

Jesuit & Missions

THE FISHERY COAST

ALASKA TODAY

THE NANKING PROJECT

PATNA'S SISTERS

A FLOATING CHURCH

ABOUT AL BAGHDADI

THE FAITH IN DAVAO

Ten Cents

VOL. XI, No. 3

MARCH, 1937

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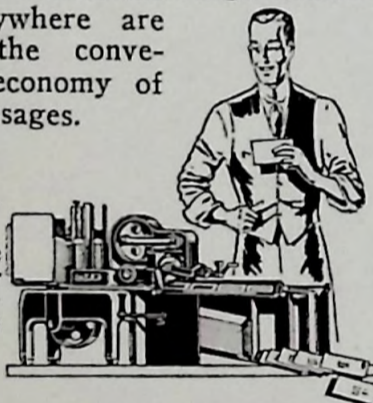
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GOD'S MASTERPIECE

"Some one has said that the boy is God's Masterpiece. If, in these modern times, we are inclined to doubt that when the daily papers tell their tales of flaming youth, let us remember that the wayward ones were most probably never given much of a chance. Surround the boy with the proper understanding, hold up before him high ideals and give him the correct training and education, and you need not fear for the man of tomorrow."—Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., Baghdad.

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

REV. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.

221 N. Grand Boulevard
St. Louis, Mo.

TODAY, five hundred American Jesuit Missionaries, Priests, Scholastics and Brothers are dedicating their lives to what they believe is a work of tremendous importance for the Church of Christ—the Catholic education of youth in mission lands. It is the privilege of our readers to be able to share in this long-term investment for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Wherefore, kindly pick your mission field. Begin today to budget for the boys who live therein and direct your gift either to the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to any of the Mission Procurators listed on this page. Boyology such as this merits eternal life.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

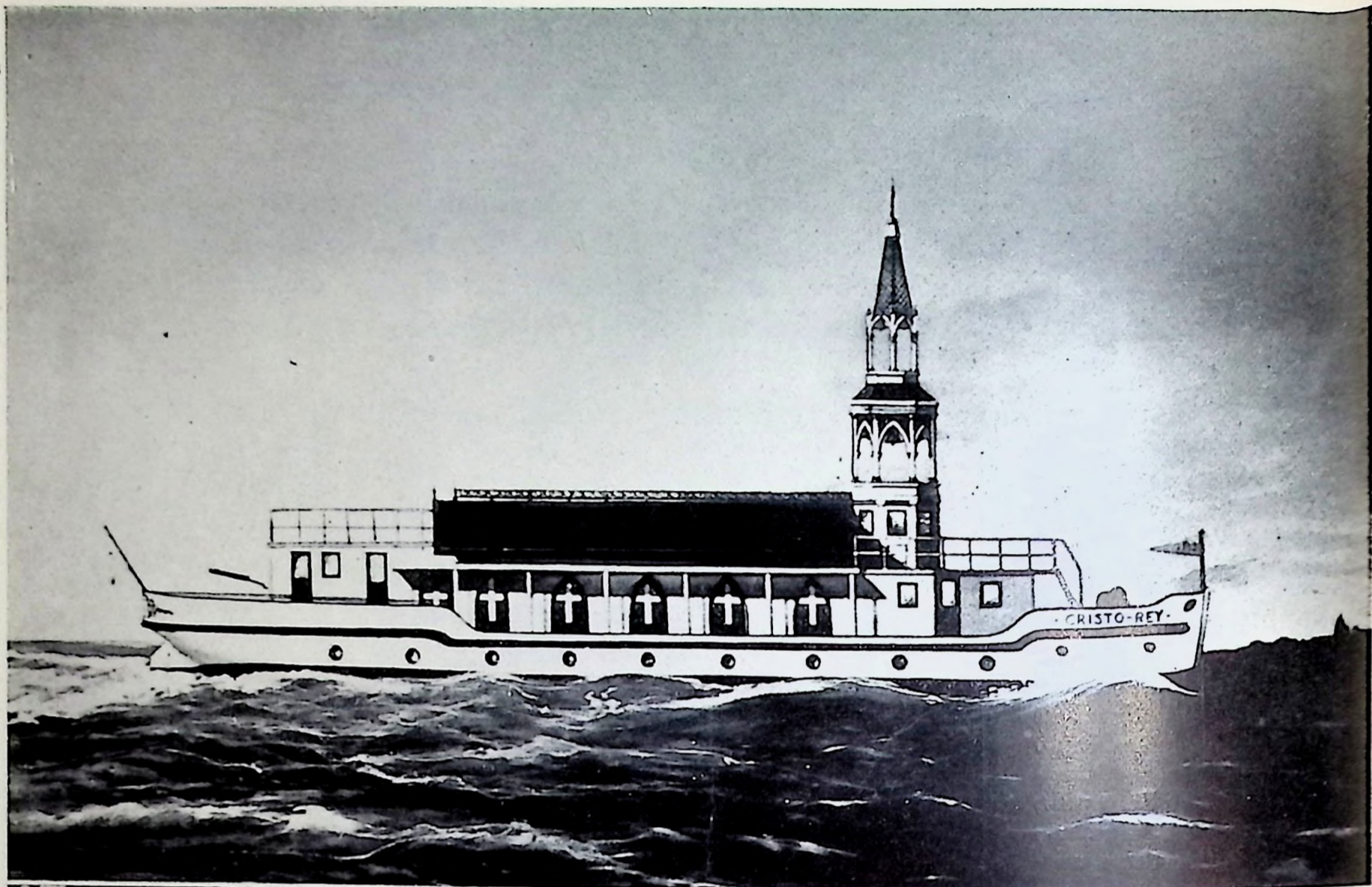
REV. LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.
1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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



"Cristo-Rey" ("Christ the King") is the name of the floating church used by Jesuit missionaries of Argentina who minister to the inhabitants of the many islands which dot the Delta: the stretch between the Paraná and the Uruguay Rivers before they join to form the great Rio de la Plata above the city of Buenos Aires. See page 68.

EDITORIALS

VALUES AND PROFITS

“SON of distinguished Spanish noble family relinquishes brilliant career!” Thus would run the headline—if headline it would be given at all—if a modern daily were giving the story of the action of Francis Xavier. But then this happened back in the third decade of the sixteenth century and so there probably were no headlines, though not a few wise heads—wise in the ways of the world—probably called the young noble a fool. And in a way he was just that, if you care to follow numerous moderns in their philosophy of life, for Xavier was giving up a most promising career and taking up the folly, but one that we dignify as the “Folly of the Cross.”

And just here is one of the many lessons of Xavier's life that is worth driving home. It is a matter of values, and too many of us have lost our sense of values, surrounded as we are by the atmosphere of a world that counts things only from a material viewpoint and smugly casts aside thoughts of supernatural values and ideas of God and eternity. Xavier became a Religious with vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, then a priest and finally a missionary in India, Japan and other sections of the Orient. It was cold, but sensible logic, if you will, that brought him to his decision; it was a study of values, a careful weighing and then a decisive step from which he never retreated, though his dynamic and exhausting labors brought him to an early grave. And the Xavier who had buried himself in oblivion became, if you will, headline news, and has been so ever since, to those who will but read as he, study as he, and apply personally as did he the lesson of values that lies behind those words that startled him first and started him then on his apostolic career: “What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul.”

During March many Catholics make what is called the “Novena of Grace.” A more detailed explanation of this Novena appears on page 79, but we wish here merely to suggest that all our Readers make this Novena which ends on the anniversary of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier, March 12, and we suggest further that one of the graces all might well ask for in these our restless times is just that fine spiritual balance that Xavier possessed, that understanding of the real values of life,—not life here below only, but full life that looks at the relationship between time and eternity and regulates life on earth accordingly. One who has that balance and rules himself or herself accordingly is not narrow, but broad of vision. How we mortals need that vision in a world gone mad because it has gotten too far away from God!

FRONT PAGE HEADLINERS

NOW that we've gotten on to the subject of values, let us make another application, this time to the matter of news. Incidentally, there is another reason here for supporting a Catholic Press—a point we urged editorially last month. The majority of secular dailies revel too much in headlines that deal with strife, murder, rackets, divorce and what not, and overvalue the sensational and the scandalous. Now a Catholic Press has quite another sense of values, and gives news that is of vital interest, especially to Catholics. Sometimes it is heartening news, sometimes startling, at other times challenging and thrilling—but always informative and tending to increase appreciation of the Catholic Church and of eternal values.

From this viewpoint, news from the Mission Front is worthy of front page headlines, indicating, as it does, what the Church is doing to evangelize and bring genuine education and culture to a world that needs the uplifting influence of Christianity. It is heartening to read, for example, what wonders have happened in the many Eucharistic Congresses held throughout the Philippine Islands in preparation for the International Congress in Manila in February. The return of many who had long been away from confession, the crowded Communion rails, the magnificent outdoor processions,—that is news.

Again, it is startling to examine reports from India, telling of the upheaval among the fifty or sixty million members of the Depressed Classes which is resulting in many a break from the centuries old caste bondage. There is a positive thrill in reading the account of even one missionary among those who only a few years ago could not be brought to the Church in any appreciable numbers. Within the last year hundreds of the Depressed, this missionary tells us, have in his district alone embraced the Faith. “It is wonderful,” he writes, “how in the face of fierce opposition, which seems truly diabolical, they keep ‘coming in.’ Owing to the violent atmosphere right now, I am putting in most of my work at night, so as not to expose our Christians to needless vexations. Had five Baptisms last night, five the night before, and a dozen or so are wanting to come in tonight.”

That's news: thrilling, startling, challenging. And then this other year-end report from China, that during the year 1936 there was a total increase of 115,336 Catholics, bringing China's Catholic population up to the three million mark. And so we might run on, for these are only samples of headlines that are of real value and do not leave the reader with an after taste of the sort that scandal sheets—of the type of some dailies—will leave.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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The Fishery Coast

A. J. Antony Williams, S.J.

“WE have begun to hope that we shall reap an abundant harvest of souls in these parts.” These words were written by St. Francis Xavier from his cave at Manapar on the Fishery Coast in the southeast of India. This little cave is right at the end of a spit of land running out into the sea, and the sea itself breaks on the rocks not a dozen feet from the mouth of the cave. Here it was that St. Francis fasted and prayed and wrote a number of his letters. Today the cave has been turned into a little chapel, yet it remains more or less what it was in Xavier’s days: three or four supports for the roof have been put in, and the well of fresh water, from which many pilgrims drink, has been walled in for safety. But in all other respects, save for the small altar, it is as St. Francis knew it. The scene that meets one on leaving the cave and turning northward—to the south there is only the ocean—has changed but little: the land stretches away in a slight curve for five or six miles, and at each extremity of the curve there is a little village. For the rest, the blue sea, the white sand and innumerable palmyra palms with their straight black trunks and bushy tops,—the palms so closely planted that they hide the bareness of the ground beneath them. The only change that St. Francis would see, were he to revisit the spot, would be a light railway that runs along the coast.

BUT were St. Francis to visit the villages, he would find a vast change there and he would surely feel amply rewarded for the sufferings this Mission of the Fishery Coast cost him, for the prayers and penances he offered up in his cave for the conversion of his beloved Paraveras. “We have begun to hope for an abundant harvest of souls in these parts:”—and the villages along the coast have not belied his hopes. Just half a mile from the cave, where the land takes a sudden bend, lies the village of Manapar, an entirely Catholic village of about three thousand souls, with two magnificent churches. This townlet is formed of gleaming white houses, set in the midst of the palmyra palms. It is beautifully laid out with wide roads, but the roads are not metalled ones covered with tarmac, but are inches thick in sand; but that does not matter much, for no motor cars find their way to Manapar, and the traveling is as St. Francis knew it, either by foot over the burning sand or by *randy*—a covered wagon dragged through the sand, at the rate of two miles per hour, by a couple of patient oxen.

At the other end of the bay lies the little fishing village of Alenthalie, which appears in Father Coleridge’s life of St. Francis Xavier as Alendale. Here again is a completely Catholic village of about two thousand persons. Not so beautiful as Manapar, it is made up of the small huts of the fishermen, and there has been probably little change in appearance in the last four hun-



“But were St. Francis Xavier to visit the villages, he would find a vast change there and he would surely feel amply rewarded for the sufferings this Mission of the Fishery Coast cost him . . .”

dred years. From Xavier’s description of the boats—*or tonies*—these are quite unchanged. The usual fishing boats of the place are most frail affairs: just a couple of hollowed out logs. Over half the time they are flush with the water; yet in these the fishermen will go miles out to sea. So low in the water are they that turtles at times mistake them for dry land and climb aboard to sun themselves: unfortunately for themselves, but very fortunately for the fishermen and for the church. For the fisher folk are most generous, and a percentage of their catch always goes towards the upkeep of the church and the Father in charge. The result is that at present there is under construction at Alenthalie a most magnificent church that when finished will vie with many of our churches at home.

BUT the real glory of Alenthalie is the grotto of the Sacred Heart which is a center of pilgrimage for miles around, and at which very many favors, spiritual and bodily, are obtained. It is a very favorite place of pilgrimage for those who are possessed by the devil, or who think they are, and on the eve of great feasts these people will spend the whole night groaning and howling. The shrine itself is in the open; just the actual altar is covered with masonry; from that extends a *pendal* or awning of palm matting to shelter people from the sun and rain. The First Friday of the month and its eve is an inspiring sight there. The celebrations start with the Holy Hour on the eve, and the whole night through there are worshippers before the shrine. On the morn-

ing I was there we had three Masses, and at each Mass two of us distributed Holy Communion; usually the Father in charge has to do everything himself and the Communion alone take him over an hour to distribute. All the day there were hundreds of worshippers squatting on the ground saying their prayers; just outside the *pandal* their wives were sitting preparing the morning meal and the mid-day meal, and not until three or four o'clock in the afternoon did the people begin to return home to their villages. The Father in charge has a goodly collection of silver arms and legs and feet and hands and eyes and ears and various other parts of the body, which have been offered by grateful sufferers who have found healing there. At one time the shrine drew also huge crowds of Hindus, many of whom also found relief. So popular did the shrine become among the heathens that the Brahmins of the neighboring village of Trichendur—a sacred place for the Hindus—forbade their congregation to frequent the shrine.

THIS Trichendur, even in St. Francis Xavier's times, was a Brahmin stronghold, and in one of his letters he inveighs against the Brahmins and their bad faith. They were convinced, so he tells us, of the truth of the Christian revelation, but refused to be converted. "But when I came to the point at last," he writes, "and urged them to embrace the religion that they knew to be true, they made the objection . . . that they would set men talking about them if they altered their ways and religion, and besides, they said that they should be afraid that, if they did so, they would have nothing to live on and support themselves." Lines that might have been penned today: social ostracism is the lot of a convert: and for that heroic virtue (and in a country ruled by caste it is truly heroic) they are not prepared, with the very pathetic result that many, especially high caste women, who have got some knowledge of the Faith either through their schools or in some other way, are Christian at heart, recite their rosary daily, baptize their dying children, but themselves remain outside the fold.

Just a couple of miles north of Trichendur there is another Catholic village—Viripandianpatnam—also mentioned in St. Francis Xavier's letters. And here again it is the same story: a completely Catholic village with a lovely church. There is only one blot on the whole of

this coast. St. Francis talking of the children says: "Their hatred for idolatry is marvelous. They get into feuds with the heathen about it." The hatred of these people is still marvelous, but in the Christian villages there are no heathen with whom to get into feuds. But the spirit still remains, and the squabbles in the villages are the only blot on what might seem at first sight to be a veritable Catholic Arcadia. But then mankind is only human, and even four hundred years of Christianity does not completely eradicate the old man. Perhaps it is their keen sense of justice that leads them into these feuds; but still, it seems a pity; and the lot of a parish priest in these villages is not always to be envied. He has under him a congregation, full of faith, generous to a remarkable degree, but also apt to take offence, and requiring all the patient sweetness of a Xavier to rule his flock in peace.



