

Jesuit & Missions

EDITORIALS

JACQUES MARQUETTE

SISTERS OF THE SNOW

BEEHIVE IN THE SHADOW

SANTAL NECTAR

THE MONTH AT J.M.

MANILA TRIUMPHANT

Ten Cents

VOL. XI, No. 5

MAY, 1937

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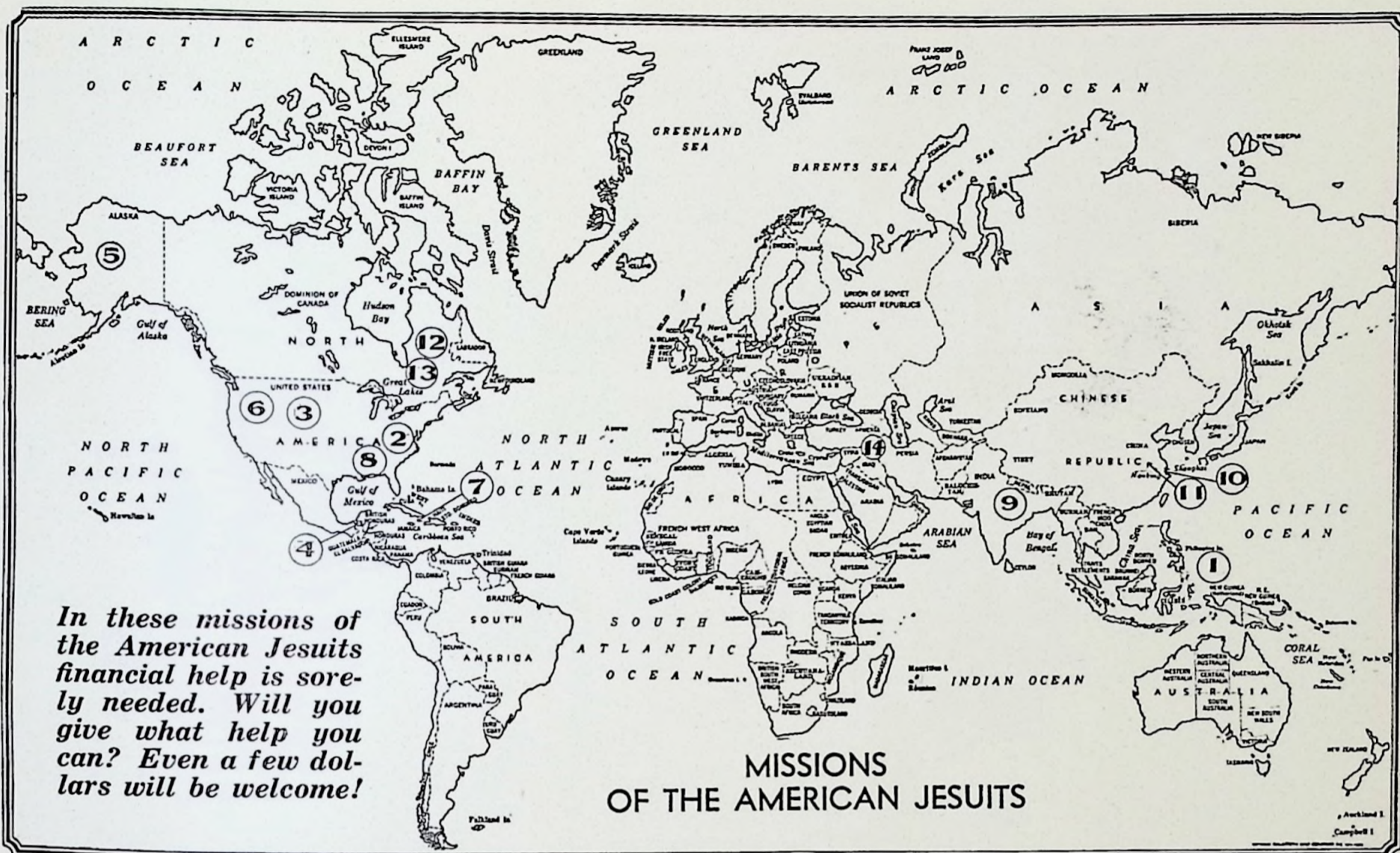
For Sundays and Holidays

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MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

(1) 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 (2) Missions in Southern Maryland for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

(7) Jamaica, B. W. I., an island in the Caribbean lying south of Cuba, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. (14) Educational work at Baghdad College in the capital of the Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
45 East Newton Street, Boston, Mass.

(9) 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.

(5) Missions among the Indians of Alaska; and (6) 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

(3) American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota; and (4) British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. This Province also cares for four Negro Missions; three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. For these missions the Province Mission Procurator is

REV. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.
221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

(10) 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 Street, San Jose, Calif.

(8) 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 Street, New Orleans, La.

(13) 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. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

(11) Süchow Mission, China, and (12) 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

Contributions for any of these missions may be sent to the respective Province Mission Procurator or to

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PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLESSED
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FEBRUARY 7, 1937



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His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Papal Delegate to the International Eucharistic Congress at Manila, in procession with the Blessed Sacrament.

EDITORIALS

AN IMPORTANT PRONOUNCEMENT

IN an article appearing in the April issue of *The Christian Family and Our Missions*, and entitled "Lest You Be Confused," Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, contributes a most important article on the question of mission support. The account is clearly thought out and frankly stated, for the writer wishes to leave no doubt about what the Society for the Propagation of the Faith can and what it cannot do. We appreciate Monsignor McDonnell's courage and we are grateful for his clear statements which definitely show the justice and the need of appeals for help coming from the various Religious Orders, Congregations and Institutes who have members preparing for and working in the Missions. Harking back to the reasons why the Society for the Propagation of the Faith was organized in 1819, Monsignor goes on to say:

"Today, the aim of the Society is the same—its purpose is to aid the missionary, to help him, but not to provide all his support. At present, it can give each missionary only about 15 cents of every \$1.00 that he needs. And that means that the other 85 cents must be found somehow and somewhere by the missionary or by the mission society that has placed him in the field. Or perhaps you can catch the significance of this if we put it another way. Each missionary needs at least \$1.00 a day, not only to exist, but to do his work for souls. For the 77,000 missionaries, that means \$77,000 a day—or in a year \$28,105,000. Last year the Society for the Propagation of the Faith gathered all over the world \$3,360,000. Subtract that from the needed \$28,105,000 and there is left \$24,745,000 to be raised either by the missionaries themselves or their mission societies, if they are to 'carry on.' The Society hopes to do more for the missionaries and in a few years may be able to give them \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000 a year, but even then, they themselves would still have to find over \$20,000,000 every twelve months.

"In many respects the Propagation of the Faith might be compared to a Community Chest (or Charity Drive) which makes its annual appeal in many an American city or diocese. . . . Usually the best that it can do is to provide a small percentage, say 10 per cent of actual needs for the current year to these various charitable agencies, but it does not attempt to support them.

"Therefore a work like ours, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, despite its own important function, does not in any way wish to exaggerate that importance. In trying to keep its point of perspective clear and to

maintain its 'sense of proportion,' it recognizes that all it does or ever can do is quite incidental, only supplementary, in fact, to the part played by the mission societies (now numbering 181) in various Christian nations, as well as by the many religious institutes whose principal work is at home, but who are complying with the wish of the Holy Father that each and all of them take in addition the responsibility of some small mission area."

We are grateful to Monsignor McDonnell for this clear statement on the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and for his vindication of the need of further appeals made by Mission Societies to Bishops, Priests and the Catholic Laity throughout the country.

MONSIGNOR HILPERT

EASTER Sunday brought sorrow to the Catholic people in Brooklyn and to missionaries throughout the world. Early in the morning, Very Rev. John M. Hilpert, Diocesan Director of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and Pastor of the Church of St. Catherine of Genoa, was suffocated in a fire that had broken out in the rectory.

We wish to add our tribute to the many that have been expressed in memory of Monsignor Hilpert. Our contact with him was mostly in the interests of the Missions. The range of his zeal was truly world wide. *The Brooklyn Tablet* well says of him that "he was schooled in the dearest thing of the priesthood, zeal without selfishness. . . . The Roman robes of purple he wore were signs of a Bishop's gratitude for his directorship of our Diocesan Branch of the great Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In this important and tedious office he spent almost seven years. Previously he had served as associate director. His mission stories and his annual report are familiar to the readers of this paper. He went from parish to parish to found new local branches. He was rightly aware that the parish units alone promise stability for cooperation with the Pope's mission designs. His heart was in the missions. He has preached about them. He has written about them. He has constantly listened to the returning missionaries from the fields afar who called at his office with their stories of things done and means needed. He has made a notable beginning in causing parishes in each of the four counties of Long Island to be mission-minded. He died a real crusader for the things so closely associated with the heart of our present Roman Pontiff. The purple robes were so becoming to such a figure." R. I. P.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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The Marquette Tercentenary

Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J.

THE tercentenary of the birth of Father Jacques Marquette, famed missionary-explorer of North America, occurs on June 1, 1937. Interest in the event is international. France, his native land, is preparing to commemorate it. At Laon, where he was born, a bronze statue of Marquette, to be cast from copper-coins contributed by the school children of France, will be unveiled on June 1. The committee sponsoring the Laon celebration includes numerous leading figures in French religious, political and cultural life, among them, cardinals, cabinet officers, ambassadors, literary lights. A French commission was in the United States in March to participate, in the name of the people of France, in celebrations in this country in honor of La Salle, Marquette and other illustrious explorers of their nation. This year brings also the sesqui-bicentennial of the death of the great French pioneer and pathfinder of the Middle West, Robert Cavelier de La Salle, March 19, 1687.

ANY one in touch with contemporary American sentiment is aware of the amount of sympathetic interest which is everywhere stirred among us by mention of the name of Father Marquette. The interest is by no means confined to Catholics. Non-Catholics have been just as forward to pay him honor. Memorials of him are scattered all over the United States. Not a place identified with his explorations or missionary work but is eager to perpetuate the fact in a permanent tribute of some or other sort. George Bancroft, the historian, commented almost a century ago on the high place in American history which is due to Father Marquette. When he wrote, memorials to the priest-explorer were nowhere to be seen; but he prophesied, "the people of the West will build his monument." The prophecy has been fulfilled and on a most generous scale. A catalogue of Marquette memorials compiled some time ago lists a long series of statues, paintings, tablets, windows, markers, and other forms of tribute. Moreover, cities, towns, counties, rivers, schools, office buildings, and even a railroad bear his name. His name is cherished with particular devotion in Chicago where, by ordinance of the City Council, December 4, on which day in 1674 he began his sojourn of four months on the site of the metropolis to be, is annually commemorated as "Marquette Day." There can be no doubt, then, of the appeal made by Marquette to Americans generally. It will be instructive, in view of the approaching tercentenary,

FATHER JACQUES MARQUETTE, S.J.

Born at Laon in France of Nicholas Marquette and Rose de La Salle, June 1, 1637. Entered the Society of Jesus, October 7, 1654. Arrived in Canada, September, 1666. Missionary in Lower Canada, 1666-1668, at Sault-Ste-Marie, (Mich.), 1668-1669, Lapointe, (Wis.), 1669-1671, St. Ignace, (Mich.), 1671-1673. With Louis Jolliet discovered the Upper Mississippi, June 17, 1673. Began, December 4, 1674, a residence of four months on the site of Chicago. Died where now is Ludington, (Mich.), during the night of May 18-19, 1675.

to recall the grounds on which the appeal is seen to rest. These may be said to be three,—his record as an explorer, a missionary, a man.

There is no doubt that Marquette stands high among the historic pathfinders who gave the world its earliest knowledge of the interior of the North American continent. His discovery, however, of the upper Mississippi, June 17, 1673, and his exploration of the mighty waterway almost to its mouth were not achievements to be credited to him alone. They were the joint achievements of an expedition sent out in the year named by the Colonial Government of New France under the leadership of the Canadian, Louis Jolliet, who acquitted himself with success of the commission given him. Jolliet, the official and secular head, and Marquette, the spiritual head of the expedition, brought it to a happy issue, which is the common glory of the two. "Their names in this connection," says Reuben Gold Thwaites, well-known editor of the *Jesuit Relations*, "must always be mentioned in common." The effective discovery and exploration of the Mississippi is not the only accomplishment to be credited to these two Frenchmen. They are also to be acclaimed as discoverers of other rivers, as the Missouri, the Illinois, the Chicago. To these may also probably be added the Ohio, as La Salle's alleged discovery of that great waterway has been called into question.

Marquette's associations with Chicago are especially interesting. Together with Jolliet he made the discovery in September, 1673, of the Chicago Portage, the unique physical factor which determined the origin and growth of the great metropolis of the Middle West. On December 4, 1674, he began a residence of four months at a spot now within Chicago's city limits. As the city's first known-by-name white resident, (a distinction he shares with his two voyageur attendants), he has acquired undying fame in local history. December 4, is, by order of the Chicago City Council, annually celebrated as "Marquette Day." The Catholic Church in Chicago also in a sense began with him. He was the first priest to say Mass and administer the sacraments to the laity on the city-site.

READERS of *JESUIT MISSIONS* will, of course, be interested in Marquette's record as a missionary. The fact is that, as he died after only a few years of service at the missionary front, his work in the field does not bulk particularly large. But he had the missionary spirit to an extraordinary degree and the example he gave of it is an inspiration that will never die.

Even as a boy he was impatient to be off to the missions and we have it on his own testimony that it was with a view to a missionary career that he became a Jesuit. He pleaded with Jesuit Generals to be assigned to the missions, alleging, no doubt with more or less of exaggeration, his unfitness for books and study and the urge he felt to be off with the least possible delay to far lands, there "to gain souls for Christ." He had his wish, leaving France in 1666 for Canada, after penning a glowing letter of thanks to the Father General for being allowed to realize his lifelong ambition. This letter was sent to the General, Father Oliva, on May 31, 1666.

IN Canada, Marquette was the missionary complete. Every qualification that equips the missionary for his task seemed to be his. He had a gift for the Indian languages and at the time of his Mississippi trip had mastered six. "You know I had no memory at all when I was over there," he wrote back to a friend in France, "and yet I find no difficulty whatever with languages that have no connection with our own." He had to a remarkable degree the spirit of self-denial, self-effacement. Self was quite lost sight of as far as human comforts were concerned, and his only thought was for the Indians and how he might better their condition, spiritually and materially. "No one," he writes to a Superior, "must hope to escape crosses in the missions, and the best means to live happy is not to fear them, but in the enjoyment of little crosses, hope for others still greater." He had, too, the true supernatural outlook, which measures things in the scales of eternity and not of time. At the end of his Mississippi journey he felt himself compensated, so he said, for all its toils and hardships by the Baptism of a single Indian baby.

ONE other trait of Marquette, the missionary, must not go unnoticed. He had an extraordinary devotion to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and this at a time when it was not yet a defined dogma of the Church. It dated apparently from boyhood days and he persevered in it to his last breath. He daily recited the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, fasted every Saturday in Mary's honor, attributed to her intercession his call to the foreign missions, began his great Mississippi expedition under the auspices of the Immaculate Conception and promised to give the great river that name, should he discover it, as also to give the same name to the Illinois Mission, which he hoped would be the fruit of the expedition. In his last illness and death his devotion to Our Lady was everywhere in evidence and his last words were, "Mother of God, remember me!"

