

# *Jesuit & Missions*

INDIANS AND NEGROES  
ON THE GO IN PATNA  
INNOCENTS ABROAD  
BUCKSKIN CHARLIE  
THE MONTH AT J. M  
JAMAICA TRIUMPHANT  
COASTAL TRIPS

Ten Cents

VOL. XI, No. 4

APRIL, 1937

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A Catholic Centennial.			

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# MASSES FOR THE MISSIONS

"Though the bodies of our beloved Dead, like the bodies of our saintly missionaries, be cased in Alaskan ice or snow, though they be buried in the shifting sands by the shore of a restless ocean, though they be caverned in the earthly crypts of unknown forests, or on the heights of lonely hilltops far from home and dear ones, nevertheless, through the daily memorial of Christ's Passion and His death, every day is a memorial day for our beloved Dead." From "The Mass of the Missions," page 59, by Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

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.

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The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the Dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and Missions in Southern Maryland for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. 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 Carribean 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



"Britain has come"—a scene from the splendid Pageant, "Jamaica Triumphant." The Pageant was specially written for the Centenary Celebration of the Vicariate Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I., by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., National Director of the Sodality of Our Lady in the United States.

# EDITORIALS

## OUR INDIANS AND NEGROES

THE "Annual Report of the Secretary of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians" is always worth some special study. We have at hand the Report issued for the year 1936. Work for the Indians continues in a most consoling way, but calls for constant and increasing charity because in many instances, in addition to the results of the financial depression, the Indians were hard hit by the drought which wrought such havoc in the northwest and midwest. Missionary priests and Sisters continue their heroic labors among the Red Men, but their efforts must be seconded by all of our Catholic people in every section of the country. Let us never forget that the Indian has in plenty of instances been pushed into reservations which have not a great deal of fertile soil even though there be much of natural beauty. In such surroundings the Indian can scarcely live, let alone improve his conditions. He needs help, and this is for another reason too: that he is not by nature given to farming. His past history points to the days when nature provided for his needs, but now he can no longer find his food by hunting and fishing. Forced by necessity he must turn farmer, but for that he needs a lot of encouragement. Missionaries have tried with their meager means to help, for they realized that the Indian, like members of many other races, would be won by Christian charity.

The above makes it evident, too, that the support for spiritual works among the Indians cannot come to any great extent from the Red Men themselves. They give a little, but they have very little to give. Their schools, chapels and churches must in a large measure depend on Catholic alms from other parts of the country. It is consoling to know that we have about one hundred thousand Catholic Indians, but it is still a challenge to our missionary zeal to realize that only one in every three or four Indians is in the true Fold. The Indian Missions of the United States call for and need our help badly. Let us give it generously.

Now, turning to the other part of the Annual Report, let us give some thought to its comment on the problem of our Colored people. Most consoling work is being accomplished, but we Catholics are not yet sufficiently awakened to the magnitude of the problem which confronts us. The Report calls attention to the fact that a short time ago our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, who watches with paternal solicitude the zealous apostolate among the Negroes in the United States, had a letter sent to the bishops of this country, urging, as a per-

sonal appeal from himself, an intensification of this work so full of salutary results.

"One cannot think without sadness," this message says, "of how much remains to be accomplished, and of the fact that millions of these Negroes know little or nothing of the Divine Savior's revelation and are, therefore, deprived of the benefits of the Faith. *Out of about twelve million of these people in the United States, it appears that only two hundred and fifty thousand are Catholics.* (Italics inserted.) Now more than ever are they exposed to the dangers of unbelief and to pernicious doctrines of every sort. There is urgent need to take their condition to heart and to procure for them the light of the true teaching of Jesus Christ."

There is a ring of challenge to us Catholics of America in those words of the saintly Pontiff. The Report tells us that the keynote of the pressing appeal of the Holy Father is provision for more apostles for the Negroes, more churches and more schools. The Colored people do and will help, but they are to a large extent too poor. And let us never forget that at least in some degree this is due to the fact that they are discriminated against by Whites. There are inspiring instances among our Catholics where they have fought against this discrimination, but sadly true is it that there are far too many examples of an unreasonable antipathy to the Colored race.

We send our missionaries abroad to evangelize the pagans and non-Christians of other lands and we neglect those at our very door. Reasonable? Logical? Hardly. We ought to labor zealously for both those at home and those in foreign fields. Again, when we come to know something of the story of our missionaries in distant lands, we realize how very much they must enter sympathetically into an understanding of the qualities, repulsive or attractive, of the people among whom they work. They must give thought, too, to the sensibilities of these people in their efforts to win them to Christ. Have we given the Negro a fair deal in this regard? Let us go half way at least in making it possible for the Colored people to find Christ. All of us must do this: not only our bishops to whom the Holy Father addresses his words, but priests and people as well. Our Divine Lord made no exceptions, set no limits to those who were to hear the Gospel preached to them and were to be welcomed to the true Fold. In so far as we discriminate against the Negro and do nothing to help him find the true Church, we are not acting in a truly Christian way. Perhaps all of us ought to examine our consciences and apply to ourselves the challenge that lies in the Holy Father's message to us Catholics of America.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# On the Go in Patna

James R. Gibbons, S.J.

The Author is Patna Mission's expert on land problems, and travels from station to station investigating land situations and solving the problems that arise in the transfer of land, especially among the Santals in Patna Mission, India.—*Editor.*

**Y**OUR letter was forwarded to me at Poreya Hat where I received it just before going on a short trip to Hari Mohr. (Hari means God; Mohr means seal; therefore, "Seal of God.") This happens to be a place where a large transverse crack in the rocky hill nearby forms a natural cross. It seems quite a coincidence. We called the place Holy Cross Mission and up to the present all it has, except some falling down buildings built by Father John Kilian, S.J., two years ago—mud houses with straw roofs—is the cross. There happens to be a ray of hope just at the present, as the Government is talking about helping us open an industrial school there and will supply some of the funds required. You will hear much more of Hari Mohr if this proposition goes through.

I arrived at the place on a Saturday night, October 3. At sundown I had just one more river to cross. There was only a foot of water, but the rains had washed away the approaches to the river. The roads had become ditches. However, some local men with picks and hoes fixed up things in about an hour. On Sunday I expected several Baptisms, but about midnight it started raining heavily and continued until nine o'clock on Sunday morning, thus preventing people from coming a distance. I had only one Baptism. The river which on Saturday night hadn't even brought forth a lunge or snort from my Harley-Davidson was now a roaring mountain torrent some three or so feet deep. If you think that a mad rush of water only three feet deep and a quarter of a mile wide can't be an obstacle, you might try it some time.

**M**ONDAY. Rain had somewhat subsided as well as the river. I had my bike pushed through the eighteen inches of water and made a trip to the *Bounsi Kachahri* (Landlord's Office) to take up the settlement of some plots of land at Hari Mohr. Upon returning I parked the motorcycle on a native's porch on the road side of the river and walked home. We have some thirty acres of land here, but there were no boundary *bundhs* or ridges to demarcate it. Hence, while the earth was softened by the rains and while the people had no other occupation, I decided to start the work.

Tuesday. Although it was misty and drizzling, some twenty-two laborers showed up with their *kodalis* (short-handled hoes) and began making ridges where I had measured off the land with a surveyor's chain. Five men carried the chain and stakes to keep the chain out



When Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., was pastor of Chakni in Patna Mission in 1931. The leopard he has killed measures six feet and five inches

of the mud and I, barefooted, carried the map in one hand and an umbrella in the other. After three hours the wind swung round to the northwest with a vengeance and the thunder shook out of the sky all the rain that had collected since the Deluge. There had been a cyclone to the south.

**W**EDNESDAY. Still murky. We continued measuring *bundhs*, barefooted and with umbrella in hand. We had to walk miles upon miles as the permanent landmarks from which you have to measure are few and far between in these parts, and to determine the boundaries of each would-be rectangular field with crooked sides, no sides or angles equal (fields of from one to three acres) you have to measure from both sides of each line at both ends and in the middle, and each time check by stationary points sometimes a quarter of a mile away. Hence the amount of walking across, criss-cross, up and down and back and forth barefooted on muddy, slippery ground was considerable, and it was necessary to keep ahead of the thirty to forty boundary makers. This gave me a good appetite which one day, at least, on account of the enforced stay (I had only brought provisions for two or three days) was satisfied without sugar and with only dry rice. There were practically no local vegetables at that time of the year.

In the afternoon the weather improved and I was able to wade across the river to the motorbike and make

a trip of seventeen miles to Banka to see the local Government officer about acquiring some land in a nearby village (Dumria) for a school and church. We also talked over the proposed industrial school at Hari Mohr.

**THURSDAY.** Same as Wednesday except that the rain had stopped and the motorbike trip was to the *Bounsi Kachahri* as on Monday and for the same purpose. It takes fifteen to twenty trips to these local offices to get your work through for the settlement of only an acre or two of land. On this day I completed the settling of one plot which had been "in process" of settling since April, 1934!

Friday and Saturday were repetitions of Thursday, with trips to the *Kachahri* to push the process papers a step further. The morning had seen us many miles across the muddy fields to keep ahead of the boundary makers. At one place the neighbor had encroached on a considerable strip of our land. We just dug it up and buried the crop on our part of the land under the boundary *bundh*! Then plowed up our field, destroying all trace of his encroachment. Simple!

Sunday. Four Baptisms. A visit from the Government civil officer about the industrial school. Then I had the officer help straighten out a lot of wrinkles that were holding back the settlement papers in regard to various plots of land in the neighborhood. No use telling you the trifling though immensely troubling affairs that come up in this complicated land affair as it is here. Even Ripley couldn't take 'em for real.

**MONDAY.** We hit the road again. First to Godda (thirty miles), then back to Poreya (thirteen) for the night. Tuesday to Godda and, after picking up my lawyer, on to Karmatar (fourteen miles east), for the fourth and I hope last case in regard to the encroached land at Godda. We have already won in three courts and the fourth is to give its decision on November 21. Back to Godda that night and on to Poreya.

Wednesday. (October 14) on to *Bounsi Kachahri* by bus, with the Sisters, then on to Banka for the day to register the Dumria plot of land, and to Bhagalpur,—about seventy miles in all,—arriving in Bhagalpur at eight o'clock at night with a dead battery and hence no lights.

Thursday night to Gokhla. Friday, back to Bhagalpur. Sunday on to Jamalpur. Monday to Patna. Later I came down here for a day, then back to Patna; on to

Jamalpur to take Father Milet's place last Sunday, and then last Monday after an early marriage I took the train for Gaya where as usual I had expected to finish the work of finding land for a church in two days, but where I have been stuck for a week. If I get away by next Monday I'll be happy.

**AND** in the meantime . . . Father Ernst for months has been accusing me of neglecting to get him land for a church; Father Pettit is anxiously awaiting a small piece of land for a house in which to live. He has none at present that you could call more than a mud stable; Father Stoy wants action down his way where we are starting a rice bank. Then there is a lot of work hang-



Visiting Father Bohn's chapel at Kusbila among the Santals of Patna Mission, India. Left to right: John H. Lane, S.J., Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., Very Rev. Aloysius H. Rohde, S.J., Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., and Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J.

ing over at Gokhla, mostly exchanges of land. I am the landlord at Gokhla where I am hardly ever to be found, and while I am gone things get badly mixed up. *Et sic semper!*

Today it is raining. This morning I took Holy Communion to a leper at the Leper Asylum, and unless the rain lets up this afternoon I won't succeed in furthering the work here much. This is a rainy letter that the rains have rained on you.

**TOMORROW** I will have to play the part of the farmer, as that also is a part of my job. Our land here at Gokhla is partly rented out on shares and partly tilled by our own servants. Our peanut crop promises to be a fair success—if we keep our eyes on the full baskets so that they don't walk off in a direction opposite to our Mission. Such things happen at times. And then the rice will be about ready to be harvested, threshed and cleaned; and if the yield of our own fields is inadequate for the two hundred and some odd hungry stomachs of our boys and girls at the school here, more will have to be procured from the neighboring *ryots*. However, we hope that our own crop will be plentiful.

# Innocents Abroad

Joseph I.  
Stoffel, S.J.

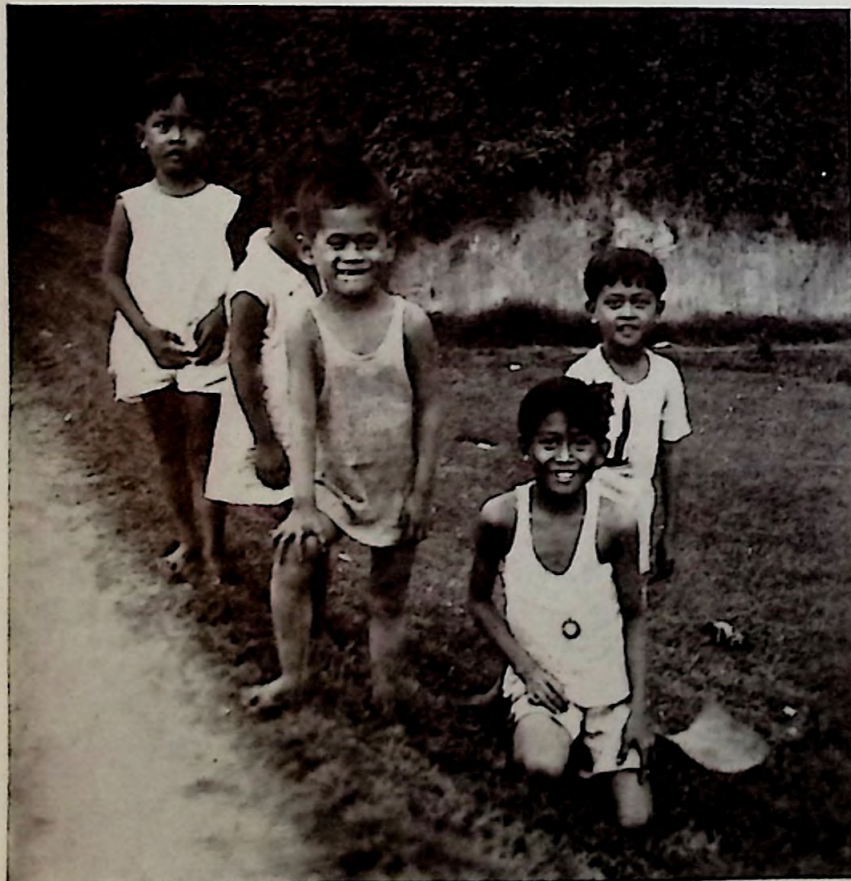
“GOOD morning, Father! Please give me a medal?” may be the only English words this little Filipina lady knows, but her enunciation is as perfect as that of the Chinese jugglers in Shanghai whose English vocabulary is limited to “Money!” or the average American totling whose first really understandable word (the insistence of deluded fond parents on “Mamma” or “Daddy” to the contrary notwithstanding) is usually, “Gimme!”

