alaska. Here I got seasick and was unable to say Mass aboard.

"The Eskimos were glad to have their Pastor back with them, but then their Pastor was surely happy to be back with his flock. A whole year these good people had been without a priest save for a couple of visits from the neighboring priest at Hooper Bay, Father John P. Fox, S.J. The day of my arrival I heard confessions till way late in the night, and the next morning the whole village was seen at the Communion rail. The faith of these Nelson Islanders is edifying. Ever since I came back here, the whole crowd practically are daily church goers. Let's hope they keep up that fervor.

"I brought along from the States the lumber and other material for the building of our new Tununak church. This will keep me quite busy this Summer. It will be a modest building of twenty by forty feet, but then for these simple folks an edifice of that size is quite an addition to their town.

"I will be glad to hear from you again, my dear Father, just as before my Tertianship. I did not write during the ten months of novitiate, and you know why,—not, however, that you were out of my mind. Allow me here to thank you once again for all you have done for me and my district of Nelson Island. God bless you and reward you. Nor am I forgetting you in my poor prayers.

"My correspondence is bound to be irregular as we have no post office here on the Island. Still, each time I have a chance I will be only too glad to drop you a note."

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Writing from Nome, Alaska, under date of September 8, Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., the apostle of King Island, gives a consoling message to relieve the somewhat discouraging lines which appeared in these columns in our October issue.



Some of the Chicago Province missionaries in Patna, India. Picture taken on June 1, 1936. Seated, left to right: Fathers John J. Meyer, S.J.; Henry P. Milet, S.J.; Very Rev. Aloysius Rohde, S.J. (Official Visitor at the time); Fathers Augustine Forster, S.J., and James A. Creane, S.J. Standing, left to right: Fathers Charles D. McAleese, S.J.; Edward A. Scott, S.J.; Brother Stephan Gerard, S.J.; Fathers James R. Gibbons, S.J.; Charles P. Miller, S.J.; Walter E. Marquard, S.J.; Francis I. Stoy, S.J., and Paul L. Frank, S.J.

"Your Reverence will undoubtedly learn with pleasure that my flock, the King Islanders, will be fairly well provided for the Winter. When we came from the Island, the Summer outlook was very bad. They had very little ivory and only four steamers were to be unloaded, and they saw no other way of making the money they needed. Before we came here seeing that they were somewhat dejected, I told them to trust God's Providence and behave perfectly. He would find for them the opportunities they needed. Hardly were they through with working the little ivory they had, when one of them found in a warehouse, under a pile of rubbish, about three hundred pounds of ivory. The owner of the warehouse had forgotten all about it. Soon the King Islanders were informed, and shelling together, they bought the whole thing, and kept on working. In less than three weeks that ivory was carved and sold, when lo! two schooners came with about seven hundred pounds of fossil and white ivory. They will have work till the Fall. In the same time the women have been working steadily at moccasins and sold quite a few of them. But some cannot carve nor sew any more. They are pretty near the end of their trail. Their hands are numb, their sight impaired, they need help. Their folk do the best they can, but they cannot supply them with all they need. Kindly pray for me and for them."

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Word has been received that on October 3, Father Joseph Tomkin, S.J., died at Fairbanks, Alaska. Father Tomkin had been transferred from Holy Cross Mission to Fairbanks on account of a weak heart. He was formerly the Superior at Holy Cross. He is suc-

ceeded there by Father Francis B. Prange, S.J. Father George Endal, S.J., a recent arrival in Alaska, is also stationed at Holy Cross.

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Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., who has been stationed at Nome, Alaska, will spend the Winter on Diomed Island to complete the church there which Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., had begun. During Father Cunningham's absence, Father Lafortune will divide his time between Nome and King Island.

### IRAQ

Apropos of the persecution of Catholics in Spain, the following note from Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., stationed at Baghdad College may be of interest:

"I collected eight dollars from the British Royal Air Forces of Baghdad of which I am Chaplain; seven dollars from our boys at Baghdad College; and seven dollars from the Jesuits at Baghdad College. I sent these twenty-two dollars to the 'Catholic Universe Fund' of London, that is being gathered together from British and Irish subjects by *The Universe*, Britain's Catholic newspaper. Already more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of medical supplies have been forwarded to the Spanish Catholic Nationalists."

