

Jesuit & Missions

GOLDEN YEARS

COASTAL TRIPS

PADASAL—FOR THE DEAD

JAMAICA'S CENTENNIAL

BAMBOO AGE IN INDIA

THE MONTH AT J. M.

ALASKA'S JUBILEE

Ten Cents

OL. XI, No. 1

JANUARY, 1937

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Happy Birthday!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REV. JOHN J. LAHERTY, S.J.
55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

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

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

We're ten years old, and friends are saying to us—"Happy Birthday!" We are happy that, during its ten years, JESUIT MISSIONS has been able to do so much for the American Jesuits laboring in the missions listed on this page. But what it has done you have done, for the spiritual and financial help that the American Jesuit missionaries have received through the magazine would not have been received were it not for you. So, as our friends greet us, we greet you and offer our thanks that on our tenth birthday we can look back on happy successful years of service.

When the first issue of JESUIT MISSIONS appeared for January, 1927, we hoped that its host of friends would grow; that prayers for the American Jesuit missionaries in all parts of the world would be multiplied; that vocations to the missions would be fostered; that the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS would be inspired to give financial assistance to the missionaries whom it represented. Many of our hopes and expectations have been realized, so much so in fact that, as we celebrate our tenth birthday and begin a second decade with the January 1937 issue, we are encouraged to make the bold request that here and now you—a friend of JESUIT MISSIONS and the missionaries—help us to celebrate this our tenth birthday by sending us some money gift for the American Jesuits and the missions.

We will consider this as your birthday present to JESUIT MISSIONS. And such a gift would be your "happy birthday" to us. May we look forward, with stronger hope than ever, to the receipt of your gift? Just mark it "Happy Birthday" and send it to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, 257 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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. For these missions 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 Carribbean 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 city of the new Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

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

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

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

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



Friends of theology days at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, U.S.A., meet in China. Left, Father Aloysius G. de Garcia, S.J., of the Province of Portugal, stationed at Catholic Mission, Shiuhing, West River, China, plays host to Father Raymond R. Goggin, S.J., Novice Master and Rector at Novaliches, Calocan, Rizal, Philippine Islands.

EDITORIALS

GOLDEN YEARS

Jamaica's Centennial

ON January tenth, the American Jesuits in the Mission of Jamaica, B. W. I., will celebrate the Centennial of the Vicariate of Jamaica. By a decree of His Holiness, Gregory XVI, dated Rome, January 10, 1837, the English Colonies of the West Indies were divided into three Vicariates Apostolic. The first included all the Windward Islands; the second, British Guiana; and the third, Jamaica, British Honduras and Turks Island. The American Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus took charge of the Mission of Jamaica in 1894, when it was transferred to them from the English Province which had been serving it since 1847. Jamaica remained under this jurisdiction until the final step in dividing the Maryland-New York Province into two Provinces came on July 31, 1926, when the northeastern section was separated from the old Maryland-New York Province and was called the Province of New England. The precise status of Jamaica Mission was definitely settled on January 6, 1929, when it became directly dependent on the New England Province. His Excellency, Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., is planning an elaborate celebration for Jamaica's Centennial during the second week of January. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to His Excellency and to all the priests and Catholic people of Jamaica, the island in the Caribbean Sea which dates its known history to the year 1494, when it was discovered by Columbus. May the Centennial celebration be the starting point of even greater advances for the Church in this Mission whose story of one hundred years is replete with records of heroic labors and consoling results in the spread of the Kingdom of Christ!

Alaska's Jubilee

THE year 1937 marks another historic Jubilee, for it is just fifty years ago that the American Jesuits of the Pacific Coast took over the work of the Alaska Mission. The story of those golden years is being told in these pages in a series of articles by Father Hubert Post, S.J., one of Alaska's veteran missionaries. Heroic indeed are those valiant priests, Brothers and Sisters who have given their lives to this mission of the North which has been called by the Holy Father "the most difficult Mission." Our heartiest congratulations to His Excellency, Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Alaska's veteran Bishop, and to his valiant company of missionaries. *Ad multos annos!*

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS

THE early months of the year 1937 will find Catholic interest focussed on Manila, P. I., where the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress is to take place, February 3 to 7. Though the great distance from the United States will keep many American Catholics from attending the Congress, still, some privileged few will go, and they will be joined by additional pilgrims from the Orient and from Europe. What the Congress has meant thus far for the people of the Philippine Islands will be told in these pages next month by Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., who as a veteran missionary of Mindanao bears witness to the astounding spiritual fruits of the many local congresses held in different sections of the Islands in preparation for the central events at Manila. The missionary significance of this Eucharistic Congress can scarcely be overestimated. Many a miracle of grace has already been witnessed in the Philippines themselves, but it is hoped that the effects of the Congress will spread far beyond,—to the other Pacific islands and to Japan, China and India.

Catholics of the Philippines have been doing their utmost for the success of the Congress, but the Filipinos ask the Catholics of the whole world to join them in their prayers that the Congress may achieve marvelous results in a world-wide deepening of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. May the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress bring mankind closer to Christ for a solution of its many and critical problems; may it speed the advent of Christianity to the billion people of the Orient; and finally, may it draw to the Master those non-Christians of the Philippines, 1,285,000 in number, who as yet know not Christ the King.

CRUSADERS

THE Catholic Students' Mission Crusade announces its Tenth National Convention, which will take place in Cleveland, August 10 to 13. Through its organ, *The Shield*, the C. S. M. C. has done splendid missionary educational work in the Catholic schools of the United States. Especially to be commended are the November and December numbers dealing with India and Communism respectively. High praise is deservedly given to the Crusade Staff at the Castle in Cincinnati for carrying on so energetically the work initiated by those pioneer Crusade apostles, Very Rev. Monsignor Frank A. Thill and his associates, under the leadership of the Most Rev. Archbishops Beckman and McNicholas.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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Editor: JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.

Associate Editors: THOMAS J. FEENEY, S. J.; LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.; JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY, S.J.;
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Coastal Trips and Mission Visits

Rt. Rev. Joseph A.
Murphy, S.J.

Last Summer, His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras, contributed a series of articles to *The Daily Clarion* of Belize. As these accounts, written in Bishop Murphy's familiar and easy style, give a good picture of the Colony where American Jesuits of the Missouri Province are doing missionary work, we are happy to present them to our readers. And let us remind you that the good Bishop is seventy-nine years old,—but he is still quite active.—*Editor.*

STANN CREEK is perhaps the best known of the towns on our British Honduras coast. This little Carib town with its three thousand inhabitants has developed wonderfully from what I knew it to be thirty years ago. Its progress has been steady and solid and its appearance has changed entirely for the better. Still, there is room for a big improvement in its material and industrial aspects; but for all that, it looks as if things are going to advance rapidly, and soon Stann Creek will be able to hold up its head, even to Belize. We have a large Catholic community there, a fine church, a large school with over five hundred pupils. The Jesuit priests are in charge, and six Sisters of the Holy Family care for the school.

My yearly visit to this Carib town is always a happy incident in the year's work. On March 6, Mr. Hunter of the *Heron* gave me the freedom of his ship and made everything as agreeable as possible for my journey to Stann Creek. It was a lovely day and the four and one half hours on the boat were very pleasant. We reached Stann Creek at about six o'clock, but owing to the silting up of the harbor the *Heron* for many months back has not been able to dock at the pier and has had to anchor about a quarter of a mile out. Visitors to Stann Creek were taken ashore in the *Heron's* skiff, but for the Bishop this year, there was a new mode of landing. Father John Halligan, S.J., sent out his own mission motorboat, the *Teresita*, to carry me ashore in state. On the pier I found Fathers Halligan, Edmund Coony, S.J., and Marin with a great concourse of school children and parishioners who gave me a hearty welcome and conducted me to the church. On all hands, as the procession moved, cheerful greetings came to me from the crowds at the sides of the pier and of the road. In the church I said some prayers in thanksgiving and then spoke to the people my sincere appreciation of their hearty welcome. Later in the evening I was delighted to meet again my old friend Mr. Monrad Metzgen, M.B.E., now the District Commissioner of Stann Creek. We had a very pleasant visit talking about old times and



His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras.

present conditions. Two topics were uppermost, the illness of Mr. Wyatt, the former District Commissioner, and the illness of Dr. Harwood who was lying at death's door in Belize. Both of these gentlemen were warmly loved by the people of Stann Creek where both of them had lived among them and served them well. Both have since passed away, but surely in Stann Creek the good that they did lives after them. It will not be interred with their bones and they will long be remembered as loyal friends and benefactors of Stann Creek and its inhabitants.

ON the next morning, Saturday, March 7, a telegram came to us from Belize notifying us of the death of Dr. Harwood. I had the church bell tolled for his passing and the Fathers and myself sent to Mrs. Harwood a telegram of condolence with her in her sad loss. Later in the day we learned that the Doctor was buried with honors from the Catholic church in Belize. When I announced his death to the people many shed tears; they had lost one who had always been to them like a father in their homes, caring for their sick regardless of fee for attendance or for medicine. They had Mass offered for him and the church was crowded, a token of their affection for one who had loved them so generously.

On Sunday, the eighth, there was a grand turnout

in the procession from the school to the church for Confirmation. The school children marshalled by the Sisters, the sodalities of grown people, men and women, and the band of candidates for Confirmation, forty-five in number, marched before the Bishop and Fathers Halligan, Coony and Marin to the church. The edifice was well filled and the altar, beautifully adorned by the Sisters, was ablaze with candles and electric lights. I spoke to the assembly, first to the newly confirmed and then to the congregation at large, of their obligations as Catholics to live up to their religion in the fullest sense; urging them to be faithful to God first and always, that so they might be good citizens and servants of their King.

The exercises closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; the singing by the congregation was excellent and inspiring. The day had been a very pleasant one for all concerned and the courtesy and hospitality of the Fathers and the Sisters made the Bishop very well content among the parishioners in Stann Creek.

MONDAY morning, March 9, I spent in writing letters, as my correspondence had been sadly neglected; but frequently I had to leave my desk and go downstairs to receive kindly offerings of gifts from many of the parishioners. Though poor, they would not let the Bishop's visit pass without giving some personal proof of their affection for him. God bless them!

In the afternoon at two o'clock, the Bishop and Father Halligan set out for Pomona Industrial School. Mr. Orton, Superintendent of the Railway, kindly put his rail motor car at my disposal for the trip, and I may remark here that in various ways during my stay this gentleman was most courteous and kind.

On the way out to Pomona I took note of the appearance of the country and found that big improvements had been taking place of late. Especially pleasing, was the vision of the large tracts of grapefruit orchards, the abundance of cassava plants, and here and there the opening up of new banana fields. It was a distinct advance over what I had noticed a couple of years before. Then the whole district looked broken down and abandoned; now all was alive and apparently prosperous. The Pomona property is a veritable paradise, the various industries, grapefruit, poultry, cattle and dairy made a very pleasing prospect. The boys at the Industrial School had been having a busy day playing cricket and going through field day exercises in competition with visitors from Belize. They were tired but they all looked happy and greeted me in friendly fashion as I moved up to the Superintendent's home. Major Strachan and Mrs. Strachan gave me a hearty welcome and put their house at my disposal, doing everything in their power to make me feel at home. Mr. Orton and

his wife were there and we had a very pleasant evening together.

Father Halligan went to the chapel and attended to the confessions of the boys and of the candidates for Confirmation tomorrow. After dinner he set off for "15 Miles" (Macaroni Hill) to prepare his congregation there for the Bishop's visit. He had not many candidates at this station, but few as they were, only five, he had to make this trip. In the morning, Tuesday, March 10, I said Mass in the Pomona chapel at six o'clock. The usual congregation of boys was increased considerably by a large group that had walked in the early morning the five miles from Macaroni Hill to be present at six o'clock Mass. Nine of the candidates for Confirmation were boys from Pomona and three adults were from "15 Miles."



Father John J. Halligan, S.J., is welcomed by the Caribs at one of his mission stations in the Stann Creek territory.

AFTER Mass and breakfast, Father Halligan made inquiries as to our visiting "20 Miles" Station, St. Joseph's, a chapel school built by Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., a couple of years before. Two fruit trains had left Stann Creek in the early morning, going out to pick up bunches of bananas at various stations all the way out to Middlesex. We found that we could not use either of them for our trip to "20 Miles," so Major Strachan generously put his own rail motor car at our service for the trip to St. Joseph's and back to Stann Creek. However, with a smile he told me I was to take this offer at my own risk. I did not understand, but he smiled all the harder.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "you will be caught between those two trains and their movement is very irregular and spasmodic. I do not know what time you will reach Stann Creek. If you can dodge in between the switches you may get ahead of the two trains; just now you will be between the two trains."

I thanked him and said I would take the risk and we set off at nine o'clock for St. Joseph's. We passed one of the trains which took a siding to give us the right of way. We were grateful. A couple (*Turn to page 27*)

"Padasal" — for the Dead

Pablo
Guzman, S.J.

IN the city, when one is told of the death of a friend or of a relative, the universal custom seems to be to buy flowers and tack a card of condolence to them, then join the funeral procession filing down Rizal Avenue with other *carrromatas*, buses and tram cars, then say a prayer with the sorrowing family gathered around the vault, and when it is all over, to jump into the car again and go, from the silence of the cemetery, back to the dust and the hubbub of the city. That, more or less, would be "the end of a funeral day."

But that is in the city. In remote provinces, in *barrios* lost in the mountains and hills, far from the beaten path of buses and traveling salesmen, they do things differently. The burial would have meant only the beginning of the real celebration, the so-called *padasal*, a novena of prayers and feasting in honor of the departed one. This is an old custom here, and although not now as widespread as it must have been in earlier times, still it is the practice up to now in many places and with many families, especially in out of the way towns, where customs cling the longest.

DO not then misunderstand the common Filipino family in the provinces, (we have seen the custom followed in the big city itself), if, when a loved one passes away, the head of the family goes out and calls the neighbors in, his friends and relatives, to feast, pray and make merry for the nine following nights. It is not because he is indifferent to the loss of the loved one, or that death has made no impression on him; the Filipino is much too affectionate and sensitive and sentimental not to grieve. It is just the way they do things



Filipinos pounding rice to separate the kernel from the husk in anticipation of the feasting at the Padasal.

here. They do not mean to rejoice over a death in the house, for in the midst of the laughter and the chanted Rosary of Our Lady, and the Tagalog declamations, someone may be weeping in a corner of the house, as is Sorrow's privilege to do. They do not mean to just eat and sing and spend the hours drinking hot soup, or *tinto* or *ginebra* (gin). No, they mean to make a novena of prayers, and they do pray with all the faith of three centuries of Catholicism behind them. They do not even spend the hours idly; there they sit, around the little nipa parlor or garden, talking *nil nisi bonum* of the deceased, digging into their memories for stories, true, false and exaggerated, as is the fashion in social centers of the world, remembering friends and past years and typhoons. They are not morbid about it at all. They are cheerful; a Tagalog in his native environment and



A typical Filipino family group. "The Filipino is much too affectionate and sentimental not to grieve over the loss of a deceased member of the family."

familiar haunts is a very striking humorist, an adept in native sayings and proverbs. So that these funeral reunions are really spent amidst a roar of laughter and music and conversation. It is just a development of a very Catholic custom of praying for the dead, spiced with the Filipino's love of music and verse and his traditional hospitality.

VERY often the affair is financially difficult to manage. Especially has it been so of late, where even here, nobody knows where all the money in the world has gone. But that is not an insurmountable difficulty. The Filipino will sell old things, borrow, take all the savings out of the *supot* (money bag); he believes in "making it good," where celebrations are concerned. Even if he foresees the fact that later on he would have to keep closer tab on where the nickels go, well, he just simply goes ahead anyhow with his novena, town *fiesta*, baptismal party or wedding.

In preparation for one of these funeral *padasal* the first problems concern chairs and benches for the crowd; but they easily settle that question. The head of the family goes around borrowing benches from the neighbors, at the same time asking them over to pray and *mag-palamig*, (that is, take something refreshing). I said borrow, because you would be surprised to know how many things are had by asking and borrowing in these little towns, from *bolos* (knives) to salt and needles, especially when these towns are just clusters of nipa houses deep in the mountains and the golden hills, away from stores and markets. When the accommodations and the food are ready, the little patch of ground in front of the hut is covered with an awning or a bamboo trellis covered with broad banana leaves or with tall grass cut and bound in sheaves. The table and the benches are set underneath, and a lamp is hung aloft.