It is impossible to take a walk in any Philippine town without meeting at least one crowd of ragamuffins who know at least enough English to beg medals and *stampitas* (holy pictures) from the *Pari*. They sight you a block away and begin yelling, “*Pari, Pari, Pari,*” and before you know it you are surrounded,—kids to the right of you, kids to the left of you, hanging on your arms and clinging to the skirts of your soutana, demanding “*medallia, stampita!*” Sight of the black soutana seems to be a signal for riotous glee, and you can tell from the confident smile of the youngster in the picture that she doesn’t expect “No” for an answer. Of course, this doesn’t mean that she’s going to get the medal. Since the *Pari* is not a walking religious articles store, the answer will probably be, “Tomorrow, huh?” And the little lady is quite satisfied. Nobody ever says “No” in the Philippines. “Yes” is just as easy to say as “No” and it’s much pleasanter, so the agreeable, easy-going Filipinos always say “Yes” or “*Manana.*” This saves the unpleasantness of denying a statement or re-



“Good morning, Father, please give me a medal,” is the technique with which this little Filipina lady greets the Padre. From her confident smile, it is evident that she does not expect the answer “No.”

fusing a request. It may not fit the objective facts of the situation, but who cares about objective facts in the Orient? It’s much nicer to be agreeable than factual.



THE group of street urchins whom I snapped near one of the gates of the old walled city of Manila is remarkable for an interesting reason. I tramped many blocks before I found them. Most of the very small youngsters in this slum district of Manila wear only a short undershirt which gives them just about enough protection to prevent their starting off in life afflicted with rheumatism in the shoulders. While on this particular ramble through the narrow streets of the old walled city, I sensed that I was being the object of considerable attention. Stage whispers in Tagalog around and behind me, of which “*Pari*” and “*kodak*” were the only words I understood, (“*Kodak*,” meaning “camera” is now an accepted word in all Philippine dialects) began to make me feel self-conscious. Imagine my chagrin to find that I was leading a gang of about thirty kids who

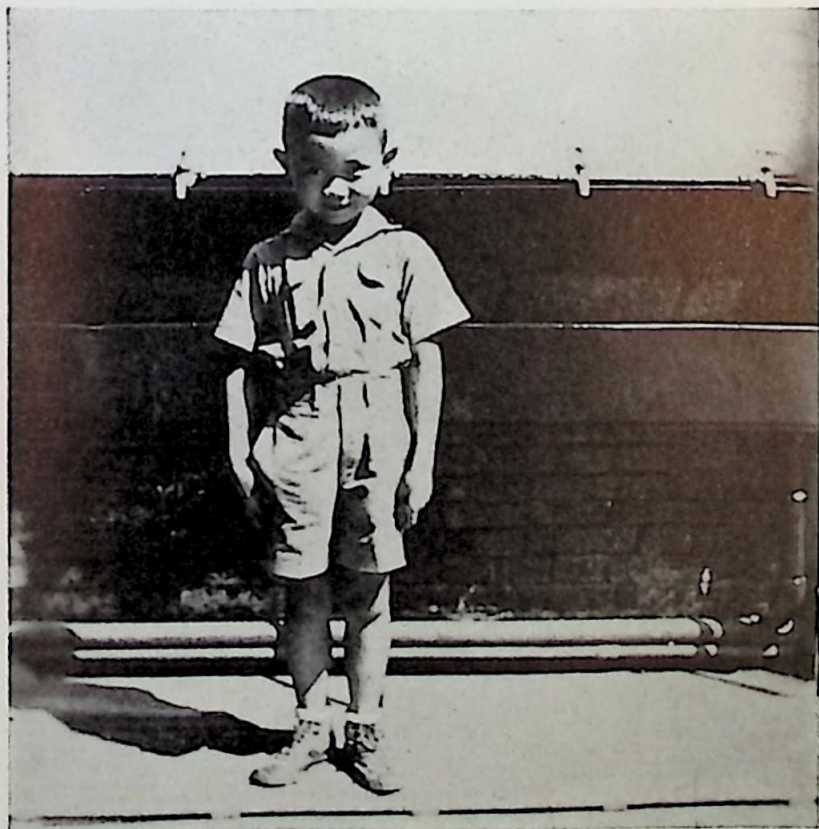
“This group of street urchins I snapped near one of the gates of the old Walled City of Manila.”

had been trailing me for I don’t know how long! I made a pretense of taking their picture, and, satisfied, they scampered away. It was only a pretense because I knew the picture wouldn’t pass censorship anyway.

If you look carefully around on your trips through the Baguio market, you will see many little girls with long, thin cigars. In the Ilocos provinces, central Luzon, a great deal of tobacco is grown, and the inhabitants, men, women and children, are inveterate smokers. You may take the story for what it is worth, but it has been said that Ilocano babies are weaned on a cigar. At any rate, an Ilocano mother, going a-marketing with her baby strapped to her back, has been seen to park her cheroot in the baby's mouth while she was busy handling produce and wrangling for a bargain.

HOWEVER, for the children of this region, life is not just a puff of smoke, as St. John Chrysostom would have it. The little Igorot lass, native of the Benguet Mountains in Luzon, probably thinks life a very substantial burden;—or at least she ought to, judging from the load she has to carry, which is quite as big as herself. The Igorots seem to think that their womenfolk should be useful as well as ornamental, for, while the man strides along, garbed only in his ornate gee-string, and armed with a tremendous bolo knife, it is the woman, who, clothed modestly in colorful dress, carries the burdens. And, according to the picture, they begin carrying burdens pretty young, too. They usually carry their load in a cone-shaped basket, slung on the back by means of a strap around the forehead, which must put quite a strain on the neck muscles. There is an opportunity for some enterprising anthropologist to discover whether generations of carrying burdens this way has made the Igorots, like the Hebrews, a stiff-necked race.

Finally, there is one little rogue in our gallery of innocents. Manuel Reyes is the smallest scholar in the Ateneo de Manila, where it is possible to begin your education under Jesuit direction in the First Grade and continue there through your entire school career until you walk out its portals a Bachelor of Arts or a Bachelor of Science in various subjects, or even a full-fledged lawyer with a diploma under your arm admitting you to the Bar. Manuel is of Second Grade attainment, so he can read a little and write a little, but he finds much more to his fancy such extra-curricular activities as climbing trees, jumping from fences, crawling into rain cul-



*"A rogue in our gallery of innocents. Manuel Reyes is the smallest scholar in the Ateneo—though he knows his catechism perfectly, his proudest boast is that he can beat the Prefect at ping-pong."*



*This little Igorot lass, a native of the Benguet Mountains of Luzon, carries a load quite as big as herself. It is the Igorot way of making their women folk useful as well as ornamental.*

verts, and in general ruining the nerves of the Scholastics who spend their free time being Prefects of Discipline in the Grade School. He also knows his catechism perfectly, but his proudest boast is that he can beat the Prefect at ping-pong.

IN America you have the "Forgotten Man" who is the backbone of American industry. Over here we have a class of unsung heroes which we might classify as the "Forgotten Boy." He is the *padre's muchacho*, in many respects the backbone of the Catholic Apostolate. You will find him in every *convento* or priest's house. More often there will be from five to ten such boys, ranging in age from eight to twelve years, living in the *convento* and—outside of school hours—doing the work of Martha, cleaning and polishing. In the Church they serve the Masses. On missionary tours they tramp over dusty lowland fields and trudge up steep mountain paths with the Mass kit and camping outfit on their backs. As a rule they are a lively bunch of youngsters, full of play, but generous and loyal with the unselfish

heart of a boy. Let me tell you of Josefito. He is now studying for the priesthood, having entered the seminary at the age of twelve. For four years he had been a faithful helper of the Surigao *paroco*. On the day before he was to sail for Manila, his parents wished him to return home to spend the last night in his own bed. Although a devoted son, he chose the *convento*.

# Buckskin Charlie, Songster

Edgar Dowd, 'S. J.

**I**N this corner we have the superb, superheterodyne basso profundo vocal artist of Montana's Flathead Tribe, Buckskin Charlie. Dominating every refrain, this great singer is another living proof that not all melody mixers have radio contracts and warble into defenseless microphones. Moreover, it is mainly because Charlie has not a contract, and will doubtless never have one, that an attempt is made to preserve his vocal greatness. And, even though all may not admire nor appreciate his rare gift of harmony, all will stand aghast in the presence of his colossal volume and dogged determination in the realm of song.

Before considering Charlie's vocal ability, it is necessary to know the character and peculiarities of Indian congregational singing. In general, the bulk of the singing is religious. Though there is some vocal accompaniment to the tom-toms of the Fourth of July War Dance, the majority of singing occurs during Holy Mass, processions and funerals. In quantity and quality, singing of a religious nature predominates. The noteworthy peculiarity is the Indian method of forming the adjective comparative, with the consequent and inevitable crescendo. Our, "good, better, best," for example, have in Indian these forms: "good, gooooood, gooooooooood." Now, as the songs are prayers, the importance of a pro-



tracted superlative is obvious in the life of a fervent native. This frequent use of the unabridged superlative demands a fair lung capacity and, being only human and normal beings, the singers need pauses which in turn develop the amusing and amazing crescendos.

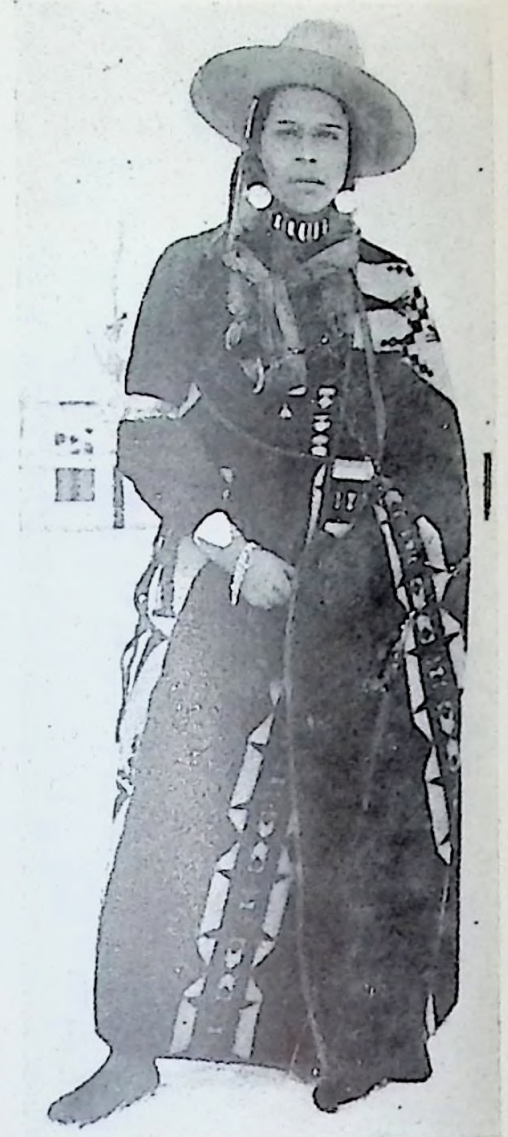
As Buckskin Charlie does his best work in church, we can picture him in his favorite and usual spot, kneeling in a side aisle.

For like the majority of full-blooded Indians, Charlie uses the pews only when there is not standing or squatting room in the aisles. Blind and partly deaf, Charlie, a robust individual, kneels there as movable and willowy as a fire hydrant. Though he may come hatless to church, he will never come without his blanket, a masterpiece of indescribability, resembling an arabesque of shattered rainbows and barber poles.

**I**F it be a feast day, Charlie has not long to wait before he can open up the stops. Suddenly an unearthly scream pierces the entire church. Hearing such a shuddering cry, one thinks of a terrorized child fleeing a phantom or headless horseman; but really there is nothing to worry about, for it is just One-Eyed Susan, stratospheric soprano, giving the go-ahead signal to the songsters. This first screech causes normal people to experience spinal thrills, the excessively brave to pivot inquiringly in Susan's direction, and children to cry and seek mother. Buckskin Charlie, however, is no more excited than a monolith in the moonlight. He has not heard a sound; this first onslaught he seldom hears. A counter-attack is required to break through his imperfect hearing.

The second cry of anguish, equal in pitch and ghastliness to the first, causes the wrinkles on his face to jig-saw slowly into a picture of satisfaction and pleasure. And now, though handicapped somewhat, he is off for the races! Once under way, Charlie quickly overcomes his slow start, and innocently ignoring several orthodox pauses, is up with One-Eyed Susan and the other members of the glee club. And *up* is the word!

*On the Flathead Indian Reservation, twelve miles from St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.*



*Buckskin Charlie in his early days.*

In the lower tones, before his crescendos, Charlie gives a faithful imitation of a ferry fog horn. For the first two or three laps, he sounds like repeated blasts of said horn, until with additional crescendos he zooms into the branding-calf denomination. Now, though inelegant, the baas of a calf under the branding iron aptly describe Charlie's sallies, except that Charlie's eyes do not bulge out and plead. Furthermore, Bishop James O'Connor, of Omaha, who visited the Montana Missions in 1877, used a like comparison when he said, speaking of congregational singing: "It sounded as if a dozen, at least, of harmonious wolves were scattered among the congregation."

After several rhapsodic ventures of increasing intensity, Charlie can go no higher or further, but he tries! More daring than wise, he defies altitudes and never thinks of a graceful descent. Spurning the saving parachute of reserved wind, Buckskin hops-skips-and-jumps from one crescendo to another until he hits the top, the zenith! Now all the stops are open! His wind is gone. He can go no further. Will he get a second wind? Can he refuel at that altitude? Can he make the descent gracefully?

**N**O! of course not. But anyway, these questions do not interest Charlie. For in such a treacherous position, he merely breaks off, emits a loud groan, and snorts three or four times, while the bellows are refilling. Then, fully inflated, he is off again for the races! Undaunted, unabashed, untuned, Charlie crashes through with more power than ever. His comeback is as successful as it is vigorous. Limbered and warmed up, Buckskin is good for an hour of work, allowing of course, for those quite natural refuelling periods. That there may be as many as three "foldups" during one hymn, does not bother Charlie nor detract from his prestige as a songster of the first squad.