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Austin V. Dowd, S.J., stationed temporarily at Catholic Mission, Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I., writes of his new appointment:

"For scenery and climate, Malaybalay is very good. Blankets must be used always at night; sweating is at a minimum, but the one drawback is the almost perpetual rain. I was up

there last week for the Parish Eucharistic Congress, and it rained every afternoon. This makes the roads around the little town a quagmire; it makes the roof of our church leak, and there you are. The Congress was a glorious success, a real visitation from on high. Father Joseph Lucas and Father Frederick Henfling, who knew the place of old, said that it was almost unbelievable to see so many in church, so many at Communion, to see an open air Mass on the Plaza, with nearly the whole town there. Years ago these people had a priest who visited here frequently. But for the last fifteen years there has been no resident priest and several Protestant ministers have wrought indifference among the people. However, there is a great revival of Faith all over the Islands; especially noteworthy in the great number of young men who are going to the sacraments. I think that it has penetrated even here. Besides, Father Lucas has worked wonders himself, so that except for poverty, I will be all set. I mean the indifference has gone; Faith has returned, and the people at least in Malaybalay are very friendly.

"Malaybalay is a curious town. It is situated in the heart of the Bukidnon Province, one of the non-Christian provinces, yet, if what I have been told, is true the Spanish Fathers must have baptized nearly the whole province. However, except for marriage and Baptism, there was nothing further done, because they had to clear out and could not follow up their work. Why they had to leave, I cannot quite understand. Perhaps it was a shortage of men. I believe their headquarters were to the south of Malaybalay, at Maramig, or Valencia, but they moved them to Sumilao, another mystery, because this town is off the main road. That was around twenty years ago, and until Father Lucas came here nearly three years ago, there never has been a resident priest. Fathers Joseph McGowan and Frederick Henfling visited here at infrequent intervals, probably about once a month. Father Walter Hamilton lived here for more than a month, and Father Augustine Consunji came up here and went with the Governor on one of his trips. He was able to stay long enough at little hamlets to catechize, baptize and marry many of the mountain people, that is, Bukidnons, Manobos, Bagabos. That was before Father Lucas settled here. For the last fifteen years this place, because of the lack of priests, has been a happy hunting ground for some Protestants, but while they have succeeded in gaining but a few converts, they have perhaps made many of the Catholics indifferent. However, as I said before, the Eucharistic Congress has paved the way now for a revival."

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Father James E. Haggerty, S.J., who returned to the Philippines this year,



*Very Rev. John Fahy, S.J., Provincial of the Vice-Province of Australia, on a visit of inspection to the Jesuit Missions in the Philippines, with a group of American and Filipino Jesuits. Seated, left to right: Fathers Martin O'Shaughnessy, S.J.; Alfred Kienle, S.J.; Vincent I. Kennally, S.J.; Very Rev. John Fahy, S.J.; David Daly, S.J.; Walter Hamilton, S.J.; Joseph Reith, S.J. Standing, left to right: Brother Manuel Pascua, S.J.; Brother John E. Abrams, S.J.; Fathers James E. Haggerty, S.J.; George Kirchgessner, S.J.; Andrew A. Cervini, S.J.; Austin V. Dowd, S.J.; Brother Columbus Jabar, S.J.; Ralph M. O'Neill, S.J.*

writes from El Salvador, Tagnipa, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"For the first week down here in Mindanao I was secretary to Very Rev. Father John Fahy, S.J., visitor to the Philippine Islands, and Provincial of Australia. He is a most charming gentleman and most sympathetic. Before going to Australia he was Provincial of Ireland. . . .

"As soon as Mass was over this morning I rushed to a dying woman who died just as I climbed the ladder into the hut. Fortunately, she had received all the sacraments previously. But this afternoon I had to climb upon a little Philippine *caballo* and head seven kilometers up into the mountains to a woman dying of dysentery. The *fiscal*, a sort of sacristan led the way. First we floundered in a carabao-wallow. My horse sank down to his withers, splashing my nice white soutana and white pants with greenish mud, and had to be pulled out. Then we went gayly on. It was a spanking ride. There were the usual mountain trails with slides down into the valleys, then a stream, then the climb up. I really enjoyed it after the mud dried. I heard the woman's confession anointed her and gave her Viaticum, and then was asked to prescribe for her. They had had no doctor. Her son, about twenty-five years old, also needed medical attention. He had run a nail completely through his instep twenty days ago. He applied grass and a dirty bandage. The wound was becoming gangrened. I persuaded him to come down tomorrow on a horse for treatment and see if he could not get into a hospital at Cagayan which is twenty kilometers away. Of course, the Padre is expected to furnish all medicines free.

"I watched with great interest, this morning at nine o'clock, our people line up for the Brother to treat their ills. One wanted to trade a chicken for a dose of salts and, believe it or not, a dose of salts costs just about as much here as a chicken. Another wanted to trade a chicken for a package of 'Wheaties,' for a sick little boy who had seen the ads—how Wheaties make weak little boys strong. All the fathers here are heart and soul in their work and they are making tremendous sacrifices without saying anything about it. But we are all happy. Last year the Communions in Cagayan numbered seventy thousand. Two years ago they numbered thirty-five thousand. Ten years ago when the Americans came, I doubt if there were two thousand a year.

#### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Very Rev. Francis J. Kelly, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, writes in acknowledgement of a gift from JESUIT MISSIONS:

"I really cannot tell you how much we appreciate your kind remembrance and assistance, but I can assure you

that we are deeply and sincerely grateful. You do so much for us, I wish we could do more for you. You may be sure that I will do what I can to encourage and urge the Fathers on the different missions to send you interesting notes or articles.

"Thank you again with all my heart and I earnestly ask God's blessing on the great work you are doing for the missions."

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Father James J. Lyons, S.J., writes from Sacred Heart Rectory, Highgate P. O., Jamaica, B.W.I.:

"Just to remind you that I am still living, I'm sending a note and saying 'Good evening Fadder.' Tonight is one of those Edgar Wallace nights with the rain coming down in torrents, with not a soul on the roads, and with murder stalking the alleys or, I shall say out here in the bush, the cowpaths, for they don't have such things as alleys in the country. But to most missionaries I believe such evenings are conducive to writing to friends who have helped them in their work in a material and spiritual way.

"Today I had one of my most difficult sick calls. I had put up my car for repairs and was silently hoping that no call would come in until my car had been returned. But my hard luck and the difficulties of the journey proved to be good luck and an extraordinary grace to a poor dying woman.

"Just as I settled in my creaking rocker to begin my breviary for the day, a telegram arrived with the brief message, 'Mary dying bring ring for marriage. John.' The person turned out to be one who had been living with a man for over five years with never a thought of marriage. But now, convulsed with pain, tormented by a gnawing conscience, and in her Morphean slumber calling for a priest whom she had never known, she presented a pathetic picture. I'll spare you the details of the arduous trip in

a torrent of rain up at the other end of the world where not even a Ford could climb in first speed. After parking the car at the bottom of the hill after three fruitless attempts to climb the heights I started out on what was said to be 'about a mile' but which to an ordinary American was nearer five. Soaked to the skin I finally arrived at my destination and refused the proffered chair just to keep the blood circulating. The poor woman who had been having convulsions preparatory to the birth of a child was sleeping and muttering incoherent nothings. I was asked if I would wait a while to see if she would awaken, so after an hour's wait (and by this time I was developing a chill), I decided something had to be done. The nurse said that if I used water on the patient the shock would kill her. I told her that a few drops of baptismal water on my fingers and applied gently to the patient would certainly not kill her. After a little argument I prevailed upon her to allow me to baptize the woman and give her a chance for eternal life. After baptizing the woman I anointed her and read the prayers for the dying. I left word with the nurse to make sure the child would be baptized in case there was danger of the child dying. I hope to get up there again tomorrow, for I have a marriage about five miles away from there in my church at Mile Gully. But you can be sure that I am going to get a chauffeur if I have to starve for a week to pay for his wages. One trip like that a month is enough thrill for my jaded nerves."

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Father William T. Butler, S.J., of St. George's College, Winchester Park, has forwarded to JESUIT MISSIONS a press story prepared for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Vicariate Apostolic of Jamaica. We hope to present the substance of this story in the near future to our readers.



Boys of Baghdad in procession after the Christmas Mass held at one of the two Latin churches in Baghdad. At the extreme right is Father William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, celebrant; Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., deacon, and Father Frank A. Sarjeant, S.J., subdeacon.

# The Faith in Batavia

Rt. Rev. Peter Willekens, S.J.

**I**N the November installment of "The Faith in Batavia" the Right Reverend Author traced the propagation of the Faith in the Netherlands East Indies from the first beginnings in the early years of the sixteenth century to the last half of the nineteenth. His Excellency now continues.

Father Verbraak, who had distinguished himself as an organizer of vision and an outstanding missionary, was especially beloved as Chaplain of the Colonial Army in the Netherlands East Indies. Today as a mark of this devotedness his heroic statue commands a central site in the Indian Army headquarters at Bandoeng. In addition to this, two busts have been unveiled, one in his native town of Rotterdam in Holland and the other at Atjeh where throughout the Colonial War, lasting a quarter of a century, he continued as Chaplain for the troops.