As explorer and missionary, Father Marquette has

achieved, then, a repute which grows with the years. In his distinctly human aspects, as a man among men, he comes before us as a most engaging figure. The city of Ludington, Michigan, on the site of which Marquette died, stages annually an impressive Marquette pageant, the libretto of which is the work of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kansas City, Missouri, the Rt. Rev. Robert Nelson Spencer. The invitation which the city extends to the public, far and near, to attend the pageant, stresses the appeal of Marquette as "a man." The appeal is solidly rooted in fact. "Over him through the centuries," says Dr. Milo Milton Quaife, eminent non-Catholic historian of the Middle West, "hovers that indefinable quality which we designate as charm; without it one may win fame indeed, but not the love of mankind." Marquette was worthy of the tribute.



That an humble, self-effacing Catholic missionary should centuries after his demise continue to awaken a popular sentiment which may not incorrectly be designated as love, is a phenomenon which calls for explanation. The explanation is obviously to be sought in Marquette's character, in the personal traits through which he revealed himself to associates and friends. The records that afford any information under this head bring before us the figure of a genial, attractive, human-hearted man, who loved much and was loved much in return. He was but two years on the missions when his Superior, Father Le Mercier, described him to the Jesuit General as being "highly acceptable to the Indians by reason of his wonderfully winning ways." "The Kiskakon Indians," wrote another Superior, "loved him tenderly." It was a band of these Indians

who, a few years after his death, disinterred his remains with loving care and bore them in solemn convoy to a more worthy resting place at St. Ignace in Michigan. One of the most striking pieces of evidence for Marquette's capacity to win people's affection is furnished by the conduct of the two voyageurs who accompanied him in his journey to the Illinois and ministered tenderly to him in his last moments. Few passages in missionary records are more touching than those in Father Dablon's account which picture to us the affectionate care lavished on the dying Marquette by these men. "They were so overcome by sadness that, as they afterwards said, they did not know what they were doing."

The "charm" which thus hovers over Marquette in the great tradition in which his memory is preserved may thus be traced to the felt attractiveness of his humanly engaging and winning personality. Daring explorer, ardent missionary, admirable man, he is on all counts an inspiring figure in history and one to which the American public may well turn in these hectic days to pay a tribute of tercentenary honors.

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 on his way to Sittee River Settlement, one of the smaller stations attended by the American Jesuits who have their headquarters at Stann Creek.—*Editor.*

WHEN we got to the Sittee River we had our first bit of trouble; we lost more than half an hour trying to pick our way around the snags to get into the river. The Sittee is a fine stream of good width and depth. Along its winding shores as we moved a bit southwest we saw many neat homes and had glimpses of good ranchos. When we came to the dock at the Church of St. Bernard, Sittee Settlement, there was not a human being in sight. The place was as deserted as if nobody lived there, yet we had sent notice a week before that we would arrive on Saturday afternoon. We asked two or three little boys who came from nowhere, what had become of the people. They informed us that some had gone for the mail to Riversdale, and less definitely, that others had "gone for a walk." But while personal friends were not there, there were insect enemies by the millions; the sandflies were simply intolerable.

The school master, P. Arzu, returned from Riversdale about six o'clock, but it was only that afternoon at Riversdale that in the mail he had received our notice of a visit. So we smiled and tried to make the best of it. At the evening devotions there were only eight persons present and we found that no provisions were made to give the Fathers anything to eat. But this was an old story for Father Halligan, and from a box on the *Teresita* he drew our food supply for our stay at Sittee. After our repast, we had calls from some of the absentees; there were some to be married, and there were some to be baptized. Later in the evening I called several of the men and told them that they ought for decency's sake to see to it that when the Father came to minister to their spiritual needs the people should at least furnish him with meals during his stay. They gave me their word that I would never have to make such a complaint again.

THE sandflies made the night a torture and it was small comfort to think that other people were bitten as well as myself. But with the morning came a good breeze and the pests were blown away. There was



Bishop Murphy and his guides at a difficult passage on one of the hinterland rivers of British Honduras.

a good congregation present for the Mass; thirteen received Confirmation. I said some words of encouragement to the people, asking them to be especially careful for the training of their children and for their attendance at school. At half past nine, Father Halligan and I set off for Stann Creek. It was a beautiful day and the river was looking its best. We found it easier to get out of the river than it had been to get into it the day before. The day was warm but there was a pleasant breeze blowing and the *Teresita* landed us at Stann Creek at half past twelve. We had made the run in about three hours. In the evening Messrs. Metzgen and Buller were our guests, and after dinner we had a good long talk about Stann Creek and its prospects. The District Commissioner had some very fine plans for the betterment of the town and the comfort of its citizens. He is certainly proving himself a good successor to Stann Creek's former District Commissioner, Mr. Wyatt.

ON the sixteenth of March the school children, according to custom, gave a reception to the Bishop. The program gave a chance for every class to do its part in song, in drill and in recitations. It was amusing to me to hear the Carib girls singing "Molly Malone"—and they sang it very well. I thanked the children for their welcome and told them how much they owed to the good Sisters of the Holy Family who had given up everything to devote themselves to the Christian education of the children of Stann Creek. I praised the children for the good reports that had been given to me of their school work, and their general deportment, and I gave them the afternoon as a holiday.

I made arrangements to return to Belize on Tuesday, the Feast of St. Patrick. The *Sarawee* heading into a stiff breeze made the trip in five hours and considering the strength of the wind that she had to fight against, it was a good record.

On the twentieth I was again the guest of Mr. Hunter on his good boat the *Heron H.* and everything was done for my comfort on the trip to Punta Gorda to visit Father Tenk, S.J., and his co-workers. (*To be continued.*)

Sisters of Our Lady of the Snow

Mary Fanning

LET me tell you the story of some, who like the knights of King Arthur, are in quest of an ideal—not the imaginary Holy Grail, but the King of kings Himself—and these are members of the Community of Eskimo Sisters, called the Sisters of Our Lady of the Snow.

History. Always the cry of the Jesuits in the Frozen North has been: "More souls for Christ!" and always in the realization of this purpose—they have had to battle with evil on the left—and on the right. The Eskimos, to whom they have given their lives for Christ's sake—are a problem in themselves. Unlike the inhabitants of the countries of China, India and Japan, they have no ancestry for reference, but were no more than savages, without any moral or spiritual laws, until the missionaries came. With their coming, the future of this race began to look a little more promising, but it was a work which was being accomplished at the price of untold sufferings, of days of strain and nights of worry, trials of all sorts, and, not least of all, great financial difficulties. There was very much to be done and very few to do it. Who or what would help to solve the difficulties?

THE idea of helpers, or catechists, presented itself to the mind of Father John P. Fox, S.J., while stationed at Kashunak from 1928 to 1930. He began to train a group of girls with the intention in mind of turning their efforts to the instruction of the natives in catechism, in caring for the altars, to be useful as interpreters, and as housekeepers for the various missions. However, many obstacles came in his way, as these catechists were not obligated by vows—hence no stability,—and there was a lack of financial help which made matters worse. His efforts to train them seemed almost vain, because, one by one, as they were trained—"walked with him no more." Then the idea of Sisters came to him, but his work in this affair was interrupted for the next year, as he had to go outside. When Father Fox came back in 1931, his idea was centered on the thought of a native Sisterhood.

The beginning, although a small one, was a good one. Anny Sippary, who had taken care of the catechists during Father's absence, now had the opportunity to make a still bigger sacrifice, and she did. One of the catechists wanted to be a Sister, but it was not until five days



His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., with Father John P. Fox, S.J., and the Community of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Snow at Hooper Bay, Alaska.

before the day set for the receiving of the habit that Anny Sippary finally decided to join. She was chosen as Superior. This was July 31, 1932. On September 22, 1932, Father Fox arrived with two candidates from Holy Cross, and three from Akulurak. Another catechist, who was housekeeper for Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., also joined. With the exception of three who died, the Community now numbers seven. On September 24, 1933, approbation of the Sisterhood was given by the Bishop of Alaska.

THE Purpose. The end and aim of all Religious Communities is (1) to sanctify its members, and (2) work for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

(1) Sanctification of its members. The SOS have a regular order every day with the exception of occasional holidays. By this approved and regular order of prayer and the sacraments, other religious exercises, and the daily duties, each one strives to make her soul pleasing to God. But the greatest means are their holy vows: poverty, chastity and obedience.

(2) For Christ and Souls. Their work among the natives is teaching catechism and caring for those who are ill. They also have charge of the duties of sacristans and housekeepers, and started three mission schools.

Their dress. The Sisters wear a dark dress with a white cross on the arm to mark them as the bearers of the Cross of Christ. The veil is black and a white coif beneath; the collar is white and soft; also, there is a rosary attached to their belt, and a crucifix suspended about the neck.

The SOS are human as well as (Turn to page 139)

My Beehive in the Shadow

Joseph Messner, S.J.

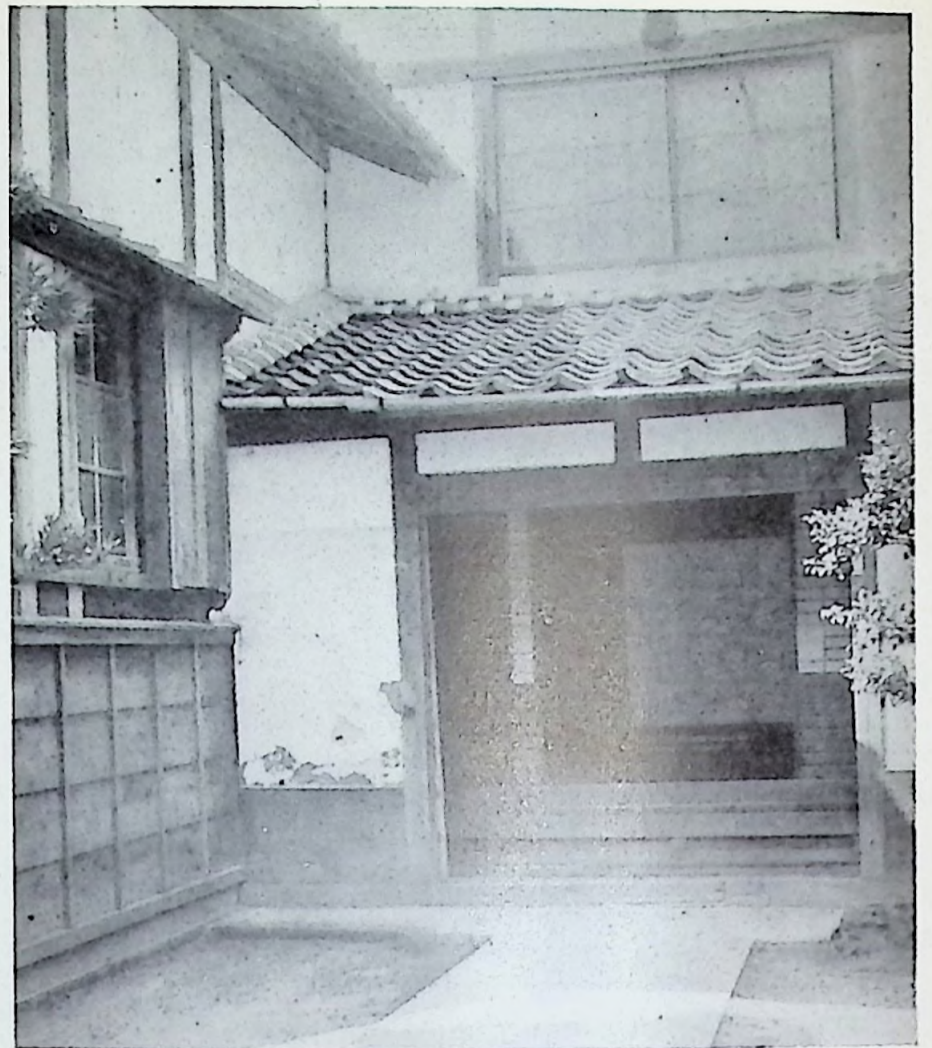
SOMETIMES when I read the letters of my benefactors I get the impression that they think my Tottori *Kyokai* (mission station), Higashimachi, Japan, is a lonely and completely isolated spot where the missionary is dying of boredom. How different is the reality! Rather it is like the busy beehive where the bees constantly buzz in and out. But it seems that it is only to carry away honey that these bees come, for it is few who bring anything. But that does not trouble the missionary: he is there to give.

I would like to tell you something now of the life in this beehive. I will begin with the bright side, that is to say, with those who come to give me something. Hardly have I the doors and windows open in the morning when along comes the newsboy, all out of breath, and with a graceful gesture throws my newspaper through the window. He wants me to have the latest news of the world before me on the breakfast table. That this news is not always the most pleasant is not his fault.

On his heels comes the milk boy. He is not so rushed, for he is not tied to time like the newspaper men. He comes leisurely and puts the bottle of milk in the basket by the door, which the milk suppliers have placed there with the striking legend, "Best Milk."

As I sit quietly at my breakfast I hear a shout through the paper panels of my sliding doors: "*Yubin, Yubin!*" ("The Post, the Post!"). Apart from the days when this honorable gentleman brings me my bills (which, by the way, I am not able to pay) I look forward with eagerness to his visit. Alas! You never can tell when a bill is going to arrive. Only for them the postman's voice would give me much greater pleasure. But when I hear his "*Yubin, Yubin*" at midday, it is a particularly pleasant sound for me. For that means that some kind patron of the missions has sent me some money for the building of the "St. Theresa's Home" for Japanese children which I have planned. The money always comes with the midday post—money which I sorely need. Would that the postman came only at that time!

WHEN the sun stands high in the heavens, Mrs. Pine-root arrives, pushing her wheelbarrow with a tower of boxes and baskets crammed full with tidbits of all descriptions: lily roots, radishes, onions, lotus leaves, lotus stems, chestnuts and heaven knows what! The *obasan* (my cook) goes out to her and then begins the bargaining. A gallant fight for the variation of my fare. When that is over it is only beginning to get lively. Mrs. Pine-root must recount all her experiences and gossiping on her way through the city. I really believe



This is where you enter "My Beehive in the Shadow."

they would never make an end of it if through concern for the business of Mrs. Pine-root I did not call in my cook and mercilessly put an end to their conversational meanderings.

The whole morning I can hear the cry: "*Okusan, Okusan!*" It is the peasant woman and girls from the neighboring villages trying to get me to buy their potatoes, rice, cabbage and even flowers. Mingled with this, "*Gomen kudasai!*" rings out in the nasal Korean accent. Korean peddlers are trying to sell their homemade brushes and brooms.

Often I hear little bells ringing, as if a priest were passing by to visit a sick man. But it is Buddhist pilgrims who have come to my door by mistake. They want to invoke the blessing of Heaven on me by chanting a litany of good wishes. But on seeing me they stand as if struck by lightning and take to their heels like the "old boy" before holy water.

MY neighbor, the Protestant minister, also has already visited me and invited me to have a cup of coffee with him. But I must say I have not as yet taken advantage of the invitation. The Rector of another Protestant church in Tottori came to visit me, too, and wanted me to teach him German so that he could read the works of the Protestant theologian, Karl Barth, in the original language. Alas! I had to refuse his request also. Certainly my *Kyokai* is nothing if not a beehive. Innumerable directors, professors, doctors and lady doctors have endeavored and are still endeavoring to make my acquaintance. They want to brush up their English and German cheaply. But only a dozen or so university students have wrung a couple of hours a week from me for this purpose.