THE feasting, however, is not kept up for nine consecutive nights—although I saw this protracted feasting and praying done once in a small house near the Ateneo de Manila, in the very heart of Manila's residential district—the practice is to hold the real celebration and banqueting on the third and ninth nights. The closing grandeur of the feast on the last day is presumably because by that time the body has already definitely begun to crumble, and they wish to say fare-

well to it from this side of the grave. On that day, too, they close the prayers with the sincere conviction that the supplications have reached the Throne of God to make intercession for the soul of the beloved one.

WHEN there is one of these funeral reunions in the neighborhood, it is heart-stirring to hear them on a quiet night when all the other houses are dark and still. All raise their voices in prayer, while kneeling around the little parlor lit with a brilliant lamp. If the youth of the land is there, as it will surely be there, then youth will have its way. Somebody has a guitar? Good! That will be the forte of the whole congregation. Tunes, new and old, are played one after another,



The burial of a Filipino whose wife just to the right of the coffin died suddenly three days later. The burial is the beginning of the *Padasal*.

from the latest dance hit on the theatres and the radios, down to the plaintive, heartfelt melody born in the quiet of the *palay* fields and of the nipa hut lost deep among whispering bamboos.

Or if not, someone may perhaps stand up for a *bigkas ng tula*, that is, a poetic declamation, and that, too, without much provocation of any kind. So, putting himself heart and soul into it, he recites a Tagalog poem, a gem of cadence with always a musical ring and a note of loneliness to it. The poetry of the land is very emotional, so that the response of a sensitive audience to a poem is always an enthusiastic one. Or someone may suggest that another has a good voice—he may graciously exaggerate the information—well, that's the end of it. Let him or her come up to the front and sing. In all modesty, a denial may be given. The informant insists: "I heard her sing in her home, or in a *fiesta*"—until the singer yields. After an eternity of wrangling with the *guitarrista* as to what to sing and on what note to start—not too high, please!—he, or she, finally comes out into the open, demurely and hesitatingly, to sing perhaps a lullaby, perhaps a *kundiman*, (Turn to page 27)

Jamaica's Centennial

Joseph F. Ford, S.J.

THE week beginning January 10, 1937, will be a memorable one for the Catholic Church in Jamaica, British West Indies. A second century of organized Catholic effort will have begun, and functions of splendor both in the churches and in public will be a striking feature of the week's celebrations. Prelates from England and her colonies will be present as well as from America, together with Religious Superiors of the Society of Jesus in whose care the Vicariate was placed a century ago and under whom it still remains.

Jamaica was discovered by Columbus and held by the Spaniards until the year 1655. The colony was then captured by Admirals Penn and Venables and from that time on for the next one hundred and fifty years a period of religious suppression and exclusion practically destroyed its heritage of Catholic Faith. However, just around the turn of the nineteenth century, with the coming of the French refugees from Haiti, there began again the first indications of a resurrection of the old Faith. It took thirty years or more to sow the new seed, but it was sown well and the result of its growth was finally attested in 1836 by the establishment of Jamaica on an organized basis as a Vicariate Apostolic with Father Benito Fernandez as its first Vicar.

FOR many years it was under the care of the Fathers of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, until in 1894 it was turned over to those of the Maryland-New York Province in the persons of Father, afterwards Bishop, John J. Collins, S.J., and Fathers Patrick F. X. Mulry, S.J., and Andrew Rapp, S.J. About that time the first Bishop was appointed in the person of Bishop Charles Gordon, S.J., of Scotland, who was succeeded successively by Bishop Collins, S.J., Bishop William F. O'Hare, S.J., Bishop Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., and the present incumbent, Most Reverend Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J.

Kingston, the capital of Jamaica and the principal city of the Island, now manifests a distinctly Catholic aspect that is truly most impressive, with its beautiful Cathedral of the Holy Trinity as one of its most important features. Its five Sunday Masses are always well attended. Some ten other churches and institutions function regularly with one or more Masses. Outside of Kingston, scattered throughout the Island, twelve Fathers, each serving anywhere from three to seven or eight mission posts, make up a total of about thirty priests who care for the more than 50,000 Catholics that mark the century's growth. Three native Jamaicans with two secular priests, together with many Jamaican nuns in the



Most Reverend Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Bishop of the Vicariate of Jamaica, B. W. I., during its centennial year and Very Reverend Francis J. Kelly, S.J., Superior of the Mission.

four Congregations, likewise indicate the native Catholic note among the present staff of workers.

DURING the celebrations of the Centennial, on each morning the Cathedral will witness Solemn Mass for various intentions, and on four of the evenings "The Pageant of Jamaica" by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., will be presented at Winchester Park grounds. All this will be crowned with the blessing of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, on the century of achievement. Needless to say, the encouragement of His Holiness will be for Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., and Very Reverend Francis J. Kelly, S.J., the Superior of the Mission, and for their helpers, both clerical and lay, a joy as well as an incentive to emulate during their own apostolate at the beginning of the new century the heroic achievements of their fellow workers who made the first so glorious.

The centenary celebrations will open on Sunday, January 10, 1937, with a Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving in the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kingston. At this Mass, Father F. X. Delany, S.J., a former Head Master of St. George's College and a Superior of the Mission from 1919 to 1925, will preach the sermon. There will be a special Sodality Day and a Children's Day with an exhibit of the school work of all the Catholic schools throughout the Island. The exhibit will be held in Mulry's Hall, Winchester Park.

An account of the official ceremonies in honor of Jamaica's centennial will be printed in the March number of JESUIT MISSIONS.—Editor.

Microscopes in Mesopotamia

Vincent Gookin, S.J.

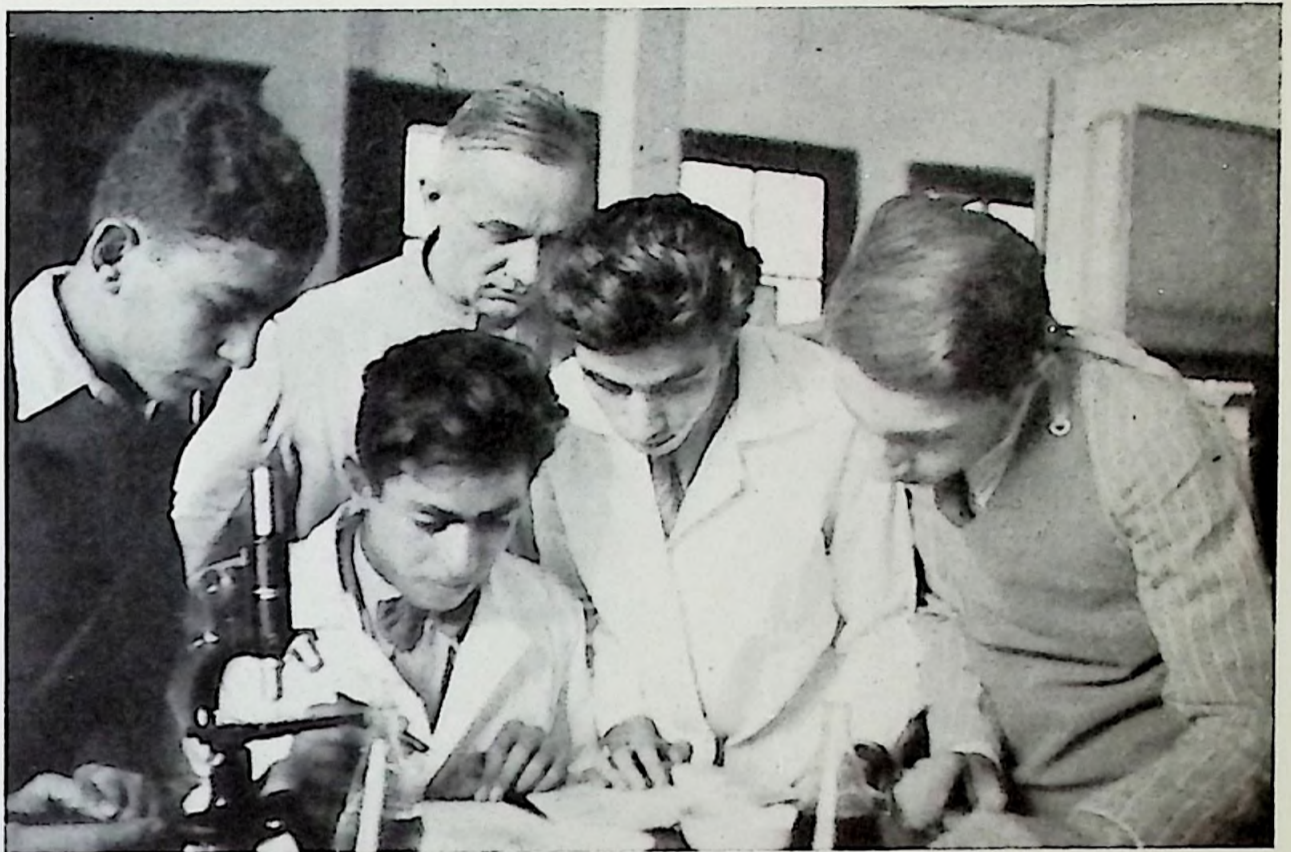
THE American Jesuits who write so many interesting (and heroic) stories in JESUIT MISSIONS are seen using all kinds of commodities, articles, beasts and gadgets. They appear in these pages riding rickshaws in China, in carts drawn by carabaos in the Philippines, and in dog sleds driving across the white snow of Alaska, or riding a horse up a mountain road in Jamaica. They are sometimes seen with articles that range from carpenter's tools to the missionary's kitchenware. Once we saw Father Merrick of Baghdad College sighting a point of land through a surveyor's instrument.

Now the microscope has come to Mesopotamia. Why? For the glory of God, *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*, the motto that Ignatius Loyola wrote on the head of every page of Jesuit Constitutions for his Jesuits to follow.

You see, Baghdad College presents itself to these Catholic boys of Iraq as a first class secondary college. Within its walls they will find a Catholic education including all the courses in religion and languages and history and the sciences that round out such a school. Run your eye down the list of these courses and you come to the word biology. When you think of biology you think of microscopes. And here they are, all five of them.

When we look at them, so new, so handsome, so well finished, we stand off and admire them. Handsome? Yes, I said handsome. But then we turn sadly away and say: "What are five among so many?" Our biology class numbers more than this and soon will number three or four or perhaps five times five. The class (our fifth year class) works on a "stagger system."

BUT not in vain. There will surely come a day when some of these boys will study medicine and go out to the people of their country as physicians. We need not tell you what this will mean in the Catholic life of Iraq. We need not tell you what the coming of a Catholic doctor means to those who are sick, what his presence means in a house of suffering and distress. But let us picture the Catholic doctor entering the poor homes of Baghdad or Mosul or Basrah or any other "town or little town" in Iraq, and the greatness of his mission is multiplied. His people, the Christians of Iraq, are a scant ten per cent of the population. Almost every one else is Moslem. If ever a people need the strength



Father Vincent Gookin, S.J., of the Province of New England, with boys of the fourth and fifth high of Baghdad College, Iraq. The microscope in the picture is one of only five available. As the author notes: "What are five among so many?" Microscopes are necessary for the future doctor's training in chemistry, physics and biology.

and confidence in modern medicine which invariably comes from the skill of a good doctor it is this Christian people of whom he is one. If ever a people need the soul of a Catholic doctor among them and at the bedside of their sick, it is they.

But Baghdad College must begin that training in chemistry and physics and biology that lays the foundation of the scientific knowledge that the doctor must have. Baghdad College must inculcate in her future medical graduates those habits of accuracy and care and scientific observation that the doctor needs so much at the bedside. There will be no time for him then to go back to a book or a professor. It will be his business to know. It will be the hour in which all the years of study and training must produce results. When that hour comes it will again be the lessons learned in this rather homely science laboratory of Baghdad College that will assert themselves.

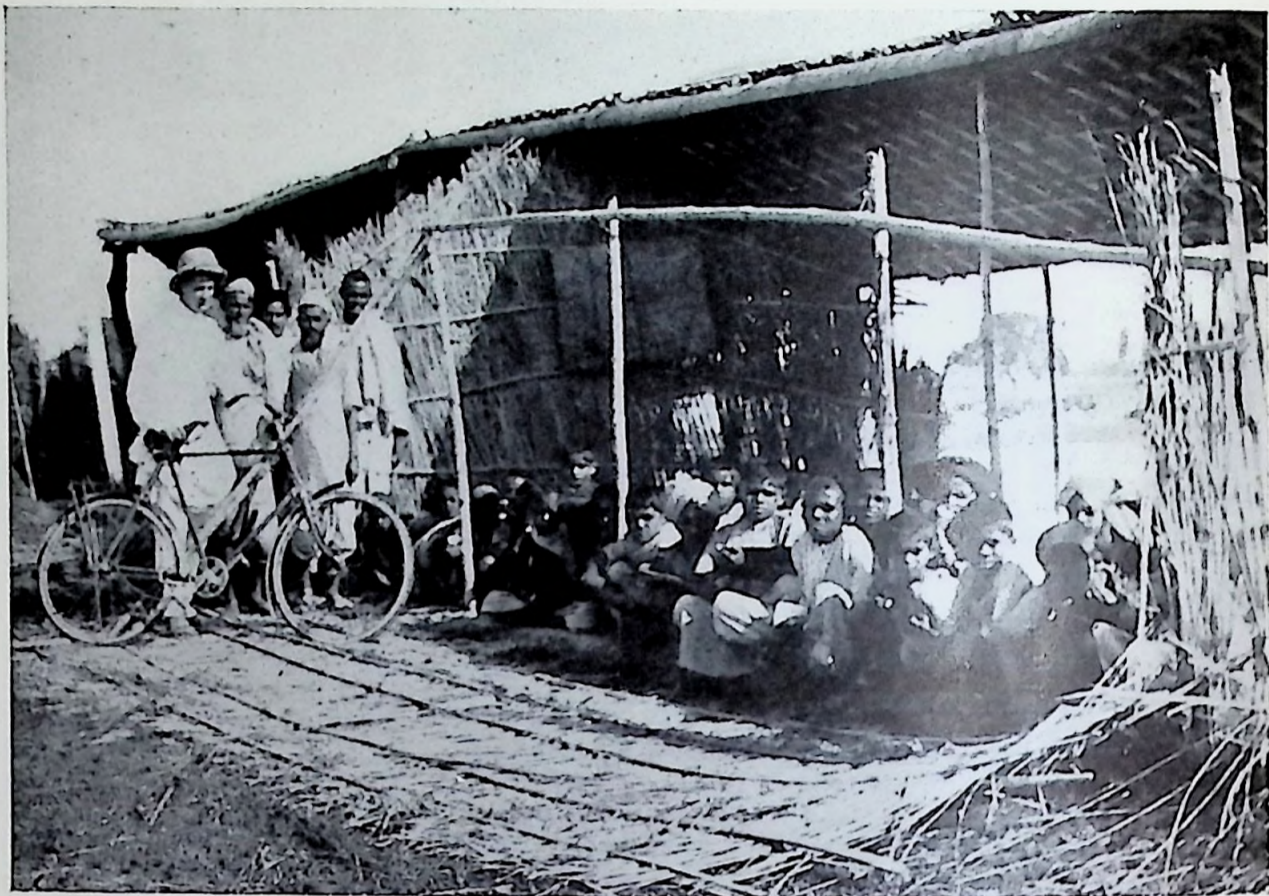
DOES this mean microscopes in Mesopotamia? Yes. Elsewhere the American Jesuit must mush along with his dog sled, or ride his horse over the mountain, or swing along (if that's what they do) in a rickshaw. Whatever it is, it is part of the equipment in bringing souls to Christ. In like manner the microscope. It is part of the equipment of Baghdad College. The American Jesuit takes great pride in it. He cares for it with something that is almost a devotion; he guards it carefully from the dust of the desert that sweeps over Baghdad day and night; he finds new and undiscovered fields for his class to explore through its lens; he instructs them in the care and use of this (Turn to page 27)

Bamboo Age in India

Vincent McGlinchy, S.J.