His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Francis T. Roche, S.J., native son of India, Bishop of the Diocese of Tuticorin, which embraces the Fishery Coast.

balanced. The lot of a deformed child is not a happy one in India, and to Adaikalaperam these poor unfortunates are sent. St. Francis, writing in 1543, when talking of conversions wrought through the healing of the sick says: "He made the very diseases of their bodies the occasion of calling them to salvation and drew them to the Christian Faith almost by force." And He still calls in the same way. But not only the sick of body, the sick of soul also find their way there; some of these Magdalenes stay and become Catholics. Others depart, but leave there their *fructus peccati* who are tended and brought up as Catholics. This orphanage is a complete little village in itself; and it aims at being self-supporting. Milk is provided by their cows and buffaloes; the palmyra palm provides them with many of the necessities of life; all the clothes worn there are woven by the inmates. When the children grow (Turn to page 83)

BUT there is one village we have not mentioned: one that Xavier did not know, for it is of very recent origin, but one that would have delighted his heart. Adaikalaperam was founded by French Jesuits on its present site in 1860, and it owes its very existence to the presence of a vast orphanage. The name means "The City of Refuge," and there are gathered together the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. Orphans and the aged both find a home there, and their numbers are swelled by the halt and the lame and the blind and the un-

Coastal Trips and Mission Visits

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

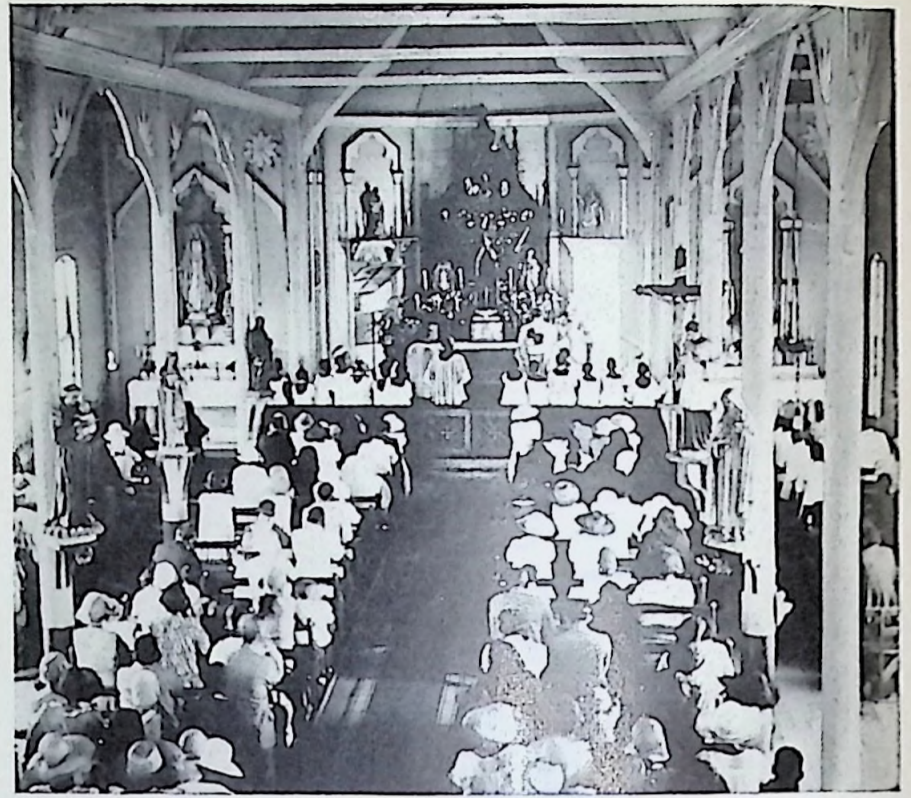
His Excellency continues the story of one of his annual official visits to those of his mission stations of British Honduras which are located on the Caribbean Coast. As the article opens, Bishop Murphy is still at Stann Creek. He has been warning the Catholics against the encouragement of certain racial antipathies which he had heard existed among them.—*Editor.*

PERSONALLY I did not notice this myself but from the Pastors and good men and women in the congregation, I learned that this opposition was a hindrance to the best interests of Catholic charity and progress. I have been told since that my remarks offended not a few, but all the same they were very timely and will, no doubt, have a good effect.

On the whole I found the conditions of our Catholics in Stann Creek very satisfactory and much better than I had known them to be in former years. The outlook is promising; the school children are a great consolation; they are eager and happy and for the most part docile and affectionate. They do well in their classes and they take great interest in the physical exercises and drills and in community singing. The little receptions that they arranged for me under the care of the Sisters were very creditable and the pronunciation and elocution of the participants were a very pleasing surprise. Strange to say, fond as they are of school and of the Sisters, they were quite ready to let the Sisters have a holiday, so, when some days later the Bishop gave the Sisters a holiday, the announcement brought cheers that threatened to raise the roof of the big school.

WALKING through the town I found many improvements in the homes, better houses and more regard for appearances. There is still much to be desired in the matter of neatness and tidiness, especially in the little homes off the main street. The shops seemed to be doing a good business. The men of Stann Creek for the most part have to leave home to get employment. There is a good gathering of them at Topco, and many go to Livingston or Puerto Cortes for the banana harvests. It is a pity that employment cannot be secured nearer home; the lack of industries is a great drawback in Stann Creek, just as it is in Belize. One feels the need of some such home activities to give life to the town, but in the absence of capital in our Colony it seems that we will have to go on very slowly for some time yet.

The agricultural movement is evident in the plantations about Stann Creek, but it is not as yet of a nature to benefit the small holders and the poor classes of the people. Like Corozal, Stann Creek has no city electric



Interior of the Catholic church at Stann Creek, B. Honduras.

lighting. There was some talk last year about Mr. Sandy Bowman's offer to furnish the city with electric lights, but that talk has died down and at night the town has but a few kerosene lamps to dispel the darkness. The Catholic Church has its own plant for school, church, convent and residence, and two or three of the citizens have their household plants, but to me it seems there should be a City Electric Board for the lighting of the town. Much work remains to be done in street improving and Mr. Metzgen is giving the matter his serious attention.

The silting up of the foreshore by the floods that come down from the hills, while it adds to the city area, interferes greatly with the comfort of visitors and the work of business men. The pier is no longer available for boats beyond the dory class. I spoke to the District Commissioner and to Mr. Carter about setting up a new pier about a mile to the north of the old pier. At that point there is no silting and there would be good berthing for boats like the *Heron* and the larger schooners. The initial cost would soon be made up by the improved facilities for freight and passenger traffic. This is a matter for the city government; the individual citizens will hardly bother their heads about it. There is no great civic pride, the whole town needs to wake up. There are great possibilities before Stann Creek: when will they begin to be realized?

ON Wednesday, March 11, while taking lunch, Father Halligan casually remarked: "Suppose we go to Mullens River at one o'clock?" This was rather sudden for me, but I answered as if I had been expecting just such a question: "All right!" And so at one o'clock Father Halligan and myself went down to the pier and boarded his little motor boat the *Teresita*. The captain and pilot prepared for the Bishop's coming; the flag was proudly waving and there was a steamer chair with cushion crowded into the little cabin. This was for the Bishop. It required some little agility to get into the chair, but once seated I found it (Turn to page 83)

The Alaska Mission Today

Hubert Post, S.J.

LAST month we went back into the early history of the Alaska Mission and retold the story of those heroic pioneers who founded the Mission fifty years ago.

Let us now take an airplane view of the Mission as it is today. Starting at Nulato, where Archbishop Seghers began his Alaskan apostolate, and where, in 1888, the first log cabin was blessed as a church, we find an excellent church and a chapel, a residence for the Fathers and a splendid modern school building as well as a residence for the Sisters of St. Ann. Pointing the nose of our plane westward down the Yukon, we first come upon Kaltag with its neat church, new residence and instruction room for the children attending the bureau school. Next we pass Anvik, Banezila and Ghost Creek. A large settlement looms up. It is the famous Catholic Mission of Holy Cross, with church, schools, convent, shops, a saw-mill, gardens and hothouse, infirmary and village store. From here the missionaries make excursions to Flat, Magrath, Iditarod and various stations on the Kuskokwim. It is a great missionary field, crying for recruits. At present Fathers Francis B. Prange, S.J., George Endal, S.J., and John Lucchesi, S.J., and Brothers George Feltes, S.J., John Hess, S.J., Hugo Horan, S.J., and Alfred Ryan, S.J., are stationed at Holy Cross. About forty miles down stream we come upon Pimute, a newly moved and reconstructed station, attended from Holy Cross. It has a church, a residence and a Catholic day school supervised by a zealous Catholic lady who is both teacher and nurse.

CONTINUING on, we pass a Catholic church at Marshall and at Pilot Station. We fly over Chukartulik, Annok, Pitka's Point, all with churches and stations attached to Mountain Village and cared for by our Northern Vicar General, the Very Rev. John B. Sifton, S.J. In addition to this Father Sifton has charge of Fish Village, whose church we presently spy. Here the Yukon divides, giving us a south fork and a north fork. Following the current southward we reach the Akulurak and St. Mary's Mission, with beautiful new church, its excellent school, the Ursuline Convent and girls' department, the Fathers' residence and boys' department. There is also an Innuvit village, but most of the people are scattered in camps, as Alaranak, Panreuvik, Kwiguk, etc., giving Fathers Paul O'Connor, S.J., and Segundo Llorente, S.J., and their dog teams plenty to do. Aply assisting the Fathers at Akulurak are the Jesuit Brothers Bartholomew Chiaudano, S.J.,



Very Rev. John B. Sifton, S.J., Superior of the Alaska Mission, and two aged Eskimos of his flock.

Alfred Murphy, S.J., and Charles Wickart, S.J. From Akulurak we head for the Hooper Bay district where Father John P. Fox, S.J., has founded a wonderful work with the help of the Native Sisters of the Snow. We drop down to pay a visit to Father Paul Deschout, S.J., on Nelson Island and his native catechists at Loyola at the lower Kuskokwim, and then swoop northward on the Bering to meet Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., at St. Michael. A very busy missionary he is, with a territory commencing at Hamilton on the Yukon and passing through Chaniliak, Pastolik, Kotlik, Kanerkilnuk, Stebbens and St. Michael, right up to St. Catherine's Church, Unalakleet.

OUR next stop is at Nome, where we find the zealous missionary, Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J. After inspecting his grand church, with its twofold congregation, natives and Whites, we fly over to the islands, the Diomedes and King Island, admiring the beautiful church of Christ the King, built entirely by native hands. Here Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., is in charge. Crossing back to the Seward Peninsula, we land at Teller, one of the stations attended from Pilgrim Springs, the Mission where Father Ruppert sleeps his last sleep. That Mission, where Father Edward Cunningham, S.J., is Superior, and where Brothers John Hansen, S.J., and Peter Wilhalm, S.J., are his noble co-workers, has an Indian Orphanage directed by the Ursuline Nuns. We pass on to Our Lady of Victory, in Arvinak, also attended from Pilgrim Springs. Then we veer to the north to visit Father Francis Menager, S.J., at Kotzebue, where Fathers Philip Delon, S.J., and William Walsh laid down their lives in the cause of the Mission. Climbing again into the plane we pass over Deering, Candle and Keewalik, take an easterly course and land at Nulato, to be welcomed by Fathers Joseph (Turn to page 83)

The Nanking Project

James F.
Kearney, S. J.

WE make no apologies for requesting the support of all Catholic American friends of the China Missions for our Nanking cultural project, since it has been declared by the Holy See as a work of the highest moment for the Church in China.

What was the origin of this project? Because of the cordial relations that have always existed between China and the United States, because of the deep impression made on the educational and cultural world of the Chinese National Capital by non-Catholic American missionaries, because many of the highest Government officials have been educated in the States and English is second only to Chinese in importance here, the Holy See had long realized the necessity for American Catholic missionaries to start some sort of higher educational work at Nanking. Monseigneur Costantini, former Apostolic Delegate to China, often insisted that in these days higher education is so important in the great Chinese cities that every effort should be made to found and staff institutions of higher learning. The present Delegate, Monseigneur Zanin, feels the same way about it, and declared that before his departure for China to assume his new post the Sovereign Pontiff had carefully examined the situation of Catholicism in Nanking, was astounded to discover it at so low an ebb, and had stated that Catholic higher educational work must by all means be started in the capital city of this great nation. The demand for something of the sort has become more and more insistent in the past few years, and finally at the bidding of the highest authorities in the Church the Society of Jesus, in the Fall of 1935, launched a new cultural endeavor here.

AN attempt had been made some years previously to open an American Catholic school in Nanking, but as the time was not ripe for such an undertaking it was temporarily abandoned. Circumstances have altered considerably since then. Within the past decade the city has grown by leaps and bounds from a population of some three hundred thousand to well over a million. Moreover, the complexion of things has changed. Whereas before, Nanking, despite its Governmental importance, was in reality a backward provincial city, now it has taken on the aspect of a great modern national capital and is rapidly becoming the center of cultural as well as Governmental influence for the nation. Hence, it may be that the sorrowful mysteries of the Church's existence here for the past three centuries are about to end, and the glorious mysteries to begin. At any rate, the time seems propitious for launching a new work, and following the desires of the Holy See, this has been done.

The importance the Church attaches to the apostolate



His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Bishop Yü Pin, D.D., recently consecrated first Bishop of Nanking. "A very eminent scholar himself, with doctorates in philosophy, canon law, political economy and social science . . . he earnestly wishes to make our hostel . . . a national center for Catholic graduates . . ."

in the capital was shown by the recent appointment to the bishopric of Nanking of Monseigneur Paul Yü Pin, one of the most brilliant intellects and outstanding organizers of the younger native clergy. His nomination has been acclaimed with enthusiasm in Government and non-Government circles, for he was already well known and highly esteemed throughout the nation. Monseigneur Yü Pin has expressly stated that he looks to the American Jesuits as his principal ally in bringing the Catholic Church, by far the largest Christian body in China, practically out of the catacombs here and giving her the intellectual prestige she deserves and so urgently needs in the national capital.

ALMOST two centuries before the American Revolution, before Virginia was successfully colonized, long before the Pilgrim Fathers began their wanderings, or the Spanish Missions were founded in California, shortly before the year 1600, Father Matthew Ricci was establishing Catholicity at Nanking. Just why, despite incredible trials and heroic sacrifice on the part of a long line of missionaries, there are in this city of a million inhabitants less than a thousand Catholics today, is a long, sad story. To say that Nanking has for years been considered the most difficult missionary post in China is merely to throw down the gauntlet to the finest and most adventurous apostolic spirits that America can send.

That the prize is worth the striving is the opinion of the leading authorities in the Catholic Church. She has called upon American Jesuits and their friends to undertake this difficult task and confidently expects them to make a success of it.

The original idea of a Catholic university here was quickly abandoned as entirely impractical owing to the very special difficulties of the local situation. No new private universities are permitted by the Government, and neither the great number of professors nor the large sums of money required for such an undertaking can be spared at the present time. Superiors, therefore, proposed to make a modest beginning of the higher intellectual apostolate here by building a hostel for Catholic students attending local universities. This idea is not at all new in the Orient, as the Irish Jesuits opened one at Hong Kong several years ago, and have found it a splendid means of getting into and keeping in contact with the educated classes.

A HUGE staff of professors is not, therefore, needed, but a small group of eminent scholars, who must be filled with the zeal of the Apostles and the patience of Job. As time goes on, in addition to the private tutoring work, public conferences are to become an important feature of the work, to be given in the hall or over the radio, not only by American Jesuits but also by eminent Chinese and European Catholic leaders, on philosophical, sociological, historical and scientific problems of the day. Special emphasis will be laid on bringing to the aid of Chinese leaders the eternal principles for public and social well-being contained in the great modern papal encyclicals. A high class Jesuit review, uniting the best efforts of the Church in China, is also on the program for the future, while books and pamphlets, the product of scholarly research, will be published from time to time. Postgraduate work may likewise offer a promising field, as many students after finishing their university courses are unable to secure positions immediately and are desirous of continuing their studies along specialized lines. Most of the pupils who have so far presented themselves asking for individual help are university graduates preparing to continue their studies abroad. Those educated Chinese who

for the first time have come into contact with American priests here have shown themselves most grateful for the instruction received and have already changed many of their long cherished ideas that the Catholic Church practically does not exist in America. Such intellectual contacts are bound to produce wonderful fruit, at least by correcting among the higher classes these wrong ideas that have long interfered with the efforts of the Church in her task of contributing her share to China's national reconstruction.