If one judged by the number of visitors and the number of requests that I get, then I am one of the most important people in Tottori. Once a fire has broken out or a flood has taken place or a boys' club is thinking of getting a new flag, whenever a school or a library is to be built, then I can lay a wager that number 105 Higashimachi Cho will not be overlooked.

DOES anyone pass by my door without knocking? Not the secondary school teacher who wants me to give him the essentials of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; nor the student who is very anxious to get a position as interpreter in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and for that reason wants me to write in an application in faultless German for him. Somebody else wishes to get a German periodical regularly to perfect his knowledge of German. I procured the "Feuerreiter" for him (The "Feuerreiter" is a German Catholic illustrated weekly). An emeritus professor was inconsolable because I was not able to get him a Greek edition of the Book of Daniel; a poor relief officer wants Christian helpers for his social work. He knows that they will be tireless workers. A student wants remedies for his uncle's many ills. He confuses apparently *Tenrikyo* (a new Buddhist sect which specializes in healing sickness) with *Tenshu-*

kio (Roman Catholic Church). Children from the neighboring school want to borrow some clothes for a theatrical performance; a wandering artist presents recommendations from several notable personages and asserts that he has always been received in an especially friendly manner by the Catholic *simpus* (priest). He says he will sketch my countenance, together with my venerable beard for 2½ d.; an idealistic minstrel insists on my giving him lessons in singing (I can't find a way out—not even my awful voice). He stubbornly insists that he has heard me singing in the woods—as if I were capable of rising to such heights!

OFTEN enough the police put in an appearance and put me under a thorough examination. They have their headquarters opposite to my *Kyokai*. "The 'dangerous ideas' of Bolshevism," so must they think, "so easily haunt the minds of foreigners, and who knows whether this Blackrobe opposite may not also be infected by them." To this day no one has been able to discover any "Red" thoughts in my head.

Here comes the wife of a bank director. She has for-

gotten her English which she learnt at school. Now she wants to send her old school mistress New Year's greetings. Of course, she must write in English or her late mistress would feel deeply insulted. And I have to step into the breach and compose a New Year's wish in the best style. Oh, my poor English! After her a novelist. He wants to borrow a French-Japanese dictionary, as he would like to flavor his latest book with some French phrases. A reporter of a new evening paper comes to ask for a short article of congratulation to celebrate the close of the first year of issue. If I care to pay my subscription for the next three years, my article will be given a place immediately after that of the Major. The young man is really too kind.

And all the time there is the endless procession of



His Excellency, Bishop John Ross, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, Japan, with Father Joseph Messner, S.J., and a Confirmation Class at Tottori.

the unemployed, of needy travelers whose money has long since vanished, of sick and of poor whose number is daily increasing. Thank God, others besides these come too. Protestants and pagans, who like St. Augustine feel that their hearts will never rest content except in God. Like the young man in the Gospel they ask: "What must I do, that I may have life everlasting?" Many have to make great and sometimes very great sacrifices before they find the strength to take the decisive step. Many, too, alas, "go away sorrowful." Yet, often enough the seed, after being long regarded as dead, bears fruit unexpectedly after months or even years.

OCCASIONALLY, it becomes particularly lively in my beehive. Then it is all too small. When Tottori is selected as the place of reunion of the missionaries, the *Kyokai* resembles nothing less than a scene from "Wallenstein's Lager." From all sides my brother missionaries come. We exchange views, anecdotes and experiences. But these precious days pass by all too quickly. When the Bishop himself comes it is truly a time of joy and celebration for my flock and for myself.

Santal Nectar

John A. Kilian, S.J.

Father Kilian, after spending thirteen years of energetic apostolic work in Patna Mission, India, has been recalled to the United States in order to look after the work of raising necessary funds for the work in Patna. He has been appointed Mission Procurator of the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus. His headquarters are now at 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois.—*Editor.*

WHEN I met you in New York City before hurrying westwards to Chicago to take up my new job as Mission Procurator for Patna, you reminded me that I was also Associate Editor of the *JESUIT MISSIONS* and, consequently, expected me to write a page now and then for the mouthpiece of the *Foreign Missions*. So, here it goes.

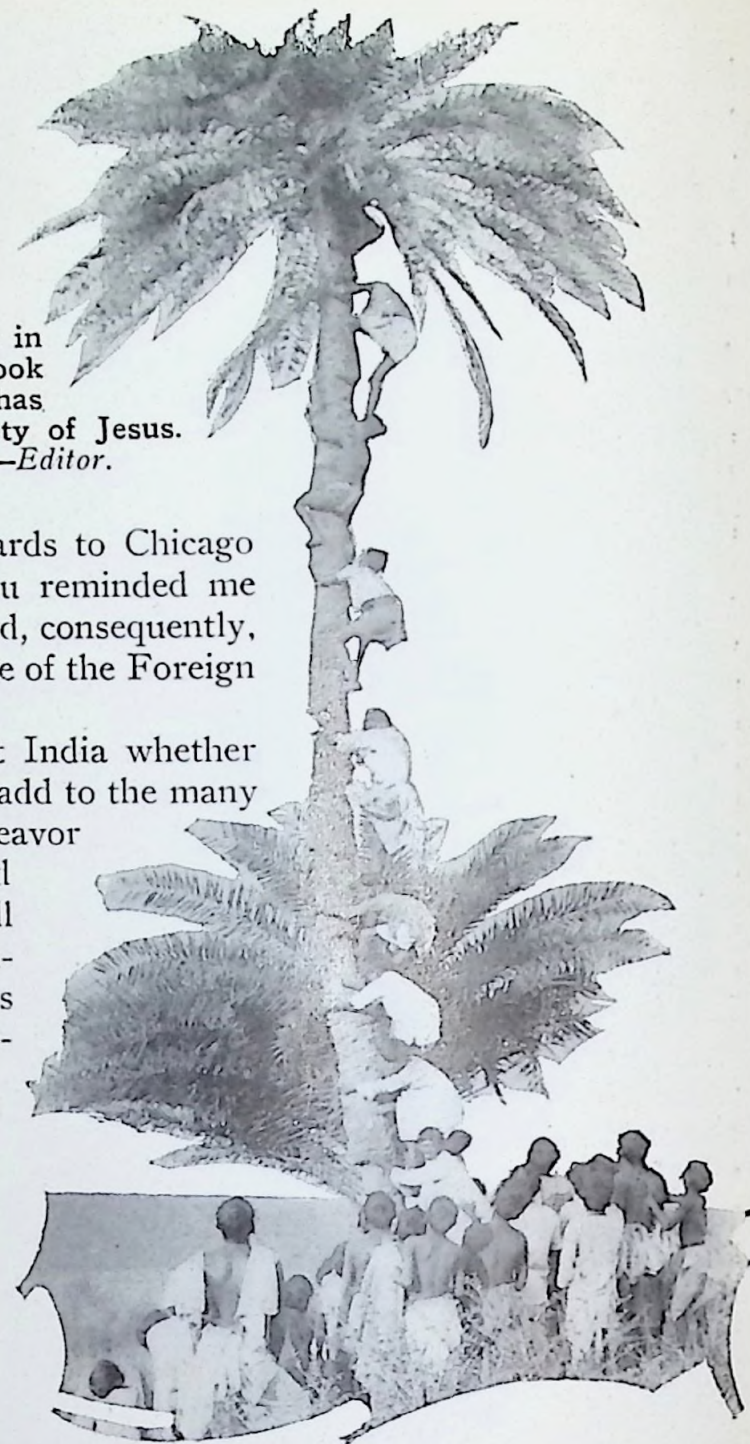
I have often been asked by the audiences to which I lectured about India whether the natives have any kind of intoxicating drinks. They have, and to add to the many other difficulties which the missionary has to contend with in his endeavor to convert a pagan race, these spirituous liquors are both plentiful and cheap. They are of two kinds, fermented and distilled. First of all there is the fermented rice beer which constitutes not only an essential element of every nuptial celebration, but at other times also upsets the normal life of the lower caste people and of the otherwise peace-loving aboriginal.

Let me confine my few rambling remarks to the Santals among whom I labored for nearly seven years. About the middle of January they celebrate the Sorai festival which has two octaves: one preceding and the other following the big day. During this period of universal rejoicing the missionary is doomed to an enforced two weeks' indoor holiday. To sally forth and preach to the merry-makers a doctrine that imposes self-restraint and moderation would be to meet only with cold indifference or, if a village has already yielded to the irresistible attractions of this heavenly nectar, the missionary might even find himself the object of dangerous, amorous wooing and revolting familiarity. Under such circumstances it is much more prudent for him to abscond to his mud home, warm a soda parlor chair, if he can boast of such a luxury, and regale the folks in the homeland with laughable anecdotes and thrilling episodes. Far and wide over the sweeping rice fields and wooded hilltops, in the far-flung villages and ancestral groves, men and women and children alike,—I speak only of the pagans, of course,—give themselves up to unrestrained amusements and interminable dances. These dances, often rhythmically beautiful but more often obscene, are lashed into greater fury by the maddening beat of deep-voiced drums and the lascivious tunes of mellow flutes and clanging cymbals. The swirling gyrations of young and old are interrupted only long enough to down another cupful. As the night progresses and the early morning hours dawn, one by one drop off to peaceful sleep only to rise again after a few hours to continue the debauching orgies. Unfortunately, every house seems to have an inexhaustible supply of this intoxicating beverage and hence the festivities proceed until the last dreg is drained.

BUT the Sorai festival is not the only occasion when Mr. and Mrs. Santal are deaf to religious instruction. At weddings, nativities and funerals the pagan Santal is

equally unapproachable. If none of these momentous happenings occur in his own village, he is sure to hear of a near or distant relative who has had joy or sorrow enter his home. He is all the more inclined to hit the road if his own home is innocently destitute of rice or corn and his shrunken stomach revolts against Nature. And so, off goes Mr. Vagabond in search of food and drink and to contribute his share to the festive celebrations. This is particularly true of the "off season" when he has nothing to sow or reap or repair. God had gifted him with a pair of good walking pegs and so distance means nothing to him. A forty or fifty mile hike over dusty roads and jungle stretches means nothing to him, certainly not until he has over-stepped the half century mile post of his earthly career. Alas! how often was I not told by a sincere catechumen, ready to receive the cleansing waters of Baptism: "Wait a little while yet, Father; I want to celebrate just *once more* and then I'll come for Baptism. Yes sir, Father, then I'll be done with the pagans and with devil worship. Just once more." What are you going to do about it? He is and isn't a bullock that you can coerce.

So much about the unfermented rice beer and its destructive influences. But the natives also have another



The palm tree "speak-easy" where the native secures his drink:—fifty-three per cent alcoholic content.

drink that is far worse, though fortunately less common and more expensive. It is *daru* or the distilled nectar of the *mahuwa* blossom and fruit. Government has strictly forbidden its private preparation in the dark recesses of the Santal home, but every bazaar or local market place, to which the people flock twice a week to procure a little pepper and salt and oil, reeks with its disgusting odor. Not much is required to put a man under. An *anna's* worth will deprive the client of all his earthly woes and worries for twelve hours or send him stumbling and carolling about in the wee hours of the night to the delight of a sleepless village, the mirth of a band of village youngsters and the helpless annoyance of the resident missionary. Just as likely as not, such a jovial itinerant is apt to blow into your open house, rouse you from slumber, and tell you what a fine fellow you are, how intensely desirous he is of becoming one of your flock, etc., etc. Prudence is the better part of valor. You turn a deaf ear to all his ravings, and roll over on the other ear, or hie yourself to a deserted cow stable. If nothing helps and your friend does not depart of his own accord after an hour's soliloquy, you lead him kindly and gently with a lot of cajoling to another domicile, inhabited by goats and pigs or, for want of more companionable associates, to a well where you administer a baptism without the sacrament. Left alone at the well, he will sooner or later succumb to sleep and next morning you will find your "sincere recruit" decamped.

FINALLY, there is a third choice of alcoholic drinks of which the native, mostly the Hindu,—can and does avail himself. It is the delicious fruit of the date and toddy palm. These palms frequently grow to a height of some twenty, thirty or forty feet. Up in the huge umbrella-shaped top, a branch is lopped off, an earthen pot suspended thereto and the precious liquor allowed to trickle in. You may call these trees a "licit bar" if the owner of the tree is on the watch, or the "speak-easies" of the thirsty villagers when the bartender is asleep. The tap has no particular locking device. However, ordinarily the consumer does not climb the smooth and polished bark. A professional climber, stripped to the waist, equipped with a closed band of rope or cane attached to his ankles, to keep them from spreading beyond the girth of the tree, and lastly armed with a sharp hooked knife, shinnies up to the top, amputates a branch and then ties a pot to the bleeding limb. He then collects the dangling jugs filled with golden wine about him and descends to his waiting customers. But let me describe his fog-like ascent a little more accurately. Here he comes. He approaches the tree, adjusts his two feet, encircled by the band of cane, hugs

the tree above his head with a firm embrace and then draws his two legs after him. When he tires one-half or two-thirds of the way up to his destination, he rests like a contented frog until he has stored up enough energy to do the remainder. His wages seldom amount to little more than a stolen drink up among the cluster of leaves and the few branches he lops off. These serve him to thatch his ancestral roof and to surround his domicile with a fan-like hedge to keep out stray jackals, pariah dogs and curious eyes.

And what does this delicious beverage look and taste like, I seem to hear you ask. That's a hard question to answer as I have never tasted it myself though I have

more than once been overcome by its suffocating loudness. Before I went to India in 1923, I often inhaled the sickening fumes of a chemistry laboratory, but I cannot remember an odor, no matter how nauseating, that could compare with the strength of this intoxicant. Its smell is neither unadulterated sweetness nor galling sourness nor rancid pungency. It's all combined into one as far as I could make out. Before the rays of the morning sun have touched the frothing jug, the juice is sweet and harmless, so I was told. You may believe it or not,—but let it stand for an hour or two and then an army of Missouri mules would be shamed to death by its kick.

SO much then for the question: "Have you also alcoholic drinks in India?" I did not tell you, of course, what the English Planter, the Factory Managers and domiciled Britishers have for drink. Theirs is bottled and comes from abroad. Nor did I tell you what the missionary indulges in besides a stimulating cup of coffee or tea. It isn't worth the

telling. Every river and village well is open to his approach. Sometimes the water is crystal pure and fairly cool, but often, too, goats and cows and buffalos have first cooled themselves during the hot hours of the day in its limpid innocence.