I WOULD like to know the name of the composer of "It ain't gonna rain no more." He was either a poor weather prophet or else a man with a splendid sense of humor and a slight sense of honesty. However, I should not be merciless in my condemnation, for I don't know the motive which prompted him to write his song. After all, the weather is a never failing subject of conversation, if not of song. It's better, too, to speak well about bad weather than to speak ill of your good neighbor. In both hemispheres I believe you'll find all the people at some time or other complaining about the weather. A man once confided to me the secret of his differences with sister-in-law. It was the weather. She was never satisfied—either the weather was too hot or too cold; it was too damp or too dry; when all seemed perfect, she complained because of the inevitable change.

AS part of the human race dwells in Patna Mission, India, here, too, you'll find well-founded and ill-founded complaints about the weather. In the plains the heat of the Summer months from June to the middle of September affords many a chance for conversation, complaint and merit. This merit is not too easily stored away, as resignation has its little part to play. Silence, interior and exterior, is a necessary requisite. Is this hard? Come and see! When the sun begins to gain in strength all are more or less determined to take things as a matter of course. But when the breezes stop during the day and continue to slumber through the night, the joke is not so amusing. As the sun's heat increases, man's resignation decreases. The sweet dispositions of your fellow companion remain no longer like an unruffled sea. Their entire bodies have become a prey to little red bumps known as "prickly heat." These words are rather expressive of the sensation experienced by the patient. These little pestiferous swellings are conducive to pricking and heat. Blessed is the man who never says a word about his discomfort; who never betrays it by signs—scratching. Scratching only adds fuel to the fire, or, a better way to put it—scratching adds pricking to the heat and heat to the pricking. But we all admit that the man who endures prickly heat for three months—day and night—without uttering a complaint, without losing his patience or appetite, without forgetting how



Father Paul Dent, S.J., inspects one of the village schools near Bettiah. Class does not seem to be seriously disrupted by the fact that the bamboo wall has been blown down.

to smile and without losing sleep, surely is no ordinary man. What a man!

The heat of the plains is not only hard on the body and disposition, but also on the laundry. You must have a fresh change of linen for every day. I have worn the same white cassock two days consecutively, but I could hardly advertise it as white, neither would I recommend this practice. If I had insisted on a third day the cassock itself would have rebelled and all would have mistaken its color for khaki. Such is the power of perspiration. Perhaps you have some faint idea what the word means. But with the most profound respect for your knowledge, I must say you are totally ignorant of the real meaning of this word. It not only overcomes you with a sticky, gummy, adhesive feeling, but it even dampens your moral courage to such an extent that you fear anything and everything which requires the least exertion. Only the brave dare exert themselves between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. Then the prudent take risks.

SUCH is the power of the sun's rays in India. When you think that you'll soon be overcome you begin to pray for relief; you make earnest petitions for India's monsoon or rainy season. About the middle of June, clouds begin to gather in the northeast and the result is the monsoon. The men who have been in India for a few or more years will argue for weeks as to whether the first rains are really the monsoon or just a prelude to it. It matters little except to prove my point that weather affords a topic of conversation—at times for dissension. The rain-laden clouds coming from the Bay

of Bengal strike the Himalaya Mountains, bounce back and give up their moisture. This advancing, retreating, and surrendering process continues for three months. Towards the end of the third month you condemn yourself for your dissatisfaction with the heat and long for the cessation of the rainy season. Your knives, your pins, your nails and everything that is capable of rust has taken on a nice thin coat of iron oxide; your black coat, pants, cassock and all that you have carefully tucked away for the Winter has become mil-dewed; all your leather and imitation leather possessions have undergone the same process; the machinery of your watch has also undergone changes and refuses to go at its ordinary speed. Why did you petition for the rains?

One day would have been sufficient, or at least one month would have supplied all the needs as far as you were concerned. While the rainy season holds forth, one dare not go out of the house for the shortest period without his umbrella. When you are in possession of your umbrella, then it may rain or it may not, but if you are without it then a cloud-burst is certain. Every family has its umbrella. It's not an uncommon sight to see three kiddies under it, each trying to get central position. There are days when the heavens are merciful, but these are rare; you live them through in fear and trembling lest one drop should encourage another and the second invite an inundation. An unremitting downpour day and night for one or two days is not so rare.

EVERYBODY has become resigned to the heat as well as to the rain before they have been in India two years. It is no uncommon thing for the older members of the Mission to indulge in stories rather far-fetched and fanciful; these are generally related in the presence of new arrivals. The subject matter of these narratives is either the scorching rays of the sun or the length, depth, and thickness of the monsoon. After all, neither the heat nor the rains can overpower one who knows how to take or undertake them. Besides, they have been given for a purpose. What would India's millions do without the long hot season, or how could they live without the prolonged rains? As the Americans hug the fireside on cold Winter days the Indians seek the sun. You'll find more than one group in a vil-

lage with the bare essentials of clothing taking advantage of the sunshine, that is, in Winter. In Summer the shade is more desirable even to the natives.

One does not have to be here long before he discovers the ingenuity of the poverty-stricken Indians in taking advantage not only of the heat and rain, but of all the natural resources placed at their disposal. Take bamboo for instance. You'll see the bamboo in so many different shapes and under such varied disguises that you begin to exclaim: "What art!" "Cleverly done!"

YOU won't travel far in India until you see either on the right or the left of the road a bamboo grove—I mean bamboo groves. Every one knows how neces-



Father Aloysius Rohde, S.J., official Visitor of Patna Mission, India, at the time this picture was taken, inspects the work done by the basket-maker caste in one of the stations cared for by Father Rudolph W. Bohm, S.J. (left).

sary they are for scenic purposes. What would Indian scenery be without the clumps of bamboos nodding in the breeze? India would no longer look Indian without her bamboos.

But everything which helps to beautify or adorn does not prove useful. An oil painting for instance, although most delicately touched and capable of enchanting thousands, could hardly serve as a protection against rain storms. But we were speaking about bamboos. They enhance the beauty of the landscape as well as enrich their owners. People do not grow bamboos to improve scenic conditions for the sightseer, but precisely because bamboo growing is a paying proposition.

WHEREVER you travel you find mud and grass huts. These are nothing but bamboos with a mud or grass overcoat. The mud houses require more bamboos and the grass ones fewer. The bamboos in either case are the framework. You will see village after village constructed of grass and mud

(Turn to page 27)

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

New Year's Greetings for 1937, and a cordial invitation to visit our new Museum. Visiting hours are from nine to twelve and two to five. Saturday afternoons and Sundays, as in all good business offices, excepted. The place

OUR JESUIT MISSIONS MUSEUM

is Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, in the Gramercy Park Building, on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. Until we get our own buses, take the Lexington Avenue Express to Fourteenth Street, or the Local to Eighteenth or Twenty-third. One step inside the compo board walls and you are swept from the sidewalks of New York to mission trails anywhere east of Suez or south of Father Hubbard's "Cradle of the Storms." Once a year in a Rose Bowl classic or a Sugar Bowl joust, the ends of the U. S. A. are drawn together, yet daily the ends of the earth meet in our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum. Bric-a-brac from Baghdad, Moslem flagella and water colors from old Mesopotamia, beaded moccasins, feathered headgear and Indian tomahawks, Moro war knives from the Philippines, slippers of braided grass, crocodiles and needle fish from the Spanish Main, with myriad curios of primitive Caribbeana, the Alaskan kayak and dog sled, and the ever glamorous tapestries, snake skins and furs of India—all are here. American Jesuit missionaries have forwarded them to us from the four quarters of the globe in order that you might be able to visualize more clearly the atmosphere in which they live and labor for souls. Here you may have Arctic atmosphere without the zip, tropic life minus the anemic aftermath, oriental mystery divorced from the threat of sacking Reds, all are yours for a visit. Once again, greetings for 1937, and a warm welcome to our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum and its treasures from many climes.

From the banks of the Tigris, Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., reminds us of a note addressed to His Holiness by the Tartars of the Volga and Crimea which we hope may pave the

A CHRISTIAN MOSLEM FRONT

way for a working *entente* for our Catholic missionaries in the lands of the Moslem. The letter concludes: "The Bolsheviks make no distinction between Christian and Moslem, since the Moscow Government seeks to destroy all religious beliefs and so is at war with God. As the religious persecution in Russia menaces both faith in general and the high moral standards based upon that faith, we earnestly hope that Your Holiness will raise your voice in defence of the religion of Islam before public opinion and before the conscience of believing Christians throughout the world."

Here is a crisp commentary on reverence for an irreverent and sophisticated generation. Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of Akulurak, Alaska, summoned by *mukluk* telegraph, is speeding to a dying school girl with Viaticum.

THE REDEEMER MUSHES FOR SOULS

"Over the smooth and noiseless trail we glided—the Savior and a tramp missionary of the tundra. There was no heavy drone of engine to disturb the stillness of recollection here,—no suspense that a spark plug would miss fire. All was quiet, serene and peaceful. I am sure that our Lord in His early morning jaunts in ancient Palestine could not have been more at ease. Certainly the morning sun could not have been more brilliant there than on this clear, glistening Arctic morning.

"As we swung off the river and up through the willow portage two huge Arctic hares stood at attention. Their big ears did not flicker as my grey malemutes swiftly passed them by, noses twitching with the scent. In less than two hours I passed six of these immaculate sentinels—they were safe this blessed morning. No gun would break the solemn stillness of the air

when Jesus Christ, Our Lord, was on the trail.

"Not a team did we meet—not a bark came from a little village as we slipped past its sleeping igloos. Our mission was to the dying, and the dumb animals seemed to recognize the fact."

Enter the Mark Twain of Europe. JESUIT MISSIONS was recently honored by a visit from Father Jon Svensson, S.J., an eighty year old Icelander, a missionary in his own right, a lineal descendant in an authenticated line from Queen Aud, widow of Olaf the White, King of Dublin, who came to Iceland in 890. "You Americans, you are so fearless, so practical. You are not afraid to

INCOMING MALES

start anything. And you are so fast. You do not walk—you leap." That's the story also of our American Jesuit missionaries: fearless, practical, unafraid, straining at the leash for the greater glory of their God. To date, Father Svensson has sold six million copies of his books in Europe, translated into thirty languages. "You are surprised, no? But yes, I pray very much that many should read my books and that they should do much good, for it is so necessary to do good." One potent prayer for JESUIT MISSIONS!

"The miners loved him, their employers respected him, Government officials depended upon him"—from a tribute to Very Rev. John J. Curran, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Wilkes-Barre, lately deceased and nationally known labor mediator. The same principle which motivated the life of this outstanding priest of God inspires our missionaries' days and nights. Under

PRIESTS AND WORKERS, THE CATHOLIC UNITED FRONT

their auspices for seventy-three years, the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Hong Kong, without discrimination as to race or religion, has sponsored, even as did Christ, the cause of the worker and the poor, and in so doing has been a leavening influence for good between paganism and Christianity in China.

A colossal auction sale of souls, between sixty and seventy millions of the Depressed Classes, is going on in India. Bids, both political and religious, are being placed. Yet, the gavel has not yet banged down. The Catholic Church alone, through her program of social justice for the worker, can place the highest bid.

SOULS AT AUCTION

That the Church is not the only bidder at this auction for souls is clear from a recent address of His Excellency, Most Rev. Tiburtius Roche, Bishop of Tuticorin. "It is most unfortunate that at a time when India should present a united front, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, through his Communist propaganda should cause a split in the Congress and endanger national unity. From now on it must be the task of every Catholic in the country to expose from the platform and through the Press the fallacies and dangers of Communism and to save the nation from the disasters that have befallen other countries."

SOCIAL JUSTICE

While crack regiments of Catholic missionaries press forward in their daily offensive for souls, pacifist professors of history in our American school system, snipe at their efforts from behind Government protected rostrums.

SNIPING IN OUR SCHOOLS

Here is a sample. (1) "Missionaries manage to get shot just in time for their country to annex a desirable territory"; (2) "Some are imperialistic first and missionaries after"; (3) "The French have belief in Catholicism—for those not in France"; (4) "Missionaries teach natives their inferior position"; (5) "Traders realize the value of the missionary." It is a question whether the downright atheism of Communism or this cowardly sniping is the worse menace.

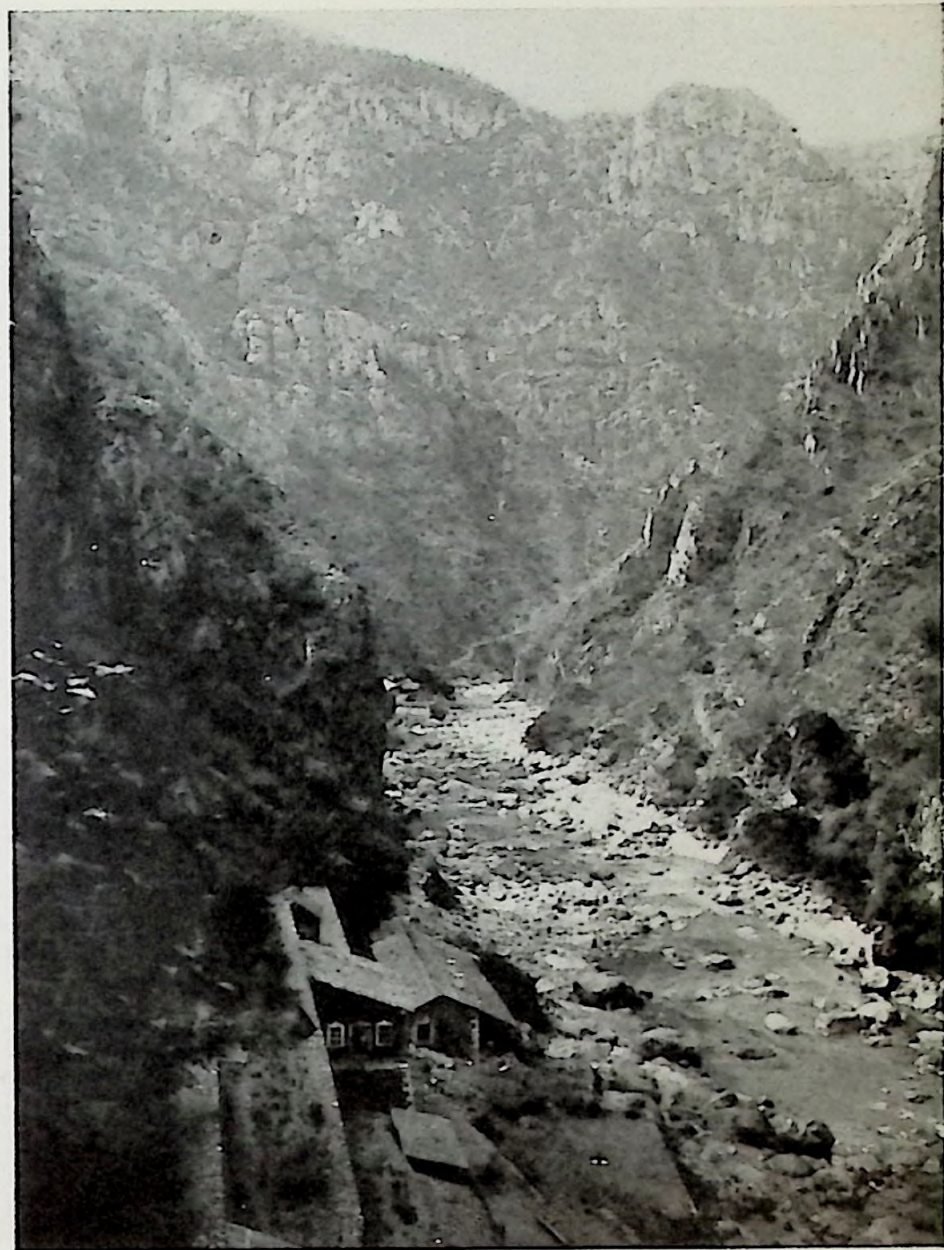
In the Sierra Madre

James I.
McEnaney, S J.

IN the heart of the Occidental Sierra Madre, occupying the southwestern part of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, there lives an indigenous tribe little known to the friends of the missions. Through the great and precipitous mountain passes, some fifty thousand Tarahumara Indians are spread out, still waiting for the benefits of true civilization—a practical and conscientious Christianity.

Father Juan Fonte, the first missionary amongst these abandoned people, arrived in the year 1607. The first mission was established in 1616, and the famous Reductions of Paraguay seemed to have very successful imitations in the Chihuahuan mountains, until the suppression of the Society of Jesus, in the year 1773, destroyed in a moment the great sacrifices and labors of a century and a half.