In this conquest of these islands of the South Seas, Java, the principal isle of which Batavia is the capital city, was the last to capitulate. Java today has forty-one million inhabitants and perhaps is the most densely populated country in the world. Its origin is ancient in-



*The Rt. Rev. Peter Willekens, S.J., of the Dutch Province of the Society of Jesus, Vicar Apostolic of Batavia, Netherlands East Indies.*

deed and in its history antecedent to its capture by the Dutch, three distinctive cultural strata may be clearly distinguished: an autochthonous Javanese culture, a superstructure of Buddhist art and civilization, of which the famous temple of Borobodur is a distinctive example, and the influence of Mohammedanism. *Cujus regio, ejus et religio*, was true also of Java, and hence, the people followed the religion of their conquerors and adopted the Koran as their bible. It was the influence of the religion of the Prophet that explains the last ditch stand made by Java against the precepts of Catholicism and of Christ. It was as late as the year 1894 before the first Javanese neophytes received Baptism.

**F**ROM 1894, however, due entirely to the miracle of God's grace, Divine Providence ordained that though Java was converted last, nevertheless, it should be the first to show forth the beautiful flowering of the Faith and to produce native priests, for her priests were the first to come to the aid of the missionaries from over the western wave. At present writing, thirty-eight native seminarians are preparing for Holy Orders in the major seminaries, and two hundred and five in the minor. From a material point of view we have, of course, no buildings to compare with the architectural dignity of the temple of Borobodur. Yet, the Catholic cathedral of Batavia is justly acclaimed as one of the finest buildings in the capital. On a more humble scale, of course, we have constructed numerous modern white churches which when seen in the sunlight glisten (Turn to page 308)

*"The Catholic cathedral of Batavia is justly acclaimed as one of the finest buildings in the capital."*



# A Harvest of Happiness

Joseph P.  
Donovan, S.J.

“THE northern lights have seen strange sights,” but with apologies to the poet, we wager that amidst Alaska’s wonders that horrible pyre on the marge of Lake La Barge was not the strangest. What is a bon-fire in a land of marvels and paradoxes, where the stars twinkle all the day, or the sun shines most of the night, where lasting snows cover the hills and beneath them lie buried the fossils of elephants and tropical plants? No wonder those lights play in the starlit vault of Heaven—they reflect from God’s playground of Nature the marvels of His Hand.

Perhaps that is the secret of the Alaskan’s buoyant spirit. If we are happy in the thrill of monotony, and smilingly say “Do it again,” what must be the delight of those living where the unexpected always happens, and Nature seldom “does it” the same way twice? Such may partially account for the Alaskan missionary’s unvarying cheerfulness even in the face of dangers and sufferings. Not unique in this is Father Paul C. O’Connor, S.J. We can catch the note of the unusual, even if hidden by felicitous expression, in Father’s description of his Mission. “Building on tundra land presents quite a problem. The buildings go up and down as the ground melts or freezes. Doors are constantly jammed. Windows, luckily, we seldom have to open. Chinks and cracks are a constant menace, and let me tell you, ventilation on blizzard days is a thing studiously to be avoided if one wishes to keep from freezing.”

THERE is the note of potential hardship behind those words, but shining out beyond them, like the northern lights beyond the piercing cold, is the indomitable disposition—the missionary’s characteristic. It would be folly to attribute that spirit to the thrill alone of living amidst Nature’s prodigies; more sublime reasons are there—the advice of the Master, He Who not only bid, “Go forth and teach all nations,” but had said to His Apostles, “Rejoice and be glad.” That trait is common to all missionaries, whether garbed as mandarins in the imperial court of China, negotiating before the Great Mogul, living in a Cartagena slave market, or following Indian trails through forest wilds.

When, however, we see the smiling faces of the Eskimo natives, we wonder again if Alaska alone is the answer. Those sturdy little peoples, clinging to the slippery outskirts of gay old Mother Earth as she dances about the sun, should as it seems have reasons to be



*A harvest of smiles and a harvest of tall grass are both helpful protection against the hardships of a rigorous Winter.*

dispirited: poverty with its companion disease, sufferings from the rigors of climate, and the thought that even though they taste of the fruits of civilization, it will always be a borrowed delicacy. Most of all, their happiness is due to the example of their Father and the consoling Faith he has brought to them. (Voluntary suffering incites sympathy, then imitation.) No doubt, too, a good explanation for the smiles of these boys and girls is the charity of kind benefactors. Are they grateful? Here is how one of them expressed his appreciation for a pair of skates. (A number of pairs were sent). “Thanks very much for the pair of skates. I took twelve because my feet are still growing.” Naive, yes! and with it is the sincerity of Christ’s little ones, for deeper than the child’s gratitude is his sense of obligation to the teaching of Jesus shown in the same letter by the promise, “I will always try to be a good boy and I will pray more.”