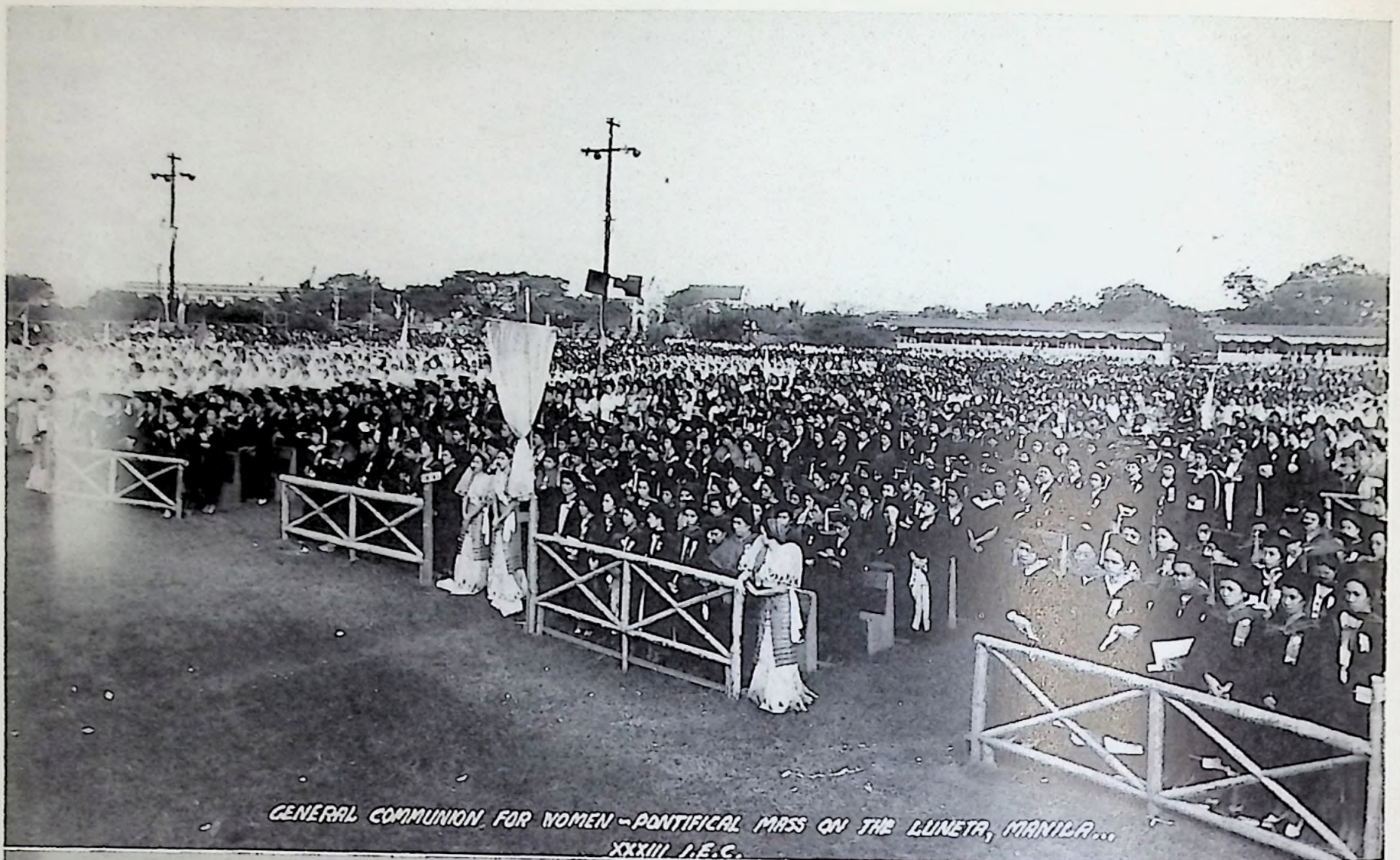
I have touched on a rather dark side of Indian life. My next attempt will deal with a brighter phase and give you some idea of the stern, good qualities of a loveable people. India also has redeeming features, qualities of mind and soul that can equal the best in the U. S. A. But we shall discuss this some other time.

Then, too, you must not forget the fortitude that is needed by our new Christians in India. Not only is this necessary for ordinary Catholic life there, as it is everywhere, but our converts stand in special need of it because they face bitter persecution,—not only in words, but even in physical violence. This will help you appreciate, too, what heroic struggles have gone into the work of advancing the growth of the Church in Patna Mission, India.

COMPLAINT TO MARY

La Verne Wilhelm, S.J.

Mary, I have longed
To be in some small way
Another Gabriel.
Each time that I have heard
The Angelus bell,
I've thought perhaps
That words of mine in days
To come, might ring like his
In sweet, unending praise
Of you. And yet I've felt
That had I Gertrude's heart
Or strong Teresa's love,
All of Bernard's art
Of words, I could not tell
One half of what my soul
In one small ray of prayer
Has seen unroll.
For glimpsing you has been
A vista on a sea
In which Creating Love
Was mirrored endlessly.
And I have wondered why
God gave this grace to me,
And left me all aflame
With love that cannot be
Put into words. Except,
That knowing all, He knows
The greatest poems are those
Which simple hearts aspire
To write in words of fire.



Women's Day Mass at the International Eucharistic Congress, Manila, Thursday, February 4, 6:30 A.M., was an overwhelming success and a convincing proof of the piety and fervor which is engraved in the hearts of all truly Catholic women, old and young, women of the Brown, White and Yellow Race, women from every walk of life.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

As was only to be expected, numerous comments have reached us in regard to the identity of the author of "Al Baghdadi," Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., and in particular in regard

WHO'S WHO IN AL BAGHDADI

to his nationality. Playing safe we wrote and asked him to compose his own Who's Who. Here it is: "You say you are stumped as to the nationality of my name, and suggest that I might be able to throw some light on the matter. I can do better than that. I can tell you that the man who guessed it to be Hungarian hit the nail on the head. My father was born in Budapest, emigrated to the States with his parents at the age of ten, settled down and was naturalized in Defiance, Ohio, where he married my mother, whose parents were French Canadians who had come from Canada. He died when I was three, and not long after the family wound up in Cleveland. Do you think you can get all that into 'Whose Zoo'? If not, maybe this will help. I once came across a newspaper account of some Hungarian count whose name was Madarasz. Whether that z was on the end of my name originally I cannot say: the thought that there might be millions back in Hungary waiting for a claimant was never able to stir me into sufficient activity to search for the missing z, although it was not improbable that my father or his family found that final letter an unnecessary encumbrance and something of a puzzle to Americans, and decided therefore to drop it." Copies of "Al Baghdadi" may be purchased from Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., price \$2.50 per copy.

On the simple supposition that one Catholic in this year of 1937 was to convert one non-Catholic to the Church of Christ, and that in the following year, 1938, these two Catholics were

THE GRACE OF GOD MARCHES ON

each to account for two more converts, one apiece, and that in the third successive year in 1939 these four Catholics should convert four more, and so on, the work of converting the world to the Church of Christ would be over in a single lifetime. For on that supposition, our missionaries who dream dreams have computed the following interesting data: the orthodox Catholics in the world today would all be Roman Catholics by the Spring of 1955; Jews would be converted by 1961; Shintoists by 1962; the various miscellaneous creeds by 1963; the Protestants by the Church Unity Octave of 1964; the Animists by the Spring of 1964; the Buddhists by the Lent of 1965; the Hindus by Easter of 1965; Mohammedans by the Fall of 1965; and Confucianists by the Winter of 1965. Were one's ambitions to be measured by continents, then on that same supposition already stated, Australia would be entirely Catholic by 1960; Africa by 1964; the two Americas by 1965; Europe by 1966; and Asia by 1967. In other words, some bright morning in 1968, the relatives and friends of our American Jesuit missionaries would awaken to the tune of a radio message from Propagation of the Faith headquarters announcing the final establishment of the Catholic world and calling all missionaries home.

The ingenuity of the author of "Al Baghdadi" has been so often lauded that we feel bound in conscience to offer a slight testimonial of the same. Wherefore, we cull from Number 14 in the "Al Baghdadi," pages 307 to 333,

THE FINE ART OF CAPTIONS

the following captions with which this versatile Padre caps his topics. In order the captions run as follows: Citations, Exculpation, Perspiration, Elucidation, Mitigation, Preparation, Peregrination, Observation, Imperturbation, Initiation, Justification, Cross-Examination, Trepidation, Enumeration, Approbation, Occupation, Revelation, Navigation, Habitation, Calculation, Expectation, Consolation, Recreation, Reparation, Commendation, Civilization, Examination, Spoliation,

Misinformation, Celebration, Hesitation, Lamentation, Quotation, Appreciation, Termination. If that doesn't give you Palpitation, what will?

Drinks in India are given somewhat less than an honorable mention by Father John A. Kilian, S.J., who has just returned to the United States, in his article, "Santal Nectar" printed on page 122 of this current issue. While not

SANTAL NECTAR

necessary, it may not be inadvisable here to note that such intimate reflections on native customs as are here offered are given to our readers not from any fascination for the merely strange, but as a background for an intellectual estimate of the mission problem. It is not a pleasant spectacle for anybody to see or even to read about temples of the Living God, be they White or Black, Brown, Red or Yellow, defiled by alcoholic debauchery. Habitues, as is always the case where there is an established sensual habit, are never one hundred per cent efficient. While it is not our purpose to inter-relate scientifically the connection between the physiological and the spiritual, the fact remains that the alcoholic habitue on or, for that matter, off the mission field lessens his standards of resistance both physically and morally and as a result is, to say the least, a problem on the hands of the missionary that calls for much persevering prayer.

Father Kilian was high in his praise of the North German Lloyd. "Naturally," he said, "my two mission journeys to India and back have given me opportunity to travel on different trans-

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

Atlantic lines. I was delighted with the service given me on every line, but the prize goes to the North German Lloyd. No sooner had I boarded the *SS. Europa* than a steward approached me to ascertain whether I was a Catholic priest. I was. My baggage disappeared as if by magic. I was ushered through endless passageways from Tourist to First Class and shown the most beautifully decorated little altar that a priest could desire. Here I sang High Mass on the eve of Washington's Birthday. My obliging steward was the sacristan and organist who would have done justice to a big parish church in New York City. His playing, serving and singing merit my highest praise. When I left the *Europa* and once more stood on *terra firma* I was again captured, this time by a Mr. Frisse of the Clerical Department of the North German Lloyd who helped me through Customs. This courtesy and service continued from the beginning of my trip to the end. All success and blessings to the *Europa* and the North German Lloyd."

Through the ravages of atheistic Communism, Russia has become today a more tragic spectacle than any sector of the mission world. The all-seeing eye of Christ's Vicegerent recognizes this fact and hastens to assure "the

RUSSIA

real Russian people" of his paternal sympathy. In the Official Abstract of his Encyclical on Atheistic Communism, issued to the press at Vatican City on March 18, His Holiness distinguishes for them the real object of his criticism: "In making these observations it is no part of our intention to condemn en masse the peoples of the Soviet Union. For them we cherish the warmest paternal affection. We are well aware that not a few of them groan beneath the yoke imposed on them by men who in a very large part are strangers to the real interests of the country. We recognize many others have been deceived by these fallacious hopes. We blame only the system with its authors and abettors, who considered Russia the best-prepared field for experimenting with a plan elaborated decades ago, and who from there continue to spread it from one end of the world to the other."

Mariamamma Keeps House

John G. Lange, S. J.

The Author, an American Jesuit of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus, is teaching at St. Joseph's College, Trincomalie, Ceylon. In the present article, which will be continued next month, he gives an intimate account of life in a Catholic family among the fisher folk of Ceylon. You will follow with interest the story of Mariamma, the devoted mother of the large, happy household.—*Editor.*

THE first signs of a new day begin to appear out over the restless ocean, lighting up the frothy white-caps, and soon a few bars of golden light streak across the banks of cloud low on the eastern horizon. The graceful fronds of the cocoanut trees are edged with light. Shadows are visible in the dark waters of the lagoon. The bats and other flying and creeping creatures that infest the mysterious legions of carrion crows set up a chorus of noisy cawing. Village pariah dogs at last cease their nocturnal howling and settle down to thieve and sleep.

All these things serve as a kind of great natural alarm clock for Mariamma. She rises from her bed on the floor, rolls up the coverlet inside of the straw mat upon which she has been sleeping, and deposits her "bed" unobtrusively in a corner. The early morning is a bit chilly, so she throws a shawl over her shoulders, and allows her long hair to hang. She recollects that this is Monday morning, and the *Swami* (Priest) will not come to the little church for Mass. So she kneels piously in the midst of her sleeping brood, before a little picture of *Jesunather Swami* (the Lord Jesus), and prays fervently with outstretched palms for grace and strength to guide her large family through another day.

THAT finished, she bends over and lays a hand on the shoulder of *Appu* (Daddy) Saverirajah, to summon him to his fishing net, and administers a maternal kick to Rajah, her eldest boy, whose services are needed for fetching firewood and water. Both of these go through the same procedure as Mariamma herself. *Appu* likewise shakes out his long hair (nearly as long and beautiful as his wife's), but, as he must have protection against the morning dews and damps on the lagoon, he binds it into a compact knot, or *konde*, at the back of his head, and twists a *talappah* (turban) about his head. Ordinarily Rajah and the other boys would have long hair, but since they attend the English school, they have adopted English customs, and get a "crop" every three weeks.

Mariamamma already has a fire going in the back part of the house, where, in the middle of the floor there is a shallow pit of plastered brick. While the smoke wanders about looking for the opening in the roof where



The Author, John G. Lange, S.J., takes a ride à la Ceylon. Do you think he looks comfortable?

it finds its exit, the housewife bends over a large earthen pot kneading the morning "hoppers." She has mixed rice flour, grated cocoanut, cocoanut milk, salt and water, with whatever other ingredient her culinary instincts may suggest, into a kind of Ceylonese rendition of the American flapjack. The result is a rather flat mealy cake, nicely browned on one side, and fringed with a crisp brown collar. Another pot, containing water and a handful of tea, is simmering on the edge of the fire. Perhaps there may be some curds, but usually the board would be restricted to these two courses.

By this time Rajah, having finished his simple task of furnishing wood and water, is joined by his two brothers next in size to himself, Singham and Sinappu (Lee and Paul), and the three are enjoying their bath at the well. The bucket dips repeatedly into the open well, at the end of a long sweep or pole balanced in turn on a tall arm. They drench themselves liberally in the cool water, from head to foot, and without any coaxing. They polish their teeth with charcoal, grinding the chips into powder, and rubbing it with the finger. Then off they go, Rajah to drive Mariamma's five goats to pasture, and the other two to perform a like office for the cows of Proctor Thurairajahsingham, the wealthy landlord whose property adjoins theirs.

SEBAMALAI, the eldest daughter, has risen and is occupied with the task of attending to the babies, Pushpam and Annamma (Little Flower and Anna), the two girls, and Thirunavakarasu, an adopted waif, the Benjamin of the tribe and the terror of the household—a diminutive little bundle of stark-naked fury, clothed only with a thin silver-plated waist band grown tight about a round protruding tummy. The trio are washed, their faces powdered, and all alike are clothed in loose, sashless dresses. Thirunavakarasu usually starts the day that way, thanks to the educated solicitude of his big sister, but as the day wears on, native simplicity rebels against the unnatural burden, and it comes off.

(To be continued)

MISSIONS WITHOUT MISSIONARIES

The Mission Intention for May

BECAUSE the title of this month's Mission Intention may appear paradoxical to the literal minded, let us hasten to vindicate and explain both the title and the intention which it summarizes. In the first place, that there are missions without missionaries is a fact, a tragic fact due to a variety of causes. There are entire territories where missionaries are forbidden to enter, among which may be mentioned Afghanistan, Arabia, Greenland, Bhutan, a native state in the eastern part of the Himalayan Mountains between British India and Tibet, Sikkim, an independent state in northeastern India, between Nepal and Bhutan, the five unfederated states of the Malay Peninsula under the British Protectorate, Nepal, Outer Mongolia, Tibet and, of course, the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics.

To those may be added a second class of mission territories in which all evangelization or religious propaganda is prohibited by the laws of the state. In this category we may place part of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. There are whole sections of Palestine, Transjordan, Turkey, Mohammedan Syria, Iraq and Persia, where evangelization can take place only with the greatest difficulty. Finally, in an ignominious category by itself, there is Mexico, where, despite protestations of American newspapers to the contrary, there still stands as a definite challenge to their shameless chicanery the fact that the Gospel of Jesus Christ may not be preached. If to the foregoing we add the regions in both Americas, in Africa, in Asia and in Oceania, where, because of a dearth of missionaries no one has ever heralded the glad tidings of the Kingdom of God on earth, we may say that, according to the *Guida della Missioni*, 1935 (page 115), more than 275,000,000 souls are still seated in darkness and the shadow of death.