When the last Jesuit had gone forth from the Mission, the light of the Sierra Madre was extinguished, giving way to the powers of darkness and to frightful degradation. Scarcely a trace of those former conquests remained, and when the sons of Ignatius returned many years afterward, the spiritual edifice of souls built by their predecessors was in a state of threatening ruin. At the beginning of the present century, after one hundred and twenty-seven years had elapsed since the last



Copper Canyon, "in the heart of the Occidental Sierra Madre," where the Tarahumara Indians live.

Jesuit had left the Mission, the Jesuits returned and found that, great as was the material ruin of the field of labor, the moral ruin made their very souls bleed. The glorious traditions of the past had been substituted for grotesque rites of repugnant superstitions, and a breakdown in customs had entered in, contrasting sadly with the piety and good works of better days.

THE labors of the present day missionaries are much more difficult than those of their predecessors. That is to say, whereas the older Jesuits had to struggle only against the ignorance and natural perversion of the Indians, the modern Jesuit must reconquer them from this natural defection and do so in the face of a very efficacious persecution on the part of the Government. The enemy is a powerful one, but duty obliges the missionary to struggle on even against such odds.

In the first quarter of the twentieth century, boarding schools for the Tarahumara boys and girls had been constructed wherein arts and industries were being taught, furthering the work of civilization and culture amongst these people. A new generation was growing up with a love for work and taught to appreciate the joys of living in society after having lived for so long in savagery. The outlook was really comforting until the Government intervened and brought this great work to sorry ruin in 1926, and practically completed it last year.

A Tarahumara Indian of Chihuahua in the Mexican Sierra Madre Mountains.



Catholic Alaska H



A BULLET, piercing the heart of Archbishop Charles John Seghers, signalled that the campaign was already under way—the campaign to gain Alaska for Christ!

On a lonely bank of the frozen Yukon, ten miles northeast of Nulato, Archbishop Seghers, two Indian guides, and Frank Fuller, a helper, encamped, the night of Friday, November 26, 1886.

A dangerous neurotic, Fuller arose earlier than usual the next morning, took his rifle from the sled, and approached the Archbishop. "Get up, Bishop!" Fuller emphasized the words with the toe of his *mukluk*.

In the murky light of the Indian smoke-house, Archbishop Seghers awoke; gazed into the barrel of a leveled rifle, held in the hands of the insane Fuller. Lifting his eyes to Heaven and crossing his arms upon his breast, the Archbishop tendered his offering, a Morning Offering of his life for the Indians and Eskimos of Alaska.

Dying for the natives was the work of Archbishop Seghers; working for the Eskimos and Indians was worse than death for those who gripped the standard of the fallen campaigner; and who, for the past fifty years, have held it aloft in that white wilderness of deep desolation.

TODAY, from the golden crest of Alaska's Jesuit Jubilee, it will do our hearts good to gaze across the years and across the frozen tundra to that first blood-splashed milestone that has inspired so many priests, Sisters, and lay-Brothers to carry on: to toil and to die that others might live; that others might have life and have it more abundantly!

Life sprang from death. News of Archbishop Seghers' death spread up the Yukon, across Alaska and throughout the world. Down the Yukon, in the Spring of 1887, came two Jesuit Fathers, Pascal Tosi and Aloysius Robaut, former companions of the Archbishop, who had been detailed to winter at Harper's Place, at the mouth of the Stewart River, near the source of the Yukon.

Having accompanied the body of the Archbishop to the States, Father Tosi returned with auxiliaries: Father A. Ragaru, S.J., and short, little Brother Carmelo Giordano, S.J., the latter from the sunny slopes of Sant' Anastasia, near fuming Vesuvius.

Four against the Arctic! Founders of the Alaskan Missions, these four brave, devoted men had work to do, a campaign to plan, an empire to build. Their work, outlined so wisely and generously, we celebrate today in Golden Jubilee.

Alaska, equal in size to all the States east of the Mississippi River, is a frigid land where fuel is scarce; where the cost of living is high and the poverty of the inhabitants deplorable; where journeys are necessary and travel is expensive and hazardous. With more hardships and fewer consolations per square mile than any other apostolic field, Alaska is well said to be "the most difficult Mission in the world."

PERILS, however numerous and formidable, have never dismayed a true missionary. Undaunted, have come men and women, cheerfully forsaking the cities of the United States and the hamlets and cultural centers of Europe, trading the comforts of an air-flow for the discomforts of a leaky kayak, the warm Italian skies for the snow-laden welkin of the Northland, a calm, elm-flanked avenue for the mud and turmoil of a one-street mining camp. Undaunted they have come, mushing over trackless tundra, living in snow-buried cabins, subsisting on fish and seal oil, studying the difficult native dialects, and teaching the inhabitants a knowledge of letters and the truths of Faith.

Stars, promised to gleam forever in the firmament because they had "taught the little ones," soon spangled the northern skies, when three Sisters of St. Ann arrived at Nulato. "We have come not for comfort, but for hardships and labors," they declared, as they shoveled away the snow and erected tents.

Fish-eating Eskimos along the Bering Sea gathered about Fathers J. M. Treca, S.J., and P. Muset, S.J., to hear the Gospel of the Nazarene. The same year, 1889, "the priest with a smile on his face," Father William Judge, S.J., of Baltimore, transformed a raw log cabin into a concert hall, leading the youngsters in their songs and teaching them to construct violins of birch bark.

Into the Klondike region stampeded the gold seekers, in 1897. To Dawson,



as Its Jubilee

Hubert A.
Post, S.J.

the hub of mining activity, went Father Judge, erecting a church to care for the souls of the gold-fever stricken and a hospital to care for the bodies of the typhoid fever stricken. Lodging in a corner of a ward, to be always at hand, Father Judge labored fearlessly night and day, until seized with pneumonia, gaining the crown of a martyr of charity, January 16, 1899.

The Sisters of Charity of Providence and the Ursuline Nuns now joined in

the work, teaching the young, caring for the ailing, and harboring the orphans.

IN the great scheme of things, this Golden Jubilee, like every other true joy, is rooted in heartache. Some have to sorrow that others rejoice; some die that others might live. The grim Northland stands behind the gilded tapestries of this Jubilee. Scourged by the Arctic and tortured by the silence and solitude of the Northland are countless missionaries, men and women, of learning and rugged health, who doggedly but inevitably yielded to the terrific assaults of the elements and the unquestionable demands of time. Ill of pneumonia, the cofounder of the Alaskan Missions, Father Aloysius Robaut, battles the breakers of the Bering. Finally, he beaches his craft: "Brother, make a coffin for me out of that boat." The Brother obeyed, but prayed more earnestly than he labored. Father Robaut recovered; later he experienced a blast of seventy below weather, froze his feet, lost the powers of speech and the use of his hands, and finally died of asthma, in the North, where he had campaigned for forty-six consecutive years!

Bearing Christmas gifts to the orphans at Pilgrim Springs, Father Ruppert, lashed and blinded in a blizzard, sinks into the snows. Father Philip Delon, S.J., and Father William Walsh met instant death, as the missionary plane, *Marquette*, buried its nose in the frozen tundra. In Nome, during the 1918-1919 flu epidemic, Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., zealously administered the Last Rites to all his natives; while the Swedish minister barred himself in his house, and three unfortunate Methodist Eskimos hanged themselves in the gymnasium of the Methodist Mission.

WE rejoice! The campaign has been successful! Our bishop, twenty priests, and ten lay-Brothers, members of the Society of Jesus, now replace that first apostle who found his Golgotha beside the Yukon fifty years ago. The plans of the first four Jesuits were well laid, and so heroically executed that twenty major missionary posts and thirty minor stations dot the map of Alaska, from Kotzebue beyond the Arctic Circle to Ketchikan at Alaska's southern tip. Of the 59,000 Eskimos, Indians and Whites, 11,500 are Catholics. Eight schools, several orphanages, and eight well-equipped hospitals testify that the campaign has been successful.

Only a Gettysburg, however, is this Jubilee—merely a rededication of our lives and our efforts to the "unfinished task yet before us." Even while we pause today, the battle thunders on, a fight against the crushing Arctic and a siege against the "powers of darkness."

Unwilling to underline their hardships, the missionaries of today tell us that they "enjoy" seal oil pancakes, and like dogs curling under a sled for a night's rest; the solitude of not seeing a religious companion more than once a year; the terrific physical strain of a five hundred mile mushing trip.

Mingled with our Jubilee prayers of thanksgiving, therefore, should be fervent petitions for the men and women still in active service, and that other victims, dying the slow and painful death of living and toiling in the perils of the North, shall emulate the martyred Archbishop and his successors, in approaching the white altar of Alaska's snows, an altar adorned with candelabra of sky-flung peaks and radiant beneath the northern lights.

The North's veteran Bishop, His Excellency, Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., who has given many of the seventy-nine years of his life to the service of the Church in Alaska.



Shrine of Our Lady of Zose

Wilfred J. LeSage, S.J.

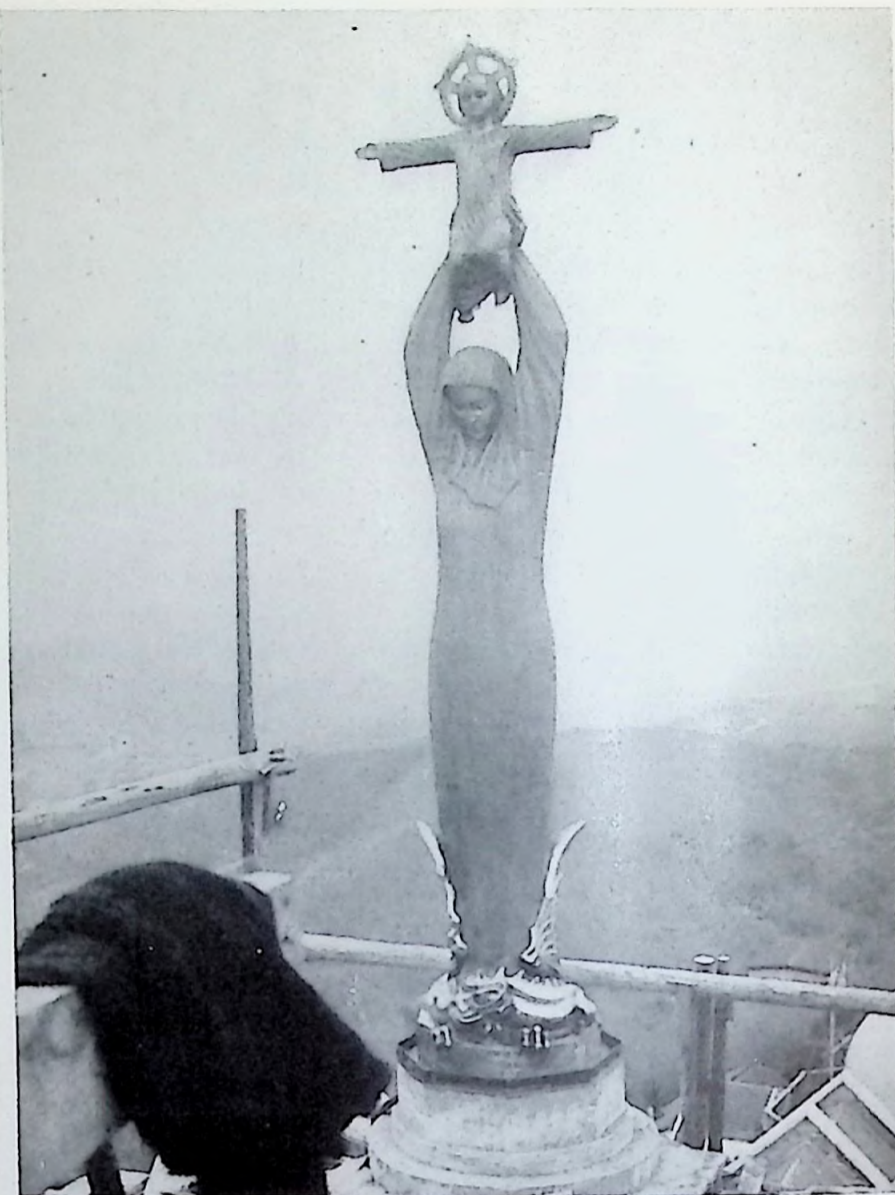
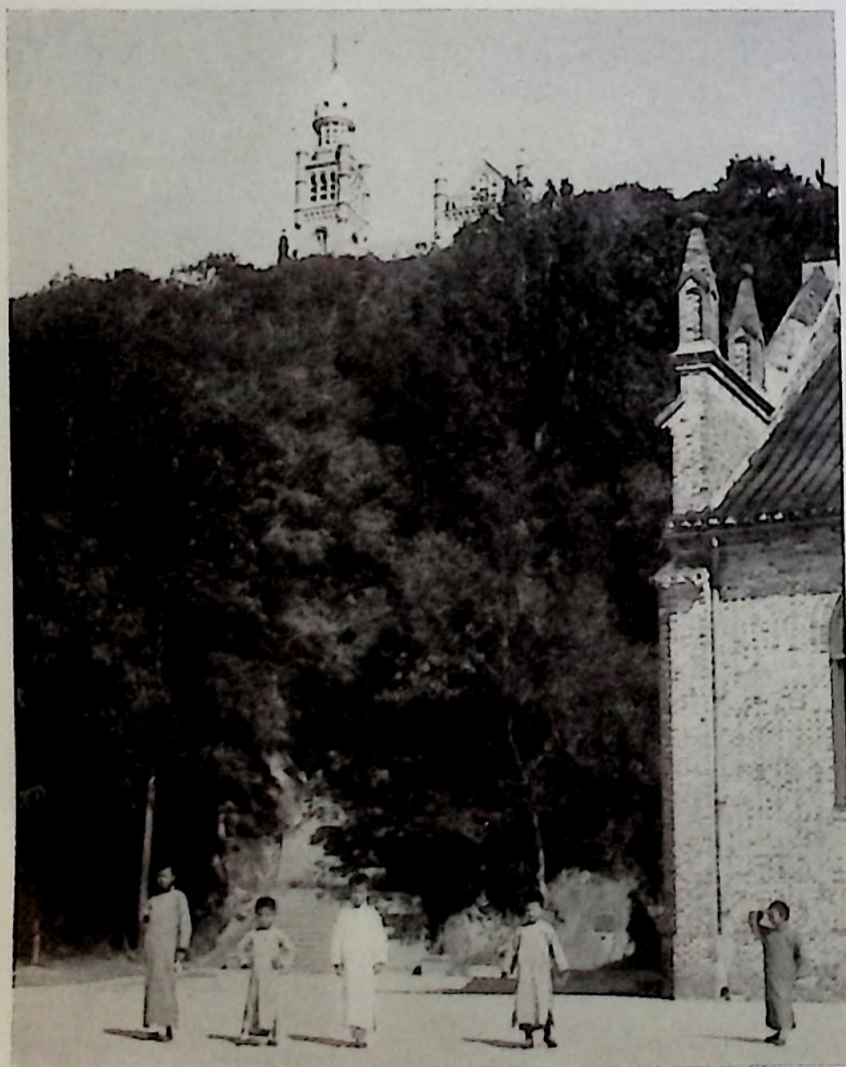
ANYONE who has ever spent an hour or more huddled up on the floor of a sampan realizes that there are other more comfortable modes of travel. We three California Scholastics, Messrs. Deward, O'Hara and I were fully convinced of this fact while on a pilgrimage to Zose.

When we had nearly reached our destination, Mr. O'Hara, S.J., questioned the rower of the boat with a smile:

"*Sa du va?*" "Are you tired?" The fellow looked down from where he stood at the back of the boat and grinned through a mass of wrinkles and a few scattered teeth.

"*Veh, sa du.*" "No, I am not tired."

Undoubtedly years of practice had made rowing quite easy for the old timer. But what appears so simple to a sampan rower is a real test of unique ability for a foreigner, since a long Chinese oar rests upon a tiny iron peg. Why was the peg never made larger? This is just another little oriental mystery to everybody except the rower. No wonder China is the most interesting country in the world!



The fourteen foot bronze statue of Mary and the Child on the tower of the church at the Shrine of Our Lady of Zose.