Granting that One-Eyed Susan and Buckskin Charlie are vocal stars of inaccessible preeminence, still several "extras" should not be overlooked. Big Louie, for instance, is a regular who furnishes a soupy undertone with his slowly oscillating lows. Our old friend, Blind Barnaby, though a greater man of prayer than a singer, is nevertheless consistent and tolerable. And Fat Salmon, impersonating an oversized tuba, contributes much to the realization of melody.

But whoever sings, whether it be One-Eyed Susan, Buckskin Charlie, or Fat Salmon, they all sing prayers. And these long vigorous crescendos are tokens of their earnestness and devotion. Elevating to God their hearts

with their voices, these simple Indian people retain the great means of salvation: prayer!

And this gives promise to the missionary work. For doubtless the work, which at times seems barren, would be downright discouraging should the Indians fail to pray. For while there is prayer there is hope.

**N**OW before closing this account of our songsters at St. Ignatius Mission, let me recall something of what I wrote years ago about Blind Barnaby. He has been blind for thirty years. True enough, he might not merit historic fame, for he has not crossed any Rubicons nor wintered in Gaul, but during the last fifteen years



*On festive occasions the Flatheads still dress up in all their Indian finery. Like all the Red Men of other tribes, they are great lovers of horses.*

on his way to daily Mass a muddy little irrigation ditch caused him more trouble than Caesar encountered crossing the unforgettable Rubicon; and to pass long Montana Winters in a mud-plastered log building requires plenty of grit, especially when there isn't plenty of wood. Blind Barnaby is not a Napoleon who buried an army of half a million in Russian snows, but he buries with a patient smile the jeers and sneers of the less fervent. While he cannot be compared with Caruso, I wonder if his little hymn with which he closes thanksgiving after Holy Communion has not amused and pleased a large audience of Cherubim.

I remember visiting this Indian's cabin on one occasion, and when I left he walked with me a few steps to the end of his rickety porch. Poor Barnaby! As we stood there, the setting sun silhouetted the hills of the Bison Reserve so that they reflected a massive mosque against an eastern sky. In the other direction I beheld the majestic pointed peaks of the Mission Range. Poor Barnaby, to whom was denied all this wonderful beauty! Surely, someday, I thought, these many broken reflected rays of the Eternal Beauty would be rainbowed across the soul of this poor patient Indian.

# A Paradise of Paganism

Wilfred J.  
Le Sage, S.J.

“HAVE you ever been to Hangchow?” asked one of our Gonzaga school boys. “No, not yet,” was my hopeful reply. “Say, could you tell me something about it?” I asked.

The boy’s eyes brightened up as he began to enumerate in his best English some of the glories of that city: the beautiful West Lake surrounded by bamboo covered hills, the canals with their arched bridges, the dark caves which penetrate the hillsides, and the many artistic temples which have made Hangchow a place of pilgrimage for thousands of Taoist and Buddhist believers. The lad’s father had taken him on several occasions to visit these temples. But just as I was about to question him further, the class bell rang and my little friend skipped off leaving me with the desire of some day visiting the “Paradise of China.”

Last Summer the opportunity came to visit the city. Hangchow has had several names down through the centuries. In the year 2198 B.C., the great Emperor Yu organized the river systems in China and checked many of the over-flowing rivers. It is said that in his travels he came to this place, hence the original name of Yu-hang. The present name of the city is derived from the word “Hang” which means “boat” and “Chow” which means “department.”

PERHAPS we should have immediately rented a boat upon our arrival in the city; however, neither Father Marcus Falvey, S.J., nor I realized that a typhoon was in the offing. We had a few hours before taking a train to Shanghai and proceeded to stroll around the edge of the lake. Over six centuries ago the famous explorer, Marco Polo, had visited this same place. Naturally, there were a few changes. Let us make a little comparison. In the year 1280, Marco Polo wrote: “To the south of the city is a lake thirty miles in circumference, and all around it are beautiful palaces and houses, so wonderfully built that nothing can possibly surpass them; they belong to the great and noble men of the city. There are also abbeys and monasteries of idolaters in great numbers. On the above mentioned lake are a number of pleasure barges capable of holding from ten to twenty persons, being from fifteen to twenty feet long, with a broad level floor and moving steadily through the water.” Today we need only substitute a couple of large hotels for the palaces of old and the scene remains much the same. We saw several of this same type of pleasure boats gliding along like huge white swans.

In another minute we were running for shelter. A typhoon! Later I read that Marco Polo had also found plenty of water in Hangchow. “You need not wonder,” he wrote, “that there are so many stone bridges (twelve



“Hangchow is the Mecca of Buddhism. There are no less than twenty monasteries and numerous temples in this vicinity.”

thousand) because the city is wholly on the water, and surrounded by it like Venice.” Was history repeating itself? In any case we decided to carry out our plans before Hangchow turned Venice.

THROUGH the kindness of a friend we were taken in his motor car to the various places of historical interest. Due, however, to the flooded roadways, it was impossible to take the twenty-mile trip to the burial place of the early Jesuit missionaries. They have had a very significant connection with mission history as we shall see. Father Falvey, S.J., having visited this old cemetery two years previously writes: “Half hidden from the scenic Hangchow Highway by clumps of trees and thick underbrush, the weather-beaten crypt, in which the remains of those foes of holy combat lie buried, is built up of heavy granite slabs, low and angular, and piled up on a mound. It is in the vaults below that one can decipher the names of seventeenth century Jesuit missionaries whose heroic labors in those early years of the Catholic penetration of China form a romantic chapter of mission history. Here rests, for instance, the distinguished Father Cattaneo, S.J., close associate of the former Chancellor of the Empire and China’s most illustrious lay champion, Dr. Paul Zi. It was these two who first opened up the Shanghai country to the Faith.” Today the Shanghai Mission is China’s most beautiful monument to the Catholic Church.

But now let us return to our little expedition and relate to you some of our impressions which took place between intervals of pouring rain. Our purpose on this occasion was to make a few observations and notes regarding China’s greatest obstacles to the Catholic Faith—Buddhism and Taoism.

Hangchow is the Mecca of Buddhism. There are no less than twenty monasteries and numerous temples in this vicinity. We first visited a Taoist monastery in a

very picturesque hillside setting. The approach is gradual between two rows of shady trees. Small temples are situated along the side of the road which leads through a huge ornamented portal. This is the main entrance. Just inside and to the left is a large pond with a massing of rock up the hillside. Everything appears neat and modern, since this place is comparatively new. In 1916, a Taoist priest purchased the site and expended large sums of money to improve and beautify the surroundings.

THE Taoist and Buddhist monks differ in appearance. The former wears a beard and braids his long hair which is tied in a knot on the top of his head, while the Buddhist patronizes the barber and generally escapes with a close shave on everything above the neck. The outer garments of the Taoist, at least those whom we observed, were either of dark blue, white or black. Ordinarily, the Buddhist wears black or dark grey.

Regarding the temples—those of the Taoist are smaller but far more artistic and clean than those of the Buddhist. The latter have too frequently been the haven for fruit merchants and peddlers of all kinds. A Buddhist temple generally features some special attraction and is, therefore, more interesting. We found this to be true when visiting the "Temple of the Dancing Fish." The large pond filled with brown and golden carp seemed to have a great fascination for the Buddhists. They believe in the transmigration of souls. After all, it might be one of the ancestors exercising the fins. In any case, we had no time to watch the fish any longer, but motored on to the great monastery of Ling-Yin.

THIS monastery, I recall, was described by the little student mentioned at the beginning of this narrative, as, "the very most large in the Hangchow." The place dates back to the year 326 A.D., when a Buddhist priest from India, Hui Li, by name, came to this valley accompanied by his faithful monkey. Through the passing of the centuries, temples and pagodas have been built and rebuilt.

The entrance to the monastery group is called the "Hall of the Heavenly Kings." Heavenly—? The first is a huge pop-eyed looking creature holding a sword with which to destroy evil spirits. The second has a lute to attract the good spirits, the third an umbrella for the wet spirits, while number four is occupied in choking a helpless dragon. We left these heavenly kings to continue their respective work and started towards another

large temples, for we wanted to see as much as possible.

As it was pouring rain, we simply ran into this next place—and evidently into a special Buddhist ceremony as well. Now what was all this about? I suppose a hundred or more voices could have replied, "A birthday party!" Kneeling before an enormous gilded image of "the goddess of mercy," were assembled about seventy-five Buddhist monks. They were clothed in long black and red garments, now and then bowing down before the idol, and perhaps saying, "Happy Birthday" each time.

DESPITE the rain, many pilgrims had come on this festival day. The chanting of prayers, burning of incense sticks, bowing to the ground and thrice bumping their heads, known as "kowtowing"—all of these actions were performed with true sincerity. And yet—all this before gods of wood or stone, and in particular before the "Guan Yin" or "goddess of mercy."

May I ask, dear reader, what would have been your reaction at witnessing such a living scene of paganism as this? Would you not have appreciated your Catholic Faith much more? Would not a prayer have come to your lips in behalf of these souls who know nothing of Christ, the Blessed Mother nor the Saints of Heaven? After all, prayer alone can help these people, millions of them who are so sincere in their false belief and

yet yearning for the light of truth—the prayer of the missionary priest, prayers of the Catholic family, of the children in school, in a word, the prayers of each of us. Our Holy Father is requesting the generosity of all when he says: "That even one soul should be lost on account of our tardiness, through our want of generosity; that even one missionary should be obliged to halt because he lacks the means which we may have refused him, is a serious responsibility on which we may not have reflected very often."



"Kneeling before an enormous gilded image of 'the goddess of mercy,' were assembled about seventy-five Buddhist monks."

The writer of this article is a Jesuit Scholastic of the California Province of the Society of Jesus. He is at present teaching at Gonzaga College, 734 Kiaochow Road, Shanghai, China. Gonzaga is in charge of the California Jesuits, and though only a few years old it has already achieved Government recognition and is doing splendid work in giving a Catholic education to Chinese boys, both Catholic and non-Catholic. Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., is Rector of the College. There are now twenty-one American Jesuits of the California Province in China. Eleven of these are priests, eight Scholastics and two Brothers. Those who have finished their studies are engaged in active work in Shanghai, Nanking and Shuyang, Ku.—Editor.



His Excellency Bishop Myers, Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, officiating in Holy Trinity Cathedral at the Solemn Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving on the occasion of Jamaica's Centenary celebration. Above: Left to right, Rev. George Maxwell, Rev. John E. Lyons, S.J., Rev. Leo T. Butler, S.J., Rev. Joseph T. Lowry, S.J., Rev. Francis Dolan, S.J., President of Holy Cross College; His Excellency Bishop George Weld, S.J., D.D., of British Guiana, and Barbadoes; His Excellency Bishop Myers, Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, England; His Excellency Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., D.D., of British Honduras; His Excellency Charles A. Wollgarten, C.M., D.D. Bishop of Limon, Costa Rica; the Very Rev. James T. McCormick, S.J., Provincial of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus; the Rev. Louis Gallagher, S.J., President of Boston College; the Very Rev. Francis Kelly, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission; and the Very Rev. Joseph Bolland, S.J., Provincial of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. In the background are the Rev. Owen Leary, O.F.M., the Very Rev. Joseph Murphy, S.J., Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, Rev. Alexander Hamilton, the Very Rev. Bonaventure Hansen, O.S.B., Pro-Prefect of the Bahamas and the Rev. Leo Weber, S.J. These bishops and priests were photographed before they started in procession to the Holy Trinity Cathedral for the Solemn Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving. The occasion was a gala one for the people and the Church in Jamaica.

# The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

By way of the *China Clipper*, JESUIT MISSIONS has just received from Father E. Paul Amy, S.J., our representative at the Eucharistic Congress, a glowing account of "Manila Triumphant." Photographs and text will appear in the May number of JESUIT MISSIONS. Due to a change of plan, Father Amy himself will not be back in New York until some time after the first of May. At present writing he is en route to Zamboanga and the mission field of Mindanao. According to his *China Clipper* letter, we note that Father Leo Cullum, S.J., has been appointed Assistant to the Superior of the Philippine Mission, Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., and that Father Walter Hyland, S.J., has been transferred to Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I. Apropos of moving pictures of the Eucharistic Congress, Father Amy writes: "I took none, but I am securing a copy of the official picture of the Congress. Father Eugene Gisel, S.J., was the official photographer and, as he had three assistants, nothing worth while was left unshot."

## VIA THE CHINA CLIPPER

JESUIT MISSIONS, at 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, is rapidly becoming a Grand Central depot for incoming and outgoing missionaries and their friends. Recently the door of Room 1806 opened slowly and before it closed, the entire Office Force was assured in no uncertain terms that "You simply must see India." The charming saleslady in this case was none other than the mother of Father John Morrison, S.J., who was just returning to St. Louis after a visit to her son in India, the visit being a mother's ordination gift to her missionary son on the other side of the world. While her tomato bisque grew cold this ardent one-lady mission band divided Patna Mission, belonging to the Chicago Province Jesuits, into districts and sold them to us one by one. No high-pressure salesman could have done better. Our one regret was that when she left we were unable immediately to forward the automobiles for which she pleaded so nobly. Perhaps our readers will help us to remedy this apparent lack of cooperation. According to Mrs. Morrison, who will always be welcome at JESUIT MISSIONS, the one fly in her Indian ointment was the curry. "I cleared Purgatory by eating it," she said.

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## A MISSIONARY GRAND CENTRAL

Welcome in Caps and no lower case, is always on the JESUIT MISSIONS mat for Father John A. Kilian, S.J., who dropped in to say "Hello" for the Patna missionaries while en route from his beloved mission field in India to his home Province of Chicago. Patna's loss is Chicago's gain, but it is a gain that will soon redound to India when this energetic Procurator has once more orientated himself in an American setting. Scorning tea, Father played with his coffee during an informal business luncheon at the office, and as the words dropped from his mouth the curios in our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum seemed to come to life and in no time pythons, scorpions and kraits began to crawl around the floor. It was from Father Kilian that we finally discovered the origin of the eleven-foot python skin in our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum. It seems that it had been caught by Father James R. Gibbons, S. J., in Chakni, India. Father sent it on alive to Bhagalpur, where it was kept alive for quite a while and finally drowned after a process which took two hours. It was then skinned and shipped to our Museum.