HENCE regardless of the effects of Nature’s touches, the general peace and joy which pervades the missions, not only of Akulurak, but throughout the North, is the work of God’s grace on these souls administered by His “Cheerful Givers.” Thus this harvest of happiness is the fruit of all combined: the seed of God, the sower and the blessings of Nature. Like us their sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught, but we easily catch the sweeter notes and seldom the sadder thought. Directed by skilled hands, they have woven a tapestry of which we see the beautiful colors while the rough threads of life are hidden behind.

Yes, the northern lights have seen strange sights, but after catching, on clear cold nights, a glimpse of our distressed society, they must confess that one of the strangest is the scene of those little forts—the outposts of Christ’s Kingdom on earth—where the soldiers of Christ, armed with the love of God, live in peace and happiness. The joy and peace in Christ which the missionaries possess has in truth a fine influence on the Eskimos

# BOOK REVIEWS

**The Saint of the Wilderness.** By John J. Birch, Ps.D. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

"The distinctive gift of the author," according to Father John J. Wynne, S.J., "is insight, rare insight, into the transcending qualities and motives of one of God's noblemen, and of developing in the reader that same rare insight." It is precisely this penchant for visioning motives that characterizes this most recent volume, in the growing literature on Father Jogues, as a work of devotion rather than one of critical historical science. The story has been developed by this Protestant admirer of Saint Isaac Jogues with deep sympathy and an obvious spirit of sincere veneration. With the aid of the *Jesuit Relations* both the translation as used in Thwaites as well as the original, revelations which are really autobiographical sketches of the saint, Doctor Birch busies himself in revealing his hero in contrast to his Indian slayers as the mightier hunter who shall not rest

"But seek in pathless woods and  
burning field,

"The fair white quarry Love alone  
can lure"

or again, as the martyr in vision as he  
was in deed, who knows

"That through the mists of death  
will break

Sunlight upon the rivers of the  
West."

One may breathe a prayer that through the merits of this same martyr whom it was his wish to honor, the author himself even in life, may share ever more and more deeply in the household joys of the members of the Catholic Church.

**Liturgy and Life.** By Dom Rembert Bularzik, O.S.B. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price eight cents net.

An excellent endeavor to acquaint the reader with the inter-relationship between the liturgy of the Church and the daily life of the Christian.

**To A Catholic from A Protestant.** By Neason Jones. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

Written as a reply to the autobiography of Sir Esme Howard, former British Ambassador to the United States, the present booklet of ninety-three pages is a typical instance of the Protestant versus the Catholic mind. It reassembles and rehearses all the principal points of controversy so dear to Protestantism. Like a Quarter Master's Department, it is a sort of storehouse for non-conformist weapons of debate. Mixed Marriages, Uniformity or Unity, Church and State,

Hell, Authority, Purgatory, Penance and Confession, Papal Infallibility, Apostolic Succession, the Eucharist, are only some of the familiar issues here refought and, of course, in the mind of the author re-won. Any Catholic college graduate could expose the fallacies with which the reasoning of the Reverend Mr. Jones is, we fear, hopelessly interwoven. It is with the deepest respect for the author's feelings and sincerity that we recommend as a *sine qua non* of conversion humble prayer for light as well as a sustained period of Catholic reading.

**From Hegel to Marx.** By Sidney Hook. Reynal & Hitchcock, New York, N. Y. Price \$4.00.

This book has been advertised as "a detailed account of Karl Marx's intellectual voyage of discovery and of his relations to his contemporaries—teachers, friends and enemies—with and against whom he hammered out his theoretical positions." The author gives his readers copious quotations from all the heretical thought in the midst of which Marx grew up. For the most part, one is allowed to draw one's own conclusions and to act as the umpire of debate. Inasmuch as the only course that promises lasting success in the fight against Communism today is the spiritual and philosophical attack, it is absolutely necessary that Catholic scholars, both clerical and lay, should carefully reconnoiter the weak points in the enemy's defense. "From Hegel to Marx" in its quotations provides the adult student with a good map of the mind of Marx.

**Pray Always.** A New Prayer-book for Little Children. By Reverend Alphonse Sausen, O.S.B. Catholic Book Publishing Company, New York, N. Y. Price thirty cents upwards to \$2.00.

Written for children who have just made their First Communion, this eminently practical and exquisitely bound prayerbook is calculated to serve them until they reach the Fifth Grade of school. The mother of pearl Crucifix inlaid upon the inside first cover is a masterpiece of ingenuity and will undoubtedly capture the child's imagination and attract its mind to the meaning of the contents of "Pray Always."

Books received from St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.:

**The Life of Christ.** In Pantomime and Dramatization. Price twenty-five cents.

**The New Testament.** The History of the Apostolic Church—

Syllabus II—Part III. Price twenty-five cents.