Our small floating cradle, for that is what a sampan feels like, rocked into the port of Zose just as the Angelus bell was ringing. The landing was not easy since we were preceded by about fifty other small boats huddled together along the canal. From the edge of this waterway the hill rises rather abruptly. The entire mount is covered with large bamboo trees. Just above their crest, Mr. Deward pointed out the shining cross on the top of the tower. This cross is formed by the outstretched arms of the Christ Child held aloft by Our Lady. Golden! A beautiful sunset had claimed both Mother and Child.

ZOSE, which has been called "The Little Lourdes of China," has had a very exceptional history. In the eleventh century there was a large Buddhist monastery upon the summit of the hill. This monastery was dedicated to Buddha, "Illuminator of the World." Three centuries later the entire monastery was destroyed by fire. Finally in the year 1863, this site was purchased by the Superior of the Jesuit Mission. Four years later a small church was erected and dedicated to "Our Lady Help of Christians." Serious trouble arose in the year 1870 from the vicious Chang Mao (long hair) rebels, and it was greatly feared that the little church and residence would be destroyed.

High on the summit of the hill stands the new church of the Shrine of Our Lady of Zose.

At this time, the Superior, Father Della Corte, S.J., made the following written promise to Our Lady. "My (Turn to page 28)

Christians in the Lands of the Prophet

The Mission Intention for January

AMONG the big ten religions in the world today, Mohammedanism listing 240,000,000 adherents ranks as number three in point of numbers. Catholicism claims 372,000,000 members and Confucianism 270,000,000. However, in the practice of their religious customs and in their sullen aggressiveness to the Catholic Church, the followers of Mohammed are oftentimes distinctly ebullient to such an extent that it seems not rash to say that among all the religions in the world today (we do not consider Communism as a religion), Mohammedanism is the greatest threat to the spread of the doctrines of Christ. To Americans whose minds have been focused upon China, Japan and the Far East, this statement may seem strange and unexpected. If so, this is due both to the dearth of regular information from Mohammedan countries as well as to the plethora of mission propaganda that like the course of empire westward and not eastward points the way. It is likewise due to lack of data that Americans generally love to speak about the new Near East and the lands of the Prophet with an insouciant disregard for exactness. Witness this plaint from a missionary in Baghdad, Iraq.

"When Americans describe a Moro as one who wears a fez like a Turk, or when they put Baghdad in Syria, India, Persia, Turkey or Arabia, as they oftentimes have, when they call a New York Armenian a Turk, or an Assyrian an Arabian, when Persians are thought to be fire worshippers, and Moroccan, Egyptian, Syrian and Iraqi to be different languages than Arabic, when Turks are considered Mongols and Berbers black men, then it does seem, does it not, that Americans know more about China and Japan than they do about western Asia and the land where Islam rules. Don't you think it would be an education to look at a map of the Near East before the World War and after it, and to note the new countries, their languages, capitals and population, and above all, their minorities? In these countries, as nowhere else in the world, a minority is practically all but another nation, at least in thought. It would be a revelation to all who finished geography before 1918 to know that it is no longer Constantinople but Istanbul, no longer Persia but Iran, no longer Mustapha Kemel but Kemel Ataturk."

Mohammedanism, or strictly speaking, Islam, is the religion founded by Mohammed in the early seventh century in Arabia. The word "Islam" means submission, of course to Allah, and the satisfaction which comes thereby to the Moslem. The word Moslem itself means one who has submitted. Islam, which is both a religion and a political system, is found today either under one formality or the other in Morocco, the Sudan, Algeria, Egypt, Thrace, Albania, Syria, Turkey, Iran, the West Indies, Sumatra and Java. It likewise has far-flung outposts in China, Cape of Good Hope, in England, France, Italy and the Netherlands. It has never really obtained a foothold in distinctly Catholic countries unless the way had first been paved for its approach by schism. In the majority of Mohammedan strongholds

today, Christians constitute a despised and uninfluential minority. In Iraq, for example, among the vast Mohammedan majority there are only 70,000 Catholics. In all of Persia, there are scarcely more than 5,000. The few thousand Catholics in Russian Turkistan are the butt of constant attack on the part of over 4,000,000 Moslem fanatics. Palestine has only 33,000 Catholics as against 1,000,000 devotees of Islam. One hundred and thirty thousand Catholics are found also among 12,000,000 Mohammedans in the land of the Nile. While in most of these countries the essentials of liberty, embracing freedom of worship, are granted to Christians, there are countries such as Russia and in a measure Turkey itself where aggravating restrictions are the rule. Even in countries where Mohammedans are in the minority and Christians hold political sway, such as in the Island of Mindanao, Philippine Archipelago, the followers of Mohammed cordially despise the followers of Christ.

According to the orthodox Moslem doctors, there are six major articles of faith or so-called Roots of Islam. These are: (1) Allah alone is God; (2) Angels, beings with subtle bodies, created of light, subject to the will of Allah; (3) The Koran is the complete and final word of Allah given to mankind through the prophet of Allah, Mohammed; (4) Prophets, of whom the last and greatest was Mohammed, who from time to time have guided mankind in the truths of God; (5) Judgment, which at the last sends man to Heaven or hell according to his deeds; and (6) God's Omnipotence (interpreted by us wrongly as pre-destination). The five pillars of practical religion are (1) the belief and unhesitating protest that "there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is the apostle of Allah"; (2) five periods of prayer daily; (3) legal almsgiving; (4) fasting, especially during the month of Ramadhan; (5) the performance of the pilgrimage to Mecca by all who have both sufficient means for the journey and for keeping their families at home meanwhile. At its best, Islamic morality has in the past emphasized the African habit of families and the care of the needy. It has legislated against infanticide, private profit, suicide, robbery, inhumanity, gambling, slavery, perjury, the sale and consumption of intoxicating drink and adultery. At its worst, it has broken all this legislation, has allowed polygamy, with the liberty of four wives for any man at any one time, and slavery; it has likewise recommended and preached the play of *Jihad* or Holy War as an instrument in the spread of the faith.

While conversions from Mohammedanism are rare and, because of the threat of death attached, are not a topic for editorial comment, even at this safe distance, nevertheless, by the multiplication of priests and schools and the practice of the full Christian life as taught by the Catholic religion, Catholics may be a leaven in the Mohammedan mass. Yet to be such, they must oppose purity to impurity, pray always, and by devoted, generous and humble charity, wait upon the workings of the Providence of God.

Afield with American Jesuits

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father John Newell, S.J., who has recently been assigned to this Mission, has taken up his new duties as the traveling missionary among the Maya villages that are in the Cayo-Benque Viejo districts. He will have his headquarters at El Cayo with Father Joseph Kemper, S.J. He has taken over the work formerly done by Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., who has been assigned to the Punta Gorda area where he will be assistant pastor, take care of the village of Fairview, and be chaplain for the Pallotine Sisters at their convent and novitiate. Father Edward W. Courtney, S.J., who was at Punta Gorda, has moved to Belize where he is teaching at St. John's College, together with the other new arrivals, Robert Hodapp, S.J., and Edward O'Donnell, S.J.

* * *

Father Albert Muntsch, S.J., Professor of Social Anthropology at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., insists on getting first-hand evidence for his writings and his teaching, and so he has found his way into the hinterland of British Honduras. He writes from Punta Gorda to tell us of the work of one of the Carib teachers who is preparing a hymn book in the native languages.

"In 1893, the Mission of British Honduras was transferred from the English to the Missouri Province. Many of our valiant laborers sent thither since that time have now been called to their reward. Many of these Fathers had to learn one or several foreign languages used by the people: Spanish, Maya, Keckchi, Carib.

"Carib is spoken by the people of Punta Gorda and Stann Creek, two flourishing missionary centers. The work of the Fathers is greatly aided by native Carib teachers who instruct not only in secular branches but also in religion.

"One of these teachers, Mr. L. B. Daniels, is now completing a Carib hymn book to be dedicated to Father H. J. Tenk, S.J., Superior of the Punta Gorda Mission, who has labored among the Caribs since October, 1912.

"The hymns, which will be set to music by teacher Daniels, number about fifty. Among the more important ones, are hymns to Christ the King, to the Sacred Heart, and to the Virgin Mother. There is also a Morning Hymn to the Guardian Angel. Miscellaneous hymns are scattered through the book.

"The Carib children love music and singing and these hymns when completed will be a great aid to foster devotion and to instruct the people. In other Jesuit missions music and

singing have been an important aid in bringing home to the natives the meaning and beauty of our religion. The present writer who has been with the Caribs, realizes that 'external help' like hymns, pictures, statues, medals, rosaries, crosses, illustrated manuals of prayer, etc., are a welcome aid to the missionary who must teach Christian Doctrine to backward people. Such helps, sent as gifts to the Fathers, are always welcome."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

After a long silence, Father James M. Harney, S.J., writes from St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica, B.W.I.:

"My new missions are presenting a great field for work and I am trying to build on the foundation Father James Dolan, S.J., left me. He surely scoured the districts for Catholics and made many an isolated soul realize that he or she was not forgotten by Holy Mother Church.

"There is a great need of Catholic literature in the Island, and I personally believe it is a defensive and an offensive means of which we must make use, and great use, to protect



Father William F. McHale, S.J., of the Province of New England, Pastor of Morant Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I., who likewise attends to the folk of Yallahs, Port Morant, Manchioneal and Golden Grove.

and to spread the Kingdom of Christ. Catholic magazines furnish our people with wholesome reading matter and help to acquaint non-Catholics with the truth about the Catholic Church. Then some of the newer denominations, as Seventh Day Adventists and Jehovah's Witnesses are showing themselves most zealous in spreading their literature. I do not think they are making much headway among Catholics, but they are placing many non-Catholics farther than ever away from the Church and making the work of converting them far more difficult. Some of them do not sell their literature, that is to say, they tell the people that the amount asked for the book or pamphlet is only asked as a contribution to the cause; and yet some person in the neighborhood is appointed to receive the contributions in whole or in part until the required contribution is completed. Such consideration gains its point and especially so when the leader of the false creed appears faithfully on the scene every week. And mind you, he appears not so much in the role of a leader as in the guise of one who is giving leadership to another. For the later sects have an uncanny way of denouncing clergymen, both Catholic and non-Catholic, and making their neophytes feel that they are all leaders; at least some follow this method while others will choose fairly literate people, cloak their shoulders with the mantle of authority, and the effect is unbelievable. This catering to their pride makes them zealous apostles of the new creed.

"Another method of propaganda that one of these creeds has adopted is to equip an auto with a loud-speaking outfit and travel to various parts of the Island. They stop wherever they see fit, produce phonographic records of their teachings and broadcast them in the public square or village. In this way they reach everybody and you can imagine what an attraction this novelty is for poor people who cannot read or write. The literature would mean nothing to them but the broadcast brings the message of the false prophets. The great evil of all this false propaganda is that they are putting the poor people farther away from the Church.

"To combat the evil, I think we must do a great deal to advertise the Church, and this we can do in part by the distribution of old magazines, pamphlets, etc. I shall be glad to receive any that your readers will send me."

IRAQ

Father William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq, in a letter to an Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, notes:

"You have given many a retreat, but did you ever have a group composed of thirty-eight Chaldeans, eighteen Syrians, eleven Latins, five Armenians, five Greek Melchites, four Armenian Orthodox (or Gregorian—take your choice of the term), one Greek Orthodox, and two Nestorians? That is the group that has been facing **Father Charles Mahan, S.J.**, for the past three days. That they were of different rites, or that some of them were dissidents or even heretics, did not seem to make much difference. They all made the three days' retreat with enthusiasm. All the exercises of course were in English and in the afternoon they closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

"This morning we had the solemn closing of the retreat. All the boys came out to Mass at Baghdad College and general Communion. There was almost a perfect attendance. Two or three of the boys were absent, but not more. The Mass was practically an open-air Mass, because all the boys were in the yard facing the little room we have made into a chapel.

"When I got back to my room the mail man came bringing your sheaf of letters. Thanks indeed for your kindness. We appreciate it all the more because gifts have not been over-abundant during the Summer months, and, of course, expenses keep on going just the same. I am urging each one to write you a long letter.

"On the feast of the North American Martyrs, **Father William Sheehan, S.J.**, and **Father John Mifsud, S.J.**, rolled into Baghdad in the new Chevrolet—and a beauty it is—accompanied by two trunks, three or four boxes and about a dozen packages. They had made the long journey from Beyrouth to Baghdad over the Lebanon Mountains and down to Damascus, and thence across the more than five hundred miles of desert that lay before them. A chauffeur from the Nairn Transport Company (they have the

biggest passenger bus in the world—made in the U. S. A.) had been engaged to drive them over in the car."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

In a letter to his mother back in New York, **Father John R. O'Connell, S.J.**, who is doing excellent work in Tangub, Occidental Misamis, P.I., writes apropos of the coming International Eucharistic Congress in Manila:

"**Bishop Hayes** was talking over the matter with one of my Superiors, and he, the Bishop, put me down as due to go to Manila, to meet my little mother. I had just written to **Father John Hurley, S.J.**, that I had no hopes of getting to Manila. Then our dear Lord settled the matter definitely. So, if I don't fall over the side of the pier or tugboat, I shall bid you welcome to Manila and the Eucharistic Congress.

"The demands on the parishes are increasing. The central committee is urging more publicity and more contributions. Our parishes, here, have been assigned their quota, which, while not large, is far beyond the collections thus far. More and more parochial congresses are being held—all with an eye on the great Congress in Manila. Please God, the land will be so roused up to devotion to the Blessed Sacrament that there will be less room for complaint, even in the case of the uneducated!

"Last year, in the capital of this great province, I was asked to preach the fiesta sermon and to serve as deacon at Solemn High Mass. I reported in the sacristy and was handed a soiled chasuble to serve as a dalmatic. The three priests wore chasubles, because there's nothing else to do, as **John McCormack** would sing it. We just didn't have dalmatics. This year, at one church, I went on as sub-deacon in a dalmatic that was old, heavy, torn, soiled: a general mess. So, would you have the daring kindness to whisper to the ladies that for the greater glory

of the Church here in the presence of the hate-intoxicated heretical followers of the fallen priest, **Aglipay** and for the encouragement of some of the weaker brethren, it would be appreciated if they would decide to send a set of white dalmatics, light and not necessarily ornate, and an altar cloth, say, almost a yard wide, and fifteen feet long, without any embroidery at the center.

"I am enjoying the convenience of the **Palma Ford**. Of course, I avoid settling down as a rich owner. The car helps me to do God's work and I take it as it (the car) comes: a generous gift for service. Today I was watching a carpenter reset our front door when a telegram came from **Father James G. Daly, S.J.**, asking if I could go up to the next large town, ten miles up the coast. He was returning from a trip to see **Bishop Hayes**. I called the chauffeur and we were soon on the road. After dinner in Misamis, I took **Father Daly** up to the next mission and then returned to Misamis, did some shopping, and went on to Tangub, arriving before school was dismissed: in time to hear confessions for Sunday, for tomorrow's marriages, and to see the doors actually hung. In the old days, when the truck-bus was my car, I just couldn't get around this way. Many a time there was no bus and sometimes the bus arrived overcrowded and I was left for another hour or so. Still I had to go to **Jimenez** each week. Now I can go up in the afternoon and be back for supper or after supper. Riding in the rain means a little less ventilation; but I travel as in a little private room. God bless you and all who helped get me the car. My trips for Mass, some fiesta and sick calls are more bearable now. I arrive without weariness and promptly. Of course, for the real hills, I have to transfer to a horse or launch."