ONCE our building is completed, graduates of Catholic schools who come from all over China to study in the various universities and research institutes of the city will have a home and a Catholic cultural center which is now entirely lacking here. Bishop Yü Pin, a very eminent scholar himself, with doctorates in philosophy, canon law, political economy and social science, was for several years assigned to our kind of work, the cultural apostolate among the higher intellectual circles. Hence, he earnestly wishes to make our hostel not merely a local but a national center for Catholic graduates, and has begged us to use every effort to secure for the best among them complete or partial scholarships for postgraduate work in American Catholic universities, so that on their return to the Orient they will be able to have, not only the intellectual but also the spiritual influence that many returned students from American secular universities today do not exercise. He insists that we shall thus be doing a priceless service to the cause of Catholic education in China.

PLANS for the structure have been slowly maturing amid countless difficulties, and it is hoped that if proper help is forthcoming it will be ready for occupancy in September, 1937. The prayers and cooperation of all American Catholic friends of China are, therefore, earnestly solicited to provide the comparatively small sum needed to complete and equip with an excellent library this new institution whose inauguration is held to be of the utmost importance for the success of the mission cause throughout China.

The writer of this article, which brings to our Readers the first extensive account of the new work entrusted to the American Jesuits, has been assigned the important task of founding the Nanking Project. He is a member of the California Province.

THE CONQUEROR

(To St. Francis Xavier)

Patrick A. Donohue, S.J.

'Twas 'neath the arches of Saint Barbe
A soldier asked a man:
"What profit thee though Hindustan
And all the wealth of Genghis Khan,
Nay, Cathay e'en and far Japan,
Own thee ruler, pay thee toll,
The while thou lose thy deathless soul?"

The soldier stopped; the man was pale,
His splendid scheme, ambition born,
Was of its scheming splendor shorn,
And he, the schemer, left forlorn.

"What profit? Hah!
Who is he to take my hand—
Make me one of his poor band?
Not so!
Francisco his bright star shall trace
'Cross the heaven's spanless space—
Paris, Rome shall proclaim
Francisco's name.
But halt! What is this lurking fear?
That voice! Again that voice I hear—
' . . . Cathay e'en and far Japan,
Own thee ruler, pay thee toll,
The while thou lose thy deathless soul!"

* * * * *
Freighted galleons Lisbon plodding
Bearing treasure, Eastern lore,
Risking plunder, pirates nodding,
Hugging close the Afric shore,
Tell of a titanic conquest
By a seraph—no, a man,
Empire moulding with his hest
Far-flung as that of Genghis Khan!

* * * * *
The chimes of old Montmartre are singing
To a name
Sweet acclaim!

The bells of the Gesu are pealing
To proclaim
A sainted name!

Spires of all the world are ringing,
Conquest blazoning,
Gayly heralding
The fame
Of a name—
Francisco's name!

Patna's Native Sisters

Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S. J.

THE words of Christ: "Be ye therefore perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," have inspired the generous in every age of the Church. Amongst the throng of good and bad there have always been those who are outstanding in virtue. So in Patna Mission in India.

When the late Bishop Van Hoeck came to Patna in 1921, he determined to lay solid foundations for the expansion of his Mission. He realized fully that one of the best helps to this end would be an indigenous Sisterhood, whose members would work alongside the two Congregations of Religious Sisters who have been doing fruitful work in Patna for many years.

Fortunately, when he founded the new Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for Indian Sisters, desirable material was not wanting, for some of the daughters of the old Catholic families were waiting and praying to be received into the novitiate. That happy day came in 1926 in time for the feast of the Sacred Heart, and on December 8, 1928, the first Religious of the new Congregation took their vows. Today there are twenty-seven professed Sisters in the Congregation.

In a Mission such as Patna which has only about four thousand old Catholics, numerous vocations can hardly be expected. Hence it is that of the twenty-seven professed, ten are from Malabar in far southern India, descendants of the converts of St. Thomas, Apostle.

THE Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus teach in our schools, have medical dispensaries, and go from village to village catechising and administering to the sick and dying.

In Chakni, a village of four hundred Catholics and



His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, India.

as many Hindus, is Marygrove in India, founded by the Mission Unit of the Sodality of Marygrove College, Detroit. Here, under the care of the Sacred Heart Sisters, boarders, refugees from the once fair Latonah now in

ruins from earthquake and floods, and day scholars from the neighboring villages, are emulating their studious benefactors far away in Detroit. Like all our Indian school children they are ever ready to entertain visitors with their repertoire of drama and song.

In Morpa, close to Nepal, a village of some four hundred and forty



Professed Sisters and Novices of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The novitiate is near Bettiah in Patna Mission, India.

Indian Catholics, the Sisters are busy with their school, both boarding and day. They help the missionary manage the farm, which means that they look after the granary and go into the rice fields with their orphan girls and widows to harvest the rice and protect the crops from harm. The surrounding villages, chiefly of Hindus and Mohammedans, have the benefit of their catechising and of their traveling dispensary for the sick and dying.

BETTIAH, too, our largest center with about two thousand five hundred Catholics, is blessed with the Indian Sisters, who work with the Sisters of the Holy Cross in St. Theresa's school. In the parochial school they teach the small boys, both Catholic and non-Christian, one of the Sisters having a class of a good sixty tots to keep busy twenty-six hours a week. Everything, of course, in the lower classes is in Hindi, and the children learn in Hindi the same catechism and almost everything that American children learn in English.

At Chuhari the Indian Sisters assist the Holy Cross Sisters in their teachers' training school, where they themselves are trained either before or after their novitiate.

The same refined Catholic influence exerted by the Sisters all over the world, and which has characterized in a marked degree the work of the European Sisters of Patna, marks the Indian Sisters' labors in Patna Mission. The young, the sick, the dying, are especially benefited by their works of charity. Wherever they are, the community is the better for it. They are in demand in various parts of the Mission. Here as in every line we must pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into His vineyard.

HIS Holiness, Pope Pius XI, wrote in his letter on the Missions, *Rerum Ecclesiae*: "Since for the organization of the Church in our regions it is necessary that you make use of the elements from which by Divine Providence it is composed, you ought as a consequence consider as one of the principal duties of your office the foundation of native Religious Communities of both men and women." The Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for Indian Sisters is in keeping with this wish of His Holiness. The Indian Sisters are trained by the Sisters of the Holy Cross from Switzerland, who have worked in their Patna schools and hospitals and traveling dispensaries for nearly a half a century. The Indian

Sisters have faithful benefactors in America who have made it possible for them to go on, and whose charity if more widely known would undoubtedly inspire others to assist us in our efforts to expand and develop this indigenous Congregation according to the Heart of Christ.

Editor's Note. We are glad to add here some general information about Patna Mission which is drawn from "The Annual Report of the Diocese of Patna, July, 1935, to July, 1936." The Catholic population of this Mission, which is entrusted to the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus, is now 16,383. This indicates an increase of 2,450 Christians during one year. In 1921, when the



Vow Day for the ten Sisters from Malabar. According to tradition, some of the Catholics of this southern section of India are descendants of the converts of St. Thomas the Apostle.

American Jesuits first entered the territory, the Catholics numbered about 5,000. The total area of the Patna Diocese is 89,385 square miles and the population is 27,571,166. This includes Nepal which is under the jurisdiction of the Diocese, though all foreigners are forbidden entrance into the Kingdom.

The personnel of the Mission consists of 1 Bishop, 38 Jesuit Fathers (of whom 9 are completing their studies this year), 6 Indian Diocesan Priests, 34 Jesuit Scholastics (of whom 25 are engaged in preparatory studies and are not active in the Mission), 5 Jesuit Brothers and 8 Irish Christian Brothers, 32 Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 28 Sisters of the Holy Cross, 29 Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and 11 Indian Sisters of St. Clare. Assisting in the work of the missionaries are 87 catechists and 163 lay teachers. There are 83 schools with 3,295 pupils.

The magnificent results of the spiritual work done in Patna Mission are very consoling, especially when we consider the handicap of limited personnel and the small financial means available. Prospects for the future are most encouraging.

A Floating Church

Henry J.
Chávez, S. J.

I HADN'T been in Buenos Aires long when I was invited by one of the Fathers at the College to visit the dock with him and see the "Floating Church," the means used by the Jesuit missionaries here in an attempt to bring the truths of our holy Faith to people who, on account of natural circumstances, would otherwise be deprived of them.

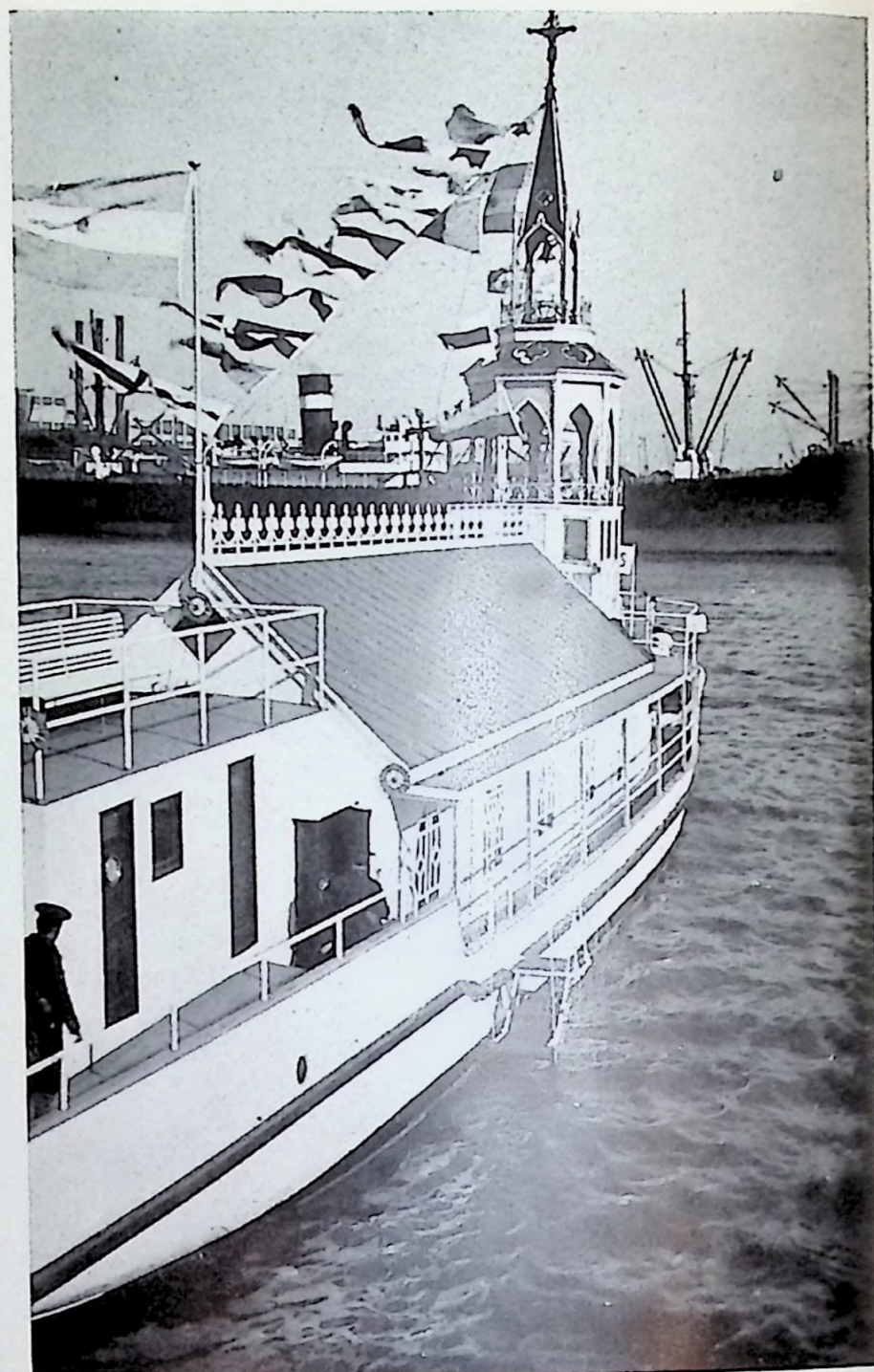
As the name indicates, it is a river boat, built in the form of a church, and measuring approximately forty yards by eight. In place of a mast there rises a belfry from which three bells send forth their joyous peals over the waters, calling men to the divine service. Surmounting this is Christ crucified, ever looking forward to those people of the Delta, for a long time neglected, but now succored by the zealous missionaries of these parts.

The Delta referred to is that of the Paraná River. This is that stretch between the Paraná and the Uruguay Rivers, formed by them before they join to make the Rio de la Plata. This Delta is probably one of the largest in the world, being about five hundred and seventy-six miles long by ninety-six wide, and extends from Argentina to Uruguay. In this territory there are about seventy thousand inhabitants, Italians, Spaniards and Argentinians.

The Delta is dotted with islands, but due to the fact that these are widely separated, the people cannot cross from one island to another, when they find themselves in sore spiritual need. Sure, there was a small wooden structure that served as a church at Paraná Mini, but services were held only when the parish priests of the mainland could leave their churches to attend these people.

IT was in 1910 that Dr. Rómulo Ayerza, a zealous Catholic of Buenos Aires and an alumnus of the Jesuits, desirous of doing something to have these people attended to, got the Jesuits interested in this work. With the encouragement of His Excellency, Bishop Terrero, Bishop of La Plata, a launch was obtained from the Buenos Aires port, and the first mission given there by the Jesuits. During Lent of the same year, Dr. Ayerza put at their disposal his own launch *La Fe*, defraying all expenses himself.

The excursions continued year after year. At one time it was thought of establishing a permanent mission there, but the project was never realized. In 1926, the Fathers obtained their own launch, *El Salvador*, and headed by Fathers Leonhardt and Isola, still active missionaries, they continued their trips through the various channels of the Delta. Various centers were organized, today numbering fifty-five, and served by nine chapels.



Unique in missionary ventures is this "Floating Church" of the Delta.

The results of these missions have been very gratifying. According to the records from 1910 to the beginning of 1936, there have been 1,310 Baptisms, 630 Confirmations, 15,640 confessions, 24,300 Communions and 227 marriages.

WITH the recent acquisition of the new "Floating Church" there is a great future for the missions of the Delta. This boat, *Cristo Rey*, was specially built at the dockyard in Buenos Aires at the expense of various distinguished benefactors, headed by His Excellency, Agustin P. Justo, President of the Argentine Republic. He and his wife were the chief sponsors at the blessing ceremonies presided over by His Excellency, Felipe Cortesi, Apostolic Nuncio to Buenos Aires, on August 21, 1936, at which other distinguished personages were present, including Ministers of the Government.

As in the beginning of the Church Christ went over mountains and valleys teaching His doctrines, so now He goes in the person of His Jesuit missionaries over the waters to bring the teachings of His Church to the people of the Delta. May the efforts done to help these people prosper. To the prayers of our Catholic friends in North America we heartily recommend our Jesuit missions of South America.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

"On October 18, a policeman knocked at the door of Father Sarjeant's office at Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq, and on being admitted proceeded to interrogate him concerning the

AL BAGHDADI BEFORE THE JUDGE

"Baghdadi." Father Sarjeant's chief connection with this journal is, of course, to act as matter for its pages, but he answered the questions as politely and diplomatically as possible, not knowing what the purpose of all the questions was. On the next day another policeman appeared with a summons for both him and Father Rice to appear at the court at the nearby suburb of Adhamiyah. There the judge reopened the questioning, inquiring particularly why it was that the "Baghdadi" was published without a permit from the Government. Father Rice, who had read the law and was ready with chapter and verse, replied that the "Baghdadi" was a charitable bulletin and hence was exempted by the law itself. The judge then decided to bind him over, and informed him he would be required to put up a bail of thirty *dinars*." How did the case come out? Sorry, but as we must carefully budget the space in this column, we are forced to refer you for the sequel to "Al Baghdadi," page 316, Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Price \$2.50. Of course we might add that when Father Rice demurred he was told by the judge that if he did not go willingly, it would be necessary to send him in custody.