For adult study clubs and for classes of high school students.

**School Year Religious Instruction Manual.** Price ten cents.

For teachers of Catholic children attending public schools. A course of study for Grades Five through Eight.

**Manual for Nurses Caring for Catholic Patients.** By Daniel E. Ostler, O.F.M. Price fifty cents.

Useful information on a nurse's duty in sending for the priest, the Sacrament of Baptism, the last sacraments, Holy Communion, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, Administration of Extreme Unction and Prayers for the Dying.

**Catholic Faith. Book Two.** Based on The Catholic Catechism as drawn up by His Eminence Peter Cardinal Gasparri and edited under the supervision of the Catholic University of America by Reverend Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., Ph.D., Litt. D., and Sister M. Brendan, I.H.M., M.A. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price paper binding thirty cents.

**Teacher's Manual for Jesus and I.** By Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J. Loyola University Press, Chicago, Ill. Price ten cents.

Father Heeg's workshop of material for teaching Religion to children is familiar to everyone who in recent years has participated in the Summer Schools of Catholic Action conducted under the auspices of Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The greatest tribute to "Jesus and I" is the fact that pastors and practical teachers in more than a thousand schools in all parts of the country have pronounced it the most perfect of all books for little children. It fits in with any course of study in religion and can be used in any type of school.

**A Simple Introduction to Plain-song.** By Society of St. John the Evangelist Desclée & Co., Tournai, Belgium. Price, paper cover, Belga I.

A reprint of the "Rules of Interpretation" as given in the English edition of the *Liber usualis*.

**The Christ Child Came for All.** A Christmas Play in four acts. By Sister Mary Immaculata. The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, N. Y. Price, three copies for \$1.00.

## CHILDREN'S FACES HAUNT ME

(Continued from page 283)

the cast. He had heard of some quack in the bazaar who would put the leg right by simply rubbing on some liniment. "Wouldn't the Father call this man, whose treatment was so simple?"—most as simple as the patient, my good headman. I declined,—with profound regrets. But I had to manage somehow to get my patient back home in good humor, for these headmen are very important—for or against the missionary. I may add that this particular headman—now bears the aristocratic name of Lawrence,—had had to put away one of his wives before he was christened, and that since I have baptized all his children, nearly all of them grown-ups. But you must not suppose that all are the same caliber as Bulak (pronounced "bullock"! ) You do come across most frightful types,—old grannies that are not grand—but alas! not all of them. Sometimes they are the Gibraltar of resistance for a whole family. The children—and what charming kiddies you find everywhere among these "Untouchables"—are always friends at first sight. And it's this sea of children's faces that haunted me day and night these thirty years in India. There they are by thousands and hundreds of thousands. How often have I cried in anguish of heart: "Oh, if we could but break the chains that keep these little ones from Christ!" And now there is a break. For every thousand it is just now *not* the obstructing chains of caste or of pagan religion that holds them back, but our financial inability to take advantage of the situation and push forward the frontiers of Christ's Kingdom. Sad, sad tragedy!

## MARTYRS OF CEYLON

(Continued from page 284)

get of their savage spears. He fell, pierced by them, and was dragged all bleeding and dying to the front of his church where he was dispatched, his head cut off and raised upon a spear as a trophy to their gods and a terror to the Christians. Fathers Metalla and de Mello next their glorious deaths at the hands of these murderers, whose spears made quick work of these zealous missionaries. They decapitated Father Metalla and carried his head to the temple of their idols, there to burn it as a holocaust to their gods. A few missionaries came to take the place of the martyrs and to labor in a precarious peace for eleven years. Another persecution broke out in 1627. The next year saw the death of another trio of witnesses to the Faith. This time they raged about the northern end of the island, extending across to the islet of Cardive. After only five years of missionary labor, Father Matthew Fernand crowned his career with a glorious death. His five thousand converts made him the special object of the venom of the invaders. They swarmed into the

village in which he happened to be on the fifteenth of September, 1628. Pierced with lances, this brave apostle offered his neck to the scimitar that put an end to his agony, and made him a victim for Christ.

The next day, the blind hatred of these furious men vented itself on a renowned missionary, Father Bernardine Pecci. Born of a noble Siennese family, he had left Italy and brilliant prospects to work among these outcast people. Fifty thousand of them did he bring to the Faith in his long apostolate of more than twenty years. His long awaited consummation came when he was surprised in his little hut by the night raiders. They dragged him out and subjected him to unheard of tortures in their midnight fire. Finally, severing his head, they added another to the list of the martyrs.