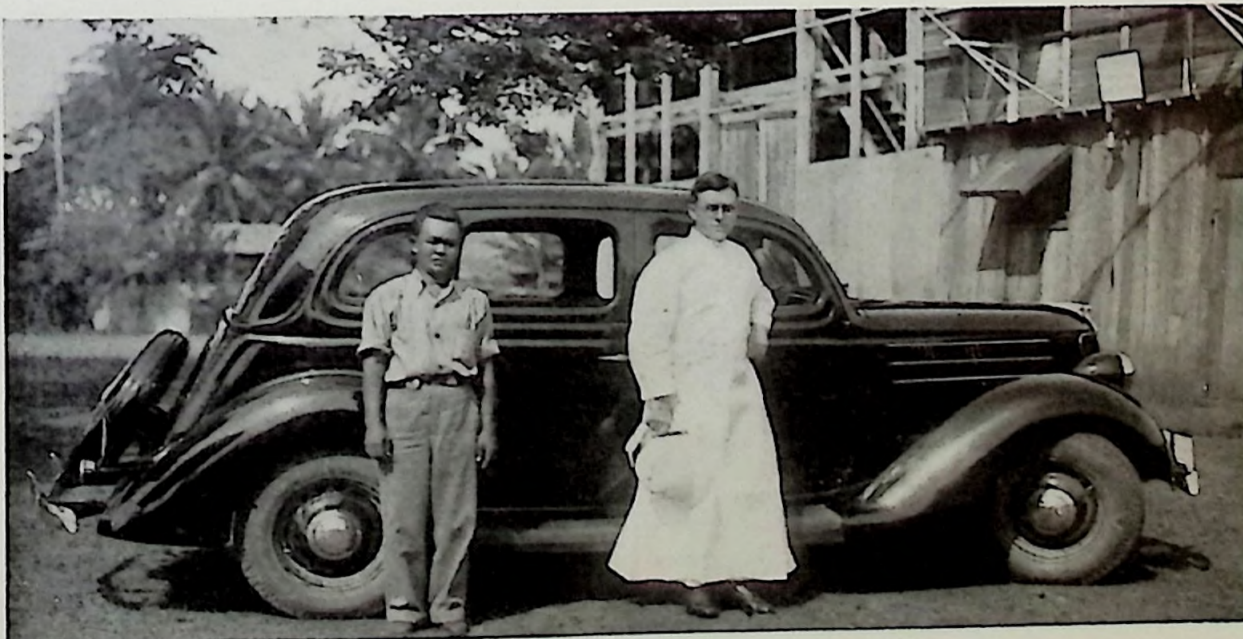
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Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., who is always practical in his thoughts, writes from Catholic Rectory, Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Regarding your promise of a machine with film-slides, I must thank you in advance. I expect to put them to good use. My visits cover forty towns. The slides should be very helpful for catechetical talks that have always seemed so dry even to me; especially since I have often realized that the people were not listening—just sitting and dreaming. Here in Iligan and also in Dansalan, 'talkies' are the rage and impress their story upon the people. We have been waiting ten years for an increase in priests in Mindanao. The Dutch Fathers outnumber the Jesuits two to one. The U.S.A. seems, despite the Clipper ships, very far away. In the idiom of the country, we have many projects but no cash."

* * *

Father Joseph M. Reyes, S.J., who



Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., Pastor of Tangub, Occidental Misamis, P. I., trudged the hills and impassable by-paths for years. Friends finally forwarded this Ford. The church has been without a front for six years. Father O'Connell has no home of his own.

has done such splendid work among his own people in the Philippines, writes to acknowledge a check from

JESUIT MISSIONS:
 "The letter has been chasing me until it found me in Davao where for the time being I am staying until I receive new orders. There is plenty of work, but very few workers. In all there are three priests, one almost blind, the other is old, though energetic, and the third is Yours Truly. What are three among so many, especially in the well populated province of Davao? Help! Help! Help!"

* * *

Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., present Pastor of Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I., writes with pride of his school:

"We have four hundred and forty children in the school and ninety-eight in the kindergarten. The people are so poor that many of them cannot pay the pesos for the intermediate grades and the fifty centavos and five centavos for the primary and kindergarten departments. We have the only full elementary school within a radius of seventeen kilometers. If we closed down, the children in this vicinity would not get any education beyond the fourth grade and many not beyond the second. Besides our central school in Jasaan, we have nine barrio schools, ranging from kindergarten to third grade. It is an expense to keep them open, but the children have to be prepared somehow in their religion and this is the only means we have of doing it. First Communions alone justify the schools."

PATNA, INDIA

Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., under date of September 24, sends the following brief message from Patna where he is working among the Depressed Classes:

"It was very good of you to send me the check and also to give us the center spread in the October issue of

JESUIT MISSIONS.

"Am lacking both leisure and energy to write at any length today. During the past week we (Fathers Lyons, Gallagher and myself) have been out on flood relief, and so I am still fagged. It surely is the strenuous life. What an amount of misery! Over a wide stretch, more than one hundred miles long, the houses of the poor (Depressed Classes) have all been completely demolished. For four days we were out in boats, sometimes all night, too, distributing food to the destitute. I hope some one will be able to give you a fuller account.

"Despite the flood which has made most of the countryside inaccessible, our Depressed Class work has been going forward, and the prospects are excellent for a big move as soon as roads become passable."

* * *

Very Reverend Frank Loesch, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, writes under date of October 6:

"On October 4, His Excellency, Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J., blessed the new church at Jamalpur. Father Henry Milet, S.J., may now make the boast of having the nicest church in Patna Mission. Patient work in gathering funds over a period of years has made the new church possible and now a reality. It stands, too, as a monument to the generosity of the Jamalpur people.

"Progress in the Mission is steady. There are tremendous possibilities for conversions on a large scale. The blood of the new martyrs in Spain will undoubtedly fructify the soil of India too. Only pray the Lord of the Harvest for more missionaries."

* * *

Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., writes from Catholic Mission, Godda P. O., among the Santals in Patna Mission, India:

"This is October, but still the rainy season seems to be on in force. I was marooned all week the week before last in Bhagalpur waiting to get home; so I have not been out so much recently. I had quite an interesting trip into Bhagalpur. Six miles out of Godda the lorry stopped. The driver had not taken enough petrol. They bought a bottle of kerosene from a village and tried that. It produced plenty of smoke but we did not get very far on it. So, in disgust, I set out to walk to Panjwara where on the other side of the river another lorry was supposed to be waiting. The distance was about four miles. I set out with my two men and two little girls whom I was taking to school. The first river was only about a mile away at Damararia. The water was to my waist but I had prepared by putting on a swimming suit which I have been carrying since my Scholastic days. The men and coolies got the girls and boxes across; an ekka driver on the other side wanted to take us the remaining distance to Panjwara. We struck a bargain with him for three annas (about seven and a half cents) and the little pony got five of us to Panjwara. There more wading, but the lorry was waiting, and after getting into dry clothing we went happily on to Bhagalpur. You will never appreciate lorry travel till you come to India. Running short of gas about ten miles from civilization is a not uncommon experience, but every one seems to be indifferent. The driver knew he did not have enough before he started.

"I went out to Sundarmur last Friday; got caught in the rain on the way and found Sundarmur a sea of mud. We could scarcely get into the town without getting into mud a foot deep. I had one Baptism on the way in at Markhon, but that was the only one I had up till yesterday when I came back to Godda after saying Mass at Kalhajor Tuesday. I am going to Sundarmur again this afternoon for first Friday tomorrow, and the prachars are bringing some for Baptism. After that I intend to go on to Barapura and my most distant station.

"Sundarmur is in a state of terror. A bear killed and partly devoured a young man a week ago last Thursday night. Now everyone is afraid to venture out or get caught away from home after dark. He was killed very close to the village. Apparently he disturbed the bear who was raiding a corn field I suppose. They are very fond of corn. The bear is the most dangerous animal here. They attack on sight.

"We also had a little excitement at evening prayers the night after I arrived at Sundarmur when a tiny snake invaded my little lean-to chapel, living quarters, etc. The women especially were terrified. The snake was not a foot long, but contained, the men said,



No, not a picture of the old stagecoach days, but a 1936 mode of travel still used in India,—though buses are also used. The central figure is Father George Dertinger, S.J., with a few of the boys of Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Patna Mission, India.

enough poison to knock out a grown man in a few minutes. Nature protects the young snakes with a particularly deadly venom. We killed it before any damage was done.

"We want to get a chapel of some sort started at Saroni now that the rains are over. So remember us in your prayers. It will mean a great deal for us and perhaps soon, too, the Godda building may be begun."

* * *

Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., writes from Catholic Mission, P. O., Poreya Hat, Santal Parganas, India, to tell us that he is now stationed with Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., and that Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., former Superior at Khrist Raja High School, has taken over his work among the Santals at Kusbila.

* * *

Father Walter E. Marquard, S.J., has been appointed Rector of Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah, and Father Edward J. O'Leary, S.J., succeeds Father Marquard as Pastor of the Bettiah Parish. Father Francis X. Scott, S.J., has replaced Father Raymond H. Mullen, S.J., as Procurator of the Mission and is stationed at Bishop's House. Father Mullen takes charge of the mission at Chuhari.

CHINA

Under date of October 5, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., writes from his Mission: Catholic Mission, Shuyang, Ku., China:

"Your welcome letter was just received with the gift and the Mass stipends. Gifts are thrice blessed in China, for their value is trebled when turned into Chinese dollars.

"I have been forced to open the catechumenate a month earlier this year than last, due to the large numbers that have applied. Moreover a new condition of admission was laid down this year: that all must have learned the prayers of the little catechism by heart before coming to the catechumenate. What memories these Chinese have! Two young fellows who had not learned the prescribed prayers, and yet did not want to tramp back home sixty *li* away (about twenty miles), purchased a catechism and hired a corner in a Chinese inn. To the edification, and no doubt disgust of fellow lodgers, they chanted the prayers during most of the night (the Chinese always memorize by shouting their lesson as loud as possible). In the morning they presented themselves for examination and had succeeded in learning two-thirds of the eight pages of prayers! Of course I had to acknowledge such good will by granting an indulgence for the third part."

* * *

Our American papers periodically give us news of Chino-Japanese troubles. Here is first hand word from Father John A. Lennon, S.J., Califor-

nia Jesuit, Pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Shanghai, who tells of September happenings in his district:

"You have probably been reading in the papers the last few days about the latest Shanghai 'incident' here in Hongkew. Though the murder of the Japanese marine took place just a few blocks away from us, we knew nothing about it until we ourselves read about it in our morning *North China Daily News*. But we saw plenty of military activity on the part of the Japanese that morning and the two succeeding days. Marines in full war kit, tin hats and fixed bayonets, stood guard in twos or threes at each corner, and lorries filled with more marines ready for instant attack circulated through the streets, and motorcycle sidecars with three marines and a menacing machine gun sped up and down on the lookout for trouble. At vital points a tank kept watch. It was a bit thrilling as Brother Finnegan and I walked through the district down Woosung Road to Haining Road where X marked the spot. At the corner of Range Road we met our good friend, Mr. Meiserling, a Catholic reporter on the staff of the *North China Daily News*—by the way he hails from New York—and he told us how he was out all night getting news. Yesterday most of the marines were withdrawn, and today all is quiet again on the Hongkew front. Just what the outcome will be, no one knows; but there is a strong rumor afloat that the Japanese will demand Hongkew and perhaps a part of Chapei as their own concession. Since 1932 they have practically controlled Hongkew, though, of course, formally and to all intents and purposes it remains a definite part of the International Concession.

"On Friday evening we received word of the death by drowning of

Brother Emile Lord, S.J., at Hukow near Haichow. He is a member of the French Canadian Province, and since coming to China has been stationed at the Observatory at Zi-kawei, where his mechanical ability was a great help to the Fathers in charge. We have not heard the details as yet.

"We are preparing a Shanghai Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress in Manila, and are inviting all Catholics of central and north China to join us. I am supposed to lead them to Manila. We have a good response, and the American Express Company are trying their best to book us a boat. Be sure to tell your pilgrims that when they arrive in Shanghai, the most convenient church for Mass is Sacred Heart Church, 260 Nanzing Road, Hongkew, and all will receive a true welcome."

* * *

An article published in the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, September 23, informs us that Father Oscar Doyon, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, formerly stationed at Tushan, Süchow, is doing good work in Tientsin. The *Times* gives the complete text "of the brief sermon preached at the Jesuit House, Racecourse Road, last Sunday by Father Doyon, a Canadian Jesuit Father who is now on the staff of the *Hautes Etudes*." Father Doyon preached on "The Legion of Decency." The following lines are of special interest:

"Now, since we are speaking in China, I wish to lay special stress on the fact that a relaxed censorship of films and the resulting immoral entertainments tend to give in this country a wrong idea of European and American civilizations, often represented as anything but Christian. Much too frequently also, among some of the White people living in this country,



His Excellency, Bishop Philippe Cote, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, visits the Faithful of Yaowan in Süchow, China. Süchow Mission is in charge of the French Canadian Jesuits.

bad example of the worst kind exists. For simple people, this strengthens the opinion that western civilization must be bad. So the work of evangelization is greatly impeded. Catholic Action calls for cooperation among all Christians, of whatever nationality or creed they may be, in systematically abstaining from the halls where filthy scenes are exhibited or where correct censorship standards are not reached."

ALASKA

Diomedes Island, where Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., is spending the Winter and where he is building a church for the natives, has an interesting story.

In the middle of the Bering Strait just before it flows over the rim of the world into the Arctic Ocean, lie two islands—Big Diomedes Island, covering nine square miles, and Little Diomedes Island, approximately three miles in circumference.

The Diomedes are veritable rock piles, rising fifteen hundred feet into the air, and offering a better haven for birds, whose numbers during the nesting season are legion, than for man. In spite of their isolated location and physical disadvantage, these islands are the home of a very ancient and virile tribe of Eskimos. There is little doubt that the original inhabitants of the Diomedes were mighty hunters with the spear, bow and arrow, bone sling and stone club. Single handed and armed only with a short spear they killed polar bears. Walrus and seal they obtained in abundance. Although they had no boats, they traveled in safety over the treacherous ice packs between the two continents of Alaska and Siberia. They were able to make their way home even after they had been carried miles to sea during storms. To this day every Eskimo on the Diomedes Islands carries in his hunting bag a small paddle about fourteen inches long which he can fasten to one end of his spear, step onto a cake of ice, use his improvised paddle and propel the floating ice to safety.

As if to compensate for the lack of agricultural possibilities, the Diomedes are, because of their location, a hunting paradise. They lie right in the center of the twenty mile stretch of water separating Alaska and Siberia, and through this channel all the ice of the Arctic ice pack passes twice each year, northward in the Spring, southward in the Fall. During this semi-annual surge of water, nature directs the traffic, and all things animate and inanimate obey. Mammoth icebergs float by, majestic in their calm progress. Miniature icebergs dance along over the rippling waters. Shining black heads bobbing up here and there mark where the seals are at play. Water spouting high in the air tells that the whale is on his way to or from the Arctic. Spring and Fall are, therefore, the big hunting seasons,

and Little Diomedes is the place from which to watch for game.

Seals, whale, polar bears and walrus in great numbers pass through the Straits on their Spring and Fall migrations to and from the Arctic Ocean.

On this island are three outposts antedating the memory of the oldest native. From these outposts on a clear day you can see King Island forty miles south, Alaska mainland twenty miles east, and East Cape in Siberia twenty miles west.

* * *

Not all interior decorators confine their artistic labors to populous cities. But now, we must not get ahead of our story as told by Miss Mary Fanning. This good lady, by the way, is somewhat of a heroine. She was formerly a resident of Chicago, but she volunteered her services for the Alaskan Mission. And so it is from Hooper Bay that she writes.

"In the States many ambitious men and women take a course in interior decorating which not only takes up much of their time and energy, but money also. Here in Alaska, where everything usable is used, there is no need for a course in this interior decorating, for it is just one of those necessitated ventures of every Alaskan missionary.

"Here at Hooper Bay, Father John P. Fox, S.J., has a most unique system of interior decorating, and one of its features is known in the terms of the tin can system. This is a series of tin cans hanging on nails at the cross sections of an inside guttering. These cans serve as the reserve forces into which the rain water can pass from the guttering. This system has only one drawback, and that is, it is neither an automatic, a mechanical, nor a self-emptier—and Father was made well aware of this fact when, one morning lately after a heavy rainfall, he woke up and found to his dismay that the

gallon tin can was overflowing on the floor. All the available towels, rags and a wash basin were used to complete his test as an expert interior decorator.

"You may think this the only course that Father has taken in his missionary program in Alaska, but there are few in the States who could ever do the things that he has done, and put up with the things that he has, and still find more that he wants to learn."

AMERICAN INDIANS

"Believe me," writes Father Daniel B. McNamara, S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, "we do appreciate anything and everything that comes our way these days as the future of our Mission is not the brightest in the world. The Indians are hard hit, too. There was little or no food last Summer to be put away for the Winter, due to the drought. Many of the Indians are living in tents and the first blizzard hit us a few days ago. This early Winter means hard times. Here at Holy Rosary we have about three hundred children. You know how much clothing and food and fuel this takes. How we are to carry on is one of God's mysteries. But we feel that in some way, the Queen of the Holy Rosary will take care of us from day to day.