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## WELCOME IN CAPS

On February 20, we were honored by having as visitors to our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum a group of Colored boys from the Junior Newman Club in one of the Harlem public schools. At sight of the *calabash* from Jamaica, B. W. I., one of the boys launched into an extemporaneous disquisition on the same, explaining how it grows and how it is made into household utensils. He had recently returned from a year's stay with his grandmother in Jamaica, B. W. I. Moreover, he politely hinted that a couple of our captions had been misplaced. Wherefore, now, thanks to him, we no longer advertise clove buds as ginger roots. All the boys were fascinated by the large tobacco pipe from Baghdad whose bowl is twenty inches deep and whose hose stem is over five feet long. Ingenuousness got mixed with their ingenuity when they openly wondered how an Eskimo could climb into our miniature model of a kayak. The Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS wish to congratulate Miss Rose Lee, the Directress of the Boys' Club who accompanied them to the Museum, on the very evident success of her efforts to give the youngsters a deep appreciation of Catholic life in all its varied phases.

While scientists still debate the possibility of television in color, let us indulge in a little television in numbers. In the light of figures the sun that Kipling used to watch as it went "down like thunder over China cross the bay" is now in the ascendancy and in its light we may count for the year 1935-36 the splendid total of 2,934,175 Catholics or an increase from June, 1935, to June, 1936, of 115,336, of whom 106,316 were converts, more than twice the total of converts, incidentally, for the United States during the same period. Catechumens numbered 526,673. Other rays of consolation were the number of students in major seminaries, 983 to be exact, with 5,992 in preparatory courses. Baptismal waters flowed over 599,123 Chinese heads, while 28,708,551 knelt at the altar of the Lord of Heaven to receive the Lamb of God in Communion. Add to this, 16,197 Catholic schools of all grades with 435,522 pupils and students, and you have the real "Oil for the Lamps of China."

## HARLEM AT J. M.

Yet over this land whose tragedy Pearl Buck has already dramatized in "The Good Earth" there is a shadow, many shadows, 480,000,000 pagan Chinese still waiting for the Light. The chances? Naturally speaking, what do you think? In the United States last year there were at the most an average of one and one-half converts for every priest. Yet, we have 1 priest for every 3,000 in the population, and 1 Catholic out of every 5. In China, on the contrary, there is but 1 priest for every 165,281 inhabitants, and 1 Catholic for every 165 Chinese. At the rate with which converts are made in the United States, China would still be a pagan country when the millenium rolls round. And yet, on the supposition that each Catholic were to obtain one convert annually, the entire world, not merely the East, would be Catholic in thirty years.

The lure of detective stories has probably made our Readers familiar with the name of Harold C. Keyes, familiarly known as "K-4," late of the U. S. Secret Service, whose thrilling tales of adventure with the underworld are soon to be filmed in twenty two-reel movies. This nationally known and distinguished personality was a recent visitor to JESUIT MISSIONS and in the course of conversation unconsciously revealed his admiration for the Church's foreign legionaries. To quote Mr. Keyes: "The battle fields of peace in far off Jesuit Missions hold some promise for the adventurous spirit bent on keeping the glamour of life alive and pulsating. An enlistment in the unscripted foreign legion of Jesus Christ entails many hazards, many discomforts and many brushes with the forces of selfish indifference. To this layman there is no adventure so satisfactory in its final analysis as that to be met with in missionary work. Brave soldiers these; fighting priests of this century, asking nothing for themselves but the bare necessities, giving their all in an effort to light the dark places. How I envy you!"

## TELEVISION IN NUMBERS

THE SHADOW OVER THE GOOD EARTH

ON BATTLE FIELDS OF PEACE

## ON BATTLE FIELDS OF PEACE

97

# Jamaica Triumphant

William H.  
Feeney, S.J.

VERY appropriately the opening function of the centenary celebration of the Vicariate Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I., held from January 10-17, 1937, was a Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving. At 9:00 A.M., Sunday morning, the procession started from the Bishop's Residence opposite the great white Cathedral. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides formed a guard of honor to the very door of the Cathedral. After the cross-bearer and acolytes came the long line of sanctuary boys; then followed the clergy, secular priests, Franciscans, a Benedictine and the Jesuits. Next came the Right Reverend Bishops: Wollgarten of Costa Rica, Weld of British Guiana, Myers, Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster, and Murphy of British Honduras, each with his Chaplains. Finally, His Excellency, Bishop Emmet appeared, preceded by Very Reverend Francis Kelly, S.J., Superior of the Mission, and accompanied by his two Deacons of Honor.

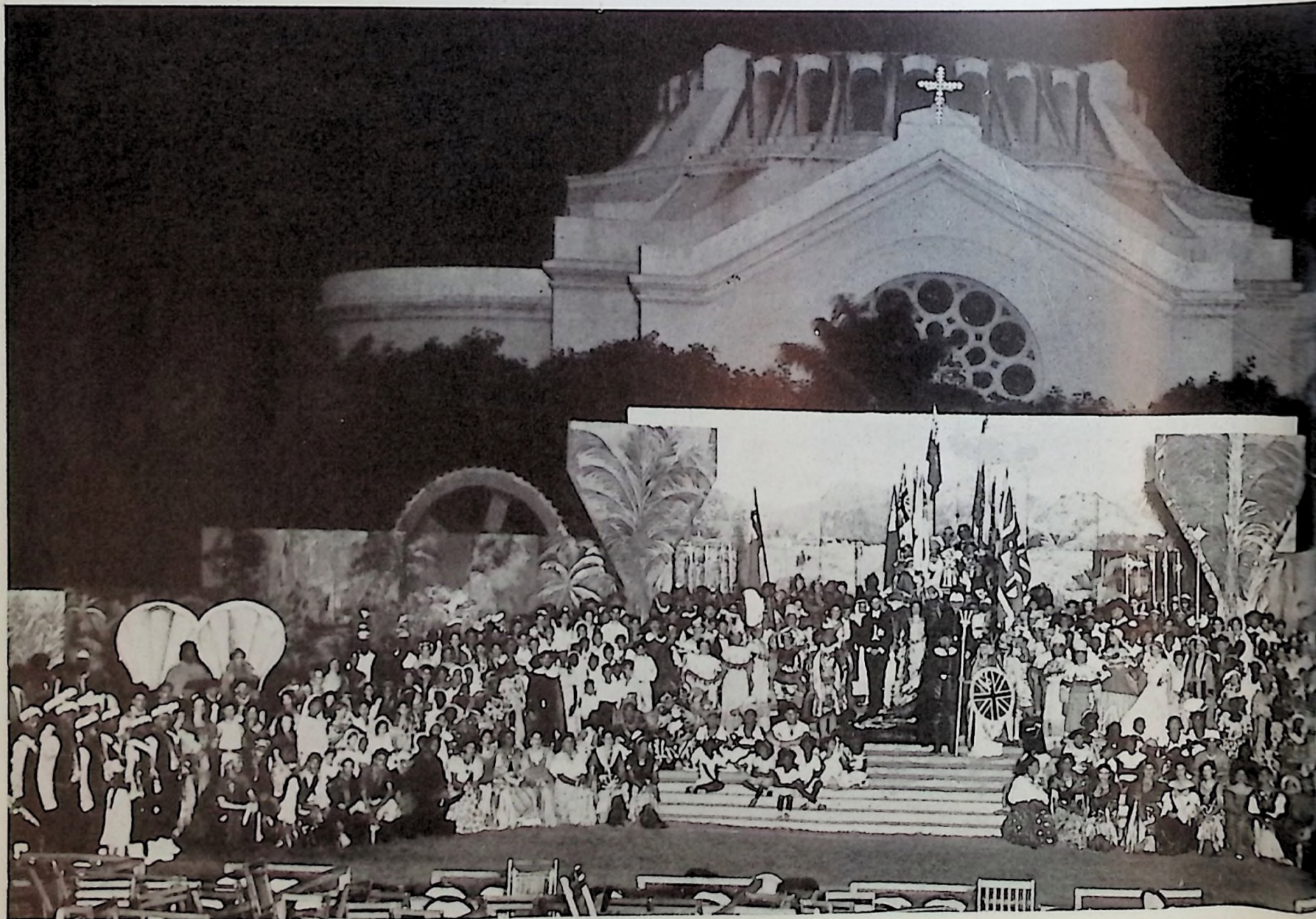
The choir burst into the triumphant "*Ecce Sacerdos*" as the procession reached the door. The beautiful Cathedral was filled to its maximum capacity. Practically all the higher civil officials of the Island, including Governor and Lady Denham, were present. It was their mark of esteem and appreciation for our Bishop and the Church he represented.

**BISHOP'S Illness.** The Mass proceeded as usual until shortly after the Gospel. Father Francis X. Delany, S.J., had ascended the pulpit and had begun to preach. Suddenly Bishop Emmet, seated on his throne, in full pontifical attire, collapsed.

Doctors hurried to his side; pity, awe, consternation ran through the assembled congregation. But there was no confusion; order was maintained. His Excellency was carried from the sanctuary to the sacristy and in a short time regained consciousness. After the sermon the Right Reverend Bishop Myers, D.D., resumed the Mass.

The effect that Bishop Emmet's collapse had on the Jamaicans in general was well expressed in an editorial written by a non-Catholic editor: "We will now assist in celebrating the Centenary of the Apostolic Vicariate with more earnestness and fervor because we know that, on his bed of sickness, the Right Reverend Dr. Emmet, Bishop and Vicar Apostolic, would wish us all to do so. Everything is fixed, settled: the rest of us, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, everyone will now carry on, and in doing so we shall think continually of him, for we shall wish to give him pleasure to make him feel that, however we might have assisted before, we shall do so a hundredfold now, *because of our reverence and love for him and for his life.*" (Italics ours). The Anglican Bishop Hardy with a voice choked with emotion asked his congregation to pray for the speedy recovery of Bishop Emmet. Never was the love and esteem of non-Catholics for our Bishop so patently manifested as on this occasion.

The "*Te Deum*", sermon and Solemn Pontifical Benediction were scheduled for Sunday evening. The vast Cathedral

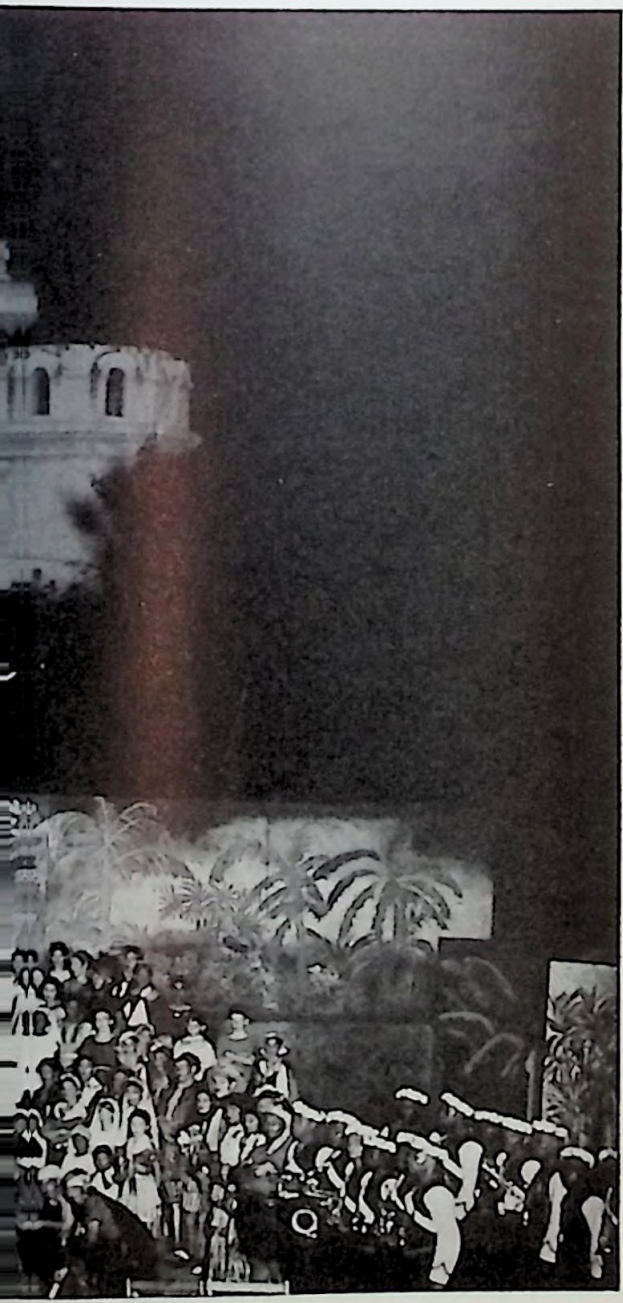


was again crowded. Before the sermon Father Sydney Judah, S.J., read this simple message to the congregation: "I am all right: do not worry.— Bishop Emmet." These few words, so characteristic of him, restored peace to his anxious flock.

**C**HILDREN'S Mass. Tuesday morning the Cathedral presented an extraordinarily beautiful sight. It was earth rivaling Heaven in singing loving praise to God. The body of the splendid edifice was holding its maximum capacity of children. The long center divisions, the side divisions, the aisles, the doors, the steps, the choir, all were filled to overflowing with little ones



In the reviewing stand during the review of the Catholic school children. Left to right: Father Thomas E. O'Lalor, S.J., Father James M. Harney, S.J., His Lordship, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., His Lordship, Bishop George Weld, S.J., Father Bonaventure Hansen, O.S.B., Pro-Prefect of the Bahamas, Very Rev. Father Francis Kelley, S.J., and His Lordship, Bishop Myers.



who had gathered to sing the beautiful "Mass of the Angels." At 7:00 A.M., this awe-struck throng watched the procession of clergy and prelates enter the resplendent sanctuary.

After the *Proprium* was sung, the whole concourse started the sweet melody of the *Kyrie*. They soon took up the *Gloria*, the *Credo*, the *Sanctus*, the *Benedictus*, and the *Agnus Dei*. Then, sweetest of all, sixteen hundred of those pure souls came to the altar railing to receive their Lord in Holy Communion. The Children's Mass was a very touching feature of the Centenary Celebration.

**C**HILDREN'S Review. On Thursday, January 14, at 4:00 P.M., a review of the children of the Catholic schools was held. Early in the afternoon innumerable

*The scene from the thrilling climax of the Pageant, "Jamaica Triumphant." It is the cry with which the actors capped the most beautiful histrionic effort of the Catholic Church in the Island.*

buses and cars poured their precious burden of children into a neighboring park. Thence they were to march to the reviewing stands. The children of each school were dressed in a different color and each child carried a small Union Jack. It was a gorgeous display. The Jamaica Military Band headed the

procession and the well ordered ranks, eight deep, gleefully obeyed, "Eyes Right," as they passed the reviewing stands. When all had passed the children were massed on the north and south sides of the stands where they waited for the end of the program. A very beautiful number was the singing of the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" by the children of Father Frederick Donovan's missions. The civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries who witnessed the review were profuse in their praise of it and at its close, Mr. Easter, Director of Education, eulogized the Catholic schools and teachers. Some twelve thousand two hundred and sixty children are in the Catholic schools of the Island. After the review, the children remained at Winchester Park because Thursday was Children's Night at the Pageant, "Jamaica Triumphant."