Across the little channel that separates Cardive from the main portion of the island, Father Francis Barbosa was undergoing a like fate at the same time. His death at the hands of two native servants completed the two trios of missionaries who died for the Faith in Ceylon. The following year the first of the chaplains met his death, more a martyr of charity than a victim of hatred.

A detachment of Portuguese had set out for the purpose of chastizing the rebellious king of Kandy who had begun the new persecution. The forces met in pitched battle during which, while ministering to the dying, Father Simon de Leiva was struck by the arrows of the native and fell, a martyr to priestly charity.

Ten more years elapsed before the next Jesuit chaplain joined his companions in martyrdom. Father Anthony Soeiro for thirty years had toiled among the Christians of Ceylon, enduring almost superhuman privations and winning wide repute on account of his holy life. He accompanied a Portuguese expedition into the interior in the capacity of military chaplain. In an encounter with the infidels he was captured and haled before their chief in triumph. The success of the missionary had already reached the rajah's ears. When he saw this conqueror of his gods before him, he flew into a rage at his minions and denounced them for allowing such an enemy of their idols to live so long. At this signal they launched a volley of arrows and spears into his worn body and sent his soul to receive the reward of martyrs.

A lone Jesuit was found in Jaffna in 1658, when the Hollanders finally dispossessed the Portuguese, of this their last stronghold on the island. The implacable antagonism they had brought from Europe found outlet in the execution of Father Caldeiro, decapitated as the last Jesuit martyr to give his life in Ceylon.

During the long dominion of the Dutch the blood of these martyrs was not without fruit. Years later, when the English in turn defeated the Dutch, some tribes were found who had kept the Faith without the ministrations of the priesthood. A rough translation of the Gospels alone

enabled them to keep alive the life of Faith purchased by the lives of so many martyrs.

## TALKING OF HAUNTED HOUSES

(Continued from page 285)

postulate the preternatural or supernatural before exhausting the natural possible explanations?

On my return to Cagayan the following week from Tagnipa, I was agreeably greeted with the news that it was all over. When the owner of the house arrived in Cebu he found out that the wife of his tenant had died. He sent word to the husband in Cagayan, who in turn had Mass offered for her soul, went to the Sacraments for her, and, the *kasamuk* ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

As this is only a narrative we will not indulge here in a philosophical or theological disquisition of this remarkable case, but simply close it with the general animadversion, "Wonders never cease."

## CALUMET TAKES HIS DAKA

(Continued from page 287)

sibility of caring for Calumet. My consent was reluctantly given, because I knew what course the treatment would take.

"Your medicine," they said, "is good. But ours is better."

Half an hour later, with his fever at 104 degrees, Calumet was being stuffed with boiled rice; although he was too weak to hold up his head. Forthwith the patient began to complain about an acute stomach-ache. Ah, then he must have some medicine! Thereupon the father diligently collected the bark of three different kinds of trees, the roots of two others, and some pulse. After this mixture had been soaked for the required length of time in water, it was ground between two heavy stones. As the juice spilled out from between the stones it was collected in a jar and sugar was applied to make it somewhat potable. During the course of the day this common concoction was administered several times. But that wasn't all! Another medicine containing twenty-five or thirty ingredients (the exact number is, I believe, a secret), such as seeds, leaves, roots, and the like, was given to the patient hourly. At the same time, a caustic salve was applied to the abdomen, in an effort to bring down the boy's fever.

This treatment lasted for about ten days; so did the *daka* feedings. Meantime the fever continued to soar. Then Calumet's father came to me and asked for a piece of iron. Surprised at the unusual request, I inquired what he intended to do with it.

"I shall heat the iron, and then apply it to different parts of Calumet's body."

He assured me that this final remedy would be most effective in reducing the fever. I had agreed to let him cure his son, but this was just a trifle too much. The picture of Calumet's quivering flesh

sizzling under the hot iron awoke the orator in me. I spoke loud, long and eloquently with wild and sweeping gestures. Finally, the poor man, half distracted with concern for his boy, agreed to postpone the cauterization. Knowing that I could rely on him to keep his promise, I made a flying trip to a nearby village on business long overdue, commending Calumet's health to the Great Physician in the meantime. When I returned yesterday, I found Calumet reduced to skin and bones, but able to be out of bed. He greeted me with his locally famous smile and a joyous "Jesus Maran;" so I knew that he was better.

"I am well! I am well!" he cried triumphantly.

"Thank God for that, Calumet," I replied fervently. "Do you know what cured you?"