"The Sisters have mended and patched and made over everything that is mendable here at the Mission. We are now waiting for kind friends to send some clothing so that Millie Pain on the Hip, Moses Plenty Wounds, Teresa Chases in Winter and other Red Skins can be kept warm and happy.

"Many thanks again for your help and encouragement. Be assured that we do not forget you at God's altar. Please remember our work in your daily Masses."



New York boys attend Benediction at a C.C.C. Camp in Wyoming. The priest is Father Matthew A. Connell, S.J., at the time chaplain of the Camp and also a missionary at St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming. He is now Superior at St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Complimentary Subscriptions

To the Editor:

Many requests have come to me from our Jesuit missionaries for complimentary subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS. I should like to be able to put all of them on the "free list" but that would be quite impossible.

At the present time many of the Jesuit missionaries are on our mailing list. Their subscriptions have been paid for by generous friends. But many others do not receive JESUIT MISSIONS. May I then ask that this letter be given publicity in the hope that enough generous readers may be prompted to subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for those "others" who do not receive our magazine?

May I suggest that the subscriptions for our missionaries be sent to me, without any definite designation as to who should be the recipients. Thereby I could see to it that there will be as wide a distribution of the magazine as possible, and avoid duplication. I shall gladly inform the donors of the subscriptions what missionaries will be the beneficiaries.

257 Fourth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

(Rev.) E. Paul Amy, S.J.
Business Editor, JESUIT MISSIONS.

To the Editor:

Enclosed is the offering to take care of the tenth subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS.

As the last quarter for this was saved on the feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, do send this Little Band out, Father, especially under her protection. Surely as patron of the missions, she, who so longed in life to be an apostle, and who so loved the missions, will obtain countless vocations to the priesthood, gifts without number to the missions, and many Mass stipends to help the needy missionaries in their work.

And as her life spread like wild-fire from country to country, so may she now spread JESUIT MISSIONS, increasing its subscription a hundred per cent.

May she draw also countless adorers of the Blessed Sacrament to join the Eucharistic Congress Pilgrimage, to sing in the far-distant Philippines the praises of Christ the King.

New York, N. Y.

Elizabeth Child.

Two Points of View

To the Editor:

The JESUIT MISSIONS pleases me very much. It has no awful pictures and lengthy sad tales of terrible times in foreign places among lepers, savages, pagans, etc. Yet it has a gallery of portraits of workers in those fields, and every one looks happy in his work, and able for it. It seems to me that this style of approach to the heart of a possible helper in the reaping is much more deep and likely to get, in fact compel, a response.

Do you really think there is any chance of our getting the Untouchables into the Fold? That appeals to me, and I say a prayer for it every day; the very wholesaleness of it would be a glory, wouldn't it?

Somerville, Mass.

Rose A. McMahon.

To the Editor:

The other evening I had a visit with my beloved sister and somehow or other the topic of conversation turned to the lepers. I told her I felt quite annoyed at the question in the October issue: "Why show pictures of lepers?" and upon giving her my reasons she asked me to forward them to you—hence this letter.

E. Freeman of Lakewood, New Jersey, asks: "Why show pictures of lepers?" and I ask: "Why leave the lepers out?" Do not your missionaries and others who attend the lepers meet them face to face, yet more, do they not wash and dress the lepers' wounds? And Christ our Leader, what did He? His work for them is well known to every Christian and the story need not be repeated; therefore if Christ and His missionaries can go so close to the poor suffering lepers, how dare we shudder at a picture!

It is true, our medical men do teach us the nature of the disease but not coming in close contact with such people who suffer with it, we can see only from pictures how the victims are affected by this leprosy, then the pictures, instead of turning our hearts, should instill into us, sympathy and pity with a firm resolution to help the sufferers, (and the missionaries) at least by a daily memento in our prayers.

Let me say, too, that I enjoyed very much my visit to JESUIT MISSIONS office, especially to your museum "in the making" which inspired me to work up some such ideas for our Bahama Missions—which, of course, are very small compared to your tremendous and world-wide missions. Nevertheless, the visit made me more mission-conscious than I had ever been and filled me with a strong desire to realize my idea.

New York, N. Y.

Sister Mary Laura.

JESUIT MISSIONS a Stimulus to Zeal

To the Editor:

It may be of interest to Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS and of some assistance to teachers, especially of the primary and secondary grade schools, to learn one of the simplest ways of arousing enthusiastic zeal for the missions in the hearts of the young. The method has been found very successful in two of the English parochial schools of this metropolis, the one in charge of lay teachers, the other in charge of Sisters. The writer confesses to have been in no way responsible for the project but is simply writing about what he has seen and heard.

The general purpose of the project was to inform the pupils about the missions, thus arousing their interest, and then to provide an outlet for their zeal. This outlet had to be at once practical and tangible, one that drew on their resources without exhausting them, one that constantly appealed to their initiative and aroused fresh interests, and above all one that demanded a strong supernatural motive. It goes without saying that JESUIT MISSIONS was an important factor in solving all these difficulties.

The methods employed here consist simply in this: a bulletin board of moderate size is installed in the classroom. It has a portion of it set aside for tabulating, by means of little pegs, the spiritual offerings performed each day e.g., Masses, Communions, etc., and sufficient space for posting some mission data. The data must keep up the interest and arouse the curiosity of the readers, indicate the motive for their zeal and suggest ways and means, spiritual and temporal, of helping some definite missionary in some definite mission. His picture, if possible, should be posted with simple and brief data about his mission, the natives, the country, his difficulties, needs; something about the progress of the Church in those parts, etc. All these are items of interest and are easily available from mission magazines. It is well to have back copies and to keep a little collection of appropriate material. Parents will often be only too glad to help in this matter.

All the arts of child psychology are brought into play, as only teachers know how. Their cooperation and encouragement is imperative. The board is and can be made a complement of the catechism lesson. Theory is here reduced to practice with the added impetus of a strong supernatural motive. The board can be used to exemplify the power and need of prayer and sacrifice in the world, the mission of the Church, the endless sacrifice of the Mass, Catholic Action and so on. The Catholicity of the Church is something that can easily be demonstrated and, indeed, lends itself to the needed variety required to keep the interest of the class undiminished. Every two weeks, therefore, the mission field is changed. Where there are two or more rooms working together, a series can easily be arranged to go from one classroom to the other. Nothing arouses so much interest and useful curiosity as traveling by the mission data from the Alaskan snows to the tropics of India or Africa, then back to China or our home missions, then away to the Orient, again to the Philippines or Japan and so on. When the data have passed through each room a member of each class is elected to write to one missionary in behalf of the students and send him the offering of prayers for his intentions.

That these letters are encouraging to the missionary in the distant mission field and appreciated by him; that the good work done had its repercussions not only in the mission field but right in the classroom, creating a distinctly "catholic" spirit in every sense of the word, the writer could prove with ease. One cannot praise too highly these spiritual benefits that resulted from the project and that more than repaid all the time and work entailed. If anything may be gathered from figures, the writer shall let the reader judge for himself. The two schools together numbered about five hundred children. Besides collecting fifty pounds of stamps for the local Mission Stamp Bureau the following offerings represent the work of the last school year: Masses, 25,329; Communions, 13,339; Beads, 56,806; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 22,586; Prayers, 186,995; Ejaculations, 2,758,850; Stations of the Cross, 4,334; Sacrifices, 50,318; Hours of Study, 81,824.

Montreal, Canada

Joseph M. Stemmler, S.J.

The Poosari

John Lange, S.J.

WHAT! you don't know what a *poosari* is? Do you know what an exorcist is? Very well. Do you know what a spirit medium is? Fine! A *poosari* is a cross between the two. The Hindu *poosari* of Ceylon is a man who has acquired the fine art of communicating with the devil, and either of causing him to possess a person, or of freeing a person from his possession.

Sounds rather weird, doesn't it? The reality is weirder still. Hindus, you know, or at least some Hindus—the lower classes—are terribly afraid of the hidden powers of darkness. Their fear is not an unmixed one, because they believe that there are certain spirits who have power to be of service to them. Just what they mean by devil is rather hard for us to understand; I shall reserve the explanation of it until later.

The evil spirits assume a hundred different shapes and forms in the eyes of these simple people. Now it is the venomous, death-dealing cobra; now it is a crop pest that destroys the paddy fields or coconut trees; now it is a sickness or an infection that attacks man or beast. It may be a ghoul, haunting some lonely burial ground. It may be an evil eye, one glance from which carries sickness, ill-luck or even death with it. (I heard of a tree climber who threw a heavy knife from the top of a coconut tree at a boy on the ground below whom he suspected of looking at him in an unpropitious man-



The *poosari* (right) and the possessed person. The latter carries the *kumbum* described in the article.

ner, or at an unpropitious time. Luckily his aim was bad!)

In short, the devil is very much in evidence. He figures in almost every consideration. His presence is a conscious, palpable reality to every Hindu. And not infrequently he will enter into and possess the body of some unfortunate, depriving him of his right reason, and putting him through all sorts of queer antics—a kind of *poltergeist*, as Father Thurston, S.J., would say.

THEN it is that the *poosari* enters the picture and exercises his prerogatives as exorcist. The distracted person is brought to him, and he is requested to find out what the *pey* wants, and what is to be done to free the person from his influence. The devil-priest, (the

In Kandy, Ceylon, on the occasion of the procession of the Perahera, when the relic of the sacred tooth of Buddha is carried in the howdah, atop the first elephant, through the streets of the city. The devil-dancers swing and whirl before the panted elephant.

poosari belongs to a low order of Hindu priesthood. The highest caste only—the Brahmin caste—exercise the full powers of the priesthood), accordingly dons his ceremonial habit, smears his forehead, face, chest, arms, legs with the sacred ashes of burnt cow-dung, and sandal-wood paste. He marks the center of his forehead with the vermilion-red *pottu*. His verty cloth is tucked up knee-high, the

upper part of his body is bare, except for the neatly folded shawl. Around his neck hangs a string of beads, and an instrument that looks strikingly like a Florida bull-whip. It is a whip, and a very formidable one, too, called a *savukku*. In his hands the *poosari* holds a tiny tom-tom, *udukku*, especially employed in this ceremony.

THE possessed person is also especially clothed, with a kind of gown, fastened at the waist and covering the entire body. The hands, feet and face are smeared with the sacred ashes, and the red paste. His make-up is topped off, literally, by a very striking headdress. This is an elaborately decorated cone about three feet high, called the *kumbum*, ornamented with peacock feathers, streamers, and tiny bells. And it's heavy!

The *poosari* opens the show by taking his stand in front of the possessed, and, to the accompaniment of his little tom-tom, singing sacred *kaaviyum*, or invocations. The tom-tom hums and whines rhythmically as the devil-priest invokes the different powers of the nether world, singing their praises and offering them homage and worship. Kali, Vyraver, Saathan, Peychay Yammun, Utthakudiyum, Pulal and others of the "Legion" are named in turn. Meanwhile the subject of the ceremony may be doing almost anything: he (or she) may be standing quietly by, or may be flinging about in the wildest contortions, while several strong men try to keep order.

THEN, at a moment, the *poosari* changes his tone and measure, and it seems that he has made contact with the spirit. The possessed person begins to dance, at first slowly, then with acceleration—all the while balancing the heavy *kumbum* on the head. Then the *poosari* breaks off and begins to ask the devil questions: "Who are you?" And, through the mouth of the possessed person, the devil may answer: "I am Kali." Or he may impertinently bid the *poosari* mind his own business: "I will not tell you!" Or he may say that he is not allowed to give his name. "What do you want?" asks the *poosari*. The reply: "My master says I must be given an offering." The commands, too, and the requests of the evil spirit are often most interesting. Sometimes he may merely require that an offering be made to him—a *pooja*, as it is called. This will consist of coconuts, rice, certain flowers, camphor incense, or even the sacrifice of a fowl or a goat. Then again, the evil one may command that the *poosari* use the whip on him—that is, of course, on the poor possessed person. A reliable eyewitness describes a whipping he once saw. The devil made the request, and the possessed person extended his bare arm. Whish! smack! The heavy leather whip descended, struck, twined viciously about

the arm, and was torn away. The poor victim was convulsed with pain, his face lined with agony. Then slowly, deliberately, though with infinite effort, he raised the arm for another stroke—and another! and others! And when the whipping was finished, the bystanders looked closely at the arm. Where they had logically and reasonably expected to see torn and bloody flesh there remained not a single mark to give evidence of the cruel flogging!

FINALLY, when the dialogue between the *poosari* and the devil has ceased (either because the latter refuses to speak any more, or because he demands an end to the questioning of his interlocutor), the sacrifice is offered. The *poosari* takes the offering in his hand, and stands a few yards directly in front of the possessed person. He says: "Accept! O accept and be placated!" One or more men stand behind the *poosari*

to support him. The possessed person rushes up and falls on the devil-priest, snatching up the offering in his mouth and sucking the blood from it (if it be a fowl), or, after a fashion, inhaling the flavor (if it be a flower or incense offering).

Thus, after the evil spirit has been suitably worshipped and has given sufficient proof of his superhuman powers, he departs. He may have answered questions concerning matters of which the possessed person himself could not possibly have had any knowledge, or he may have performed other feats similar to that of the flogging. As soon as the offering has been made, the person possessed returns to normal. Several

pots of water are poured over him. He drinks several large bowls of water, or the juice of young coconuts—even up to fifteen of the latter (about ten pints of juice). He is gradually revived, complains of fever, but has no recollection whatever of what has transpired during his period of obsession.

HOW did the devil come to get control of the person? That is another story. It may have been that he was possessed against his will because someone pronounced a curse against him, or played a (rather grim) joke on him. Or he may have been trifling himself. Or finally, he may have submitted to possession at the hands of the *poosari*. This latter procedure is somewhat more overt and intelligible than any of the others. Here's one way it is done (according to the description given by a reliable eyewitness).

The *poosari* and his subject, arrayed in the same way as for the exorcism described above, go through pretty much the same procedure. The subject, man or woman, after a ceremonial bath, is dressed in clean clothes, either white or *kari* (that is, saffron, (Turn to page 28)

REPENTANCE

Robert J. O'Connell, S.J.

Contrition, fold around my soul
With thy pure flames in strong control
Until each sinful sense
Rekindles innocence.

Confession, pour thy soothing balm
Of sweet forgiveness through Christ's palm,
And peacefully impart
His blessing on my heart.

And Penance, hammer thou my will
With infinite finesse and skill,
And bend me, unto death,
To breathe His every breath.

NEW BOOKS

The Joy of Sorrow

David McAstocker, S.J.

Like a meadow lark's lilt on an overcast April morning, Father McAstocker's latest triumph radiates happiness and inspiration to a downcast world. His theme is the world's most terrifying problem, the why and the wherefore of human suffering. Like the tides of the ocean, opinions on this topic have swung back and forth with the ebb and flow of time in the literature of the world. Here within these pages is given the only answer that satisfies. It is not so much suffering itself as the why of suffering that matters, and Father McAstocker leaves one in no uncertainty as to the why of pain, of distorted limbs, of feebleness of mind, of strait-jackets, of insane asylums, of extreme poverty, of sin, in a word, of moral, mental and physical pain. He indicates how suffering is the way of sinners and of saints, oftentimes the way of Divine Providence, and always the way of humility and of poverty. It comes in the wake of mental debility, of public accusation, of unjust convictions, but ever and always it can point the way to eternal life. For, as the author so beautifully demonstrates, both in his writings and, if I may be permitted to say so, in his personal life, the cross, voluntarily shouldered, is the shortest cut to God.

The Bruce Publishing Co., New York, \$1.50.

Portraits of China

The American Jesuits in China

Portraits imply still life. But the life herein depicted by the American Jesuits of the California Province who are now resident in Shanghai, Nanking, and Haichow, is anything but a pose. Rather, it is the stuff from which are made or might be made rollicking movies, sentimental film shorts, tragi-comedies, and an ever variable serial of apostolic and divine adventures which are the warp and the woof of a Jesuit missionary's days and nights. Humor, pathos, the ever fascinating customs of the Orient, the marvelous possibilities for the Nanking Institute, the miniature world of Zi-ka-wei, the faith of the Blessed Mother Brother, these are but some of the portraits that will charm and beguile the imagination while they capture the soul with inspiration that shall last for many a day to come. In the words of Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Rector of Gonzaga College, Shanghai, this modest volume is offered to the public in the hope that it may give some idea of what is being done by the California Jesuits now laboring in the mission field of China and that it may "raise to greater heights, the interest of those friends of the Mission who are willing to sacrifice both spiritually and materially for the cause of Christ in China."