**T**HE most outstanding feature of the Centenary Celebration was the magnificent Pageant, "Jamaica Triumphant," written and directed by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Six times it was staged to overflowing audiences, and in the words of the reporter, "From the clarion call of the opening fanfare to the majestic climax of the finale when the cast of some five hundred, arrayed in resplendent

(Continued on page 111)

# The Apostolic Carmel in Ceylon

Edward T. Cassidy, S.J.

SEVEN years ago, in the city of Indianapolis, a friend pointed out to me the home of Booth Tarkington. As we looked at this beautiful home, he said: "Father, Booth Tarkington is not a Catholic, but his greatest boast about his mother is that she is a 'convent-reared girl.'" To Booth Tarkington a "convent girl" meant all that was sweet and good and pure and refined in womanhood. In thus boasting of his mother, he paid a just tribute to the Sisters of the Catholic Church.

Here in Ceylon the Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel are doing for our Tamil girls what the Sisters in the U. S. A. are doing for the American girls, training them in all that is sweet and good and pure and refined in womanhood. As proof of this statement, let me instance the story of Lily and Grace Canagaratnam, school girls in the convent of the Apostolic Carmel at Batticaloa in 1930. Lily heard the age old call, "Come follow me!" Her father objected, many difficulties were put in her way, but opposition only increased her desire to be a bride of Christ. She ran away from home, hid in the convent for a day, and finally got off to Mangalore in southern India, where she entered the novitiate. In the picture you see Lily after her year of postulancy; at last



she is to be received as a bride of Christ. She is a full grown woman now, but all the sweetness and goodness of girlhood shine in her face. There is a wistful look in her eyes; she has learned to love at the foot of the cross.

THE lower picture was taken on May 11, 1936; in it you see Lily, now Sister Carmeline, a professed nun of the Apostolic Carmel. Lily passed through many difficulties during those six years. In the beginning there was still opposition from home, then her father lost his fine government position, and great distress came to her dear ones. But Lily clung to Christ, kept on praying, and a month before her final vows, her father was elected to a lucrative government position, and prosperity again smiled on her family.

Two months ago, Grace, the sister of Lily, meeting the same opposition to her vocation, ran away from home to the local convent, but her father came and took her away by force. Grace has a true vocation, and I know God will help her in her heroic efforts to become His bride. Lily and Grace are typical of the girls one sees today at the convent of Batticaloa. I can vouch for this because I gave them a retreat three months ago.

THE Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel were founded in Mangalore, India, sixty-six years ago. Today they have three hundred and fifty living members. Fourteen years ago they came to Ceylon, and already they have six houses here, three of them in the Trincomalie Diocese. Though the Community is extremely poor, last year they built a new convent in Trincomalie, and at the present writing a new convent building, two hundred and twenty feet long, is under construction at Batticaloa. How do they do it? This afternoon I asked the Mother how much this building would cost, and she said:

"Sixty thousand rupees." (About twenty-three thousand dollars.)

(Turn to page 111)



"Lily after her year of postulancy; at last she is to be received as a bride of Christ. She is a full grown woman now, but all the sweetness and goodness of girlhood shine in her face."

"Lily, now Sister Carmeline, a professed nun of the Apostolic Carmel."

# ATHEISM IN MISSION LANDS

## The Mission Intention for April

NEVER it would seem was the following apostrophe to our Lord in the Litanies so applicable as today: "*Ut inimicos sanctae Ecclesiae humiliare digneris, Te rogamus, audi nos.*" "That Thou shouldst deign to humble the enemies of Holy Church, we beseech Thee, hear us." Battle lines once formed on religious fronts are now shifting and whereas in the past the missionaries contended with the errors of Protestantism, Judaism, Islamism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Hinduism and Shintoism, or at least with religious forms such as magic, totem worship, fetichism, animism, augury, spiritualism and ancestor worship, they must now prepare for a battle to the death with the forces of a godless atheism. The modern Lepanto that is Spain today is but a symbol and a threat of the international battle ground which the mission world of Africa, China, India and Japan may soon become.

For despite occasional masterly addresses in favor of Catholicism and Catholic social and economic principles, such as was delivered recently at the Fifth Annual Session of the All-India Catholic Congress held at Trichur in Malabar, India, on December 27, 1936, by Mr. B. S. Gilain, noted convert from Mohammedanism, the startling fact remains that atheistic Communism is spreading in mission lands. Indeed, it has been advocated as the ultimate salvation of India by Nehru, the successor to Mahatma Gandhi as spokesman for his people.

We are particularly interested now in convincing the more skeptical among our so-called liberal minded Catholics of the utterly repulsive character of this atheistic propaganda. We shall do this in no better way than by citing the posters and anti-communist exhibits now on display in Rome and London. Especially do we refer to the exhibit at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, arranged by the Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist Union, 58-60 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. The transportation of this exhibit from city to city and town to town in the U. S., would be a work of merit for religion and civilization. It is difficult even to describe orally the moral degradation here portrayed in posters, photos and other exhibits, without doing violence to the most primitive and elementary decencies.

The exhibits are arranged under the following captions: "Desecration and Destruction of Churches in Soviet Russia" (34 exhibits); "The Militant Godless Organization and Its Propaganda" (32 exhibits); "Poisoning the Souls of Children" (15 exhibits); "Anti-Religious Posters" (56 exhibits); "Murdered Priests" (7 exhibits); "Hunger in U. S. S. R." (39 exhibits); "The Tsar and His Murderers" (10 exhibits); "The Red Terror in Spain" (41 exhibits); "Communist Leaders from all Countries" (21 exhibits); "Propaganda for World Revolution" (20 exhibits); "Red Penetration in Many Countries" (18 exhibits); "Bolshevism in British and other Colonies and Siam" (40 exhibits).

Under "Poisoning the Souls of Children," exhibit

number five shows an appeal to the Central Committee of the Young Communist League, urging people to attend anti-religious lectures and meetings: "We invite you to our lectures and our meetings . . . where it is proved that Christianity is not a special religion, differing from others . . . in its origin, but that it is the same kind of product of human brain as all other religions. . . . It was born of the same kind of lack of understanding of the world as all other religions . . ."

Under "Anti-Religious Posters," exhibit number three shows Christ represented as a phantom leading mankind to the abyss where it falls into the jaws of the "Moloch of Capital." Number two under the same heading depicts Christianity represented as a spider sucking the life-blood of peoples with this inscription: "Religion must be abandoned completely for faith in any religion is a means of fortifying the oppression of the classes."

Three most recent strictures on Communism in Russia and Spain may clinch our point and persuade even the most fractious Catholic of the true character of Communism and of its menace to the missions. The first is that of Helen Iswolsky in "Soviet Man—Now" (N. Y., Sheed & Ward, 1936): "The tone of anti-religious writers is still extremely harsh and shows no signs of granting that 'free spiritual development' promised by Sovietic humanism. In one of her recent articles, Marietta Shaguinian, the official interpreter of the general line of policy and the panegyrist of the atheists, was indignant at 'the secret union of all those who still believe in God', whom she compares to weeds in the Communist City which will certainly be uprooted." (Page 77). The second quotation is from "Spanish Journey" (Page 122), by Eleanor Tennant. "Having seen the results of Communism in Spain, I state that Communism is not an economic doctrine; it is a doctrine of destruction, of inhuman murder, of torture, and of violence. Communism calls out the vilest in human nature and in order to survive it finds it necessary to kill or terrorize all those who oppose it. The smell of blood breeds the blood lust of all carnivora including *homo sapiens*." The third quotation is likewise from "Spanish Journey" (Page 124), and gives the opinion of Signor Grandi, the Italian Ambassador in London: "What is this democracy that the Soviet Government have taken under their protection? Massacres, looting, armed robberies, gangs of bandits overrunning towns and countryside, oppression by petty tyrants belonging to the worst elements of the population; daily arrests and executions of hostages; burning of churches, persecutions of Christianity; destruction of monuments and works of art—in fact, the reign of terror."

With reason may we repeat in behalf of the missions the following invocation of the Litanies: "*Ut inimicos sanctae Ecclesiae humiliare digneris, Te rogamus, audi nos.*" "That thou shouldst deign to humble the enemies of Holy Church, we beseech Thee, hear us."

# Afield with American Jesuits

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., who has been appointed Superior of the Philippine Mission, plans to transfer residence from San Jose Seminary to the old Mission House in the Walled City. The new Superior is one of the band of American Jesuits which arrived in the Islands in July, 1921. At the Ateneo de Manila he first taught mathematics, then became Prefect of Discipline for two years. After Tertianship, he returned to the Ateneo where for the last six years he again occupied the position of Prefect of Discipline. The Deanship vacated by Father Superior is now being filled by Father George J. Willmann, S.J.

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The latest appointments in the Philippine Mission affecting Manila appoints Father A. G. Pacquing, S.J., as the new Head Master of the Grade School in the Ateneo. Father Pacquing succeeds Father Henry L. Irwin, S.J., who will devote himself to giving retreats, with residence at the Mission House, Intramuros. Father Joseph A. Mulry, S.J., left the classroom to attend to the work of the International Eucharistic Congress, the Social Justice Crusade, the *Philippine Commonwealth*, and the Bellarmine Guild. His classes at the Ateneo will be taken by Mr. E. G. McManus, S.J., whose classes in turn will have as their new Professor, Father John Treubig, S.J.

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In view of the International Eucharistic Congress, the following report on Catholic Action in the Jesuit Philippine Mission will serve our readers as a welcome background. It is given through the courtesy of Father Joseph A. Mulry, S.J.:

In early 1926—practically simultaneously with the promulgation of the Encyclical on the restoration of Christ as King of Human Society, Father Caballero, a Mexican Jesuit who volunteered for the Philippines from the United States (where he was in exile), in the presence of the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop of Manila organized and inaugurated Catholic Action in the Philippines. The Mass Meeting was held in the Auditorium of the Ateneo de Manila, destroyed by fire, August, 1932.

Before detailing the work of the Jesuits in Catholic Action, a word is needed to explain the narrower field here than in other parts of the world. (a) The shortage of priests in the Islands. In a survey conducted by the Publicity Committee for the Manila Eucharistic Congress, the total falls short of fourteen hundred, of whom eleven hundred are engaged in parochial works. The estimated number of Catholics in the Islands exceeds

ten millions or eighty-two per cent of the fourteen millions total population. (b) The people are not hostile to Catholic teaching, but are very hostile to the Philippine Church because the Church is so large a proprietor of land. Influences are at work, masonic rather than Communistic, to identify the Church with the 'rich' and consequently with the present Government, which is accused of being the puppets of the rich. (d) The economic status of the Philippines with practically no industrialization is unique in having only a negligible proportion, but the evils of landlordism are widespread. (e) The country is not yet in a position financially to institute social service—and the people are for the most part incapable of realizing its necessity.

As a consequence, Catholic Action is today in the Philippine Islands practically absorbed in the task of Catholic Instruction, in some form or other.—Now for the Jesuit participation.

Three departments of National Catholic Action are in charge of Jesuits. (a) The Retreat House for working men, Catholics and priests in Manila, is directed by Father Juan Anguela, S.J. The work follows the general plan of all such retreat houses—including group retreats, solos, nocturnal adoration. (b) National Catholic Ac-



Father John F. Hurley, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, newly appointed Superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines. Father Hurley entered upon his new position with an excellent record of practical achievements in the Ateneo de Manila.

tion for young women is in charge of Father Joseph A. Mulry, S.J. This section of Catholic Action, working separately from the other four departments (senior men; senior women; young men and working men) has thirty-four units in operation throughout the Archipelago; the work is mainly catechetical. Parochial units, however, flourish, the purpose of which is to aid the parish priest in parochial activities—viz., parochial schools, upkeep of the church, visitation of the sick, visitation of the parish, to discover the unbaptized, improperly married, children who have not yet received the sacraments, and, most of all, the better educated of the young girls teach religion in the local public schools. At present, the membership is about four thousand (accurate figures are not available because we lost so many last year by marriage) in twelve dioceses, and two prefectures. Most of the effectiveness comes from the work of a paid secretary, a young lady of university training. There are two national conventions a year, in July, to outline the work for the year; and in February, to submit reports on work accomplished. (c) The National Press Committee which is now publishing the first National Catholic Weekly in the Philippines. Father Joseph A. Mulry, S.J., is advisor of the Committee and the staff of the paper. The ideal proposed is to edit the principal paper in English and re-edit the main features in Spanish, and the three major dialects, Ilocano, Tagalog and Visayan. It is the desire of the Committee that the Bishops will accept the *Philippine Commonwealth* as their diocesan paper—so far only one diocese has done so. Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., of the Diocese of Cagayan, has now *Ang Commonwealth* established as his diocesan paper. It will take years before the paper will attain the favor and influence needed, but already the existence of this paper has been of great assistance to the Church. The *Philippine Commonwealth* is the official organ of National Catholic Action—we need ten thousand subscriptions. So far in eight months of existence we have approximately six thousand; *Ang Commonwealth*, three thousand. The reason of our slow growth is that Father Mulry had until recently the work of a big schedule of college class works and could not move about for the good of the Catholic Press. Just recently, the *Philippine Commonwealth* has succeeded in putting up *Ang Bayan* which is its Tagalog edition which is now so well received.

## CEYLON

John Lange, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, is teaching at St. Joseph's College, Trincomalie, Ceylon.

His fine informative articles appear from time to time in the pages of **JESUIT MISSIONS**. Here are a few Ceylon jottings that he sent recently.

"Father Henry Heras, S.J., of the Province of Aragon, who is head of the Research Institute at St. Xavier's College in Bombay recently paid a visit to Ceylon—and to Trincomalie. This learned Spanish Father has been deciphering the ancient inscriptions recently unearthed at Mohenjo-Daro, in northwest India. These inscriptions, a very complicated set of pictographs, baffled the best archaeologists in the British Empire until Father Heras set his hand to the work. His labors for the past eighteen months have been preeminently successful, and he has proven conclusively that the pictographs are written in a Dravidian language, and has given the name of 'Proto-Dravidian' to it. By exact astronomical calculations he has demonstrated that the language is the oldest yet encountered by man, and has dated it back to, at latest, 3000 B.C. The roots of this ancient tongue are the same as those from which the principal Dravidian languages of South India—viz. Tamil, Telegu, Malayalee, Tulu and Kanarese—are derived. Father's lecture in Trincomalie before a Tamil audience was intensely interesting. (And, incidentally, to the people highly gratifying, because they prided themselves on their identification with these most ancient of people, the Proto-Dravidians.) The purpose of Father Heras' visit to Ceylon was to confer with the learned Tamil Father S. Gnana Prakasar, O.M.I., who is at present engaged in compiling a Com-

parative Tamil Lexicon. All of this is of interest to the missionaries because Tamil is 'our language.'