We are indebted to E. N. for the following appraisal of "Al Baghdadi" printed in the *Catholic Book Club News Letter* for January, 1937. "If the recounting of foreign missionary

AS THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB SEES IT

activities has, in the past, meant boredom or penance, here is a thoroughly witty and resourceful diary, despatched home for press, 'mood and circumstances permitting,' by Father Madaras, a Jesuit, sent to the Near East, to found Baghdad College, in Baghdad, Iraq. Only a gifted scholar of unusual personality could portray with exuberant humor every sort of experience, with the underlying seriousness which confronts us here. The daily jottings appear piecemeal, as written, generally interspersed with the author's own cartoons, cleverly entertaining and often provocative to one's historical hoardings. The Holy Land, Arabia and Persia are brought home to us in their present-day tempo and political and religious backgrounds, at the same time as we are told of the unceasing efforts and aspirations of the missionaries in the project entrusted to them by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. The book is written in as light a vein as anyone could wish for, and is one over which every one who attempts to read it, will certainly enthuse."

Since the last Elections, there are those who have lost trust in the American Press and its reporters. Wherefore, we hasten to bolster up American press comments on the "Al Baghdadi"

AL BAGHDADI LITERALLY PRICELESS

with the following taken from the "Et Cetera" column of the *London Tablet*, July 20, 1936. It describes "Al Baghdadi" in the making. "Anything about the progress of the Catholic Press is good writing for this column, with the hope that to others it may be welcome reading. So let us revert, for a few lines, to that literally priceless little periodical 'Al Baghdadi,' a publication which the American Jesuits at Baghdad College issue 'as mood and circumstance permit.' When an earlier number of this engaging venture reached London, it was seen to have been run on a duplicating machine; but 'Al Baghdadi' has advanced since then, and makes its appearance in print. A Modern Press had professionally and creditably turned it out. The Fathers at the college, however, like Pooh Bah, don't stop at that; their ambition is now to have a press of their own. Why not? On the other side of the desert, in Beirut, their college not only has a complete printing establishment, but even casts its own Arabic type, and has the most elaborate and up-to-date photo-engraving plant on their side of Suez."

Missionaries are not wont to laud their fellow missionaries without due reason. Hence the value of this tribute from Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., in Alaska, commenting on the August

ALASKA TO BAGHDAD

number of the "Baghdadi." We quote from Father Madaras' masterpiece, page 352: ". . . One of the cartoons referred to shows Father Baud climbing into the furnace to keep warm, and saying: 'Let me out for dinner, Father Mac, don't forget.' The 'Baghdadi' cartoon, you may remember, had a Frigidaire in place of a furnace. The request was the same.

"My dear Father Editor: Father Baud and I wish to thank you for many good laughs. 'Al Baghdadi' is one of the cleverest journals of propaganda for a good cause that I have ever read. Too long have we allowed the secular journals to steal the show. Don't let the more 'serious' brethren induce you to change the style of this 'priceless' missionary paper. Father Baud and I are giving you the North Pole version of two of your cartoons. The thermometer near the cabin door registered forty-two degrees below yesterday. Of course, the cold weather hasn't arrived as yet. Later we shall enjoy (?) fifty and sixty below. May the good God prosper you in your great work!"

"Some people have all the luck. Next July when we have our 120 in the shade, we'll think with envy of our brethren in Alaska basking in sixty below!"

In an illuminating factual and pictorial summary of the present lively state of educational broadcasting programs, the National Committee on Education by Radio, 1 Madison Avenue, New

RADIO AND THE MISSIONS

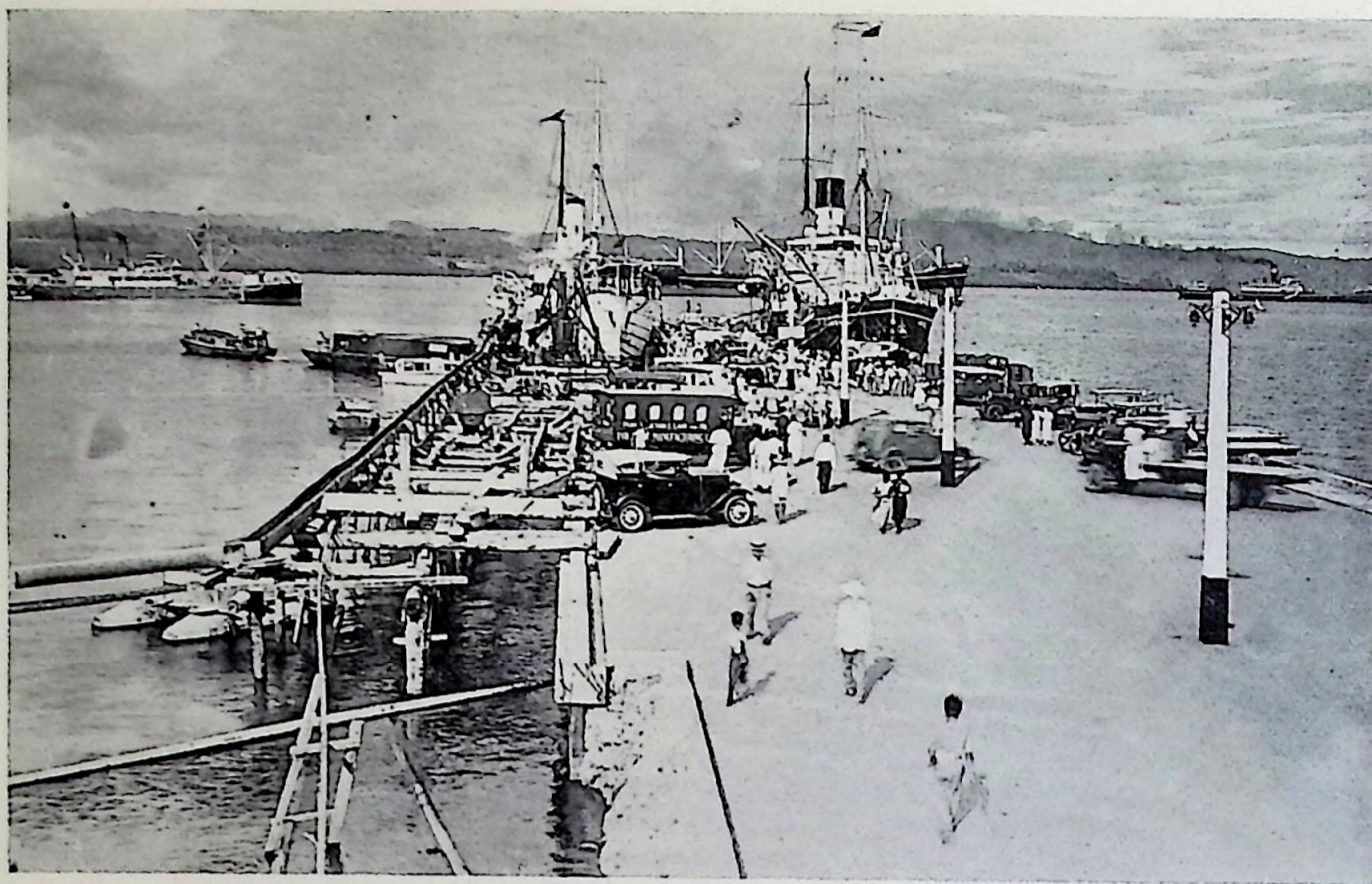
York City, presents facts on twenty-five college and university radio programs in the United States. Data was listed under the headings: Frequency, Time, Power, Founded, Value of Plant, Programs for Year, and Audience. Thus, Station WEW, St. Louis University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, is listed as operating on a frequency of 760 kilocycles, 1000 watts daytime, founded April 26, 1921, with a plant valued at \$15,000, receiving 100 letters a day, and offering 13,200 programs per year. Comes the dream—Station JMP (Jesuit Mission Press), funded if not founded 1937 (occasion: tenth anniversary of JESUIT MISSIONS), broadcasting 13,200 mission programs per year to an audience of national proportions, in receipt of 1,000 subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS daily—and so on far into the night.

Technically, according to Reverend F. Basenach, S.J., B.Sc., Ph.D., cooperation has been defined as "that joint economic action which seeks to obtain for a relatively weak group, all or

CATHOLICS AND CO-OPERATIVES

part of the profit and interest which in the ordinary capitalistic enterprise was taken by a small and different group." The application of this principle to JESUIT MISSIONS will become clear to our readers when they realize that their favorite mission magazine is still listed in the field of magazines with the "weak group." According to the January 14, 1937, issue of "Printer's Ink," ten per cent of the magazines in the United States today are capturing ninety per cent of all the available advertising money in the country. The other ninety per cent of the magazines are grappling in a catch-as-catch-can struggle for the ten per cent of advertising capital that remains. And they are successful in their contest in proportion to the business skill and ingenuity of their business editors. Because of their small circulation, the ad market is practically closed to what we may class the weak group among the magazines. In this group JESUIT MISSIONS, along with practically all other Catholic publications, we regret to say, must be listed. The problem resolves itself to this: large circulation means ads, ads mean profits, and profits mean greater propagation of the faith along the mission front. The Communists have a program and are making headway with it. The Fascists have a program and are making headway. The Catholic Press must have the aid at least of Catholics.

The Fa



The Port of Davao, gateway to Mindanao from the south. St. Francis Xavier probably visited this territory in his famous voyage to the Isle of Moro.

DAVAO is the name of the Province which occupies the southeastern section of the great Island of Mindanao in the Philippine Archipelago. For many reasons, historical, political, economic and religious, both the Province of Davao and the capital city of the same name merit publicity in JESUIT MISSIONS.

Historically, this Province was probably the first point of contact between the West and the Philippines. For as early as 1450, Mohammedan traders from Mecca in Arabia entered Mindanao through Davao as through an open gateway for purposes of commerce, religious proselytism and territorial conquest. While it is not certain whether Vasco de Gama touched Davao on his voyage by the eastern route to the Indies in 1497, we do know that Magellan, who set sail for the East with Almeida, Viceroy of India in 1505, reached the Moluccas or Spice Islands immediately south

Politically this gateway to the agricultural riches of Mindanao has become in our own day a cause of concern for the political future of the Philippines. Given a relatively few years, and the present economic penetration being carried out by the Japanese in this section will assume real political significance. Davao, unless the immigration quotas are watched, can easily become a Japanese state. It is the natural evolution of the economic penetration that is now taking place and it is much cheaper and in every respect safer than a war of conquest.

ECONOMICALLY, of course, Davao is a prize worthy of a struggle. It is chiefly because of the economic advantages that the population has already been doubled in the last ten years. Each week hundreds of Filipinos, principally Visayans, arrive at this port and invariably find work either as civil service employees for the Government or in the Japanese and Filipino settlements devoted to agriculture. It was due to this increase in population that on January 1, 1937, Davao was granted the title of "City." The area of the Province embracing 1,929,724 hectares or 4,824,310 acres of land, makes it the second largest in the Philippines. Cotabato is the largest province.

Good roads, a most important factor in economic development of a land, are being multiplied. Only recently the main road from Davao to



Some Japanese athletes with their cheering section during a contest in Davao. Today, 12,742 Japanese dwell in the city and province.

h in Davao

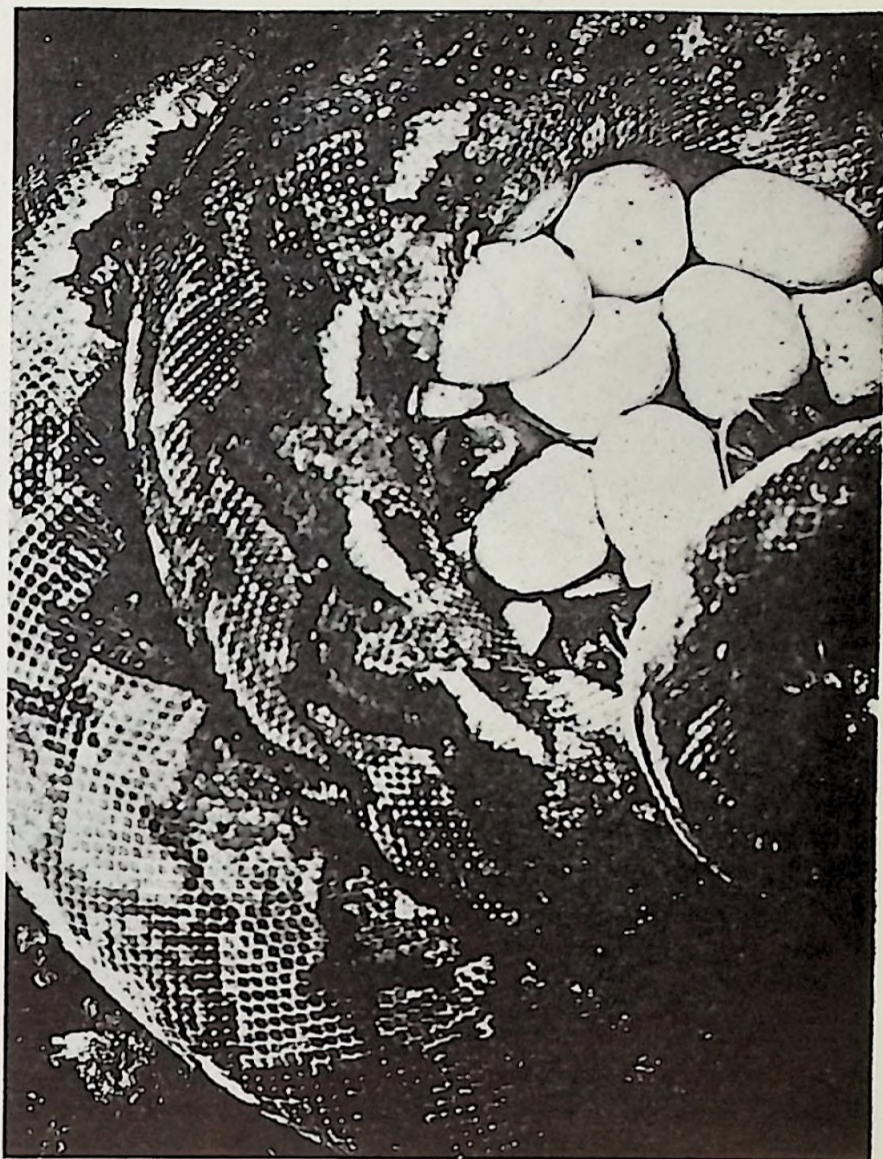
Mariano
Juan, S. J.

Cotabato has been completed and the work on the Davao-Agusan road has already begun. This transportation element means much for the output of the native copra and abaca. On the abaca plantations, the Japanese labor with intensive energy and efficiency. The fibre of their abaca or hemp is the finest in the world. In 1935, they had under cultivation more than 71,000,000 plants, distributed over 191,115 acres of fertile soil.

RELIGIOUSLY. Davao is a challenge to the missionary. As far as the prospects for the future are concerned, we may draw encouraging conclusions from the fact that at a banquet recently given to His Excellency, Bishop Luis Del Rosario, S.J., on the occasion of the parochial Eucharistic Congress in Davao, His Excellency remarked that Davao ought to be the Episcopal Diocesan site and that it would be made so when a sufficient quota of priests warranted the change. At present there are only three priests in Davao proper and only four more deployed along the coast line. These minister as best they can to the seventy-five chapels that are scattered around the numerous *barrios*.