Outstanding, of course, in this list of territories unfederated with the Church of Christ except by Concordats of doubtful value to the cause of religion are three countries most in need of our prayers today, namely, Russia, Spain and Mexico. In regard to Russia, His Holiness has seen fit once more to raise his voice both in excoriation of Communism and in protest against atheism. In the printed text issued to the press at Vatican City on March 18, we read the following:

"In such a doctrine, (that of Communism) as is evident there is no room for the idea of God; there is no difference between matter and spirit, between soul and body; there is neither the survival of the soul after death nor any hope of a future life.

"Thus, man's liberty is destroyed. Every right of the human person is denied. Man becomes, as it were, a mere cog in the collectivist machinery which alone has unlimited control over the lives of men. All hierarchy, all authority is nullified.

"The dignity and indissolubility of marriage are set aside. The family is profaned. The woman is torn from her home and from the care of her children. Religion is dubbed the opiate of the people and assailed with any weapon at hand. The very idea of God is rejected and condemned.

"Communism, therefore, is a system full of errors and sophisms. It is in opposition to both reason and divine revelation."

Rarely do we either care or dare to quote secular editorial comment on Papal Encyclicals. *The New York Times* editorial on "The Pope Ap-

pears" in the issue of March 30, merits honorable exception. We feel that in regard to Mexico its summary takes the popular pulse of sincere minded people. We quote:

"In his latest encyclical the Pope seems to urge the Mexican Church to identify itself with the cause of the people. Warning against any attempt to bring about violent change as working harm instead of good, he refers to what Catholics should do in the social, moral and educational fields if they are to 'contribute to the prosperity of the country' and 'promote the public welfare.'"

"There is more than a hint in these phrases that Pius XI sees ground for hope of improved relations between Church and State in Mexico. They seem to confirm recent signs of relaxation in the Government policy of proscription

and persecution and approach toward an era of religious toleration. If this is what the tone of the encyclical portends, it will be welcome news to all who have followed the religious struggle in Mexico with anxiety and dismay."

Finally, the issue in Spain has been definitely restated by Hilaire Belloc in a recent Symposium on Communism held under the auspices of the Fordham Alumnae at Carnegie Hall, New York City, March 19, 1937. "The matter at issue is the Church of God."

Whether missionaries will reenter and labor again in these mission sections, God alone knows. To the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS, however, three things are clear, first, the fact that there are missions without missionaries, secondly, the issue at stake in these mission sectors, and, thirdly, the need for unceasing prayer in their behalf.

CHANT OF DEPARTURE

Alfred J. Barrett, S.J.

Woman who walked home on the arm of John
Another way from that your Son had gone,
Woman who walked
And talked,
Unwavering, of what must yet be done—
Woman, behold your son!

Behold
Him who in boyhood haunts will not grow old;
Who goes predestined to an alien grave
In clay or sand or wave—
Yet sails enamored of one hope: to see,
As John from his dawn-lit boat on Galilee,
Christ in the haze-dim faces on the shore
At Shantung or the coast of Travancore.

Woman who walked home on the arm of John,
When on
Some night of tears I hear the palm trees toss,
Stand by my side beneath the Southern Cross.

Copyright by "The Far East." The above poem won First Prize in a contest conducted recently by "The Far East."

Afield with American Jesuits

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Joseph L. Murray, S.J., of Holy Rosary Church, Windward Road P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I., is still under the influence of the Pageant, "Jamaica Triumphant," directed by Father Daniel Lord, S.J., and staged on the occasion of the centenary celebration of the Vicariate Apostolic of Jamaica, and writes:

"I do not think there is anything to talk about at present except the Pageant, 'Jamaica Triumphant'—and I say that because the success of the Pageant has crowded every other topic from the lips. The whole Island, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, are still agog at the phenomenal success of the whole. In talking to the Publicity Director of the Pageant, he told me that after the first performance there was no need of any more paid publicity. The Pageant spoke for itself, and everybody who saw it spoke for it too. It could hardly have been otherwise, for the color and splendor of the entire play quite took the breath away.

"We were blessed with dark moonless nights making the contrast from the darkness of the evening to the brilliance of the stage more marked still. Bright, lovely and varied costumes gleamed in the various colored flood lights. The actors and dancers moved through their individual scenes gracefully and confidently. Inspiring tableaux were alternated with homely, familiar scenes, contrasting the pleasant and humorous with the sublime. The entire performance kept the audience hushed and thrilled, or laughing and happy as the case might be, and the final tableau of over four hundred players was indeed a triumph of lighting, design, color, beauty and emotion.

"If the Pageant showed Jamaica triumphant, it showed the Catholic Church triumphant as well, and it portrayed them in this triumph side by side, hand in hand. We priests who came to see the play may be excused the pleasant feelings of pride that warmed our hearts as we witnessed vividly portrayed the exploits, heroism and sacrifice of the priests who preceded us. These men have set us a precedent, have left us a legacy, which we in turn must hand on undiminished in splendor. May the good Lord help us so to do.

"With these impressions of the Pageant filling my mind you can see why I can talk of nothing else at present. Not that the more practical every day matters do not fill each twenty-four hours as always. But the Pageant was such a triumph that even to think back on it now is a real joy."

* * *

Father Mortimer J. Murphy, S.J., of St. Joseph's Rectory, Savanna-la-Mar,

has gone native as far as language is concerned. He writes:

"Finally getting around to write 'Tanks from Fadda.' The tropics and my continuous traveling certainly lend themselves to *manyana*. Most of my time seems to be spent in or out of the 'kyar' which is not so good when it comes to paying the gas bill, but 'wa fe do?' So, I'm saying thanks a million for those timely checks. It's not so much that they keep the wolf from the door, as they keep me from the door of the poor house. In my frequent visits to the latter establishment, I have chosen a spot of my own in case my gift-bearing ship doesn't come in.

"It is time that I wrote a 'Harticle' for JESUIT MISSIONS. Please excuse that last. But I see so many h's being carelessly dropped, that from my late acquired habit of economy, I unconsciously pick up a few from time to time. If they could only be bundled together in a stamp book, I could redeem valuable prizes. What's humbugging the article is the rain, which prevents the accompanying pictures. The present thesis I am working on for a degree of M.M.M. (Master of Missionary Maneuvers), is taken up with roofs and reads: How to get a roof at Sav. that will keep the heat out, and roofs at Lucea, Top Hill and Brighton that will keep the rain out, the result of which will be to bring the people in."

* * *

Once again we hear from Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., of Holy Cross, Half-Way Tree P.O.:

"The Centenary Celebration is over. To give you an idea of its magnitude

and impressiveness, Bishop Weld compared it to the Eucharistic Congress in Ireland, and said he experienced the same reactions. It probably meant more to him because he is a missionary Bishop. Then, too, the Mission was founded by his ancestors. He is an English Jesuit and it was the English Jesuits who began here a hundred years ago with literally nothing. The first year they were here they had only eight Easter duties. How discouraging! Jamaica, unlike Trinidad, was a stronghold of Protestantism and there was not a vestige of the Spanish Catholicity. They began with nothing. What a contrast the thousands at Communion were during the Centenary week.

"... Just two more items and I am done. The Drexel support has been withdrawn from my little school in Gordon Town, owing to hard times in America. I believe it has helped the school for fifteen years. That throws the whole burden on me as the Sisters get no Government help. They have now one hundred and sixty children on the roll out there, too, and things were just looking up nicely, so the school must not, and will not close. Secondly, there is another church of some denomination out there that has a boys' brigade and a fife and drum corps of some sort or other and Sister told me our lads are being drawn away by that. Obviously the only thing is to start one of our own a hundred times better than the other one. That is just what we are going to do, with your help. The fifes the lads make themselves out of bamboo. But the bass drums, two snare drums, four bugles and a cymbal we shall have to import."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., is the "Flying Missionary" among the Indians of Ontario. Under date of March 2 he writes from Longlac:

"I am surely very slow in answering letters but you must remember that I get very little free time. I am all alone here in a territory that is about four hundred miles in one direction and five hundred in another. There are no Brothers and no Sisters to help me, and hence I have to do everything. Besides holy Mass and the distribution of Holy Communion and the hearing of confessions and the going on sick calls, I must also act as sacristan, tend to the stove, carry water, split wood, and also do my own cooking. It takes many hours to heat up the house and the bed, to say nothing of the time consumed in cooking. Sunday I had two Baptisms and on Monday morning there was a wedding. I was sick with the flu all day Tuesday and was unable to say Mass. However, I had to get out for a sick call in



Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., of Baghdad College, Iraq, not the least of whose distinctions is the fact that he is the author of "Al Baghdadi."

the afternoon to a place which I could not reach with my plane. I boarded a train at 6:30 at night and arrived at Cavell at 8:30 and then started with dog sled at 9:00 and reached the sick person before midnight. He was very ill with tuberculosis. I heard his confession and then gave him Extreme Unction. It was 1:30 by the time I retired. At 6:30 next morning I said Mass and then gave the sick man Viaticum. After breakfast I started back to Cavell which I reached at noon. After dinner I taught catechism twice and again in the evening, and then there were prayers, sermon and confessions. After six o'clock Mass next morning I walked a mile and a half to board a train for Longlac, which I reached sometime after ten o'clock. Of course the heating process had to be started all over again. I have another sick call today at MacDiarmid. This brief sketch will give you some idea of the routine I follow pretty much all year round."

CHINA

Writing from Tai T'ao Leuo, Father Emile Muller, S.J., of Süchow Mission, China, which is in charge of the French Canadian Jesuits, tells us of some of his hardships as a missionary:

"Trips through my mission district take up a great deal of my time. They are evidently necessary, when Mass has to be celebrated 'out of town' and moreover, they are a wonderful means to know my Christians more intimate-

ly, and even to get acquainted with a few pagans. By staying in one's den, I mean in one's *Tangli*, waiting for the Christians to wander in, there is a great risk that the country folk will grow lukewarm and forget by degrees the road to church. Besides, when they see us so zealously working in their behalf, they rightly come to think that it is important to go to Mass. There is also the Chinese etiquette which obliges one to pay a return visit: 'Father has come to see me; I must in turn go and visit him. . . .' As a matter of course, our trips are often nothing more than a wild goose chase. We hear encouraging words, all kinds of promises, but when the time for action has come, try and find your man! However, you have to be patient with them, as God is patient with us. I cannot help avowing that most humiliating things do happen once in a while; such was the case of the village of Tchang Tchoang, which comprises two hundred Christians. The Father had never said Mass there. Everything had been of necessity neglected for the last few years. I happened to pass there. Enthusiastically all greet the Father: 'Father, we need a chapel. Father, it is too far to go and hear Mass in the principal church at Tai T'ao-Leuo; we have no time to spare. . . .' Really, my joy knew no bounds, and I immediately decided to say Mass there two days later.

"The following evening, I resorted to this village. Forty confessions: not

so bad! But, good heavens! How they do need to refresh their catechism on confession! The next day I came to celebrate Mass in a poor cabin, a pent-roof rather. . . . Alas! Two men and one woman were my audience; all my people had taken to the fields: '*Pou te hein*—No time.' I avow that I was out of temper for a minute. However, my hope is tenacious. I hope to revive this community and reap abundant fruits A. M. D. G. Good souls are praying for me, my Chinese faithful also. All together, we will get the better of the devil sooner or later."

* * *

Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., gives an interesting side view of what happened in his sector of China at the time of the recent kidnapping of China's President. Father Simons is one of the California Jesuits in China and he is stationed at Catholic Mission, Shuyang Ku. He writes:

"Shuyang, by the way, had to postpone the newly vogueed solar New Year celebrations for others that became almost more exciting. Some local secret societies, taking advantage of the unrest caused by the detention of China's President in Sian, decided to stage a little *coup d'etat* of their own. It seems that not far from here lives a descendant of the long dethroned Chu Dynasty. The plot was, so rumor says, to bring him back into his own. Who knows but what Shuyang may have become a Royal City? It all sounds like a fairy tale, and I



Blessing of the corner stone for Nanking Institute which will be in charge of the California Jesuits in China. Left to right: Father Li, Father Henry Bernard, S.J., the Bishop's secretary, Gerald Pope, S.J., Mr. Ma Yi Guin (former head of Municipal Public Works), Mr. Taylor (head of the League of Nations Bureau), Mr. Chen (the architect), Father James F. Kearney, S.J. (Superior of Nanking Institute), His Excellency, Msgr. Paul Yü Pin (Vicar Apostolic of Nanking), Father Albert Bourgeois, S.J., and Very Rev. Francis J. Seeliger, S.J. (Jesuit Provincial of the California Province).

suppose many poor fellows wish that it were. Several hundred of the inculturated are now revelling in the bracelets and dankness of the city prison. It is well they were caught in time, for although there is no question of them succeeding, they could have given us an unhealthy half hour or so. This nipped rebellion has reacted in typical Chinese fashion for the Church. Numerous have been the applications these days for enrollment under the Catholic banner. Some, formerly connected with these secret societies, are seeking salve and protection for uneasy consciences; others, innocent but fearing possible calumny from private enemies, feel that the missionary and the well-reputed Catholic Church would be about the best friend in need they could find. The Chinese are certainly clever in the means they invent to attain their purpose; perhaps some of them may yet sail to Heaven on the bursted bubble of Shuyang's King!

"It will be just about Chinese New Year time when you receive these lines, so let me wish you all its wishes: the 'riches' and the 'long life' that with bows and smiles and effuse flattery the Orient loves to lavish upon friends and the friends of friends."

* * *

Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of the California Province, who is spending a year in Chinese language study at Catholic Mission, Anking, Anhwei, reports that the language school work is progressing splendidly. He also gives a new missionary's first impressions of the Chinese New Year.

"A week ago today we had the Chinese New Year, but rain and snow dampened most of the celebrating around here. The one thing that went on as usual was the firecracker part of the feast, and if you think they shoot off lots of firecrackers in the States, you 'ain't heard nothing yet'! Of

course, the sound of these innocent looking little tubes of red paper can be heard from one end of the year to the other, but last week, for about three days, you couldn't hear anything else. On New Year's Eve, they were going off all night, in spite of the weather, and the next morning we could see the doors in the neighborhood open and the man of the family come out, light a pack of firecrackers and while it was banging away, get down on his knees and bow reverently three times. 'Just an old Chinese custom.'

"It was too bad that the weather was not more propitious for they tell us that the clothes the Chinese wear on this occasion are beautiful, and I had hoped to get some pictures. But there will be plenty of more New Years in the future, so there is no hurry. The Shanghai papers all report that there was a hot time in the Beeg City, even though the Government has ordered the observance of the feast to be officially stopped. I guess they have been observing it for so many centuries that it is sort of hard to break off suddenly."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father George J. Kugler, S.J., sends just a few lines from St. Regis Mission, Meyers Falls, Washington:

"There is nothing extraordinary about the work we are doing here among our Indians. We are just trying to continue the work our pioneer missionaries did so well. Whenever I make a journey through the Reservation, I cannot help but think of those good old Fathers who had to travel on horseback or a rickety old buggy over roads that did not deserve the name or over steep and rocky trails. When I remember the hardships they had to face during the heat of the Summer and the cold of the Winter, all temptation of vainglory in our work vanishes."