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"My English class of Tamil youngsters provides me with many a hearty laugh. One day, wishing to enlarge their respective vocabularies by the addition of a new word, I asked one of the smallest: 'What do you call a baby cat?' Quick as an echo came the reply: 'A kitchen!' They are nearly always far too ready with the Tamil word than the English. Thus, on one occasion I showed them a picture, in which there was a man smoking a cigar. 'What is he doing?' I asked. No reply. 'Can anyone tell me what this man is doing with the cigar?' Finally with much hesitation: 'He is drinking the cigar!' Tamil has no equivalent for 'smoking'; their idiom is 'drinking.' Tamil people who are learning English experience great difficulty in distinguishing between the sound of g, h, k, and c. So we get such things as 'The hat gilled the rat in the kouse.' And 'Key diddle diddle, the hat and the fiddle.' One day after a football match when three cheers had to be given British fashion, we heard: 'Kip, kip, kip kooray!'"

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

Father James M. Harney, S.J., formerly at Savanna-la-Mar, now stationed at St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, compares the two:

"I have been working very hard, harder than I worked at Savanna-la-Mar, and I am starting to see some result, but it is an uphill grind. The attendance at Mass at Linstead, my

headquarters, seems to be increasing and the Sunday School has come along fine. I have to have a Sunday School in the morning after Mass for the children that come from a distance, but I stick to the old-fashioned afternoon Sunday School for the children of the town. Otherwise, some would be going to the non-Catholic Sunday Schools. The parents in many cases are non-Catholic and though they promised at Baptism that the children would be brought up as Catholics, they are frequently remiss as regards keeping their promise. Then they can hardly be expected to grasp the importance of Sunday Mass and regular attendance at Sunday School. They have never been accustomed to an obligation that morally forced them to church on Sunday and so they are slow to make their children go. However, a little visit and a few kind words often produce good results."

#### CHINA

Father Louis Joseph Primeau, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, writes from Sutsien, November 24, 1936:

"Since I have arrived here last August, I have done a little mission work, have studied a great deal and have spent some time chatting about missionary labors with my good parish priest, Father Alphonse Dube, S.J. Days simply speed by, for this is the beginning of a new life, and in such circumstances one is not regular always. See for example: since August 20, I have already given Extreme Unction four times in the outlying districts, baptized five pagan adults, blessed



Scene taken during the review of the children of all the Catholic schools of Jamaica at Winchester Park on Thursday, January 14, 1937, on the occasion of the Centennial of the Vicariate of Jamaica, B.W.I.

seven marriages, heard more than a thousand confessions. With such a regime you will not often find me with arms folded, especially if you add four or five hours of study in the Chinese language that I have imposed on myself each day. On All Saints Day, I was even so bold as to preach, but the sermon was not very long. I stumbled here and there; I missed the fifth or sixth tone once or twice; but I managed to pull through all right and the audience seemed to make out what I said: that was enough for me. However, to accomplish that much means a great deal of perspiration!"

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An interesting item is supplied by the Jesuit Fathers of the Province of Paris:

"A single Scholasticate brings together in Zi-ka-wei, the Theologians of the the Society's missions in China. This year they number sixty-one: five Chinese, twelve Frenchmen from the Province of Paris and five from that of Champagne, three Austrians, one Canadian, twenty-one Spaniards from the Provinces of Castile and Leon, four Hungarians, three Italians from the Turin Province, two Portuguese, four Americans from the California Province, one Dutchman. Fraternal charity reigns supreme. The lectures are delivered in Latin."

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Father John A. Lennon, S.J., of the California Province, and Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Shanghai, China, writes under date of January 19:

"Many thanks for your two recent letters. Of course, you understand that it is not only on account of the checks that I am grateful for the letters, for a word from home is always welcome, and a message from the JESUIT MISSIONS that is backing up our poor efforts so encouragingly is doubly

welcome. As the mails are badly disrupted owing to the maritime strike, I thought I had better get this to you before leaving for Manila next week. We shall have an opportunity of welcoming both the JESUIT MISSIONS pilgrims, and the West Coast delegation headed by Archbishop Mitty to Shanghai before we leave. We shall have a mixed group on our boat, foreign and Chinese, as the official Shanghai pilgrimage, with your humble servant in the absence of the Bishop, who, owing to ill health is advised not to make the trip, and of the Superior of the Mission, designated to lead the flock with two Chinese Fathers, Father Joseph Ting, S.J., formerly of Gonzaga College, now head of the Normal School at Zi-ka-wei, and editor of the Chinese *Sacred Heart Messenger*, and Father Joseph Zi, S.J., editor of the *Catholic Review* in Chinese. At Hongkong, we will pick up quite a number from south China, Hongkong and Macao. Recently Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., spent a week with us on his return from the States via Europe before going up river to his Vicariate. Two weeks ago the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor L. Zanin, was in Shanghai and conferred the insignia of the order of Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword on Mr. Loh-pa-hong before a large gathering of the clergy and laity. Among those present on the stage was Mr. C. T. Wang, recently appointed Ambassador of China to the United States, who delivered a eulogy on his friend, Loh-pa-hong, stressing especially the many charitable works which Mr. Loh and the Catholic Action group of Tung-ka-dou have inaugurated and maintain for the relief of the poor and suffering. Monsignor Zanin also blessed the new Professional School for Chinese young women at Yangtsepoo, which will be

ready for occupancy next September under the direction of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary."

## CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., writes from Spanish, Ontario, that he had his new church at Sagamok ready for Mass on Christmas Eve. As it is located in the center of the Indian Reserve, there will no longer be any excuse for the people missing the services. In fact, on Christmas Eve the church was filled to capacity and a great majority of the people went to Holy Communion. The Indians are very proud of the church, for they did all the work on it themselves, under the supervision of Father Dwyer. With this church and the separate school he erected last year, Father Dwyer is sure he will be able to overcome the influence of the resident Anglican minister and his Anglican school. At this time of the year Father Dwyer usually has to travel by dog team, but this year the weather has been so mild that he was able to make the most of his trips till after New Year's by car.

## PATNA, INDIA

Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., formerly Superior at Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, Patna Mission, has now taken up his work again among the Santals where his address is Catholic Mission, Godda P.O., S.P., India. In a recent letter in which he acknowledged a donation he writes:

"We have just succeeded in getting another toe hold, just outside of forbidden territory, and there I will build a little church and house, and make my incursions in here where thus far Government prevents us from acquiring property. Strange, isn't it, that in the face of official opposition and the anger of Protestants and the indifference and worse of the pagans, we have succeeded in getting our thousands into the Church! *Digitus Dei est hic.*"

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Lest some good people might think that the catechists are one hundred per cent zealous, Father Pettit throws a little light on the subject for us:

"You would expect catechists to be Catholics, good Catholics, zealous, active, alert, would you not? I have often wondered whether the catechists in other missions are like mine. I suppose they are. For they are probably men picked from among the converts for some particular characteristic or other; and not always simply because they are other Francis Xaviers from the beginning. They are just ordinary men, with as little real grasp of religious truths as their brothers perhaps, and often enough—too often—men who see in a catechist's skimpy salary a way of getting their daily rice.

"We were jogging along, my Paharia catechist and I, merrily enough when you remember that my feet were



At Jeypur in Patna Mission, India. Left to right: Very Rev. Aloysius H. Rohde, S.J., official Visitor of the Mission at the time, Fathers Henry P. Milet, S.J., Edward A. Scott, S.J., and James R. Gibbons, S.J.

still soft enough to be blistered. We came to a village in the hills. As it was my first visit in that part of my 'beat,' I wanted particularly to make the acquaintance of all the Christians I could. We made no pause in our march through the village. The end of the street had come. 'No Christians in this village?' I asked, as we were going on past the last house. 'Oh yes,' was the unexpected answer, 'the man in the last house there is a Catholic.' 'What!' I exclaimed a bit warmly, 'and were you passing him up?'

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Reports from Patna tell us that **Father John A. Kilian, S.J.**, is to return to the United States to do some work in the interests of the Mission. Before sailing from India Father Kilian has been making a tour of the various sections of Patna. **William R. Hussey, S.J.**, writes from St. Mary's Mission, P.O. Bhagaya, among the Santals of Patna Mission, to tell us something of the Christmas celebrations in which Father Kilian took part at Poreya Hat:

"I spent my Christmas at Poreya Hat with Fathers I. Stoy, S.J., Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., and Father Kilian. I wish you could have seen how happy the Santals were to see Father Kilian again. News of his arrival at Poreya spread like wildfire and in a short time quite a few of his friends were there to see him. Father Kilian celebrated the Solemn High Mass at midnight; Father Stoy was deacon and I was sub-deacon. There were more than three hundred and fifty people there for the Mass. Many of them had come from great distances. Some came from villages forty miles away, and most of them walked, although a few fortunate people came by bullock cart. After the three Masses at midnight, the men slept on the verandahs of the Fathers' house and the women were put up at the Sisters' convent. Just a handful of straw separated them from Mother Earth, and it was a cold night, but

they managed to sleep. They shared in the hardships of their Infant King and He in return, imparted to them a special Christmas blessing, as was shown by their joyful countenances.

Father Bohn celebrated Mass at 8:30 and there were at least six hundred and fifty people present for it. After the third Mass the people had their feast. Father Stoy had purchased a good supply of rice, pig meat and spices, and the cooks had prepared a very tasty meal. They had their fill and appreciated the Christmas gift of Father Stoy. They too did not come with empty hands because at the Crib I saw their gifts of rice and ground nuts. After the meal the people stayed around and chatted, and about noon all left for their homes.

A touch of pathos brought the day to a close, when late in the evening, a woman with three small children came to the church. She had come for the feast, thinking Christmas was the next day. She had walked all day with her three small boys and was disappointed to find that she was late. But she and her children were given their own feast, and the next morning after Mass and Holy Communion, they left for their home, not without a Christmas gift from the Fathers and something nice from the Sisters.

"Father Kilian's last Christmas in India was very consoling, I am sure. He spent it at the mission station he had started and which is prospering very well. He spent it among the Santals for whom he has worked so hard, and who have always considered him their Father."

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Just a little news flash from **Father James A. Creane, S.J.**, who is working among the Santals of Patna Mission:

"Thanks for your letter and the enclosure. A recent letter from **Father Charles Miller, S.J.**, calling for a teacher, tells me that 'the Bulas (a Hinduised caste of aboriginals) continue to roll in.' He also reports a

large and happy crowd at his Christmas services.

"Some months ago the Depressed Classes were being baptized at the rate of about forty a week.

"Last year Baptisms in Patna Mission averaged about one every five or six hours for the entire three hundred and sixty-five days. Let us hope that we may have even more this year."

## AMERICAN INDIANS

The grand old veteran of the Indian Missions, **Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J.**, who has spent more than thirty-three years among the Indians, writes from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota:

"Many thanks for the Mass offerings you sent me recently. I note that your January JESUIT MISSIONS went red in appearance. But like the Swiss flag—white cross on red field—so also white for JESUIT MISSIONS and a red field, or let us rather call it cardinal. It strikes the eye. Even Indians like red color.

"Our Indians are facing hard times. Starvation stares some of them in the face. They have no crops; there is nothing in the cellar. Money is scarce and work is cut down to a great extent. Many are on foot: they have no horses, no cattle, just a few dogs and cats and their poor tents. They are clamoring for help that they may live. However, there is a little hope for old people who may possibly get a pension of thirty dollars per month. They divide up amongst their friends and relatives. 'Ti-ole' that is the way of life; i.e., 'house-hunting to eat.'

"I was fortunate in finishing my new church in Kyle which was blessed by Bishop Lawler last November. It is a good solid structure. From New York I received four nice statues and a fine set of stations. I am thankful to the kind donors. Also, another substantial donation came from New York City, so we wish you New Yorkers an abundance of blessings in return.

"Our Christmas celebrations were well attended in all our missions. The weather was splendid, the roads comparatively good. Most of our Indians had Christmas Mass. In my eight stations I could not do all the work in one day. It took me eight days to get around and I finished the round trip on New Year's. My neat little traveling crib went the rounds again and now it has completed its twenty-first year. It is still attractive and welcome in its beautiful simplicity. All the Faithful come to the altar at the end of Mass for adoration, and they deposit a little offering for the Holy Childhood Association before the crib."

\* \* \*

From St. Paul's Indian School, St. Paul, Montana, **Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J.**, the Superior, writes to tell us of some of the trials and difficul-



*Father Robert J. Kane, S.J., of the Oregon Province, after Mass at Little Badger, among the Blackfeet Indians of Holy Family Mission, Montana.*

ties that face him in his Mission. He tells us that during the last four years there have been two fires, and that for the last three years they have had no crops from their farm land. The Mission was forced to suppress its boarding school in September and is operating a day school, but even for this work expenses are quite high because the Mission has to operate a bus and also feed the children and help in supplying clothing.

The building in which the Jesuit Fathers live at St. Paul's Mission is an old shack and is insufficiently protected against the bitter cold of the Winter. Father Menager hopes that in the near future some one may contribute money for a little memorial chapel at the Mission and he tells us that this chapel could then also be used as a domestic chapel and that four or five rooms for the Fathers could be built around it. These rooms would form their residence.

### IRAQ

Writing from Baghdad College, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., in Number 18 of "Al Baghdadi" gives us the following biographical data on the latest additions to the Baghdad Faculty:

"And now let me give you a fuller account of our latest arrival from America, the Reverend William D. Sheehan, S.J., to whom we introduced you briefly in our last number. The cartoon which graced that introduction while not flattering, did him no great injustice, except on one point. It showed him as a rather serious-looking young man. He is young enough, to be sure, having just turned thirty-five. But as for being serious—well, we can best epitomize our description of him by saying that, like Mrs. Fezziwig, he is one vast, substantial smile. His smile is substantial in the sense that it springs from inexhaustible good nature and unbounded good humor. It is of that radiant variety which is capable of lighting up a whole group that, a moment before, had been sunk in the depths of gloom. We do not wish to get too rhapsodic about Father Sheehan's smile, or he will suspect us of flattery.