The challenge for a missionary lies particularly in the nature of the many mountain tribes. Names centuries old still persist, and today we find in the hills of Davao the descendants of those who fought the first Spanish when they tried to convert the pagan natives to Christ. We have today remnants of the Bagobos, Pygmies, Bilanes, Mandayas, Tagacaolos, Atas, Manobos, Malaysians and Moros. In 1934, there were 77,045 non-Christians, 98,307 Christians, or a total of 175,352 inhabitants in Davao. Among these there were 166 Americans, 12,742 Japanese, 94 Europeans, 2,583 Chinese and 320 from other countries. Education, which should be the hand-maid of religion, is progressing. Pupils number in all schools 10,445. In our own school at St. Peter's, we have 300 pupils, and the Sisters who teach in the Institute of the Immaculate Conception are training some 290 girls. St. Peter's School includes the first year of high school and the Sisters' school needs only one more year for a complete high school course. In my opinion there is a real future for the Catholic religion in Davao

inasmuch as with the exception of the Japanese and the Chinese, all the immigrants are Catholics and remain such. One may find a few Protestants and very few Aglipayans. In 1935, our scanty quota of seven priests baptized 4,113 and distributed 24,357 Communions. Our greatest need is that noted recently by our official Visitor to the Jesuit mission field of Mindanao, the Very Reverend John Fahy, S.J.,—the need of men, the need of more missionaries, the need of American Xaviers. The message of Pope Pius XI to the International Eucharistic Congress at Ma-



A nest of snake eggs. This snake was caught on the premises of the Tagum Trading Company, Lasang. It was thirty-five feet in length and four feet wide. Each egg weighed about two and a half pounds.

nila, broadcast February 8, 1937, applies with peculiar force to the mission fields of Davao, "Let all your energies be bent to this goal: that your wandering brothers and all those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death may as soon as possible attain through Him to light, truth and life."



Machines owned and operated by Japanese for refining the fibre of the abaca plant. In 1935 there were more than seventy-one million plants of first-class quality cultivated in 191,115 acres of land.

The Martyrs of Zahlé

John A.
Mifsud, S. J.

MARTYRS of the Faith are the five Jesuits whose names are engraved on these marble slabs and under which lie their sacred remains. The Druses killed them, June 18, 1860. They are Father Billotet, Brothers Ferdinand Bonacina, Habib Maksoud, Elias Jounes, and the aspirant to the Society of Jesus, Cherfan Habeiche. For the Near East also must needs have witnesses to Christ, whose blood is the seed of a fruitful and enviable harvest of fervent Christians in a Moslem land.

The target of Moslem hatred in those days was Father Billotet, Superior at Zahlé. I say Moslem advisedly, for the Druses were but their cruel emissaries. The real instigator was Kourchid-Pashá, the Governor of Beyrouth, and the real abettor, the English Consul. The climax came about this way.

Father Billotet bought a good sized farm at Ksara, a district on the outskirts of Zahlé. The Government officials tried to impose an exorbitant tax on the property, but Father contested the point and won the case not, however, without at the same time incurring their implacable hatred and vexations. Not long after this episode, one Sunday morning, while the Christians were in church, two soldiers were sent thither in the name of the Government to impress some of them to sweep the plaza of the bazaar. Once more the Father would not yield to their unjust demands, quoting the law which exempted Christians from work on Sundays during service time. For this he was dragged out of the residence, bearded and beaten, and would have been imprisoned had not a Brother offered himself as ransom.

THIS outrage, committed against a French citizen, had wide repercussions throughout the Lebanon, and the French Consuls saw to it that justice was done. As a result the official responsible was deposed, his men publicly cudgelled and the "Porte" fined twenty-five thousand *piastres*. This glorious vindication, however, served only to fan the smouldering fire of indignation into a blaze of persecution; for wounded national pride must be allayed and its tottering prestige retrieved.

Accordingly a secret meeting was held in a secluded hall of the seraglio at Damascus under the presidency of Achmet-Pashá, the representative of Kourchid-Pashá, with the local *mufti* and seven notables as members. When all the complaints against the Christians, real and imaginary, had been debated back and forth, it was decreed that according to the spirit of the Koran such a state of affairs could and should be brought to an end only by a wholesale extermination of the Christians. Then were the ruthless Druses inveigled into their work of butchery and slaughter and that principally on account of the Jesuits of Zahlé.



A marble slab commemorating, the death of the Jesuit Superior at Zahlé, Father Edouard Billotet, and his four companions, Brothers Ferdinand Bonacina, Habib Maksoud, Elias Jounes, and the aspirant to the Society of Jesus, Cherfan Habeiche, who were martyred for the Faith by the Druses at the dictation of the Moslems, June 18, 1860.

Zahlé was then a small town of some four thousand people built on either side of the ravine Bordouni and hemmed in on the north, south and west by mountains, while the east opens on the Bekâ, a lovely plain which divides the Lebanon Range from the Antilebanon.

IN the morning of June 18, foot soldiers appeared on the hills overlooking Zahlé on the north, south and west, at the same time that the desert cavalry took its stand at the entrance to the Bekâ. By a clever strategy of the enemy most of the inhabitants were drawn towards the plain, but soon to their great consternation they saw their houses in flames and their people scurrying away for dear life. Our house, standing high on the hill side to the west and falling directly in the path of the Druses, was straightway attacked and the doors and windows being burst open, the numerous invaders surged inside.

The first victim of the ruffians' vengeance was Brother Habib who was just then in the sanctuary conducting the prayers for the dying, for the faithful gathered there waiting for the worst. The soldiers, having fallen on Brother, first demanded a goodly sum of money for his ransom. But when this was given them those scoundrels still sought to kill him. Three Sisters of the Sacred Heart who chanced to be present tried to shield Brother with their persons but the soldiers quickly thrust them back with the barrel of their muskets. Then a shot was fired at the Brother who fell instantly, a lifeless body in the arms of the Sisters at the foot of the altar.

In the meanwhile Brother Bonacina with the other Religious hid himself in a retired place above the church choir. But soon his boldness cost him his life, for wishing to reconnoiter the situation he had the hardihood of looking out of a window, whereupon he was immediately detected and shot in the

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The Conversion of the Indians of America

The Mission Intention for March

THE Indians who are the object of the Mission Intention for March are the descendants of the first natives of both South and North America and are distributed as follows: in Mexico where the majority dwell there are today 4,620,880; in the United States there are 332,397; in Canada there are 115,000; in Alaska, 29,983. Then, passing south to South America we find about 100,000 in Brazil. They compose, moreover, about 24.8 per cent of the population of Peru, while 54 per cent of Bolivia can still be classed as Indians in the section already described. They are also located in Colombia where a few years ago, through the efforts principally of the Jesuit Father Campoamor, a social service program was inaugurated to assist in educating them to higher standards of living. This enterprise has been styled "The New Reduction of Bogota." Ecuador, Venezuela and practically every state south of the Panama Canal have their quota of these spiritual mendicants whose need for the assistance that can be supplied by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is great indeed.

As in the days of the pioneering advances made by the French, Spanish and Portuguese missionaries in both North and South America, large groups of these Indians are still isolated in what are called Reductions, sites somewhat like a modern concentration camp but minus all the brutal connotation which that term bears today. On the other hand, many are dwelling in the large cities of both Americas, either in exclusive colonies or mingling freely with other citizens, exposed without any spiritual preventative or antidote to the toxin of infidelity and irreligion and to the natural aftermath of both, the immorality of modern life.

Unfortunately, the native character of the American Indian has been and still is being misrepresented to a great degree by teachers of the American school system. Their contention is that religious education for the Indian is fruitless. The answer is manifold. The most crushing rejoinder should be the decisive fact that whatever Christianity exists today among the Indians of North and South America is the fruit principally of early missionary religious instruction. Certainly, it cannot be attributed to an irreligious school system.

In eloquent refutation of this libel upon an entire native population are these words of Father Charles L. Owens, S.J., Superior at St. Xavier's Mission, Big Horn County, Montana, printed in *JESUIT MISSIONS*, April, 1935. He had just returned from administering the last sacraments to one of the Indian women. "Once again," he wrote, "I could thank God that at the approach of death she thought first of the priest and of making her peace with God. And yet, mingled with my thankfulness, there was a sense of foreboding. Poverty forced the Sisters to leave the Mission School some years ago. What does the future hold for these children? What will the advent of young manhood and young womanhood mean to them? What will their old age be? How will they die? If I can open the Mission School again I shall have little fear of the future. *For experience has taught me that the Indian children whom the Sisters train preserve through life, as a rule, an integrity of character and a spiritual fineness which many of our White people might well envy.*" Attention, critics!

However, perhaps the most outstanding example of the spiritual possibilities latent in the American Indian is the life of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, whose process of Beatification was promoted so sedulously by Father John J. Wynne, S.J. In the February number of the circular called, "The Lily of the Mohawks," published at 226 East Fordham Road, New York City, our skeptical professors of history will find a convincing and glorious array of historical documents relating to Kateri Tekakwitha. It is from this evidence that the data necessary to justify Kateri's Cause are being taken. These documents run all the way from "The Annals of the Mission of the Sault from Its Foundation to 1696" by Father Chauchetier, to "The Life of Catherine Tekakwitha" by Father Edouard Lecompte, S.J., translated and adapted by Father John J. Wynne, S.J., in 1927. It would be entirely in keeping with the general Intention for March to invoke this servant of God in intercession for the conversion of the Indians of America and then to plead with God for the final canonization of this Blessed among Indians. No less appropriate would it be to pray that St. Isaac Jogues, who himself kept the Faith, and died for it here in the United States, might help these Indians of America to keep their Faith and might inspire new apostles with the desire of living and dying in this fruitful vineyard of the Lord.



Marble statuary group at Auriesville, representing St. Isaac Jogues teaching two little Indian children the name of Jesus.

Afield with American Jesuits

ALASKA

Each year, at Kotzebue, Alaska, above the Arctic Circle, is recalled the memory of the tragic death of Very Rev. Philip I. Delon, S.J., former Superior of the Alaskan Mission, and Father William F. Walsh, zealous secular priest. Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., missionary at Kotzebue, tells the story of each year's memorial Mass:

"October 12, 1930, a date that shall never be forgotten above the Arctic Circle! Both White and Eskimo, who were present at Kotzebue on that fateful day, often see the terrible, heart-rending scene re-enacted as if under their very eyes..

"A beautiful and powerful plane on a field of snow ready to take off; two fearless missionaries boarding it, with a smile on their lips and waving a hearty farewell; one of the priests venerable with age and hardened by many years of hardships and apostolic labors in the North; the other, a young man in the full bloom of youth, finishing his second year above the Arctic Circle, but already a seasoned missionary and one who has endeared himself to all who know him.

"The engine hums merrily, roars into swift action as the wheels of the plane leave the frozen ground in a cloud of drifting snow; then the beautiful purple bird soars high into the heavens, anxious as it were to present to God Almighty the two heroic souls it carries in its bosom. A sudden turn, a nose dive, a head on crash—and the two martyrs are united forever to the Christ they love so well.

"The bodies of the dear priests are taken out of the plane, carried reverently to the church hall accompanied by Eskimo men and women and White people who cannot control their grief. All night long a loving vigil is kept over the remains of the heroes of God, as men, women and children press around them, eager to get a last look at the dear faces of the apostles of the North who had devoted their lives to the welfare and salvation of the children of the snow.

"October 12, 1930, a date that is written in golden letters on the glorious pages of Alaska history, marking the solemn moment of the holocaust of two great hearts of gold upon the altar of the love of God and of man! That was six years ago, but had you been in Kotzebue on October 12 this year, you would have witnessed a scene that speaks volumes for the gratitude of the people of Kotzebue for the noble knights of the Cross who gave their lives that their people might live forever. On that day the people fill the church, eager to take part in the memorial Mass offered in behalf and in honor of their beloved priests. The

solemn and inspiring notes of the *Kyrie* in Gregorian Chant rise in supplication to the throne of God as the dear Eskimos put all their souls into the singing. The sermon is listened to with rapt attention as Father Walsh's successor speaks of the zeal and charity and devotedness of the dear departed, and many a tear trickles silently but eloquently down on the faces of the Eskimo men and women every time the names of the heroes of God are mentioned. One might exclaim as the Jews of old when they saw Jesus cry over the death of Lazarus: 'See how they loved them. . .'

"The Mass continues and the Gregorian *Credo*, an act of sublime faith, makes one realize that the missionaries have not worked in vain among these dear people.

"The time comes for Holy Communion. Many Eskimos approach the Holy Table and partake of the sacred Body of Christ, joining their humble supplications with those of the priest and begging Jesus the Savior to grant us all that on the last day we may all be united with Father Delon and Father Walsh in the sweet and thrilling presence of the Eternal King. And as the service ends one is tempted to apply to each of these two martyrs of the Gospel the words of the third antiphon for the feast of St. Martin of Tours: '*O virum ineffabilem; nec labore victum, nec morte vincendum, qui nec mori timuit, nec vivere recusavit.*'"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

In reply to a request from the Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* concerning the Red activities in the Philippines, Father Joseph Reith, S.J., notes: "The Kolambugan Lumber Company in Lanao, along the coast, is a



Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., and his three musketeers, Joe, Salvator and Jack—none of them a cure for insomnia.

large English-owned affair. It hires many loggers and mill hands—and the mill runs eighteen to twenty hours a day.

"Unlike all Filipino business hereabouts, it pays wages—and regularly every week, in cash. What these wages are, I do not know, but Kolambugan, the town, has all the refinements of modern civilization, cabarets, dance halls, come-up-to-see-me's, and all that, including a branch of about every religious sect under the Philippine Islands' sun.

"Quite regularly there is some sort of a strike and most likely due to agitators of Communistic tendency. Something of that sort is on now. So, I guess you had better amend the conclusions of my last letter and say that even in Mindanao, in the few industries that exist on a large scale, Red activities are being inserted."

* * *

Father Austin V. Dowd, S.J., writes of the power of the press in the mission field:

"Catholic Truth is a great instrument for salvation. Unfortunately, it is too little known. Holy Mother the Church wisely wishes all her children, even from their tenderest years, to be instructed in the truths of our Catholic Faith. But alas! Too often the harvest is ready but the laborers are too few.

"This has been the condition in Bukidnon for many years. Over thirty years ago the zealous Spanish Jesuits toiled unceasingly here, and succeeded in planting the Faith in the souls of many. But men were too few, and so they had to move on. Thus it is that Southern Bukidnon has been for many years without a resident priest. Fathers Lawrence Contin, S.J., Joseph McGowan, S.J., and Frederick Henfling, S.J., have visited this part of the province from time to time, but, being stationed in Sumilao, could not often get below Malaybalay.

"Now besides the Catholic school started in Malaybalay by Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., there is a catechetical school in Kalisungay, and also in Banckub.

"But this is as yet but very little. However, time and patience must accomplish great things. In many places the people are ready to listen but they have none to teach them. Last week Reverend Sister Amparo made an excursion into Linabo. Here, accompanied by a few girls, students of the Bukidnon Normal School, residents of the Little Flower Dormitory of Malaybalay, she started catechetical instructions once more. In a very short time, despite the fact that it was Saturday, over sixty children assembled in the church. Linabo has many traditions of the Faith. Here was the headquarters of the Jesuit Missions of Bukid-

non, and the people still talk of the old Spanish Fathers who labored so zealously. The church itself is redolent of many an Ignatian touch. The old bells were christened Santo Ignacio and Santo Estanislao. Last Saturday they again called the little ones of Christ, to see for the first time in the history of Linabo a Madre, who was to teach them, as their parents had been taught, about the *Santo Nino*. It is the wish of the Pastor to have catechetical centers in all these towns. At present there are many difficulties, but they are not insurmountable, though almost so. First there are the great distances to be traversed; the roads are not good, sometimes they are very bad. But the zealous people of Malaybalay are interested, and they will assist the Pastor in spreading the good seed.