This book may be purchased from Rev. G. H. Duane, S.J., Alma College, Alma, California, \$1.00.

Spiritual Reflections for Sisters

Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.

A most timely and valuable *Vade-Mecum* for Religious by one whose own spiritual integrity and wide experience fit him to be both a competent and a distinctly desirable guide for others. For years Father Mullaly, through *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and his numerous retreat conferences, has been making the desires of the Heart of Christ both legible and vocal. Now by way of an epitome of much that he has preached and written, he offers us thirty-two aptly drawn conferences designed as a pattern for the complete Religious life. Eschewing the novel as well as the trite, the author rededicates the reader to the only concept of the Life of the Vows that is worthy of the name. For those who are bent on a spiritual house cleaning, the booklet overlooks no corner. For souls who wish to build anew, it offers the only sure foundation stones: considerations upon The Religious State, The Mixed Life, Union with Christ, A Second Baptism, Communion and Exams, Scruples, Dealing with the World, Silence, The Spirit of Today, Self-Love, Custody of the Eyes, Patience, "Suscipe" and others. We are living in a day when open and direct attacks like bludgeon blows are hurled against all that is sacred in the Religious life. Father Mullaly has proven himself the doughty champion in need.

The Apostleship of Prayer, New York, thirty-five cents.

Nursery School and Parent Education in Soviet Russia

Vera Fediaevsky

In these pages we have detailed data in regard to the care being taken in a limited field for the protection of mothers and infants as well as for the communistic education given to both in the so-called creches or nursery institutions of the U. S. S. R. Certainly no one will object to improved methods of hygiene which will surround the sacred functions of motherhood and the life of the child with necessary safeguards, but when the purpose of this training is to abolish the institution of family life or when the state arrogates to itself the primary right to the child as well as to the mother, then all the assiduity, care and sympathy of Vera Fediaevsky and her co-laborer, Patty Smith Hill of Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, is vitiated at the root. The fault lies not with the improved hygienic method employed. If dedicated to the preservation of woman's true dignity and as an aid for the attainment of her true purpose both in this life and in the next, such zeal would be admirable. At present it is not even humanitarian, for humanitarianism at least preserves the inalienable dignity and rights of men and women.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, \$2.50.

Principles of Accrediting Higher Institutions

George F. Zook and M. E. Haggerty

The bases of the new system of accrediting for our higher educational institutions are arranged in what the author styles a pattern map and are listed under the following heads: Faculty (Competence, Organization, Service), Curriculum, Instruction, Library, Induction of Students, Student Personnel Service, Administration, Finance, Plant, Institutional Study and Athletics. An institution will be judged in the light of the total pattern it presents. The whole subject of accrediting is a story of adjustment between the individual rights of the colleges and their moral obligations towards society. Educational sanctions like war sanctions are necessary and it seems at times almost as difficult to impose. One startling paradox there is which our accrediting agencies either totally disregard or at any rate certainly do not explain, and that is the fact that an accredited institution of higher education may not be educating in the true sense of that word at all; while on the other hand, an institution that truly educates may be refused accrediting, as they have been in the past. How does the Commission resolve this riddle, for a riddle it certainly is?

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, \$2.00.

Character and Citizenship Training in the Public School

Vernon Jones

Any attempt to develop character in our youth of today merits sincere cooperation. Such is the object of Professor Jones, and much of the data herein assembled is both practical and educationally instructive. Three character tests were applied, based respectively on experience, discussion and experience plus discussion, in each of which reactions of students were noted, involving honest and dishonest, cooperative and non-cooperative behavior. The author's main conclusions are informative, if not completely satisfying. Moreover, any attempt completely to develop true character or true citizenship without religious sanctions is as futile as tilting with windmills. If the educational results of the American school system have not convinced Professor Jones of this conclusion, then he is not the man to conduct successfully tests for the development of moral character in our youth. Instead of wasting time on "emotional toning" we recommend formal religious instruction in our school system by the ministers of the respective faiths even though it be for only one hour weekly.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, \$3.00.

COASTAL TRIPS AND MISSION VISITS

(Continued from page 5)

of miles further on, we stopped directly in front of the other train going back to Stann Creek. The engineer kindly backed his train to a siding about a mile away to let us pass. So far so good; the way was clear to "20 Miles."

On the way we picked up two or three visitors who were walking to the little chapel of St. Joseph for the Confirmation. Among these was a Japanese gentleman, Captain Kanuchi, who has a fine piece of property in the neighborhood set out with grapefruit, oranges and bananas. It was pleasant to see on both sides of the track as we moved forward evidence of new life in the district,—new plantations and new homes. The little church and school set up by Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., at "20 Miles" and dedicated to St. Joseph, is a very neat building well equipped for its purpose. The furnishings of the church and school were most of them gifts from friends of Father Schaefer. They, though not Catholics, appreciated the value of the school and church to the rising community. There were nine candidates for Confirmation, and with a fair number in the congregation, they comfortably filled the chapel. It was the first service for the Bishop in the new church, so the day was made a festive celebration. The school promises well and the children are very faithful in their attendance; the parents realize what a great blessing it is for them to have a school for their children.

Father Marin had preceded us to the school and had said an early Mass. Fathers Halligan and Marin and myself said goodbye to the people and boarded Major Strachan's car for the trip to Stann Creek. (To be continued.)

"PADASAL"—FOR THE DEAD

(Continued from page 7)

a native song meaning "*Kung hindi man . . .*" that is, "If perchance never again. . ."

As anywhere else, one will find somebody fond of cards. Not much coaxing is needed for the old folks to sit around the table and start shuffling. Or someone may begin to feel drowsy and in spite of noise, in spite of music, in spite of laughter and the echo of prayers and good faith, may finally fall asleep. But they have a way of dealing with these pseudo-night-birds. They take coal and blacken the sleeping guest's face with it.

On the third night, as we said, the celebration suddenly soars to a high pitch, a sumptuous dinner is laid out for all. Everyone is welcome, at any hour. On the *catapusan* or last night, the finale as we would call it, the final rosary is said, the wine and the soup flow freely, until the visitors agree to call it a day. A custom has been fulfilled, the loved one has been remembered by his friends and relatives, and his soul has gone up with all their prayers.

They say their *paalam*, (farewell) to

the host. As they leave the house they gather in large merry groups to wend their way home together in the quiet evening. The departing guests walk down the beaten trails, across brooks lying like silver ribbons in the starlight, through silver rice fields, back to their little nipa homes in the hills. There is the memory of song and prayer in their minds, and a store of stories and incidents to retell and muse upon during the idle, restful siesta hours for many a long day afterwards, and with a soul to remember in their prayers, as these simple town folk meet of a Sunday to recite their beads to our Blessed Mother, under the deep shade of an ancient tree.

MICROSCOPES IN MESOPOTAMIA

(Continued from page 9)

wonderful instrument, and they begin to understand that like those "magic case-ments, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn" the windows of such instruments as these have shown new worlds to Louis Pasteur and all the host of other great discoverers in science. They, too, see the wonderful structure of plants and animals and of human tissue in the minute cell formation so wonderfully arranged. They begin to understand what deep problems lie within those tiny cells, problems yet unsolved. They begin to appreciate the study of medicine and they see that it is a long and hard path to follow if they want to follow it well.

Thus does this instrument bring their very minds and manners to maturity. We see them grow more serious, more thoughtful, more appreciative of their studies and their school. Another step in the progress of Baghdad College is being made. The great work that Pius XI entrusted to it, with his unforgettable personal affection, is being accomplished. And no small part of it is accomplished with the silent aid of microscopes in Mesopotamia.

BAMBOO AGE IN INDIA

(Continued from page 11)

and bamboos.

In the hands of every boy tending his goats, pigs, or cows, you see a bamboo stick. Should you happen along the highways any night you would meet groups of men armed with their *lotties* or heavy bamboo clubs. On festival days as you pass under triumphal arches, you notice that they are constructed of bamboos, although attempts have been made to conceal them by means of decorations. The varicolored paper lanterns which decorate the ways are framed of sliced bamboos. All the banners which you see in the procession are supported on bamboos. The ladders which you use for arranging these decorations are nothing but bamboos cleverly tied together by rope made from dried grass. The neat chair which you are offered on a visit to an Englishman's house or the stool which you receive in a peasant's hut has for its base the same material—the un-

assuming bamboo. The neatest tearoom set imaginable can and has been constructed from bamboo and grass. The water pipes leading from the springs as well as the football goal posts have their origin in the bamboo grove.

WHAT I have said of the bamboo I might likewise repeat of mud and grass. Take away the grass and your ropes, baskets, mats, roofing as well as side walls of the huts in the villages disappear. Deprive the villager of mud, and his plastering, cement, bricks, pots, oil lamps, water and milk jugs, are nowhere to be had. Even his cook stoves are made of mud, and the peasant does not improve on mother earth when it comes to flooring.

The Hindu, Mohammedan, as well as the Christian have recourse to the same supply shop of Nature for enhancing their houses and decorating their highways and byways on their festival days. If it were not for the lamps made of mud, if it were not for the paper lanterns and bamboo triumphal arches, if it were not for the varicolored paper flags, if it were not for the banana trees so cleverly and deceptively transplanted, I say if it were not for the ingenuity of the Indian in using his natural resources, our Corpus Christi and May processions would cost the Mission much money and would be far less colorful and attractive.

So the waving fields of tall grass, the nodding groves of bamboos and the soil from which both spring and draw their nourishment might be styled the natural resources of India's millions. But the logical reader asks why the talk in the beginning about rain and heat? I have an answer—without the rain how could the bamboos and grass grow. Then, too, the heat and sunlight are requisites for growth. Besides, how could the soil be mixed with water for the mud if there were no rain? How could the mud dry if there were no sun?

AFTER all, we must suffer the little inconveniences which the climate causes us in order that millions of others may reap the benefit. Frequently enough our pleasures, joys and good fortunes have been bought at the cost of the inconveniences of others. We Jesuits would not be here today if it had not been for the sacrifices of others which were indeed great inconveniences, to say the least. Thoughts of our mothers, fathers and benefactors remind us that we are the products of their sacrifices. Then why should those tiny pestiferous red bumps worry us! How insignificant are those small drops of perspiration when compared to the amount of good others gain—naturally, and let us hope supernaturally.

The missionary's task is to teach these people, who are so ingenious in their use of the natural resources, that there are other hidden resources which they know naught of. He must teach them of the spiritual arts which if once grasped will change their narrow natural lives into

supernatural ones. Once the truths of Christianity are grasped by the religious-minded villagers they will pass these treasures on to their children and their children's children as heirlooms. Then a custom will have been established, and when a custom once gets a footing in India, the devil himself is at a loss as to how to uproot it. Thus the possessors of mud and grass huts framed from bamboo will become inheritors of celestial mansions.

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF ZOSE

(Continued from page 16)

good Mother, our Mission is in danger. Save us and we shall promise to build a beautiful church on this same spot." This petition for safety was granted and the church was built. Immediately the hill of Zose began to be a place of special pilgrimage. The church stood for fifty years until it was decided to build a new and larger one to accommodate the ever increasing number of Catholics.

The actual building of the new church, which is a renewal of the original promise made to Mary, began in 1925 under the direction of the architect, Father Diniz, S.J. Eleven years of steady and patient labor has given to China her most beautiful shrine. Not only is the church a model of magnificent architecture, but has been so constructed as to withstand the strongest typhoon winds.

Year after year, the poor but faithful Christians in the valley have been watching their large and beautiful church in the making; they now may enter to praise God and to thank Our Lady for her continual protection. It is truly an inspiration to see these poor fisherfolk ascend the hill in pilgrimage. In doing so they follow the *Pa-ku-lu*—Way of the Cross. Entire families, old and young, mingled together, chant their prayers as they pass from one sorrowful station to another. Upon reaching the summit, they enter the church for Holy Mass. On the feast days of the Blessed Mother there is always a procession up the hillside. An image of Our Lady is carried beneath a beautifully decorated canopy.

After the services in the church, the people return to their boats for lunch. The younger generation simply tumble down the hillside while the older folks, preferring to watch their step, descend slowly. One grand procession of meeting and greeting one another! The scene reminds one of the Gospel narrative—poor fishermen and their families coming to the feet of the Master, listening to His parables of kindness and mercy, and then going away rejoicing. This is Zose—and again it is not.

And why not? Simply because the most outstanding feature has been omitted. A mere description cannot touch upon the real beauty and spirit of Zose. Pilgrims, poor and ignorant though they be, have a living faith. Ah, Mother of God, they have faith in you, and in your mediation with Your Divine Son. But since the most beautiful part of that

faith is hidden within human hearts, we may witness only the reflection,—child-like love and devotion toward their Heavenly Mother.

The time for our return had come, and once again we climbed into our little sampan. No automobile horns on this trip, no traffic signals or speed cops, but a mere quiet and peaceful gliding along from one canal to another. We had not gone very far when we passed another larger boat coming toward Zose. We

passed the boat near enough to catch the words: "*Ave Maria, muh pe kuh la gi ya tze. . .*" An entire family reciting the rosary together! What a happy ending to our little pilgrimage to Zose!

THE POOSARI

(Continued from page 25)

a penitential color), and, holding a bunch of leaves from the maragosa tree, stands before the *poosari*. This gentleman chants incantations, pausing now and then to blow into the two ears of his subject. Soon the latter begins to tremble, at first mildly, then violently. The eyes brighten like red coals as the person becomes fully possessed, and he begins to dance about. Then, as in the other ceremony, the *poosari* puts various questions to the devil. The spirit may be a talkative one and may even volunteer information without being asked. Sometimes an unfortunate bystander will be singled out, and some startling or embarrassing revelation concerning his private affairs will be made. In the end, the usual offering is made, and the devil goes away.

Playing with fire, that's what it is! But they don't know that it is fire because they do not look at things in the same way as we Christians do. For us the devil is a fallen angel, eternally damned, and the enemy of God and men, a person with whom we should have no dealings at all, both because he wishes our ultimate ruin and because we are forbidden by God to have intercourse with him. But the Hindu *pey* is not a fallen angel; as a matter of fact, the Hindus who have recourse to him do not call him *pey*, but *Samy* which means God—and according to their belief he is not eternally damned. Even if he does come from a place of punishment, he is not destined to stay there forever. He is not the enemy of man essentially or necessarily, because his will is not fixed irrevocably in evil. He can, therefore, wish man good. But, since he is not perfect and, therefore, not disinterested, he has to be placated with gifts. For these reasons having recourse to the *pey*, who is, in the eyes of the Hindu, a kind of inferior god, does not carry with it the idea of heinous sin that it would for a Catholic. In fact, the Hindus do not see any evil in it at all, and it is difficult to convince Catholics, especially neophytes, that it is wrong to do *pey-kariam* or devil ceremonies to obtain good health or other temporal benefits. Why do they have recourse to the inferior gods and not to the Supreme? Because the Supreme, according to the Hindu view, the Eternal Brahman, is absolutely changeless and motionless and is untouched by anything created. And the more inferior the god is, the more is it possible to bargain with him!

Their ignorance must be dispelled by the light of Catholic teaching, and their fear of occult powers must be dissolved by the confidence and security that comes from union with the Mystical Body of Christ.

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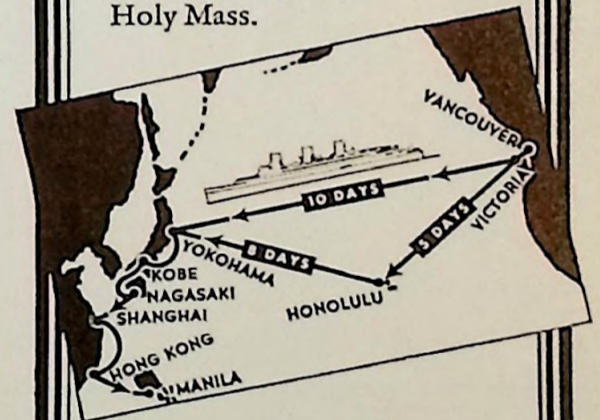
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