"As proof of what we have said, if proof be needed, we may cite the fact that the boys have taken him to their heart, in spite of the fact that he teaches mathematics exclusively: algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. (We hasten to say that we bear no grudge against mathematicians, but it has been our observation that boys regard them with a rather sinister eye.) On further reflection we recall that he likewise teaches religion in second high.

"Another reason for his popularity with the boys is his ability at handball, which he plays daily with immense enthusiasm and unconcealed earnestness. He loses just often enough

to make it worth the boys' while to try to beat him, and when they succeed, their joy is unbounded.

"The other addition to our little Community is Mr. Michael J. McCarthy, S.J., who, as we told you last time, spent last year over in the Lebanon studying Arabic. His chief preoccupation at present is the imparting of English history and geography to a lively crowd of thirty-five youngsters in second high. To judge by the manner in which he goes about humming odd scraps of nondescript tunes at all times, he seems to be enjoying his work immensely. Like Father Sheehan, he spends a goodly portion of his free time out in the yard playing handball and volley ball with the boys, who have learned to have a wholesome respect for his athletic ability. To lend variety to his existence he has been permitted to take over Mr. Joseph Connell's position in the book store, where he really picked up a knowledge of Iraqi coinage.

"Here we pause to pay tribute to Father Francis Anderson, S.J., in his capacity as Minister. Right outside our window, in the corridor, is the house telephone, and it has been ringing with a periodical irregularity which has kept us on the jump, for we appear to be the only one on the corridor just now. Needless to say, none of the calls have been for us, so that in addition to interrupting our work, the presence of the phone is calculated to cause a note of exasperation to creep into our comments. (There it goes again! Fortunately, Father Anderson was just coming down the corridor and saved us from having to answer it.)

"Well, the point of our tribute to Father Anderson is that he is going to have the phone moved to some other location, besides providing Father William Rice, S.J., with an extension. That, we remark in passing, is not the least of a Minister's occupations: removing potential sources of irritation."



*Sisters Inez (right) and Immaculate, Benedictine Sisters from Altoona, Wis., who spent some time last Summer in the Jesuit Mission among the Indians at St. Stephen's, Wyoming.*

### ALASKA

Far up in the icy North in the region of St. Michael, Alaska, Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., has been carrying on vigorously for many years. He writes to acknowledge a gift:

"Your kind letter with a gift just reached me in this station of Chiniliak. If I had been in St. Michael I would have received it before the freeze-up, but I was in Hamilton finishing my building.

"People ask why I do not write, but I wish they could follow me for a few weeks. No sooner had I the heavy work done on my new church, than I had to dismiss the only helper I had. Yes, not to go too deep in the red I had to finish it all alone. People outside cannot realize that building in a country like this is a real proposition; the freight alone costs nearly as much as what they give for a chapel. Yet, I want to be able to show something worthy to the donors, and the only way is to do most of the work myself. Yes, it is hard to be doing carpentry work all day long, then prepare a meal in a rush, ring the bell for instruction and then instruct the people each evening. Again, you are way up the ladder and someone comes for advice or information. You have to put everything aside and attend to the soul. It was only a little over two weeks ago I got through. Now I am here in Chiniliak to do my work. Tired? Well, I should say I am, but what is the use to say it or complain?

"I take this occasion to wish you, dear Father, a very holy Christmas and a very happy and prosperous New Year. Indeed we pray for your intentions and we will gladly continue to do so.

"I was told one Summer that people are wondering what we do to pass the time. A sure fact is that I find every day too short and can never do all I intended for the day, yet I do not waste my time. I am kept very busy."

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## It Made Our Business Editor Feel Good

To the Editor:

I sailed from Vancouver on the *Empress of Japan* on January 9, en route to the Thirty-Third International Eucharistic Congress in Manila. Among the letters I received on departure from Vancouver was the following, written by the President of the High School Student Body of Gonzaga High School in Spokane, Washington.

"Dear Father Amy:

"In response to your very eloquent appeal for prayers for the Missions and in appreciation of your delectable treat, the students of Gonzaga High School will offer, while you pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress in the Philippines, the following: 5,435 Masses; 4,525 Holy Communions; 1,561 Rosaries; 5,025 Visits to the Blessed Sacrament; 306 Way of the Cross; 30,000 Ejaculatory Prayers.

"A thousand thanks for your inspiring talk. May God speed you and the other pilgrims over the Pacific to the only Catholic country in the Orient and through this Congress held to honor His Son in the Holy Eucharist make other countries of the Orient members of the One True Fold.

"Very sincerely yours,  
(Signed) "Hugh Keenan."

I thought you might find a place for this very consoling letter on the Communications page. Perhaps the letter was inspired by Father Edward A. McNamara, S.J., the very zealous Spiritual Director of the students at Gonzaga. Certainly the letter hit the right spot as we began our journey over the ocean.

En Route to the Philippines. Father E. Paul Amy, S.J.

## Making Our Schools Mission-Minded

To the Editor:

I am interested in the missions and especially in making the work of our missionaries known to many. Here is a suggestion. If the people who can, apply it, much good would be accomplished for God and the missions. Catholic children in our Catholic schools should know about their brother and sister Catholics in the missions. They may have this information in your magazine, JESUIT MISSIONS. The means are simple, the cost small. Catholic school children may be asked for two cents a term, or fifty cents from a class of twenty-five. They would be supplied with one school year subscription if bought in bulk. Surely every child in our Catholic schools can donate two cents a term for information about the missions. A large class need only give one penny a child per term. The magazine could be circulated through the class each month and the children may take it home and interest their parents in its contents. The magazine would automatically become part of the class circulating library. The Catholic child in the public school may learn of the missions in the after school religion class. The magazine is of high literary standing and can be used in our high schools as well as our elementary schools, wherever there are mission clubs or mission-minded Catholics.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Wise.

## Unanimous on the First Ballot

To the Editor:

Thank you for your kind letter of recent date and the information regarding Father Lord. I have the plays and lists of his organization and several others but there is still a wealth of this material that we have not as yet uncovered.

The mystery to me is that with such magnificently dramatic material afforded dramatists within the Church in the lives of the missionary martyrs that outside of Joan of Arc no dramatizations of any of these heroic exploits seem to exist. Other denominations have a wealth of missionary plays built around their work here and abroad and I feel the Church should encourage its authors to tackle this wondrously fertile dramatic field.

New York, N. Y.

George Terwilliger, Supervisor,  
Amateur Division, National Play Bureau,  
Federal Theatre Project

## Father Reith, Napoleon Bonaparte, Louis XV—In that Order

To the Editor:

Is there anywhere in the United States, a priest or layman, who would delight in contributing to our library a copy of

"Napoleon Bonaparte" by Hilaire Belloc and a copy of "Louis XV and His Times" by Pierre Gaxotte?

Merely to know that such books might be read in a hole in the clouds like Dansalan should be satisfaction enough for the donor.

The world is the same all over. Though we live in nipa huts our dreams are of kings and conquering heroes. And though we say Mass in a barn where rice was husked we aspire to make it fit for God.

Dansalan, Lanao, P. I.

(Rev.) Joseph Reith, S.J.

## Pennies from Heaven

To the Editor:

May God bless you for your kind thought of us in sending the copies of JESUIT MISSIONS. It will be a help towards making the children mission-minded.

Our class has formed a "Saint Teresa Missionary Club." Wednesday is Missionary Day and all our prayers and good works on that day are offered for the missions. A record is kept on file in the "Minute Book." We endeavor, with the dues to adopt one pagan baby a month. I encourage each child to sacrifice, once a month, the money given for the "Movies" to the mission cause. Some are most courageous. Our pennies are few but our prayers are many, Father. We shall include you and your work.

Roxbury, Mass.

Sr. Mary Consilia,  
St. Francis de Sales School.

## Planting the Seed

To the Editor:

In our classes in school we learn of the marvelous work being carried on by the missions. We have heard of the work of the Jesuits in the home and foreign mission fields. However, the copies of the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine which you have so kindly sent us have made what we have heard come to life. The stories, articles and pictures are interesting, informative and inspiring.

I feel that my classmates in the graduating class of Saint Brendan's School will be more eager to do their part for the Jesuit Missions, especially by their prayers.

Thank you for these magazines.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Bezell,  
St. Bernard's High School.

## "Of No Commercial Value"

To the Editor:

As regards dutiable goods, let me say that printed matter is free from duty. So books, magazines, etc., come in free. I will be glad to receive any Catholic papers or magazines that you can gather up and will be willing to remail. Secular papers, however, do not interest me.

Medals, too, come in practically free of duty so do not hesitate to send down religious articles. When mailing them, please put on the wrapper, "Of no commercial value."

Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I. (Rev.) William H. Feeney, S.J.

## Come Down to the Lepers and We Will Believe in You

To the Editor:

The Reverend Father Corbett, S.J., wrote in the February issue about the young students' reaction towards the pictures representing the lepers. Perhaps the young man may become a great missionary among the lepers, just as Peter came to realize the Truth. Not on tabernacles of Tabor was Christ's Kingdom to be founded, but out among the world's mangled bodies of sin and sickness, who came to know that even Peter's shadow cured them of their malady.

Astoria, L. I.

Cecilia Morgan.

## Welcome to our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum

To the Editor:

Would it be possible to arrange for a group or groups of school children to visit your much talked-about JESUIT MISSIONS Museum? If so, at what times would it be convenient to make such a visit and how large a group would you be able to handle at one time?

New York, N. Y.

R. C. Junge.

By writing to the Editor, a convenient time could be arranged for visits to the Museum. Groups of approximately twenty could be handled conveniently. At present writing the Museum includes many attractive curios from Jesuit Missions in Alaska, Philippine Islands, among the Canadian and American Indians, in Jamaica, B.W.I., British Honduras, India, and Baghdad, Iraq.

# Kweichih

Ernest Lalande, S.J.

**K**WEICHIH of 1937 is not the flourishing city of a century ago. Its quiet streets and weather-beaten monuments, its thatch roofed huts and wooded hills, its lagoons and ruined pagodas are the bare remnants of a city that once boasted of prestige and wealth. Its wonderfully well kept walls pierced by the four traditional gates harbor about one-tenth of the city's former population. It was around 1858, when the T'ai Rebellion was spreading like an octopus in all central China, that desolation and death came to the valley of the Blue River. Kweichih did not escape the dreadful calamity. It was ransacked and partly destroyed, and its inhabitants, if not massacred, were dispersed in all directions. The present day population of about twenty thousand souls seems to be a people quite content to mind their own affairs and not at all interested to have Kweichih regain its former splendor.

**K**WEICHIH sleeps lazily about two miles from the Blue River on a set of low-lying hills and just high enough to permit it to escape the river's impudences when it becomes too capricious. Anking, the capital of the province of Anhwei, is just thirty-five miles west, on the north shore of the river. Communications with the capital have improved during the last year, and now *en plus* of the little boat that plies between the two cities there is a daily bus service. A small river connects with the Blue River and so permits the junks and sampans to come to the very walls of Kweichih. When the water level of the Blue River is above normal it floods the low-lying lands that stretch for miles and miles outside of Kweichih, and then, and only then does Kweichih live up proudly to its name which means "Precious Pond."

To me this Pond seems more than a pond, for it has the proportions of a good sized lake, and on a warm Summer's day I have not yet admired such beautiful scenes as when the junks, leaving the small river, enter the Pond and come to anchor close to shore and near a six-arched bridge of solid stone and beautiful curves. A wooden peninsula stretches out into the Pond and enchants the whole picture with color and mellowness.

**K**WEICHIH still boasts of two pagodas partly ruined and of a temple to Confucius which the civil authorities have decided to restore. Monuments and wayside temples abound throughout the city and the most characteristic among the former is without a doubt the "Street of the Arches." These arches, some of which date back to the time of the Emperor K'ang Hi, 1650, were erected in memory of the widows who after the death of their first husband did not remarry. This, for the Chinese, was and is still perhaps considered not only virtuous but also heroic, and these arches are a standing proof of gratitude and admiration. Among the buildings, the most prominent without any hesitation is the T'ien Tchu T'ang, which verbatim means "The Hall of the Lord of



*"Monuments and wayside temples abound throughout the city and the most characteristic among the former is without a doubt the 'Street of the Arches.'"*

Heaven." This title dates back to Father Ricci and has come to mean the Catholic Church with all its dependencies.

This year, Kweichih's T'ien Tchu T'ang is the official Jesuit school for those who are in their second year of Chinese study, the first year still being at Anking where more than twenty-five young Jesuits are learning the first rudiments of the language of the Sons of Han. At Kweichih there are but nine students of four different nationalities: one American, one Italian, three Spaniards and four of us Canadians.

**L**IFE is beautiful and worth living in Kweichih. The quietness of the city, the ruins, the Pond, the wooded hills and dales, the rice and cotton fields permit us to admire Chinese life in as many different surroundings. The water buffaloes that plod up to their knees in mud and water are a familiar sight in Spring. During late Summer and early Autumn the white cotton fields are activity itself when the pickers with large pointed straw hats are busily taking in the crops. When the Blue River, during late Autumn and early Winter, draws all the water and leaves the rice fields dry, is the time to plant the vegetables which will grow in spite of the frost and snow, and which will be ready for eating during the Winter months. The whole year round, the wooded hills are alive with people picking up dry leaves and twigs that will help to save on the family's fuel budget. And so, no matter what time of the year and what place we go, we find around Kweichih typical Chinese life, the whole imbued with peace and quiet. You see, then, that we have pleasant surroundings here. Father John K. Lipman, S.J., has already told you, in his splendid article in the February *JESUIT MISSIONS*, how the first year missionaries are progressing at Anking.

# 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 at Mullens River, one of the smaller stations attended by the Fathers who have their headquarters at Stann Creek.—*Editor.*

AT night the services in the church were attended by a congregation that completely filled the building. I was pleased to notice the District Commissioner, Mr. Metzgen, in the congregation. After the instruction and the rosary, Father Halligan and myself were kept busy hearing confessions for over an hour. Next morning both Masses were attended by a large congregation and after the second Mass I gave Confirmation to eleven candidates. The good people of the little town saw to it that the traditions of Mullens River hospitality should be lived up to, and so for clergy and boat's crew a royal banquet was served.

Then we chatted with some of the people and I found the spirit of the settlement was one of quiet content. There was not the employment that they would like to have and the crops had not been very successful, but they had hopes that things would soon be better and the cheerful spirit of Mullens River carried them through. We bade good-bye to the villagers. I gave the children a half holiday and soon the *Teresita* was carrying us back to Stann Creek. It had been a very pleasant visit, but that is an old story for the Bishop on his annual visit to Mullens River.