"The Malaybalay Catholic Truth Society is now interested in a project which they hope will be of great help in teaching the Faith to the adults. The plan is for each one to take some dogma of our Faith and in a popular way explain it, so that all will see the reasonableness of the Catholics for believing in it. These will be printed on neat and attractive folders and spread abroad. The plan is the same as the Narberth Catholic Truth Society of Pennsylvania has carried on so successfully for the past six years."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., one of our hardest working missionaries, writes of his new Infant School as follows:

"After a period of building inactivity at Seaford Town, we hope soon to don our working clothes to begin operations on an Infant School, or rather as the Educational Department would have it, establish an Infant Department to the Seaford Town School. An Infant School is one that admits children between the ages of five and seven. While in the school the children learn to read and write. They are taught their prayers. On reaching the age of seven the children pass on to the Elementary School.

"Our present Infant School, conducted in a room of the old teacher's cottage, is entirely inadequate for our needs. We can take care of twenty children whereas there are at least sixty Catholic children of the district who should attend, to say nothing of those outside the Faith.

"The present school is made possible by the charity of a lady in Boston. If a new building is constructed and used for school purposes exclusively, the Education Department will take over the school. This means that the Department will pay the salaries of the teachers, a fact that would give permanence to the school. Under present conditions, if aid is withdrawn, the school ceases to exist. Were it pos-

sible to renovate the old teacher's cottage we would gladly do so. However, the condition of the building is such as not to warrant the expense.

"Our present Elementary School is filled to capacity. A suggestion has been made that we use the Elementary School for the Infant School and build an Elementary School that will serve our needs for the years to come. The marvelous way in which the Elementary School has grown is a fine tribute to the ability and zeal of the Sisters who are devoting themselves so un- sparingly to the cause of Catholic education at Seaford Town. When we built the school seven years ago there were forty-five children in attendance. At the last examination, there were present one hundred and thirty-six children. There are one hundred and sixty children on the roll. If at all possible we should like to build a new Elementary



The nations meet at Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I. Left to right, an African, an East Indian, a Chinese.

School. It would be much cheaper than building an Infant School and putting an addition to the Elementary School.

"Our plans we have had in mind for some time. We received a rude awakening some time ago on hearing that a rival denomination was building an Infant School in the vicinity. The school has been completed and opened. While nothing has been said, their plans are perfectly clear. Their intention is to have the Educational Department take over their school instead of ours. For years they asked for the school. When they found out what we had done, they put up their school to step in ahead of us for recognition. Under the circumstances our plan of action is clear. We must build if we are to have an Infant School at Seaford Town. Our rivals have already built their school and if we do nothing they will soon put in their application to the

Educational Department to have their school taken over. The question resolves itself to this: whether we or a rival denomination will get the Government help for the school. The promise of help had been given to us if we build. Are others to step in ahead of us on account of our inactivity and obtain that which has been promised to us? We must act. We cannot play into the hands of our rivals. They want the children and so do we. Building operation will begin as soon as sufficient funds are available."

IRAQ

Joseph P. Connell, S.J., describes the breaking of the ground for the new Baghdad College in a recent communication to JESUIT MISSIONS:

"Early on St. Catherine's Day, November 25, 1936, the big green pair of college buses drove the students from the city. But, unlike any ordinary school day, the buses did not stop to unload their singing cargoes at the college gate. This was no ordinary school day. Past the college gate the buses continued, and along the Tigris bank, until they swung into the long palm grove that binds the river and the desert. In a broad clearing of this grove, where remained a sole chipped palm log to tell of the recent felling of other trees, the buses stopped, and the singing students dismounted. A few minutes later the Fathers arrived. Father William Rice, S.J., donned surplice and stole, read a blessing, sprinkled holy water, leaned with very evident joy on a workman's shovel and broke ground for the new college.

"Then began spontaneously a din that lasted through the morning. With a vigor never before evidenced the students threw themselves into the hymn, 'Holy God, We Praise Thy Name' and into the college song. Their gleaming eyes watched the workmen ply their shovels in the heaps of sand and cement, which were piled about the ground floor layout. Anticipating the workmen, their fervid imaginings quickly erected walls about the groundwork. They pictured spacious classrooms; they walked along wide corridors into the wonder of laboratory and library; they kneeled in a roomy chapel and there thanked God for providing them at last with their Catholic school. There could not be any class on this day. No teacher could hold the boys' attention within the narrow mud walls of old Baghdad College, while, on its site, they were already visioning the grandeur of the new.

"It was indeed fitting that Father Rice should be the person to break ground for the new college. None but he knows all the four years' worries, disappointments, obstacles and seeming failures that led to the ceremony. When money was available, the permission of the Government to buy and own land was delayed. The opportunity to

purchase a riverside plot in the unsettled section north of the city eventually presented itself, and the numerous Christian community south of the city voiced its disappointment. Plans for the building could not be made here; and those drawn up in the States provided for a building quite beyond our means. The mails were slow that carried proposals, revised plans and approvals, while, meantime, the acute problem of conducting school in a leased building was sapping the building fund.

"It is significant that the first clod of soil resisted the digger as did nearly every event of the past four years. When Father Rice pressed the shovel into the earth, he leaned forcibly and overturned a generous load of earth. That act was symbolic. To the rest of us, it represented not only the determined labor of the four toilsome years that led to this triumphant moment, but also the way in which future obstacles will be faced. It set a spark, striking firmer hope in the breasts of all present that the Christians of Iraq at long last are going to have their school.

"May it be Father Rice's privilege soon to bless the completed building as he has blessed with his generous labors its long and difficult beginnings."

PATNA, INDIA

A new American Jesuit missionary to Patna in India gives us a description which he calls "Life in Patna City." The writer is Father Frank V. Welzmler, S.J.

"Time and progress are very relative. Such is the thought that is borne home to one who has spent one month in the Big City of Patna Mission. In America we lament the numbers who must still be without running water, toilets, bathrooms, gas, electricity, even motor cars. These conveniences are now so much part and parcel of the life of all but the most backward communities that they seem almost a necessity.

"Can you imagine a city of nearly three hundred thousand in the United States, such as Toledo, going back to kerosene lamps for light, and wells for water? Then take away the pavement and sidewalks, replace all the houses with strings of dingy one and two-story brick structures along narrow dirt lanes unblest by tree or blade of grass. Leave just enough room in the house for a raised platform, ten feet long and five feet deep. This is the parlor, dining room, kitchen and veranda, with face to the street. Behind this is the living room and bedroom, sometimes as small as six by ten feet. See the families of from three to ten or twelve living in these homes.

"That is Patna for the masses of the poor. They live quite as primitively, perhaps not quite so successfully, as the villagers of the hinterland.

The use of electricity is confined to the better offices, stores and homes. The furniture consists of a few brazen and earthen pots and dishes together with a straw mat and cotton blankets. No running water and no toilet but the street. What sanitary conditions are you may guess.

"The cooking is done on small braziers or on earthen fireplaces. The fuel for the most part consists of cakes of dried cow-dung, for wood is scarce and dear. On the way to Kurji to say Mass for the Christian Brothers, one meets a steady procession of the men and women who try to make ends meet by gathering and selling this combustible. Along they trudge for miles with baskets on their heads piled high—India's charcoal vendors.



Nepalese mother and child at Kurseong, India. Nepal is part of the Diocese of Patna Mission, India, in charge of the American Jesuits of the Chicago Province. As yet the Fathers have not been able to penetrate far into the country because of severe laws against White men.

"But what does mother cook? She has not to wonder what she will prepare. The poorest will have a handful of toasted rice washed down with water for breakfast, the others a pancake or so unseasoned. For dinner and supper there will be boiled rice, and for many, not enough. A well paid craftsman may be able to mix in a few vegetables.

"On the street mangy dogs, starving cats, bullocks, cows, buffaloes, burros and goats wander at will with none to say them nay. They are excellent carriers of contagion, if more were needed than the custom of cleaning dishes with the filthy and polluted dirt of the wayside.

"And these benighted and oppressed ones are destined to be the children of God, and brothers of Jesus Christ. Pray that their enlightenment and relief may come soon. Be a home missionary!"

SOUTHERN STATES

Before Christmas, death came suddenly to one of the grand old missionaries of the Southwest in the missions entrusted to the Fathers of the Province of New Orleans.

On the evening of December 21, 1936, as he was walking along the side of the highway near his church (Nativity of Our Lady) in Alameda, New Mexico, Father Ferdinand Troy, S.J., was struck down by an automobile driven at high speed by a Sandia Pueblo Indian. He was knocked to the ground and dragged several feet; the car then swerved to the opposite side of the street and crashed into a filling station, leveling a row of gas pumps. The priest lay unconscious in the darkness, his skull badly fractured and his left foot crushed, and bleeding profusely. After some minutes two men walking along the highway discovered him. An ambulance was summoned from Albuquerque and the injured priest was rushed to a local hospital. Father Troy never regained consciousness. He lingered for about thirty-six hours, dying at 12:50 A.M., December 23.

Ferdinand Troy was born January 6, 1869, in a small town of Bohemia, then a part of Germany but now a part of Czecho-Slovakia. As his full name was Troyanek, and as he told several of his confreres that he was a Russian, it is probable that his parents were Russian. Father Troy was endowed with a strong constitution which fitted him for the hardships of the apostolate he was to exercise during the whole of his priestly career. He received his early training in the Apostolic School of Turnhout, Belgium, and there he chose as his field of labor the Jesuit missions in Colorado and New Mexico, then under the jurisdiction of the Province of Naples.

On April 30, 1887, he began his novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. After two years Juniorate there, he studied philosophy at St. Louis University, taught for several years at Sacred Heart College, Denver, and then went to Woodstock College, in Maryland, for his theology. He was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons, July 29, 1910, at Woodstock. Having made his Tertianship the following year, his first assignment was to the missions of Conejos, Colorado, and then at Trinidad where he ministered to the Spanish-American Catholics. Finally he came south to Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1914, where he was to labor for the rest of his life in the missions centering in Armijo, Alameda and in the Sandia Mountains. He pronounced his last

vows August 15, 1914, in San Felipe Church, Old Albuquerque.

Father Troy was a great builder of churches. Handicapped by a lack of material resources, his struggles to erect them are known to God alone. Besides drawing the plans himself, he did hard manual work on them in order to keep down the expense. Three churches are monuments to his labor—the Alameda church, the exquisite Armijo church, and the foundation of the church in San Jose, a suburb of Albuquerque. The missionary spoke English fluently, and had acquired a fine mastery of Spanish which is so necessary for those working in the Southwest. Owing to the length of time—over a quarter of a century—spent among the Spanish-Americans of the Southwest, he knew their mentality very well, and could adapt his language so that they could profit by his sermons and instructions. Among his writings were a number of sermons written in Spanish. He was keenly interested in the romantic early history of the missionaries in that section of the country. No one was better acquainted than he with the story of the Neapolitan Jesuits who came in the late sixties across the plains in a prairie schooner to work in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. After his death the interesting and valuable documents from the San Felipe Residence, the 'Mother-house,' were found in his room; he had been studying and copying them with the object of writing a history of the New Mexico Jesuit Mission; a part of this history had already been written by him.

Those who knew Father Troy can testify to his unobtrusive, solid and rugged piety. He lived in poor quarters at the rear of his Alameda church. He had but little to say usually. Naturally, as a missionary, he lived alone, occupied solely with his plans and his work among his flock. Now and then, however, the inmost character of this hard-working missionary would reveal itself and could not but edify the person to whom he gave his confidence.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Here is inspiration for you! Father Louis Taelman, S.J., more than fifty-one years a Jesuit, tells of his Christmas among the Indians at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.

"I had a glorious Christmas. On Christmas Eve I spent nine hours in the confessional. I sang the Midnight Mass, nearly one thousand people being present. I preached in English and Indian. Seven hundred people received Holy Communion. At nine o'clock I said my second Mass at Orlee, seventeen miles from here, after hearing a number of confessions. I preached dur-Mass. At eleven, I said my third Mass at Yocko, twenty-three miles from here. I heard confessions and preached in both languages. Upon my return

home at four, I had a sick call, seven miles away, coming home in time for supper. I felt fine after the Christmas work, being ready for more. Next morning, that is yesterday morning, I went to Evaro, twenty-nine miles away, to say Mass in the house of Chief Martin Charlo. Though my congregation was small, I was consoled by the return to the sacraments of an Indian whose previous confession was in 1909. The practice of saying the beads, which he had kept up, brought him back to Christ."

* * *

Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., that indefatigable Indian missionary of Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, has built a new chapel, "Our Lady of Sorrows," at Kyle. Let him tell about it.

"The new chapel was built by Indian boys who had their education and training in our Jesuit Indian Missions. It is a solid concrete building to last for centuries. It has a large basement and three rooms back of the altar and an organ loft. Kyle being the central town of the district, we needed a good church. The Government built there a consolidated school for two hundred children. From four valleys the children are brought to Kyle in buses. At present a huge dam is made to utilize the water from two creeks—No-Flesh and Medicine-Root Creeks. There are four other creeks with Indian names: Potatoe Creek, Red-Water Creek, Three-Mile Creek and American Horse Creek, all running towards Kyle with the exception of Potatoe Creek. The names of my people are interesting: Pain-On-Hip, Fox-Belly, Imitates-Dog, All-Kinds-Of-Bears, Elks, Balls, Horses, Between-Lodges, Iron-Deer, Flies-Above, Fills-The-Pipe, Respects-Nothing, Sits-Poor, Lays-Hard: all great? Activities are indicated in those names. Well, on Christmas, all kneel in adoration before the Christ Child in the Crib. This is the triumph of

Faith. Next year our Holy Rosary Mission has its golden jubilee."

* * *

Accustomed as we are to turn on our radiators early in the morning to bring the thermometer up to a comfortable temperature, we sometimes fail to realize that our missionaries haven't the same comfort. Here is just a little item from Father Stephen McNamara, S.J., who has for years been a missionary among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. He writes from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota:

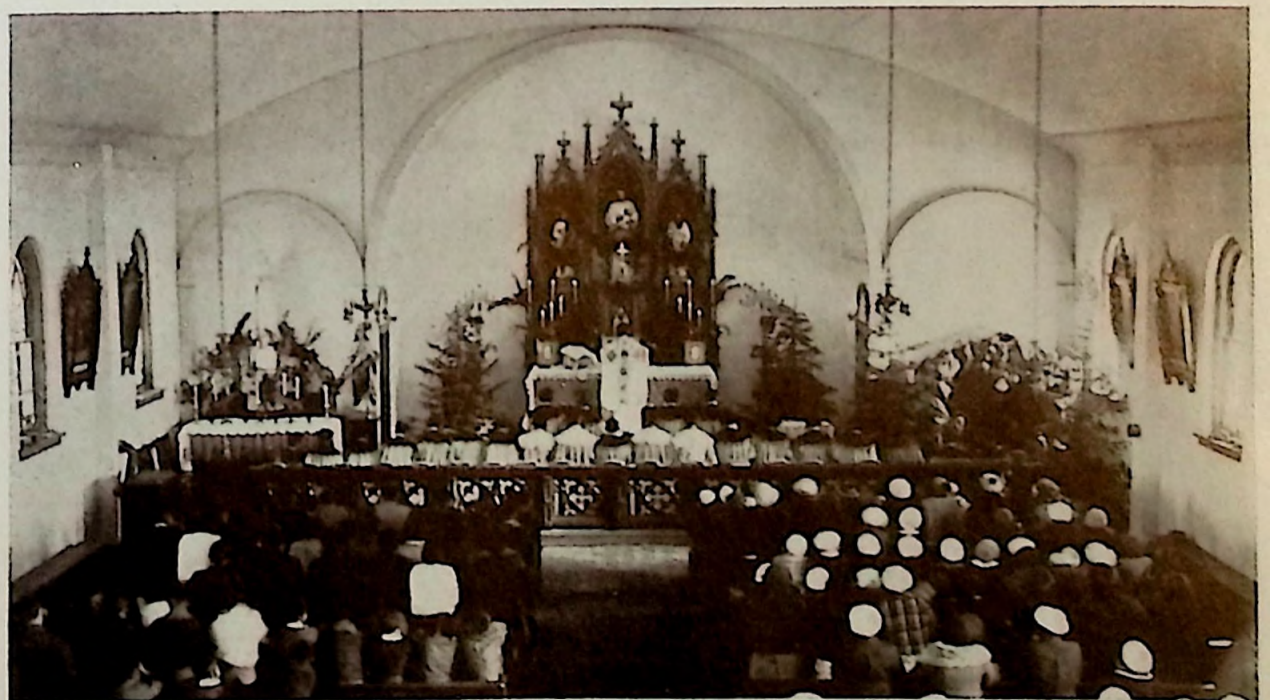
"My fingers are a little stiff. It was six below this morning and now at 11:00 A.M., it is still near zero. I was out at the hospital at 6:00 A.M. After breakfast I went out in the cold and snow to bring Holy Communion to Emil Red Feather. I anointed him yesterday afternoon. He is a big Indian and the doctors tell him he has high blood pressure. He had something like a stroke yesterday. When I arrived at the log house this morning, he was up eating his breakfast. This much in his defense—he thought I would not come out on account of the cold and snow. I have had a fire-going since I came into the room but the thermometer is still under fifty."