PATNA, INDIA

Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., is Head Master of Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah in Patna Mission, India. He writes to say that he has discovered that JESUIT MISSIONS is being more widely and carefully read than he realized. His friends have missed his name under any article or communication in recent months.

"More than one friend has complained recently of not seeing my name in JESUIT MISSIONS. I must strike my own breast and say *mea culpa*, for you can't insert my name when I don't send you a news item. Of course, much of our life here is ordinary daily routine and we cannot make the headlines. But passing the past year in review, I believe we did make the headlines at least twice. The first was when our boys won the Middle School Soccer Tournament after a tough fight and brought us the first outside trophy we have yet won. Mr. Edward Niesen, S.J., had been developing the athletics here for the past three years, and it was fitting that he should reap the fruit of his labors before leaving us to begin his course of theology.

"Then our Khrist Raja High School was the place chosen for the first big meeting of the missionaries of Patna Mission under the new Superior, Very Reverend Frank Loesch, S.J. Those were indeed crowded days—we had examinations going on at the school for four hours a day; the missionaries sat in session for five hours, and the school boys crowned the whole proceedings by putting on their first English play, under the direction of Father Edward Scott, S.J., assisted by Fathers William Eline, S.J., and Marion R. Batson, S.J., and the Scholastics: Edmund V. Gallagher, S.J., Edward H. Niesen, S.J., and John M. Cosgrove, S.J. The play was staged on December 11, in honor of the visit of Mrs. Bakewell Morrison, mother of Fathers Bakewell and John Morrison, S.J., to Patna Mission and Khrist Raja. Mrs. Morrison was a great personal friend of our benefactress, the one to whom we owe our spacious chapel, our fine school building and comfortable residence. I had better let Mrs. Morrison tell you her impressions personally. Six years ago when she told me, on my arrival at St. Louis, that she was coming out to India for her son John's ordination, I just took it to be a fond mother's dream, but she has had the pluck and courage to make it a realized fact, and she will never know the pleasure and happiness she gave to all the men in the mission field by her visit. Mrs. Morrison is the first American mother to visit the Mission. Who will be next?"

* * *

"Father Frank Welzmler, S.J., made himself useful in the ministry from the first day he landed at Patna, and after paying us a brief visit left



The main street in Bankipore, Patna, India, just a stone's throw from the residence of Patna's American Jesuit Bishop, His Excellency, Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J.

us for Ranchi to commence his Ter-tianship. George Ziebert, S.J., has already traveled across the Indian continent. He visited the Santal field, went on to St. Xavier's, Calcutta, to finish his thesis for the Master's degree and enjoy a visit with Robert Ludwig, S.J., and now he is our next door neighbor at Chuhari, learning the machinery of the Loyola Middle School at the hands of Robert Snyder, S.J. Mr. Ziebert has the happy knack of seeing everything in rosy colors and you couldn't find a more contented or happier man around.

* * *

"During these early days of January I am busy with new admissions—this is the beginning of the school year here—and sitting in the office, I am fairly able to feel the pulse of our neighbors and pagan friends. The things they sometimes say are consoling and encouraging. Yesterday a Mohammedan brought his boy to be kept as a boarder with us. I suggested that he should first look around the place and satisfy himself. He came back at me with the remark, 'Father, I have come here not to inquire and to examine, but to place my boy under your charge. I have heard so much good about your school that I don't want to see anything or any further questions. Please tell me what I must pay for the boy.' Apparently we are getting a reputation for regularity, order and discipline, and the pagans here trust the Fathers as much as they do those in Bombay and Calcutta and the older missions. This is real progress, for five years ago we were still separated from the people by a wall of prejudice.

"As our school gains in reputation we get a better class of boys, some of whom will be future leaders in this country, and it is much that they should be imbued with Christian principles in their early education. For the government of the country is passing more and more into the hands of the people, and it will help our work much to have men in higher positions who were formerly students of our schools. So our next ambition is a school and college in Patna City itself, the capital of the Province.

"Before I close I want to add that I have, like most people, taken a New Year's resolution. I had better not tell your readers or my friends what it is, lest I break it too soon, but if I do live up to it then you will hear from me a little more often than you have done during the past twelve months."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Here is a fine letter from one of our veteran missionaries in British Honduras. Old Readers may recall the article we printed in our April, 1936 issue, under the title, "Petting a Tiger." That story was written about Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J. It is he who sends us the following in-

teresting letter from the Church of El Carmen, Benque Viejo, British Honduras.

"I have been wanting to write you every day since receiving your letter early in January, but the very best of intentions never materialized. Horace well calls time 'jealous' because it gives so grudgingly the moments as they fly. *'Dum loquimur, jam fugerit invida aetas.'* You may check up on the correctness of the quotation as I have no Horace here, nor have I seen our beloved Latin poet for some three or four years. Such consolations we must forego in the missions. The good Lord of the Vineyard generously grants His missionaries other consolations which they never experienced before. Sure enough we have hardships a plenty.



Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., (right), of the Province of California, Rector of Gonzaga College, Shanghai, China, welcomes Father E. Paul Amy, S.J., Business Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, while the latter was en route to the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress at Manila.

Our people in my district are almost one hundred per cent Maya or Petenero Indians and very religiously inclined, thanks to the excellent work of early missionaries. They are very highly wedded to their ancient *costumbres* and because of their ignorance hold strongly and blindly to many superstitious ideas, almost like pagans, though they loudly profess to be Catholics. Often the Hand of the Lord appears visibly active among them, so visibly in fact that the most sceptic will hardly refuse credence. Time and again I have been most forcefully reminded here of St. Gregory's words as he comments on the assertion of the Apostle of the Gentiles: *'Non per vocem, sed per signa perducuntur ad cognoscendum Dominum, quia uti ratione nesciebant. Signa autem infidelibus non fidelibus data sunt.'* While the Lord at times almost

visibly chastises the bold offenders against the laws of God and His Holy Church, He on the other hand visibly extends extreme mercy especially in their last hour to those who have sinned rather through ignorance and human frailty.

"A missionary in the tropics, and it appears to hold true more out here on this 'Western Front' in British Honduras, has a big fight on his hands to keep in repair the work of his predecessors. It would lead me to take up too much of your time to explain our difficulties in this respect in detail, but I'll just give you one or two practical examples. Not so much as twenty years ago the Cayo Convent was built for the Pallotine Sisters. Today good Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., must rebuild the entire house, since the wood lice have consumed all but the outer shell. Our Sisters' Convent at Benque here is almost in the same condition. We have had much repair on it and on the church for the reason that pine wood was used extensively in the original construction. How thoroughly and stealthily and rapidly these pests of wood lice do their work of destruction, you will understand when I tell you of a surprise last week. Our school building is not over twenty years old. All the beams seemed good and solid, but as we laid a rather light ladder against the beam in the center of the room, we realized that only the shell was left by the wood lice. We said: 'Thank God that it didn't fall and kill some of our children or the Sisters, because daily they lined up under that beam!' This long beam, two by six by twenty-nine and a half feet, was really nothing but a hollow box which you now can easily lift and carry with one hand. Sometimes the wood lice will devour internally large rafters in a single year or two, and here is where the missionaries' financial worries come in down here in the tropics and especially out here on the 'Western Front.' This phase of the missionary's struggle has not, so far as I am aware, been brought out to any degree before, and yet it is of considerable importance. Unless the Padre is very watchful, some day suddenly he may find his church or convent or school or residence crushed together like bundles of paper or fall together like a pack of cards. It is going on towards eleven p.m., so I shall say a hurried, 'Good, good night.' May the good Lord bless you for your very kind remembrance of this poor missionary on the 'Western Front', and let me assure you and our benefactors of a daily remembrance at the altar of God."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

In a letter to the Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, Father David A. Daly, S.J., of St. Mary's Church, Tagoloan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes: "Tomorrow I am heading into the

bush for ten days. Here the 'bush' means the mountains, a part of Bukidnon, that falls to me instead of Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., or Father Austin Dowd, S.J., I was hoping, if Father E. Paul Amy, S.J., reached here before I started, that I might take him along for part of the trip. As far as I know, he hasn't reached this section. He was to land at Misamis last Sunday with Father John O'Connell, S.J., and his mother. It is too bad he isn't along, even though it would be tough on him, and also on the horse, if I could manage to get one to fit him. The horses here are small and I have a hard time getting one to fit me. And Father Amy is so much bigger. He is one of the few men I have to look up to. Up there he would see real unadulterated Filipino life. When we start out we say good-bye to bread and potatoes, and live on rice and drink the water of the coconut for safety sake. Still if one is not too squeamish one makes out quite well—after a while one has to stop being squeamish and take things as he finds them. Still there are school teachers in each town we visit, some of them are Ilocanos, from that section where you spent your Scholastic days, and they take good care of us. Sometimes they even surprise us with the food they serve us. That is one advantage of going during the school season. During vacation they are all away and the *Pari* does not fare so well."

* * *

Father Austin Dowd, S.J., successor to Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., writes of Catholic Action in Malaybalay:

"The prime mover of Catholic Action was the first Pastor, Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J. For about fifteen years prior to his coming, the Protestants had the field almost to themselves. True it is, that priests visited

here from time to time, but the effect of occasional visits cannot be compared to those due to a priest who is a resident.

"The first step was the organization of the Malaybalay Catholic Truth Society. Every Sunday Father Lucas explained the articles of the Creed. The fruits of this were visible when one of the members routed a Protestant Minister in an impromptu debate in a local store. Another member wrote a pamphlet against an attack on the Confessional.

"Then came the Parish Eucharistic Congress, and the fruits of the lectures told again, as many approached the Communion rail, and are still doing so. The lectures have done untold good to the people themselves, who are avid to receive the truths of their Faith and to hear their explanations.

"Then came the Diocesan Eucharistic Congress at Cagayan. Three young ladies of the Little Flower Dormitory staged a Disputation on the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. The defendant was Miss Ignacia Hojas, the objector, Miss Medhora Coruna. The latter with Miss Genera Saldana also had a dialogue in which the Mass was explained. This was held first in Malaybalay, and later was the principal part of the Young Ladies Conference at the Diocesan Eucharistic Congress in Cagayan.

"Other members of the Little Flower Dormitory contribute their part to the teaching of the Liturgy by a very practical method, singing nearly all the Masses which are sung, not only in Malaybalay, but also in the *barrios*. All the girls of the Dormitory are students of the Bukidnon Normal School.

"At the Parish Eucharistic Congress, two plays portraying truths of

our Faith were staged, 'St. Tarcisius,' and 'The Seal of the Confessional.' Nearly all the actors and actresses in these dramas were members of our Dormitories for Catholic Students; the boys' dormitory is known as Gonzaga Hall.

"Catholic Action received another impetus on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Commonwealth when our Little Holy Cross School participated in a public event for the first time. A symbolic representation of Catholic Education, emphasizing love of God and Country, was well received. Miss Gloria Moya, and Miss Dolores Eduria were the directors, designers and decorators of this float. Both these young ladies teach in the Holy Cross School.

"I was called out on a sick call one day, and after administering the sacraments to the girl who was very sick, I had to get the doctor as the poor girl could not afford one. The doctor pronounced the girl a leper. I then learned there is a little colony of lepers near the hospital. The Bishop gave me permission to have an outdoor Mass for them, and with the help of the choir and some of the parishioners, the affair was made as memorable as possible. Now the lepers are able to receive Holy Communion at least once a week. The girl who was the occasion of all this is now able to instruct some of the others who were not as fortunate as she in learning about their Faith.

"Now that we have received a car, the gift of Fathers Vincent O'Beirne, S.J., and Andrew Cervini, S.J., the Pastor can roam abroad in the large territory he has in his jurisdiction. Yet my Catholic Action Program does not consist merely in roaming. I can do much at home if and when I can build a little library under my house."



COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Birthday Gift from Fellow Jesuits

To the Editor:

Here is our answer to your "Happy Birthday" request in the January issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. True, it is late, two months in fact, but I hope that it is none the less sincere because of its tardiness. I hope, too, that it will in some small way assure you, Father, that we have the work of JESUIT MISSIONS at heart. Our St. John de Brebeuf Mission Circle is composed of the Jesuit Brothers, Juniors and Novices here. Once each month we have a meeting during which two of the Juniors talk on some phase of the mission work of the Society of Jesus. This present year has seen a slight departure from the usual proceedings and we have been dealing with the North American Martyrs and their work for souls. Of course, the purpose of our St. John de Brebeuf Mission Circle is to stimulate interest in the missions. Each week we send a Spiritual Bouquet to some missionary either at home or in a distant land. Thus, we send to you, Father, the Steward of the Missioners, this little Spiritual Bouquet and we hope that in some small way it will assure you that we are wholeheartedly interested in your work for souls.

Holy Masses Heard, 112; Holy Communions, 116; Meditations, 175; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 529; Ejaculations, 16,994; Beads, 207; Hours of Silence, 683; Acts of Mortification, 467; Acts of Charity, 803; Hours of Study, 595; Hours of Labor, 46. (Total: 20,709).

We also want to thank you for your kindness in sending JESUIT MISSIONS to us every month. It holds first place on our magazine rack. We read it from cover to cover and, incidentally, it is almost the only source or means we have of getting acquainted with the missions and missionaries. In JESUIT MISSIONS we find a wealth of material for our Mission Circle, subjects for talks, etc., and information regarding the missions that we should look for in vain if we did not receive your magazine. So once more, Father, a "Happy Birthday" to JESUIT MISSIONS. May Almighty God bless you abundantly in the work you are doing for souls. In the name of the St. John de Brebeuf Mission Circle, I assure you of our continued prayers.

St. Stanislaus Novitiate,
Guelph, Ontario.

Joseph V. Driscoll, S.J.
For the Jesuit Brothers,
Juniors and Novices.

"Hearts and Flowers"

To the Editor:

Will JESUIT MISSIONS please rise and take a bow? Positively, it is getting better and better. It always was good—and good-looking—but its new jacket makes it even more stunning. But the surprise comes when one finds that beyond that grand cover lies real entertainment, entertainment in the form of interesting articles from missionaries in the front line trenches, funny articles at times, pathetic at other times, but always true-life pictures of the battle that is being waged for souls in mission countries. Its editorial content is always superb. After reading "The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS" one feels like drawing up his or her chair to the table for a cup of tea with JESUIT MISSIONS Staff and Office Force; the page entitled, "New Books" helps one with reading matter; and need I say anything about the columns, "Afield with American Jesuits"? Hardly, for they speak for themselves. And last but not least, those wonderful pictures! I can't go any further; my pulses are throbbing with the thought of the bargain I get each month for the price of ten cents the copy or one dollar for a year. One last word, despite the frivolous vein of this letter; it is true, every word of it. So, let us start a campaign to have this greatest bargain of all bargains, JESUIT MISSIONS, placed in every home, school, hospital or library. If each one who reads this letter sent in one subscription, well—you figure out the total yourself.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Margaret Hunt.

About Books Reviewed in These Pages

To the Editor:

Among my friends there are many Nuns to whom I send books occasionally. I wondered if you had a list of interesting books on the missions that might be kept on hand and from which gifts might be selected? I know your magazine has a Book Review section, but it would be more convenient to have a list of books on the missions that have been reviewed in the past year. Can the books reviewed in your magazine be ordered from you?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary O'Connor.

Certainly, any book reviewed in JESUIT MISSIONS can be ordered through us.—Editor.