AS we passed down and crossed the river mouth on our way home, my attention was called to the great number of roots and tree trunks and other snags lying at the entrance to the river. I was told that these snags made the entrance to the river very difficult for the dories and little schooners. In other Colony rivers, too, I noticed the very same obstructions and, in fact, the impression has long been in my mind that not much care is taken for the convenience of the planters and farmers on the river banks, for the carrying of their produce to market. The obstructions in the rivers are



*Bishop Murphy goes to one of the distant Indian villages of British Honduras for Confirmation. No pleasure trip, this, as the dory is pulled or paddled against the rough, irregular Belize River at Meditation Falls.*

some of them of long standing and in several cases they have proved deadly in the flood time when the little crafts would be upset with the sacks of corn, or plantains or yams or other produce, and some times the poor men lose their lives.

I HAVE wondered whether it would not be well to have the Colony's Harbor and River Commissioner arrange for the periodical clearing out of these dangerous snags. In some of the rivers of the south I have known great tree trunks and dislodged trees with wide spreading roots to remain for years undisturbed; the poor men in the canoes simply had to get around, often by portage, to continue their journey. Some members of a party from the British Museum told me, as our canoes were blocked by a big trunk stretching clear across the river, that three months before, during flood time, some of their native helpers had climbed on the trunk and with small axes dug a hollow over which they dragged the canoes. At the time that we were at the same tree, the stream was about "ten inches below" the big trunk and we all had to get out of the canoes and then lift them bodily across the trunk and drop them into the water on the other side. Our baggage had been removed to the bank and was then replaced in the different canoes. River traveling in the Colony is far from being a season of *dolce far niente*, and often means a very strenuous time for the traveler.

This is all by the way and we are getting close to Stann Creek. The little *Teresita* with her Universal motor kept steadily to her course (*Turn to page 111*)

# NEW BOOKS

## Godward

Rev. Frederick A. Houck

Godward is just the direction in which a major portion of the world is not going. Money, manners, meals and modesty, all pretty much follow the music as it goes in and around, but they do not come out a moral melody. In fact, going around and around seems to be the only end and purpose in life. Father Houck tells us how to put direction into our lives. He gives a clear and comprehensive exposition of the meaning and goal of life in the scheme designed by the Author of life. Man is made for God. His perfection lies in the perfect love and service of his Creator and Lord, but it is an old truth that no man can love an object which he does not know. Hence to put the proper direction into his life, man must begin first to know his God. The truths about God which every Christian should know, and the practical bearing of these truths on our every-day life, are very clearly presented by Father Houck, and explained in the light of revelation and tradition. Before the reader turns the last page he will be filled with awe at the great designs God has for him, the intimate union with God to which he is called and the closely knit unity of God's plan in which the starry heavens and the smallest glow worm, creation and corruption, the Incarnation and love, are all for man, and man for God.

*B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, \$2.00.*

## The Papacy and World Affairs

Carl Conrad Eckhardt

The development of that status in which the Papacy exercises no authority over the governments of nations in all that concerns their political life is called the secularization of politics. Professor Eckhardt outlines the position of the Papacy in secular affairs during the Middle Ages, shows the causes of change and their culminated effect in the Treaty of Westphalia. Then he examines the attitude of succeeding Popes towards the treaty, and the actual practice of secular rulers in following the principle of the separation of Church and State. The author gives us an unbiased interpretation of one of the most significant trends of European history. His distinction between the Catholic theory that the State is a perfect society and the actual practical policies of the Popes is not always as precise as we could wish for. But he is superb in his analysis of the historical effects of Papal policies, and in reviewing the possibilities that might have been, as we see them now from our historical perspective. Professor Eckhardt is anxious to see the Papacy exercise its great power in spiritual and moral affairs, and in combating the social evils of our times. He sees that the Lateran Accord is bound to be

fruitful for this purpose, but in his analysis of the Concordat, he again misses the point that even politics must be moral and hence, to that extent, are retained under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Father of Christendom.

*Chicago University Press, Chicago, \$4.00.*

## Cosmology

J. J. Colligan, S.J.

This is a textbook for college classes. It possesses a clarity and precision that will make the student realize the value of metaphysical reasoning. The Scholastic method is followed and the contents are drawn from the Scholastic tradition. The format follows along the lines of the previous Fordham University Press textbooks. The selective use of neat indentations, bold print and paragraph enumerations will help the student to catalogue his ideas according to their proper classification.

*Fordham University Press, New York, \$1.50.*

## Booklets Received

Biblical Question, Vol. II—New Testament.

Rudolph G. Bandas

This book is a critical interpretation of the New Testament presentation of many points of Catholic doctrine. The author, whose authority as a Scriptural scholar ranks with the highest, gives a very lucid explanation of mooted questions in the light shed on them by historical references, linguistic peculiarities, Scriptural parallelisms, Catholic tradition and every instrument of critical science.

*St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.00 paper edition; \$1.50 cloth edition.*

## The Way of Life

Rev. Leon A. McNeill and Madeline Aaron

Another of "The Mystical Body of Christ" series of textbooks, this volume takes up the Commandments of God and of the Church. The explanations are aimed at showing how the Christian way of life consists in the exercise of those functions which make the unit cell an organic part of the Mystical Body of Christ. In this way the Commandments are appreciated for what they really are, not merely a catalogue of "don'ts," but a directive norm for living with Christ and in Christ. Two pamphlets are published as aids in using this book: "Test Exercises for Use with The Way of Life" (fifteen cents) and "Key for Scoring Test Exercises" (two cents).

*St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., study club edition, fifty cents; library edition, \$1.00.*

## Jean-Baptiste Debrabant

Alice Curtayne

This is a short but very graphic account of the Founder and of the early

development of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. It is published in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of these Sisters into the United States.

*St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.00.*

## The Social Problem, Book I, Social Concepts and Problems.

This book is a basic study of the fundamental principles of Christian ethics as contrasted with our present practice of refined paganism. After the concept of society and the general principles determining social rights and duties have been discussed, particular application is made to the pressing problems of private ownership and family life. It is designed as the first of a series of manuals for adult study clubs.

*St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., thirty-five cents.*

## Communism and American Youth

Harry S. McDevitt

Let the reader ask himself, after reading this pamphlet, how he can reconcile his conscience with his lethargy towards the Public School system of education. By paying taxes without protest to the Governments which control our irreligious educational system, he is positively cooperating in a dreadful crime against youth, for which he will be held responsible by God.

*America Press, New York, five cents.*

## Communism in Mexico

M. R. Madden

Miss Madden shows the crude educational methods which the Mexican Communist regime is making use of to lower the educational standard of that country to that which exists in the United States—the type that is destructive of family life, religious ideals and all moral restraint.

*America Press, New York, five cents.*

## Communism and the Catholic Answer

John LaFarge, S.J.

## Communist Action vs. Catholic Action.

H. M. Toole

In these two pamphlets we see how the Communist program is being carried forward in rapid strides through the impetus given it by a liberal use of shibboleths and an unrelenting torsion of the baser emotions. The Catholic position is based on truth and the personal dignity of man, but its practical application has been slow because of a lack of emotional enthusiasm.

*America Press, New York, both pamphlets five cents each.*

## JAMAICA TRIUMPHANT

(Continued from page 99)

costumes which explored the entire gamut of color, sang with heart and voice, 'Holy God We Praise Thy Name'—it was a spectacle never to be forgotten."

"Jamaica Triumphant" was a review, in beautiful tableaux, of the history of the Island. After the prologue, a scene of the Roman Catacombs, where slave and free man are gathered around the altar of God, we are brought to pre-Columbus Jamaica. Here, before a beautiful Indian Princess, the personification of Jamaica, a group of Arawak Indians perform a graceful harvest dance. Panic, however, is caused when a breathless Indian runner rushes to fair Jamaica and announces, "Strange White birds that fly across the sea out of the great unknown." They were the ships of Columbus and Jamaica was to be a Spanish possession for one hundred and fifty years. Scene two was a remarkable reproduction of Spanish social life. The click of castanets, the lilting air of Spanish music and the joyous laughter of children is stopped short by the arrival of English soldiers. A battle ensues and when it is over an English flag is run up the flagstaff. Scene three brings back memories of the blood and booty of Old Port Royal that today sleeps at the bottom of Kingston Harbor. These days are depicted most realistically and like the reality they are swallowed up by earthquake and sea.

THEN comes the touching slave scene that is brought to an end by the emancipator, Wilberforce. Upon the pity that is evoked by the slave scene, follow sincere joy and hilarity; the tillers of the soil are enjoying their newly won liberty. Native songs, dances and mirth-provoking antics keep the audience in continual laughter. Mid loud applause these children of Jamaica depart and the most solemn scene of the Pageant follows. It represents the establishing of the Vicariate of Jamaica and the work that is being done in the Vicariate. Beautiful Jamaica is seated on her throne surrounded by a group of children. Very Reverend Father Benito Fernandez, O.F.M., the First Vicar Apostolic, kneels and begs permission to serve her. Gladly she grants it. But the Vicar needs auxiliaries, so he turns and from far off Scotland calls in the Brown-robed Franciscan Sisters. They approach and take into their loving care two of Jamaica's children. It is the symbol of their long years of labor in Jamaican classrooms. The Vicar next calls in the devoted Sisters of Mercy who likewise lead away two children. The same is done by three Sisters clad in the attractive blue and white of the Native Sisters. Then come the White-robed Dominicans to lavish tender care on Jamaica's sick. The Jesuits are also depicted bringing knowledge to Jamaica's youths and the treasures of God's word and the Sacraments to the Island in general. In this masterly tableau the labors of the century are summed up. It recalls the impressive fact that there

are at present on the Island, thirty-five Priests, one hundred and forty Sisters, sixty-five churches and chapels and sixty Catholic schools. The frequent applause by the audience showed that they grasped the deep significance of it all. It was the Catholic Church spending itself, wholeheartedly and joyfully, for the good of Jamaica.

## THE APOSTOLIC CARMEL IN CEYLON

(Continued from page 100)

"And how much money have you on hand?" I asked.

The good Mother laughed, and replied: "I had three thousand dollars, but I paid it all to the contractor last week."

"Where will you get the twenty thousand dollars?"

Again Mother laughed:

"We shall borrow some from the bank, and then pray to the Little Flower; she will get it for us."

This may be poor finance, but it is doing what Our Lord said to do, and He put no limitations: "Ask anything in My Name and it will be given to you." Yes, I think Mother will get her twenty thousand.

The Sisters of Carmel are all Indian ladies of the highest caste. They are well educated and refined. I may add that in the fourteen years they have been in Ceylon, they have gotten thirteen vocations among the Tamil girls. And this is but a small per cent of those who would enter were it not for the opposition of the parents. In Ceylon the parents make the matches. Often the girl does not see the groom until the morning of the marriage. Let us hope that in another generation things will be different.

## COASTAL TRIPS AND MISSION VISITS

(Continued from page 109)

and never missed an explosion all the way. Her captain, a native of Stann Creek, keeps his boat in admirable trim and spares no efforts to have the engine in good order. It was noon when we reached Stann Creek and lunch was waiting for us when we reached the residence. Again, as a couple of days before, Father Halligan casually remarked: "Well, we will go to Newtown at two o'clock," and that was that!

Newtown is a Carib village, a little southwest of Stann Creek, situated about four miles down in Commerce Bight. It is a small village of the old-fashioned, thatched house style with little or no attention paid to lines of construction or of roadways or paths within its quarters. There are about sixty to seventy Carib families living there; they have a little church and school, the latter with an attendance of between forty-five and sixty. We made the trip in the little motor boat in somewhat over an hour, and at half past three we saw the gaily dressed group of children waiting for us at the pier and a goodly number of adults who joined them in giving us welcome.

As soon as we touched the pier the

teacher gave a signal to the children and they broke out into a hearty song of welcome, after which all crowded round to greet the Bishop and the Father. There was a pleasant accommodation offered for myself and Father Halligan, the school teacher had given up his house to entertain us. At the evening services the church was well filled.

I found out afterwards that many of the congregation had come over from Commerce Bight by way of a large lagoon that lies back of Newtown. It is a great convenience for the people of both settlements. We had Confirmations on the morning of March 13. The exercises were held at an early hour, but both Masses were well attended and there were many Communions. Seventeen candidates presented themselves for Confirmation, a larger class than I had looked for, and three or four of them were adults.

Immediately after breakfast, Father Halligan told me the *Teresita* was ready to take me to Seine Bight, a settlement south of Commerce Bight and Sittee River, a long run for the little boat, being nearly thirty miles. Fortunately, the day was calm and there were no untoward incidents on the trip. In passing by the mouth of the Sittee River we saw a forest of half submerged trees with branches and roots clogging the entrance to the river; only an expert could make his way from the sea into the river.

We made the run from Newtown in four hours and a half. We were met at the bank by a large concourse of the inhabitants. The church is an old building very much the worse for wear, and though for years the people have been promising to renovate it or to build a new one, it remains about the same as it was twelve years ago. I spoke to the congregation about their lack of zeal for the glory of their house of worship, but I was far from hopeful that my talk that evening would be more effectual than had been the talk of bishop and priests for those years back. So far as our personal convenience was concerned the people were hospitable, both to us and to our boys.

At the morning Mass on Saturday, the seventeenth, we had a welcome surprise in a goodly group of visitors from Punta Placencia, among them Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hoyer, old friends, and their two daughters. There were seventeen Confirmations here as at Newtown. After the services we had a pleasant chat with the Hoyers, who had actually brought us a fine breakfast. They missed Belize, of course, but they are content with the outlook now at Placencia. While we were talking, Father Halligan was kept busy attending to sick calls, Baptisms and to two marriages. It was a very busy morning for him, but at 11:15 he was ready for a new trip to which he invited me as usual. A large crowd gathered at the seashore to say good-bye and in two capacious dories we were carried out to the *Teresita*, which could not be moored near the bank. (To be continued.)

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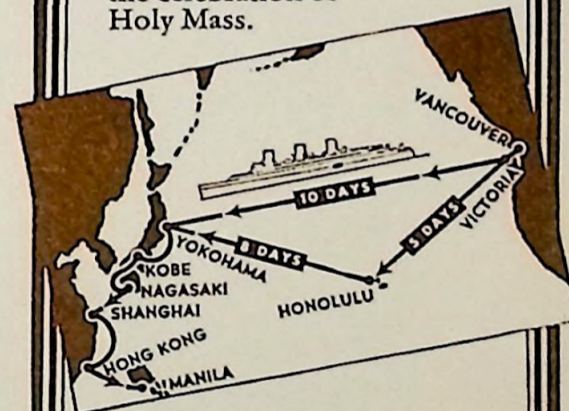
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