* * *

Father George J. Kugler, S.J., is still an ardent missionary among the Indians, even though he is already seventy-three years old. He writes from St. Regis Mission, Meyers Falls, Washington, to thank us for Mass offerings sent him during November and December. Then he goes on to tell us something about his Mission:

"We had quite a conflagration at St. Regis on August 4. Our little church, granary, garage, the workmen's quarters and some other small buildings were destroyed.

"We had a very fine Christmas celebration at the little Mission of St. Anne. The Mission is located near



Father Thomas W. Cummings, S.J., of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming; celebrates Christmas Mass for the Indians at the central church of the whole Mission.

the Kettle River about twenty-five miles from here. The trip is one that affords pleasure and exercise, for about sixteen miles are over a very fine highway and nine miles over a humpty-dumpty mountain road and the car is a bumpty-dumpty affair. Have never been on an ocean liner, but I imagine that, after four years of this travel one could cross the ocean 'duty free.'

"All in all there are about ninety Indians who belong to the Mission of St. Anne. Of that number, sixty-four approached the sacraments during the Midnight Mass. They remained for the Mass of thanksgiving and returned for last Mass at nine o'clock and remained for Benediction. Later on we raffled a lot of toys. The children did not derive more pleasure from the raffling than did the old great-grand and granddads and great-grand and gran-mamas. They were just as anxious to get a chance as were the little ones. After this the missionary got into the bumpty-dumpty car to return home over humpty-dumpty roads. It was a Merry Christmas."

CHINA

Father Edouard Côté, S.J., professor at the Seminary of Haimen, writes under date of November 5:

"On the eleventh of October, Msgr. Ceno Aramburu, S.J., was consecrated at Wuhu. His Excellency, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., was one of the assisting Bishops at the ceremony.

"The twenty-eighth was the patronal feast of His Excellency, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J. This year scores three anniversaries in Haimen: the tenth anniversary of the erection of the Vicariate, the tenth of His Excellency's consecration as Bishop, and his seventieth birthday. His Excellency was very gracious. In answer to the good wishes offered by Father Joseph Caron, S.J., in the name of the little Jesuit community, His Excellency warmly thanked the Society for the services rendered to the Seminary. He granted the seminarians an excursion as a birthday gift.

"On the twenty-ninth a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, thus commemorating Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek's fiftieth birthday. The notables of the city formed a semi-circle before the chancel and assisted at Mass for the first time in their lives, probably. Generalissimo Chiang is very sympathetic. On this occasion the Provinces gave him over one hundred planes, of which two, in the ambulance service, are a contribution from the Catholics of China."

Leonard Levesque, S.J., is doing a second year's study of the Chinese language at Kweichih, near Anking, Anhwei. The Anking Mission is under the care of the Spanish Jesuits. Mr. Levesque writes to friends in Canada, November 20:

"On the occasion of Chiang-Kai-Shek's fiftieth birthday, the Province of Anhwei, among others, made him a gift of two airplanes. This was the occasion of a grand ceremony in Anking. Father Superior occupied a place on the reception platform, along with eight Scholastics representing eight different nations. The Anking newspapers gave long commentaries on this striking event.

"We follow with keen interest the events of the Spanish war. From time to time we read in the refectory the list of the new Jesuit martyrs, which the Spanish Jesuit Provincials send regularly. In that part of the country already conquered by General Franco, the Jesuits have been restored. A novitiate has just opened up after having obtained from General Franco exemption from the military service for all the novices. The Fathers here have received no news from their families for nearly four months and are very anxious about their safety and welfare."



New Jesuit missionaries for China spend a year or two in the Anking Mission, studying the Chinese language. Here is the class of 1936-1937. American and Canadian missionaries are here, as also French, Hungarian, Italian and Spanish. Seated in the center of the front row is Very Rev. George Marin, S.J., official Jesuit Visitor of the Jesuit Missions in China. To his right is Very Rev. N. Alonso, S.J., Superior of the Anking Mission. Seated at the extreme right of the front row is Father E. Fernandez de Cabo, S.J., who conducts the classes in Chinese. Friends of the American and Canadian Jesuits will recognize them in the picture. Second row center is Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of California; second from extreme left in the same row is Father Leo P. Bourassa, S.J., and at his left is Father A. Demers, S.J., both Canadians. In the row behind them are Aloysius Bouchard, S.J., and Leo Valois, S.J., both Canadians. In the top row are Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., of California, Cleo Ricard, S.J., of Canada, and Richard B. Meagher, S.J., of California.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

The Novena of Grace

To the Editor:

This communication might easily be filed under the heading, "Gentle Hints." My February copy of JESUIT MISSIONS is at hand (and very good it is, too), and since March comes after February, and the Novena of Grace to St. Francis Xavier is from March 4 to 12, I am hoping you will continue your practice of printing the Novena prayers in the March issue.

New York, N. Y.

An Interested Reader.

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

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

Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

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

V. Pray for us, St. Francis Xavier.

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

LET US PRAY

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

Xavier's Prayer for Unbelievers

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

LET US PRAY

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

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

1. An Indulgence of 300 days, on each day of the Novena; and

2. A Plenary Indulgence, upon completion of the Novena, under the usual conditions of Confession, Holy Communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father.

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

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

"Gone Quietly Mad" Over Al Baghdadi

To the Editor:

I am holding on for dear life to the fifth of the five copies of "Al Baghdadi" that I ordered from you recently. Those who are reading and re-reading the other four copies, have, of course, to use a Woolcottism, "gone quietly mad" over them. To me they are twice-told tales, as I have been an avid devourer of every literary morsel that has come from the facile pen of that delightful traveler and author, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J. The "Tales Told by the Tigris" by the joyous Jesuits have done for the infant enterprise at Baghdad, only much more seriously, what the "Dere Mabel" episodes by Streeter did for the A. E. F. in war time. They make of the hazardous hegira to the Middle East, and of the delicate and dangerous task of initiating a new missionary venture in an alien land, a gay if somewhat disheartening venture. But after all, the favorite advice of Ignatius, the soldier saint, to his sometimes faltering sons, was "*Hilares estote*,"—"Keep your sense of humor." Father Madaras and his gallant colleagues have certainly done just that; and I must congratulate the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS on the fact that none of the delicate humor of the Mesopotamian episodes and pen sketches has been lost in the process of transferring them to cold printer's ink.

Unless I am very much mistaken, when people find out what a literary gem you have discovered and embellished for them, they will be swarming Fourth Avenue and climbing over your sanctum railing for more and more copies of what I am sure will be your first "best seller."

New York, N. Y.

(Rev.) Thomas J. Coffey, S.J.,
Headmaster, Xavier High School.

Contact through JESUIT MISSIONS

To the Editor:

Last Spring in one of the issues of JESUIT MISSIONS there appeared a letter from Robert Wallace, a student at Loyola Academy. In it he made inquiry concerning a suitable mission address to which he might send some boys' books which he desired to dispose of. At the time I was conducting a drive for juvenile books for an embryo library at St. Anthony's School in Honolulu, and was having quite a difficult time. After reading this letter I immediately contacted the writer and he donated about thirty books to the Hawaii Mission. (I happen to be directing the Mission Unit in the Sodality at the Downtown College at Loyola, so it was a case of one Loyolan cooperating with another.)

I thought you would like to know what a great help your "Communications" column was to me in this instance. The Sisters on the Mission were most profuse in their expressions of gratitude and the children, from all reports, were quite thrilled to possess some worth while books in their library.

May I take this opportunity to tell you that I thoroughly enjoy every issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. I might add that I am making copies of Father Stemmler's letter in the January issue to distribute to a few Nuns in our grade schools who are trying to develop mission enthusiasm in their class-room and are at present assisting me in a stamp drive.

I wish you an abundance of success during the coming year.
Chicago, Ill. Delphine A. Healey.

Friends Help in Spreading JESUIT MISSIONS

To the Editor:

I wish to express my gratitude to you in appreciation of your kind thought of us in sending the copies of JESUIT MISSIONS. I am sure the students will enjoy this reading and hope that it may produce vocations for your missions.

May God bless you and your work and grant you an abundant harvest of souls.

Everett, Mass.

Sr. Mary Florentia,
Our Lady of Grace Convent.

The subscriptions were donated by friends of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Mission du Saint - Esprit

Alvin J. Pilié, S. J.

IT was with a purpose and a vengeance that we called it Holy Ghost Mission. Our purpose was to honor the Holy Spirit, for it was on the Feast of Pentecost we first began our missionary work, and to obtain much needed assistance from the Author of Wisdom and Grace both for ourselves and for those we were to evangelize. The vengeance was our triumph, or that of the Holy Ghost, over Old Nick and all that had so long hindered us from "taking up our crucifix and going forth to win souls for Christ."

But who are we, wherefore and where? To start with the where is easiest. Grand Coteau is a miniature town in the Diocese of Lafayette, La., which boasts of an historic convent of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, a Jesuit House of Studies, a White and a Negro church, and three general stores. Filled with zeal to gather in his vast and straying flock, the pastor of the White church, Father Alfred Latiolais, S.J., has since his coming to Grand Coteau a few years ago been agitating for helpers in his work. Especially did he petition for permission to avail himself of the generous offers of the Jesuit seminarians. But it was not until May, 1936, that Father announced to two of the young enthusiasts that he would take them into the country with him Pentecost afternoon to open up a mission station. Needless to say, the overjoyed Xaviers promptly made known the good tidings, which resulted in numerous other volunteers.

NOW, Sacred Heart Parish is situated in the famed Evangeline country, settled long ago by the French and Acadians. Its people are, for the most part, Catholic or nothing. We had thought them all Catholic; we found there were a good many who were nothing. And the reason is two-fold: lack of priests, and the sad state of poverty and illiteracy among not a small portion of the flock. Souls more ripe for the harvest, however, cannot be desired. We found a God-hungry people who welcomed us into their dwellings with open arms, who begged us to come oftener and stay longer.

What we called Mission du Saint-Esprit is a three-room whitewashed shanty about three miles from Grand Coteau. Father had succeeded in gathering there, that Pentecost afternoon, about twenty-five children to be instructed in the rudiments of Christian Doctrine in preparation for First Communion. The house was extremely poor—an old iron bed, some chairs made out of boxes, etc.—but clean enough. Mothers and sisters were there, with occasional fathers, all jabbering their native *Cajin*, a provincial form of French. The children all spoke English besides their mother tongue, save four or five



Little Ludric makes the sign of the cross for his new teacher. He has learned better since then.

who had to be instructed in the dialect. The children sat on their box chairs; the missionary stood up; the mothers and sisters and occasional fathers crowded close to partake of the treat.

NOW this is what particularly consoled us. Although we were supposedly instructing the children, we had an opportunity of instructing the parents also—stout, redfaced mothers nursing babies; tall, sallow persons minus front teeth; a little old man with long white whiskers who looked for all the world like Victor Hugo. But our consolation did not last long. A shock was in store for us at the outstart. When little Léon, a lad of only thirteen years, was asked to make the Sign of the Cross. "Au nom du Père et du Fils, etc.," he gave a pathetic smile which intimated: "I'd be glad to, if I only knew what it was." Then we asked: "Quit a fait le monde?" . . . "Who made the world?" There was a hopeless shrug of the shoulders down the line. This *was* a jolt. We had read in the Mass on the Vigil of Pentecost, the Corinthians' answer to St. Paul when he inquired whether they had received the Holy Ghost: "We did not hear that there was a Holy Ghost." Well, here were Catholic children who had never heard of God. They knew absolutely nothing. And the reason? Why had not their parents taught them? Because they themselves either knew nothing or had forgotten what they had learned as children. Good moral people, they never come to church save for Baptism, mar- (Turn to page 83).

In Morant Bay

William F. McHale, S. J.

NIBBLING along is only my humble way of indicating the rate of progress on my Mission here at Morant Bay. The metaphor is not important in itself but only in so far as it makes it possible for me to point a contrast between my first ambitions as a missionary and present day facts. My early vision was to try to get the glorious religious organization of Christ in active operation for the benefit of the people of this district. But the inertia was stupendous. The people insisted on traveling along in the same old ruts and even to this very day many do not even seem to comprehend, much less to accept, the message of the Catholic Church. Hence it is, I feel that I bit off more than I could chew, when in the beginning of my apostolate I planned and plotted for the total and immediate conversion of Morant Bay. I must now be content merely to nibble along.

YOU may be interested to know just what practical schemes a missionary starts to evolve in his mind when face to face with a situation such as mine. Instinctively, I personally turn to the apostolate of the press. From my own experience I know how true are the words of Pope Leo XIII: "A Catholic newspaper is a perpetual mission in the home." I likewise sympathize entirely with the attitude of Pope Pius X when he said: "I would make any sacrifice even to the pawning of my ring, pectoral cross and soutane, in order to support a Catholic newspaper." But perhaps the best apologia for the need and the value of the Catholic press is the following from Pope Pius X: "Ah, the press! Its importance is not yet understood. Neither the faithful nor the clergy give it the attention they should. The old sometimes say that it is a new work and that in the past souls were saved



The hope of the Jamaican missions.

without troubling oneself about newspapers. In the past! In the past! But these shortsighted people do not consider that in the past the poison of the bad press was not spread everywhere, and that in consequence the antidote of good newspapers was not equally necessary. The question is not about the past. We are not living in the past: we are living today. Very well then. It is a fact that today the Christian people is deceived, poisoned and corrupted by impious newspapers. In vain will you build churches, preach missions, found schools: all your good works, all your efforts will be destroyed, if you cannot at the same time wield the defensive and offensive weapons of a press that is Catholic, loyal and sincere." Hence it is that I am distributing to my parishioners as judiciously as I can whatever Catholic literature I can lay my hands on. Even though I am convinced that some of it is used for wall paper, I likewise have good evidence that some of it is read.

IN addition to an apostolate of the press, I am trying to organize two private schools, though needless to say it is particularly difficult to pay the modern salaries of the teachers. Nevertheless, I feel well repaid for my efforts when I hear the children like bold apostles singing Catholic hymns in the yards where Satan reigns.

I often meditate upon the sign to which Christ appealed in speaking to the Disciples of John the Baptist, namely, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." In the days of Christ it meant that the Messiah was at hand.

In our own day it means that He has come and is present with His own in Morant Bay. For in Morant Bay today we (Turn to page 84)

A typical Jamaican Mammy in the mission field of Jamaica, B. W. I.