A Very Fine Suggestion

To the Editor:

Recently I attended a Communion Breakfast at which the need and advantages of religious education for children were stressed. I wonder if there are among your readers some who are interested in the religious education of those in the missions? As there are not enough priests in the missions to care for all the souls, the aid of catechists is imperative. Five dollars a month supports a catechist. One Card Party would secure funds for the yearly support of catechists. Perhaps a mission group or Sodality will volunteer to sponsor such a Party. Would JESUIT MISSIONS designate missionaries to whom these offerings could be sent?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Rooney.

Yes, indeed, JESUIT MISSIONS would be most happy to designate missionaries to whom money could be sent for catechists' pay. Five, or at most, ten dollars a month furnishes pay for catechists. The catechists and teachers in the various missions of the Jesuits throughout the world are most important for real advance in mission work. Most times, because of the vastness of the territory entrusted to him, the missionary, can visit each of his stations only once a month, or once in several months. Little progress can be made in this way unless missionary helpers—catechists and teachers—carry on the work in each station during his absence. Let us sum up briefly some of the things done by catechists and teachers. They act as interpreters, instructors, sacristans and general assistants; they prepare prospective converts for Baptism, conduct classes in religion for those baptized and teach them Catholic practices and traditions; they gather together and direct in their prayers the Catholics who on many Sundays must miss Mass solely because the missionaries are too few; they keep the missionary posted on the sick of the mission; they keep a close watch on possible dangers to the Church and to the new Christians. Such are some of the functions of these catechists who are "the right arm of the missionary." In all the Jesuit missions of the world there are about twenty-three thousand catechists and teachers. In the American Jesuit missions—home and foreign—there are nearly two thousand. Readers will see, therefore, how welcome would be contributions to our "Catechist Fund."—Editor.

"The Fishery Coast"

To the Editor:

We appreciate the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine which you send us every month and find it most interesting. Having read all of the three issues for 1937, namely, those of January, February and March, I thought you would like to know what I considered the most interesting article. It was one in the March issue called, "The Fishery Coast." I enjoyed it more than anything I have read in a long time. It has brought enjoyment also to the boys and girls of our 8-B class at St. Brendan's School, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ellen Reilly,
St. Brendan's School.

To the Editor:

The class of 8B of Saint Brendan's School appreciate receiving your monthly publications of the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine.

The magazines are enjoyed by all. It is read in class and in the latest publication we have enjoyed "The Fishery Coast."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Doris Fisher,
Saint Brendan's School.

What's on the Top Shelf?

To the Editor:

For some time I had been considering mailing copies of Catholic magazines which had accumulated on my top shelf to someone, but hardly knew where to send them, or whether old numbers would be welcome. In the April edition of JESUIT MISSIONS came the answer to this problem, a letter from Rev. William H. Feeney, S.J., of Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., asking that copies of Catholic publications be sent to him there. Quickly I gathered up nine months of JESUIT MISSIONS, ten of *The Sign*, a few of *The Lamp*, 36 copies of *America*, eight numbers of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (my little niece refers to this as my favorite magazine) and a few other papers. They made a weighty package, but there being no duty the cost of mailing was not so heavy. Many others must have, on the top shelf, Catholic magazines stored away. Why not pack them up and mail them to the missions?

Somerville, Mass.

Rose A. McMahon.

Some More Boys

Albert R.
O'Hara, S.J.

THE new beds had just been carefully placed in orderly rows in the dormitory and all the bedding neatly arranged when the Prefect walked in to inspect the work. The boisterous shouting and laughter froze to an icy silence. Certainly there must be some mischief going on, he thought. Sure enough there was a boy bouncing from bed to bed, springing high into the air on each hop. "John Ling!" called the Prefect. Down he flopped into a crestfallen heap. Of course, it was John Ling, for if there was any mischief on hand John was certain to be in on it.

John Ling had been with us California Jesuits at Gonzaga College in Shanghai from the beginning of the school. He was full of fun yet diligent in his studies, not very good in athletics but always willing to do his part. He constantly insisted that he wanted to be a Catholic, yet he asked us such difficulties, philosophical as well as theological, that we wondered if he was not a skeptic. John's older brother became a Catholic, then his sister who was dying of tuberculosis was baptized on her death bed, yet he himself insisted that his father and mother opposed his conversion. In his final year at our school came his chance, for his father gave his permission and John was baptized on Holy Saturday. For several weeks everyone watched to see if John would change any. We were all glad to see that he lived as a good Catholic without losing any of his liveliness. Even after his graduation John has given good example by the faithful performance of his religious duties.

ON the same Holy Saturday were baptized seven children from one family, two of whom were pupils at our school. Their father, a Cantonese Catholic, had married a non-Christian, and due to circumstances had only had the two oldest of his nine children baptized. A change of position brought him to Shanghai and he decided to locate a Catholic school for his third and fourth sons. Since he lived near to our school he brought the boys to us and asked especially that they receive instruction for Baptism. If for no other reason than this we should have been glad to have them, but we were quite pleased to find them diligent and well behaved in the classroom and natural athletes on the playground. Both boys played on our Junior basketball team and each one proved a natural runner in his class on the school track team. The father was pleased with Gonzaga and soon sent his two oldest sons to us also. Every Sunday he would bring about five of his older children to Mass and even gave instructions to his wife. Religious instruction acted on the naturally good characters of our two students much the same as the sun acts on the budding roses. Always respectful to the Fathers, they now became friendly, and whenever we met them on the



A duet of mischief and fun at Gonzaga. John Ling is at the left.

grounds their sparkling eyes flashed a genuine welcome that their scanty English might fail fully to express.

On Holy Saturday seven of the children presented themselves for Baptism. First Communion followed on Easter Sunday and Confirmation a little later. Every Sunday finds the family faithfully at Mass, and when they all come at the same hour it is quite amusing to see that one pew is not sufficient but that they overflow into another one.

WE have other boys who are anxious to be Catholics, who take regular instruction, live exemplary lives and pray earnestly, but permission from home is still lacking. Such cases cannot be pushed or the boys will be taken from our school and their chances of Baptism will be lessened. Why should there be this opposition from the parents at home? The main reason is that ancestor worship which was taught by Confucius has still a strong hold on the Chinese family and especially on the people who have not been influenced by western education. "If my boy becomes a Catholic and cannot perform the sacrificial rites at my tomb, who will do so?" asks the boy's father. "If you become a Catholic and thus neglect your parents, you do not love us," adds the mother. "I do love you," protests the boy with tears in his eyes. "If you would only become Catholics, too, I would pray and have Masses said for you, which would do you far more good than any sacrifices I might make at your tombs." "We become Catholics! Such nonsense! Impossible! Now don't argue any more." And then follows the usual sorrowful silence that settles on the family after such disputes. It is only God's grace gained by prayer that will iron out the stiffened wrinkles of prejudice. May our readers at home join their prayers and sacrifices with ours for this intention.

Many a Chinese boy, I know from experience and observation, would become a Catholic were it not for the type of parental objection stated above. The boys believe and try to practice the Catholic religion, but they have great difficulty in winning the consent of their parents for Baptism. Certainly the prayers of those at home in America can help win for these boys the coveted permission. We rely greatly, too, on Our Blessed Lady's intercession. Chinese Christians manifest a special devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

A Letter to Patricia

Edward F.
Madaras, S.J.

DEAR Patricia:

It is such a long time since I heard from you that I have been wondering what has happened to the little girl who was rash enough to choose me as her adopted missionary. I think I can guess pretty well, though, of course, I may be wrong. You are probably so busy with your lessons and games and whatever else it is that fills up the days of little girls like you that the first flush of enthusiasm which warmed within you at the idea of adopting a far-off missionary has faded a bit. Maybe, too, your disappointment at hearing that the box you sent me never arrived somewhat damped your ardor.

I am not sure either that I have held up my end of the game in a manner corresponding to your first dreams of what it was like to be hearing from a missionary in Baghdad. For your own reassurance let me say that, no matter what the cause, I do not blame you in the least for your silence.

If your eyes should light upon this letter—as, indeed, it is intended that they shall—you may wonder why it is that I have chosen the pages of a magazine to write to you. I will tell you. It is because I think that there are a lot of other little boys and girls like yourself who find themselves now a bit abashed and perhaps a trifle regretful that, in a moment of exhilaration, they committed themselves to an exchange of letters with missionaries. They never realized when they embraced the suggestion, as suggestion it no doubt was, that letter writing would prove so difficult.

IT has been said, Patricia, that letter writing is a lost art. Certainly it is a difficult one if you wish to turn out a missive that is worth the time and labor, not to say postage, that is expended on it. Now, I am not going to give you any instructions as to how to go about writing letters to missionaries. But I am going to tell you and others in your position something that should console you: and that is that letter writing really plays a very secondary part in the adopting of missionaries. When I say this I am speaking for all the American Jesuit missionaries who are here at Baghdad College, Iraq.

Neither is it necessary to send money to missionaries. Not that they do not need money occasionally. But they do not expect little girls to provide them with the cash necessary for their needs, except in very rare circumstances. Of course I should not wish to be understood as desiring to discourage little girls from sacrificing some of their pin money for such a laudable purpose when the inspiration comes upon them. The point I wish to make is that you can send the missionary something far more valuable than either letters or money, something, too, far easier to send. I mean your prayers.

IF you have a copy of the New Testament (I hope you have) and know how to find your way about in



An improvised class and lunch room in Baghdad College, Iraq.

it (I hope you do), open it at the Gospel of St. Matthew, turn to the eighteenth chapter, and read the first ten verses. You may not be able to understand all of it perfectly, but you will at least gather this much, that our Blessed Lord has a very high estimation of the worth of little children, that He loves them very much, and that consequently when they ask Him for anything, they have a pretty good chance of getting it, particularly (maybe you think this is a selfish suggestion on my part) when they ask something for a missionary friend of theirs.

Since I have my New Testament right here handy, and you probably haven't got yours, just let me quote a few verses made up from the first three Gospels: the three together give more details. The Apostles had been arguing among themselves as to which of them was the greatest, and they came to our Lord and asked Him who were the great ones in Heaven. The Gospel says: "And Jesus called to Him a child, took him and set him by himself in the midst of them, and taking him in His arms, He said to them: 'Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And he that shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me, and whosoever receiveth Me, receiveth not Me, but Him that sent Me. See that you do not despise one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in Heaven always see the face of My Father, Who is in Heaven.'"

There, Patricia, I really didn't mean to draw out this letter to such a length, and you will forgive me if I stop rather abruptly. Just one point before I close. You see now what our Lord thinks of little children as compared to grown-ups. That's why the missionary values your prayers more than anything else you can give him, and that is the really important help that you can give the missionary. Spend your pennies as you please, write letters only when you are obliged to do so by your teacher, but whatever you do, don't give up praying for me. I shall be very sorry if you do.

NEW BOOKS

Interracial Justice

Rev. John LaFarge, S.J.

The Negro problem today is associated variously in the average citizen's mind with any or all of these questions: What economic or even personal security has the Negro? Should the Negro be segregated? What is segregation? Just what is race? Just what is prejudice? And then, just what is race prejudice? Are we Americans as a race prejudiced against the Negro? Is the Catholic ideal for the Negro one of social equality? What is social equality? Does Father LaFarge and presumably the weekly magazine, *America*, with which he is associated, advocate miscegenation or intermarriage between Blacks and Whites? Has the Church established either diriment or prohibitive impediments against such marriages? What is the status of the American Negro, that is, his number, his church enrollment, the social, economic, psychological and educational effects upon him of slavery? What does the Negro himself want, and what does the Catholic Church do now for the Negro? These and other pertinent phases of this vital question are raised and settled by one whose background in every way has fitted him adequately for the task. This volume is a unique combination, illustrating how the classical mind, enriched by years of sympathetic experience and observation, is best equipped to cope successfully with an issue that cries aloud for the best in American Catholic statesmanship. The author's treatment of human rights, their specifications and their guarantees as well as the Christian teaching on human unity, might well be reprinted and issued in separate folio to each Senator and Representative as well as to each member of the United States Judiciary throughout the country, to be used by all of them as the norm of any basic decision in regard to the Negro. The book is a treatise which no non-Catholic philosophy or philosopher of life as, for example, a John Dewey, could ever hope either to engender or to emulate. For while, as the Reverend Author prescribes, we must cooperate with non-Catholic agencies for the alleviation of the sociological and other needs of the Negro, the fact remains that non-Catholic solutions to date, even from among the Negroes themselves, have been at the best only temporarily advantageous or merely remedial. "Interracial Justice" on the contrary, is an integrated outline, and more than an outline, of what may reasonably be considered an adequate and permanent solution to the problem. As far as the knowledge of this reviewer is concerned, "Interracial Justice" is the first complete treatment of the topic of race relations from the Catholic viewpoint by an acknowledged authority on the subject. The volume should be read and widely publicized.

America Press, New York, \$2.00.

English Catholic Poets

Elbridge Colby

This consoling contribution to Catholic letters deserves much more detailed appreciation than is possible in the brief compass of this review. Both in purpose and in content, Professor Colby's work is noteworthy. It is his aim in his own words, "to record the noteworthy Catholic elements found in a reading of those early authors whose writings are universally accepted as part of the canon of classic English letters." To him, as they should be to us, they are not merely great English poets, they are also Catholic poets. The record is a brilliant one, running from Chaucer to Dryden and includes stimulating studies of Piers the Plowman, John Heywood, Marlowe and "The Heavy Wrath of God," the Elizabethans, Thomas Lodge and Ben Jonson, the ever intriguing title of Shakespeare and Catholicism, a well rounded and succinctly exhaustive piece on Clerical Characters in Shakespeare, two beautiful tributes for Robert Southwell and Richard Crashaw, and honorable mention for three seventeenth century dramatists, Shirley and Massinger and William D'Avenant. It is a brave book, the utterance of a bold heart, making Catholicism vocal.

Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, \$2.25.

The Tenth Man

Rev. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J.

The Spaniards have a proverb according to which one should not mix two good things. Applied ordinarily to wine and water it may with equal aptness be predicated of entertainment and controversy. Yet sometimes this latter mixture is both possible and delightful. This is so in "The Tenth Man" in which a very versatile writer dramatizes the pertinent basic issues in the Negro problem with all the charm and literary leisure of style that belongs to the born story teller. "Interracial Justice" by Father La Farge, S.J., and "The Tenth Man" by Father Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., are two most practical treatments of one of the most sensitive issues in our national life. Both should be read together, each as supplement to the other. Both offer genuine Catholic solutions to this outstanding problem. Admitting that there will always be physical variations between the Negro and White, both authors teach us how by sympathy and understanding one may bring both groups as close together as is possible, substituting for the will-o'-the-wisp of social equality, the practical Christ-like aims of a Christian social justice.

The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, \$2.00.

Problem Island

Francis Clement Kelley

A novel that is novel—at least in its approach to a long standing American

educational problem. A fresh pedagogical restatement in story of the basic religious beliefs of the Catholic Church, the existence of a God, of a Divine Revelation, and of an authoritative, infallible Church. The story has it that a group of waifs are transported before they have attained the age of reason to a lonely isle and carefully insulated against all formal religious indoctrinations. After attaining the years of discretion and experience, they are confronted with a carefully selected coterie of professors introduced to the island for the purpose of formally educating the inhabitants. Religion, of course, is to be sedulously excluded from the curriculum. Educators and mature students will derive both instruction and much interest from the psychological study that ensues and from which the pupils on the island lead both themselves and their professors to a discovery of their mutual religious rights and duties, for willy nilly religion will out, man cannot fight Nature, man cannot fight God. The Most Reverend Author has declared: "My ambition in writing 'Problem Island' was to try a new experiment in attraction. I set out to tell, through one tale that only might be true, another tale that really is true. I wanted to provide for those most interested in the winning of intelligences to the truth a book that would have a bit more and a bit wider appeal for attention than those which, in spite of their manifest excellencies, nevertheless have succeeded in reaching only a few." The Author's ambition has been achieved. Each non-religious center of education in America today is a "Problem Island" in the sea of shifting tides and values. A copy of Bishop Kelley's latest volume on the library table of these schools would be for them the Catholic way out. It would not be long before the symbols to the unknown God that today desecrate so many marble niches in our American State Universities would give place one by one to the beautiful face of Christ.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$2.00.