"But, of course,—*daka!*"

### IN A CHINESE MONASTERY (Continued from page 290)

miles from Anking, there is a mountain range,—in the minds of the people,—a dragon. According to popular belief this dragon continually brought down the grace of Heaven upon the surrounding country. Now Anking, being outside the sphere of this mighty dragon, and thus destitute of the grace of Heaven, lacked great men who would give lustre and influence to the city. It was therefore decided to build a pagoda in honor of this monster so that the dragon-pagoda would, as it were, be the head of the great beast who coiled himself within that distant mountain range. Henceforth Anking would share in the grace of Heaven obtained by the mountain dragon.

But the true grace of Heaven is still sadly needed here in Anking. May I ask for prayer? The Chinese, though superstitious, are a religious people, but up to the present the people of this place have had few chances to know the truth. When, however, they do learn it, they make excellent Christians. Prayer for them is what is needed most.

### "HE CAME UNTO HIS OWN" (Continued from page 291)

The two other old ladies and four small children, the young man who brought me and another young man, all came around me and tried in their simple way to thank me. They were desperately poor and they looked about the bareness of their abode to find some present for me. All they found was about four hen's eggs and these they offered me. I was touched, but I told them as best I could in my "Bamboo Visayan" that they needed them worse than I did. I then told them that I could do nicely with a glass of water. They soon gave me one, probably the only glass they owned. The water looked suspiciously as if it had come from the river, but I downed it with more satisfaction than any other drink I ever had. How delicious it was!

The dear old soul who lay dying in the next room had so impressed me with

her Faith that I went back to her and asked her to pray for me when she got to Heaven. She promised me she would, and feeling very happy I set out for home. The way was just as difficult as in coming to the house, and I was very tired now, but somehow it did not seem quite so long. After two more hours of mud, I arrived home guided by the second young man. I was a sight, a mess of sweat and mud, but very happy. The Faith of these old Filipinos is very consoling to the missionary. Our lot in Mindanao has its share of difficulties and cares, but there are many like the one I had just visited to give one new inspiration and courage to continue.

### THE FAITH IN BATAVIA (Continued from page 304)

like gems against the dark volcanic setting of the countryside.

Success begot more success and finally Rome impressed her official recognition and approval of the apostolate of the Netherlands East Indies by making each of the most successful centers a headquarters of a new ecclesiastical district. Thus we now have six Vicariates and six Prefectures Apostolic. The personnel are drawn not only from the old Orders such as the Franciscans, Capuchins and Carmelites, but also from the younger Societies and Congregations, such as the Lazarists, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, and the Fathers of the Divine Word. Indeed it may be said that the Religious of Holland volunteered for this apostolate as it were *en masse*. So true is this that the Christian missionary army of the Netherlands East Indies at present writing is drawn from forty-nine Religious Orders and Congregations all of which have their Motherhouses in Holland.

The roll call of this personnel is as follows: In Batavia there are 94 European Priests and 9 native; 112 European Brothers, and 9 native; 472 European Sisters and 33 native. In Malang, 17 European Priests; 20 European Brothers; 93 European Sisters and 1 native. In Soerabaia, 24 European Priests; 24 European Brothers; 127 European Sisters. In Poerwokerto, 15 European Priests; 19 European Brothers; 56 European Sisters. In Bandoeng, 17 European Priests; 4 European Brothers; 112 European Sisters. In Netherlands—New Guinea, 30 European Priests; 23 European Brothers and 7 native; 27 European Sisters and 11 native. In Netherlands—Bornea, 39 European Priests; 42 European Brothers and 1 native; 105 European Sisters and 3 native. In the Lesser Sunda Islands, 80 European Priests; 29 European Brothers; 56 European Sisters. In Padang, 22 European Priests; 30 European Brothers; 150 European Sisters. In Celebes, 25 European Priests; 24 European Brothers; 71 European Sisters and 25 native. In Banka and Billiton, 11 European Priests; 6 European Brothers; 19 European Sisters. In Benkoelen, 13 European Priests; 9 European Brothers;

49 European Sisters. This makes a total of both European and native Priests, 396 European and native Brothers, 359; European and native Sisters, 1,410.

To date the only contact between the Netherlands East Indies and the United States of America has been one of a commercial or tourist character. May I note in conclusion that inasmuch as even these commercial investments often indirectly affect and increase the missionaries' power for spiritual good, we are naturally grateful, yet, how much more grateful would we be if, in addition to tobacco shares, rubber shares and oil shares, America and Americans would turn their thoughts and prayers, their material and spiritual wealth to investments whose value is not for time but for eternity, to soul stocks and not to mere mineral resources, to mission shares in this mission apostolate, shares whose dividends are paid both here and hereafter in the coin of the realm, in merit and in grace, the coin of the realm of Heaven.

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