NEW BOOKS

Some Sisters of Mine

Marie Rene-Bazin

Crowned by the French Academy, this first book by a daughter of the famous novelist possesses a literary and a spiritual excellence equal to the best in the Catholic Literary Revival. With such an artist and with such material how could it be otherwise? Her artistry in word and her delicacy of thought radiate alike from a natural and instinctive consideration for others and from her deep religious insight. Marie Rene-Bazin has executed a gallery of portraits which merit exhibition for an unlimited public far and wide. Needless to say, her subjects did not consciously pose for her but were caught by her artist eye in unguarded moments throughout a period of years. The book will be recommended undoubtedly by the Spiritual Book Associates. Yet, the vibrant spirituality of these proud aristocrats whose portraits are here depicted carries a message for no circumscribed clientele engaged in the leisurely pursuit of their own spiritual culture. Both their message as well as the messengers themselves should be made known to the world. Noble in their own right and further ennobled as members of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, these saintly women have been already listed in God's spiritual "Who's Who." It would be well for the world and particularly for our age if many of the characters both in life and in literature were gone with the wind from the minds of men. But the lives of these sisters of Marie Rene-Bazin should and will live on forever. It is no gain, but on the contrary, great loss for the world not to have known Mother St. Julienne, "The little lion in chains" whose "everlasting name" was that of *Effacee*. Or again, not to have seen Mother Miki, the Chinese torch bearer, as she applied her sponge cure, or took the hurdles in her wheelbarrow as it trundled along the roads of her native China. Then there was the military Mother St. Ghislain who set siege to her soul in order that she might conquer it trench by trench. Of necessity there is much of Old Catholic France that is a background for all these portraits. Indeed, the introduction to Chapter IV and the life of Mother Mary of St. Celeste (Lucile de la Forest-Divonne) is an apologia for her native land that springs naturally from the pen of the author and incidentally is much needed in these days of France's political martyrdom. But England likewise makes her contribution in the person of Margaret Ward, daughter of W. G. Ward, who used to say: "It is not only theologians who are made by the teaching of dogma, but in the first place it is saints." From a huntress of fox Margaret Ward became a huntress of souls, and transformation was completed as she went to meet her Lord

crying: "Ready," an echo from her days upon the tennis lawns of England. It was thus that she met the challenge of the final contestant in the tournament of life. Then there was Sister Mary Pia who had nothing to offer her Lord save her beautiful teeth. Such simplicity, however, did not prevent her from teaching sophisticated salesmen a lesson in approach which she did when she invaded a smokers' den and, taking as a text her own scarf on which she had embroidered a black boy on one side and a Chinaman on the other, launched into a plea for the foreign missions, returning with a goodly collection for the same. It was her humble apology that "I am Jesus' little misery." The author's "Song of the Harvest" is a literary piece of rare merit. In one way the book would make an atheist retire to the Thebaid for life. In another sense it has all the concentrated essence of a thirty day retreat. But in every way, it unfolds before the reader successive and radiant vistas of the life of the spirit. For a world that knows not the site of the fountains of life, the book is a guide pointing to springs that sparkle with spiritual nectar right here in our very midst, to be explicit, in each and every Convent of the Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London, 5/-.

Our Preaching

John K. Sharp, A.M., S.T.B.

A gold mine of instruction and inspiration for preachers. Written by one whose practical and theoretical knowledge of his subject is obviously that of the expert, the volume is a challenge to our American priesthood. It is morally impossible that either a seminarian or an ordained minister of the Gospel should read these pages with their wealth of textual instruction and trenchant commentary without examining his conscience and crying, "*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*," the first step incidentally to a purpose of amendment. Prefaced with an encouraging Foreword by His Excellency, Bishop Thomas E. Molloy of Brooklyn, the volume gives an historical resume of preaching, a background of nomenclature and of definitions, sources and types of instructions and sermons, and a much needed exhortation in favor of retreats which should help greatly in engendering within the minds of our diocesan clergy a knowledge and a sympathy both of the retreat movement itself and of that deeper spiritual and religious life which so many non-religious directors of souls sadly lack. "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius" recommended by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical on the Spiritual Exercises, is suggested by the reviewer as a model. In reality, the good things

contained within these pages are far too numerous to mention in the brief compass of a book review. The volume is really a quartermaster's department, stocked with rhetorical equipment and modern oratorical devices for every possible campaign. Particularly worthy of note is the chapter on "Mechanics of Reading" which, if observed, would do much to eradicate the critical attitude entertained by so many of the laity, and justly so, in regard to the slovenly elocution that does anything but grace so many of our Catholic pulpits today. The author has achieved an apostolic work of real value. We hope that his message and his words will not be those of one crying in the wilderness.

The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, \$2.00.

The Medieval Missionary

James Thayer Addison

It is good to see ourselves as others see us. Professor Addison holds the mirror up to Catholics and lets us catch an image of the medieval missionaries as they set themselves to the task of converting northern Europe from 500 to 1300 A.D. In praise of Professor Addison it must be said that the image he reflects is not beclouded in any way by non-Catholic prejudice. Indeed, the objective impartiality and sympathetic understanding with which he enumerates his sources and presents his material make the study an inspiring apologia for the work of the Catholic missionary. Books such as this are of distinct value for missiologists. In "The Mission Message" the author might have presumed that the missionary preached the general moral and dogmatic doctrines of Catholic theology. Instinctively the author notes samples of extant sermons and instructions from which he deduces the Catholic message. Many valuable examples of missionary approach to pagan peoples are revealed. With the possible exception of a little undue emphasis on natural motives, the Catholic has nothing to fear from scholarship such as that of Professor Addison. We congratulate him.

International Missionary Council, New York, \$2.00.

Pamphlets Received

On the Conditions of the Working Classes (The Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*), five cents.

The Christian Constitution of States (The Encyclical *Immortale Dei*), five cents.

Communism in the U. S. A., Joseph F. Thorning, five cents.

The America Press, New York, N. Y.
Orate Frates. A Liturgical Review, fifty cents.

The Liturgical Year. A Study Club Outline, five cents.

The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.
The Stations of the Way of the Cross, fifteen cents.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.

THE FISHERY COAST

(Continued from page 61)

up they settle down in the village outside the walls of the orphanage. The village comprises at present about three hundred families and is very largely made up of these ex-orphans. What before the coming of the orphanage was a sandy waste is now a flourishing Catholic community founded by those who originally had neither hole with the foxes nor nest with the birds.

St. Francis Xavier's hope "that we shall reap an abundant harvest of souls" in these parts has been amply verified. But it must not be thought that the whole of this part of India is Catholic and that there is little work left for the zealous missionary. A few miles inland, for example, is the little township of Srivaikuntam, where luckily I had to wait nearly three hours for a bus to take me back to Tuticorin. This is a pagan stronghold and the Catholics number a poor fifty families in a quarter to themselves on the outskirts of the town. The church is of the very poorest, and to it a priest comes only twice in a month. The Catholics are the poorest of the poor and live in mud huts round the church. There is still room for another Xavier to change these inland pagan towns into the flourishing Catholic communities of the Fishery Coast. Xavier was a European, and his successor may well be an Indian priest, for the whole diocese is served by Indian Fathers, and God's grace is working through them just as surely as it worked through Xavier and his fellow European missionaries there four hundred years ago.

COASTAL TRIPS AND MISSION VISITS

(Continued from page 62)

very comfortable. The captain turned up his reliable Universal engine and went off amid the cheers of a lot of school boys who came to bid us a pleasant voyage. The sea was calm as glass and the humming of the motor brought on a drowsy feeling to which I yielded. It was very comfortable. While I slept, Father Halligan was reciting his Office. We reached our destination—we had not sailed at full speed—after two hours. We did not enter the river, but anchored in front of the school and church.

There was a great crowd on the shore; the teacher had kept the school children to give us a royal reception. A large dory, with a canopy of purple and gold above a chair draped in episcopal purple, was poled out to take our party ashore. As soon as we touched the pier a cheer went up from the children, and a song of welcome was given; forty or fifty grown people had come to meet us also. I expressed my thanks to the gathering for their kind reception and then in procession we went to the church. They looked for a few words from the Bishop so I gave them, and Father Halligan then announced the order of exercises for the evening and the morrow morning.

I found great improvements on the

church and property. Father Michael A. Schaefer, S.J., had enlarged the church, adding a living room for the priest and also a larger sacristy. The furniture had been renovated, and in its new coat of white paint the building presented a very attractive sight. The school, too, had been improved within and without and the whole church compound looked like a well kept park. The teacher, Santos Arzu, makes a good success at Mullens River. There is a good regular attendance of over forty and the young folks show the results of good training.

At night the services in the church were attended by a congregation that completely filled the building.

(To be continued)

THE ALASKA MISSION TODAY

(Continued from page 63)

McElmeel, S.J., and John Baud, S.J., and Brother Edward S. Hordwedel, S.J.

Our westerly route completed, we turn up the Yukon to the numerous stations attached to Nulato: Galena, Yokokaket, The Birches, Nukloroyet, Ruby, Tanana,—and land at Fairbanks to admire the work begun by Father Francis M. Monroe, S.J., and nobly carried on by Father Aloysius Eline, S.J. The church of the Immaculate Conception is really beautiful, and the St. Joseph's Hospital, in care of the Sisters of Providence, is modern and up-to-date.

Finding ourselves at the head of navigation and at the beginning of the Alaska Railroad, we turn south to Nenana, attended from Fairbanks, and reach the now famous Matanuska Valley. Father Merrill Sulzman is very busy building a fine place of Catholic worship for the newcomers and trying to give them all possible encouragement. At Anchorage, generous Father Dermot O'Flanagan greets you, and at Seward the new Pastor, Father William Chaput, makes you feel quite at home. From this point we take ship to visit the Pastors of Valdez and Cordova, as well as Father G. Edgar Gallant at Skagway. He will ask us to inspect his recently constructed modern school, taught by the good Sisters of St. Ann. Juneau, the Episcopal See, welcomes us next. What a change since 1886! Then only one lone priest; now His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Crimont, S.J., Fathers William G. LeVasseur, S.J., and Edward Budde, S.J., attend to Juneau, Douglas, Sitka and the Shrine of the Little Flower. The Sisters of St. Ann will be glad to show us their beautiful academy and their splendid hospital and then wish us Godspeed for the rest of our tour,—including Petersburg, Wrangell and Ketchikan, where we find Father Augustine Dinand, S.J. This is the first parish church one meets going by the inside passage to Alaska and the last as one leaves. It has a fine church, a rectory, a generous congregation and a well equipped hospital under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

This trip should convince you that Archbishop Segher's zeal has borne fruit and that his blood was not shed in vain.

THE MARTYRS OF ZAHLE

(Continued from page 72)

chest mortally wounded. The *coup de grâce* he received later on in the garden.

Having found the other Religious, the soldiers first turned their wrath against Father Billotet. Was he not their primary objective? To make this adventure worth their while they began by searching the Father, but in so doing one of them put his hand in a manner that hurt his modesty. The Father indignantly thrust him aside while a young man, a teacher in Father's school, Assaâd by name, reproached the vile assailant saying: "Do not dare to do that again. He is a Religious; he carries no money." At this the fury of the soldiers knew no bounds and they fired at their admonisher wounding him in the hip. Fortunately, his wound was not serious and he managed to escape. It is from this eyewitness that we know the details of this bloody tragedy.

Soon after, Father Billotet received a volley of shots full in the chest from which he sank down giving up his holy soul to God, a true martyr of the Faith and victim of charity for his spiritual children. By his side fell Brother Elias, shot likewise in the chest. As he was yet struggling to his feet, a Druse struck him with an ax and then hacked his loins with his sabre.

Cherfan Habeiche's turn came last. Like another St. Lawrence he had refused to part with his father and benefactor and so, like the great Levite, deserved the crown of martyrdom. Thinking he was one of the "hated group" (being an aspirant to the Society of Jesus he wore the soutane) the soldiers floored him by a bullet in the chest and then finished him off by chopping him down with an ax. For His own purpose God permitted it.

Thus died our galaxy of Jesuit Martyrs, glory of the lovely town of Zahlé and its powerful protectors in Heaven. The heroicity of their virtues has well stood the test of the diocesan processes and is now pending final verdict in Rome. Dear readers, refuse not a little prayer that these Confessors of the Faith may soon be honored with the honors of the altars so that we of the Near East, we Baghdadis may experience their intercession with God for a greater and better work in this corner of Christ's vineyard. Sown in blood the seed must bear fruit.

MISSION DU SAINT-ESPRIT

(Continued from page 80)

riage and funeral obsequies. Either they live too far from church to walk—they have no buggy to convey them—or the roads are too bad or, as in many cases, they are ashamed of their poor clothes.

You can be sure there were many interesting tales the various "missionaries" had to relate to each other on their way home. There is, for example, the one of the little idiot boy who had tried the patience of his instructor week after week by his failure to comprehend anything. Yet one day when shown a picture of

Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, his face suddenly brightened up. The delighted missionary thought he had been granted a light from on high to understand the mystery. Gleefully the child, utterly ignoring his first parents in the picture, pointed to a large crocodile in an obscure corner of the garden. "Un crocodile!" he cried. "Ah, c'est bon a manger!" . . . "A crocodile! Boy, that's good to eat!"

We did what we could to help them at our three mission stations. All the children, thank God, are not so destitute of religious training as the ones mentioned above. In fact, those who are able to attend church or the parish school, even occasionally, (and who seldom failed to attend our missions also) helped bolster up our morale, and aided the others. Our little *enfants terribles* too were making great progress, abetted by private instruction from mothers and sisters who listened to us. But with the beginning of the school year we had to abandon our mission stations. Instead, classes are held each Thursday at Sunset High School, where five young Jesuits gather their neophytes for instruction. Thus does the Holy Ghost seem to have blessed the work we began in His honor and added abundant increase.

IN MORANT BAY

(Continued from page 81)

have both the poor and the Gospel, and the finest tribute I can pay to my predecessors in this mission field is to say that in their generosity they who had and loved the Faith shared it with the religiously minded people of Jamaica and by so doing gave them strength to live according to the Gospel and taught them through their sermons the way of life.

Despite our labors, oftentimes discouraging, we have many consolations. One you would not suspect. It is your own JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. Perhaps you, the Editors, thought that you were editing a magazine for non-mission folk only. If so, then allow me to say that we on the missions also find it both most readable and most inspiring. One of the most encouraging observations I have made from its pages is the way in which our American Jesuits, though plucked up from different cities throughout the United States and transplanted around the world, are still able by the grace of God to develop an overpowering loyalty to the nation or race which God has given them to father spiritually.

Let me close with a tribute to my folk of Morant Bay. "What can you see in these people?" I was once asked by a visitor. I answered then, and since then my opinion has in no way changed, that I see native dignity, attractive racial differentiations, and always some distinct individual charm. Perhaps it is some special glint of the Divine Glory of which each is a separate image. Incidentally, Morant Bay is so cosmopolitan that I can find individuals to fit almost any picture printed in JESUIT MISSIONS. Africa, China and India, all meet in Morant Bay.

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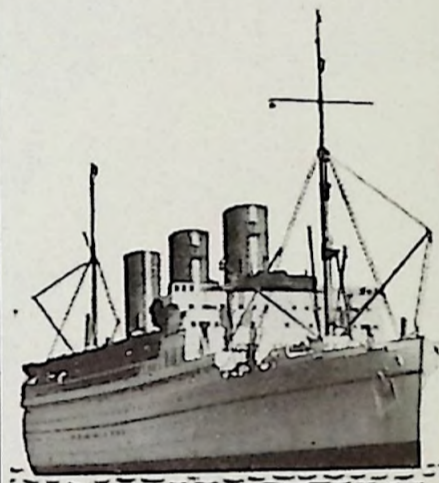
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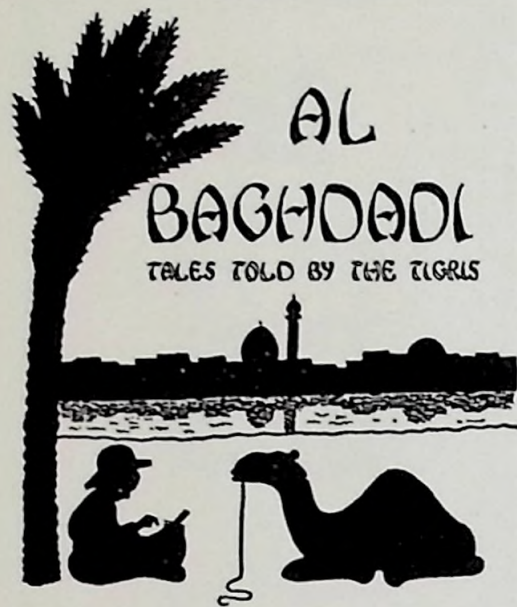
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