The Encyclical on Christian Marriage.

The Encyclical on Christian Education of Youth.

These are revised translations arranged for study clubs with questions and references.

America Press, New York, both pamphlets five cents each; by mail, seven cents.

What Birth Control is Doing to the United States

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Father Lord's retorts to the arguments of the birth controllers, fortified by a mass of cold statistics, leaves them not a leg to stand on.

The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, ten cents.

SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

(Continued from page 119)

any one else, consequently, along with the supernatural life—they live a most natural life.

The food of the Eskimo is chiefly dry fish, reindeer meat, seal oil and berries, and greens of different kinds gathered from the tundra whenever it is possible to get them. But whenever they have the chance to eat what the Whites eat, they do that, too.

The Sisters do not live in igloos as the people do, but at present they have only the barest of four walls. They have nothing in the way of comfort for sleeping quarters, but the love in the hearts of these native Sisters "for Christ—for souls"—enables them to offer up these trials in the spirit of faith and self-denial.

In things material they are very capable. The Superior is an expert cook, musician, and sharpshooter, and can handle a dog team as well as any man.

What is the outlook for the future? Their very name, SOS, stands for that which they will be to their people. Like shipwrecked pilgrims, the Eskimos are lost in a sea of doubt—and the waves of superstition seek to engulf them. The priests are doing more than their share, but they must have some assistance. The work, which was begun in such earnest, is still flourishing. Will it not continue?

MANILA TRIUMPHANT

(Continued from page 127)

Welcome by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Michael J. O'Doherty, D.D., Archbishop of Manila, the Opening Address by the most Reverend Thomas Louis Heylen, D.D., Bishop of Namur, and President of the Permanent Committee of the International Eucharistic Congress, and the Reply by His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia and Legate of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. The words of His Eminence were few but impressive, and for the missionaries they were words of hope and encouragement. He said in part: "As our Holy Father points out in his beautiful and gracious letter to this International Eucharistic Congress, there is a close link between the Blessed Eucharist and the work of Christian Missions. For the redemption of mankind by the sacrifice of Calvary is applied to peoples and individuals and is perpetuated by the Mass, in which and by which the Sacred Body and Blood of our Divine Redeemer are placed on the Eucharistic Table for our souls' food and drink, making us sharers in the Divine Nature and brothers in the bonds of faith and charity. Wherefore, the Blessed Eucharist is most efficacious for the conversion and salvation of those who sit in the shadow of death, immersed in superstitions and astray from God. . . . God has sent, not angels, but men to convert the world, and missionaries even when holiest, are not stripped of all human frailties. Like Joseph . . . the missionary, having gone

out from his native land . . . enters a strange land, hears a strange language, is surrounded by people unknown to him and lives in the midst of new traditions, customs and circumstances. His greatest temptation is desolation. He will experience in a measure our Lord's sense of abandonment in the Garden of Gethsemane. He is deprived of human consolations and he needs a stay in his solitude. Our Lord Jesus Christ in the tabernacle is his safeguard, friend in discouragement, and he gladly perseveres in a life of suffering, want and trials of every sort. The Blessed Eucharist then, being the missionary's light and strength, is also the mainstay of missionary work."

The realization of the missionaries' hopes was had on the morning of February 4 when fifty thousand women who had gathered on the Luneta for the public Mass on "Women's Day" received Holy Communion. Amongst these women was an adult Japanese who had been converted to the Faith and before the fifty thousand made her first Holy Communion. She knelt near the Altar of the Sacrifice raised above the multitude and flanked by two young Japanese girls dressed as Angels who acted as heavenly witnesses of this first reception of the food of Angels, the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. February 5, was "Men's Day" at the Eucharistic Congress and for them, Mass was celebrated at midnight. Throughout the hours of afternoon and evening in every church of the city, and in the evening at many places on the Luneta thousands of men went to confession. That the Eucharistic Congress was affecting great things in the hearts and souls of many thousands is evidenced by the fact that many amongst these men were, in their adult years, making their first confessions and were soon to make their first Communions. Perhaps one might be inclined to blame these good Filipino men for carelessness and charge them with lack of Faith and little Catholicity. The fact is, however, that in many places of the Philippines there is a frightful dearth of priests with the result that many have grown up, through no fault of theirs, with little or no knowledge of the Catholic Faith which they want to profess. That they came from many distant points to be present at the Eucharistic Congress and to make their first confessions and first Communions speaks volumes for the Faith that is the heritage of the present generation after three hundred years of missionary labors in the Philippines. At the midnight Mass fifty-two thousand men received Holy Communion on the Luneta.

The third day of triumph was had on February 6, when nearly one hundred thousand children gathered on the Luneta at 6:30 for "Children's Day" Mass. February is supposed to be within the dry season in the Philippines, but throughout the afternoon and evening of February 5, rain fell heavily in Manila. It caused the cancellation of the open-air meeting on the Luneta at 6:00 in the evening and gave little promise of fair

weather for the Children's Mass on Saturday, the sixth. But early in the morning droves of children, in spite of wet grounds, gathered from all parts of the city and from outside of the city. One group of more than a hundred children traveled a distance of about two hundred miles by auto, having left their homes at two o'clock in the morning. And their conveyance was no luxurious coach such as we are accustomed to in the United States, but a none too comfortable bus. It was a trial and a hardship for these little ones to be up so early in the morning and to travel such a long distance with no taste of food. They helped to swell to sixty-two thousand the total of children who received Holy Communion that morning on the Luneta. If one were to consider the evidence of Faith as manifested at these Masses one could not but be satisfied that there is a strong Faith amongst the Filipino people and that the example of those who were present at the Congress will have a salutary influence on the other thousands who, because of poverty or other reasons, were unable to go to Manila. And what the pilgrims from China and Japan witnessed in Manila must needs inspire them to go back to their countries more ardently determined to bring about the conversion of their fellow Chinese and Japanese.

Other events in the Eucharistic Congress were the daily International Meetings which took place at 6:00 each evening. The first International Assembly on the evening of February 4 had for its theme: "The Holy Eucharist as A Sacrifice." The second International Congress on the next evening had for its theme: "The Holy Eucharist as A Sacrament," and on the third evening the theme at the International Assembly was: "The Eucharist and the Priesthood." The main speakers on the first evening were His Excellency, the Most Reverend Cesar M. Guerrero, D.D., Bishop of Lingayen, Philippines, whose address was in Spanish, and Mr. Joseph Scott, Dean of the Law School of Loyola University, Los Angeles, whose address was in English. At the second International Assembly the main speakers were the Most Reverend Edmund Gleeson, D.D., Bishop of Maitland, New South Wales, and the Very Reverend Silvestre Sancho, O.P., Rector Magnificus, University of Santo Tomas, Manila, Philippines.

On the evening of Children's Day the address in English was given by Reverend James T. Gillis, C.S.P., Editor of *The Catholic World* New York City, and the address in Spanish by Dr. Jose Ma. Delgado, Chairman of the Archdiocesan Catholic Action, Manila. Each day at 4:00 in the afternoon, Holy Hours were conducted in various churches of the city of Manila. On the second day there was a special Holy Hour in the Cathedral for Bishops, Prelates and Priests. The sermon at this Holy Hour was given in Latin by His Excellency, the Most Reverend William Piani, D.D., the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands.

Sunday, February 7, was the final day of the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress. The ceremonies of the day began with Pontifical Mass at the Luneta at 7:00 A.M. The celebrant of this Mass was His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, and Papal Legate to the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress. Despite an intensely hot sun more than one hundred thousand people were present at the open-air Mass. The closing exercises of the Congress began at 4:00 in the afternoon when, it would seem, all Manila turned out for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Women in their charming Filipino native dress, girls from the Catholic colleges dressed in native style and in the colors of their respective colleges offered a sight that might shame even the rainbow. Sisters, Friars, Priests and Brothers and a vast concourse of men made a line of march which required four hours to pass a given point. The van of the procession reached the Luneta some time after 4:00 in the afternoon, and not till 8:30 did the Papal Legate, bringing up the rear, ascend the altar to place thereon the Sacred Host which had been carried in triumphal procession over a two-mile line of march. Every available space in the Luneta was occupied as Benediction was given, and it is no exaggeration to put the number of those present at three hundred thousand. Newspapers put the figure between five hundred thousand and a million. As the lighted candles held by everyone in this great assembly began to gleam at Benediction time one felt that the very stars of Heaven, glowing brightly overhead, were being reflected in the sea of humanity below, and that Heaven and earth were one in acknowledging the Divinity of God made Man.

The Eucharistic Congress has come to an end. That it made a deep impression upon all present is an acknowledged fact. The numbers of American Catholics and American priests who were in Manila made a deep impression on the Filipinos. They had ocular evidence of the truth that the Catholic Church is universal, not national. We may ask: "After the Eucharistic Congress, what?" It has been said, by one who knows, that the Congress has dealt a death blow to the proselytizing forces in the islands and to the indifferentism that these forces have caused in the hearts of many who have been lukewarm Catholics. A public official from one of the Provinces has not hesitated to proclaim publicly to a group from his Province that they must return to their homes and complete the work of Manila and bring back to the one true Fold those who through want of priests, and because of proselytism have fallen away from their Church. And the missionaries, one and all, have returned to their fields of labor, confident that the good of the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress will not be ephemeral, happily satisfied that the Congress has been a glorious triumph for Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

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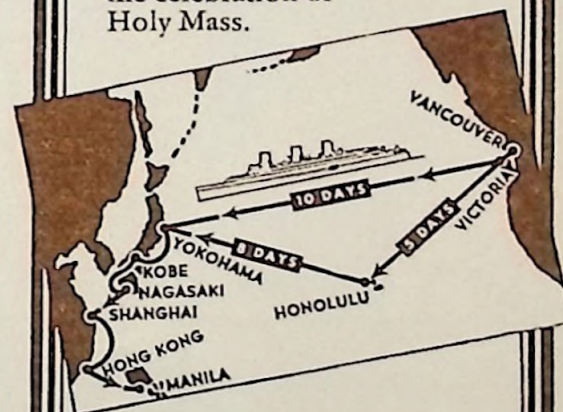
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Manila Triumphant

E. Paul Amy, S. J.

SCHOOLS have reopened after a short holiday; the missionaries from the Provinces have returned with their flocks; visitors from Europe, Asia and America, have gone back home; the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress is over, though the memory of it will linger long, and its effects for spiritual good will last through many a year.

This Congress, held in Manila, Philippines, from the third to the seventh of February just past, was in every sense of the word International. On the morning of Saturday, the sixth, which day was dedicated to the Children, a spectacle, in keeping with the nature of the events which were transpiring, took place in the neighborhood of the Luneta, Manila's famed waterfront park and promenade. From somewhere in the rear of the high altar, especially erected for the Congress, rockets were sent up at intervals. The solemnity of the sacred mysteries which were being celebrated at the time, held one's attention during what at first seemed to be a remote bombardment. But as the reports of frequent discharges continued to be heard, one was distracted enough to look heavenwards. Clouds of smoke were all that at first greeted one's gaze. But then, as one yielded to the distractions, he saw the sky decorated with the flags of many nations which, one after another, had been discharged from the rockets and floated gently towards the bay, proclaiming to all on land and at sea that the representatives of many nations, and many rulers were gathered together on the vast open space below, com-

mingling as subjects of but one King, the King of kings, and in a true brotherhood that knows neither color nor race, giving homage to Jesus Christ in the Eucharist.

THE oneness of the vast throngs that crowded the Luneta morning after morning, and evening after evening, of the four days of the Congress was evidenced in many ways. The language of the Congress was for the most part English, though some of the main addresses of the International gatherings in the evenings were in other than English. But the very fact that Japanese and Portuguese, Polish and Chinese, Spanish and French, Dutch, German and Italian all mingled with the various dialects of the Philippines in offering words of praise and devotion to the Eucharistic Lord in the one ceremony of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament served but to emphasize the International character of the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress. Even as one listened to the addresses made in these various languages, one saw groups of people from China, either with their native clergy, or with missionaries who had come from European countries to be their shepherds; pilgrims from Japan and Java, from Australia and China, and other oriental countries, to say nothing of those who had come from the countries of Europe, were adoring One God, and that very adoration made them one. If there had been any doubt as to the beliefs and the sincerity of those beliefs on the part of the thousands of faithful adorers, one need not have gone further than the time for the distribution of Holy Communion during the Masses on the Luneta to have had all doubts dispelled, for then could be seen priests of nearly every nation



VIEW OF THE GENERAL COMMUNION FOR WOMEN., XXXIII INTERNATIONAL EUC

giving of the Bread of Angels to those who hungered and thirsted after eternal life. Filipino, Chinese, Canadian, European and American priests were all called upon to minister unto those who waited to receive the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar, and even as the priests were of many nations, so too were those who received Holy Communion. And it mattered not what priest of what nationality ministered to what pilgrim. All were of one faith in God, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

IT would be difficult to give in all detail the events and happenings of the Eucharistic Congress, but those who were not fortunate enough to go to the Philippines, and to be there during the days of grace from February 3 to 7, may find some interest in this short account of the Congress. His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, arrived at Manila on the afternoon of February 1. He was given a welcome and reception such as befitted a Papal Legate, and was made a guest at Malacanang Palace, the home of the President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, Mr. Quezon. That evening he was tendered a reception at the palace, at which the wife of the President was the hostess. February 2 and 3 might be characterized as days of arrivals, for on those days many ships brought to port groups of pilgrims from all over the world. In the final tabulation were numbered over one hundred archbishops and bishops, and more than two thousand priests of fifty odd nationalities. On every side, in the streets of Manila, one would see devout clients of the Blessed Eucharist who had come, some, hundreds of miles from the towns and islands of the Philippines, others, thousands of miles from far across the seven seas. Predictions were to the effect that hundreds of thousands would give public homage to Jesus Christ in the Eucharist when the public

Two distinguished visitors at Manila's International Eucharistic Congress. Left: Mr. Joseph Lo-pa-hong, China's great lay apostle, Knight of St. Gregory, was decorated by the Italian Government in 1936, and received the "cape and sword" in January, 1937. Next to him is the Papal Count Pucci.



assemblies would be held in the Luneta, nor were the predictions made by false prophets.

THOUGH the Congress did not officially open till the evening of February 3, there was a civic reception on the evening of February 2, at which addresses of welcome were made by public officials, in which addresses expression was given to the satisfaction the people of the Philippines felt in the honor which was theirs at being hosts to the Catholic world. At the official opening of the Congress fully one hundred thousand people foregathered to hear the reading of the Papal Brief, the Address of

(Turn to page 139)

CONGRESS, LUNETTA, MANILA, P.I. FEBRUARY 4, 1937. R.C. PHOTO SERVICE MANILA