

# Jesuit Missions

**FATHER MARQUETTE**

**NANKING—OLD AND NEW**

**MARIAMMA KEEPS HOUSE**

**ESKIMO BOYS**

**"KATAK HAN"**

**LONGLAC GOLD**

**WE MISSED MANILA, BUT—**

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**REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.**  
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In the missions, some missionaries need even the necessities of life. They must travel much to reach all corners of their parishes.

# STRINGLESS GIFTS

In the missions, fees must be paid for teachers, catechists, doctors, hospital care and the other needs that confront the missionaries.

The following letters help to throw some interesting light on Father Jacques Marquette, S.J., and are reprinted from "Some Hitherto Unpublished Marquetiana" by Father Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J.

The Jesuit General, Father Oliva, to the French Provincial, Father Roger, December 29, 1665:

"The Canadian Mission needs by all means a reinforcement of workers. I signify this to Your Reverence and I earnestly recommend to you as to the rest of the Provincials in France to see what subject you have in your Province sufficiently fit to set out at an early date for those shores. You have among others Master Marquette, whom you can despatch on the first occasion, if he is still of the same mind as that which he has already fully made known to us."

Father Marquette to the General, Father Oliva, May 31, 1666:

"I cannot sufficiently express to Your Paternity how much I appreciate the permission you sent me to go to Canadian territory. . . . I am not at all worried over the danger threatening us from the English and the Turks, who according to report are sweeping our seas. Shielded by the Divine Will as by the firmest of bulwarks I shall take off shortly from La Rochelle. . . ."

Father Le Mercier (Superior of the Mission of Canada) to the General, Father Oliva, Sept. 1, 1668:

"Finally we dispatched to Father Claude Allouez (who is in charge of the Ottawa Mission, the most trying of all by reason of the unheard of barbarity of the natives and situated almost four hundred leagues from here) Father Jacques Marquette, a man well versed in the Algonquin language, of sound health, robust body, excellent character and tried virtue, and highly acceptable to the barbarians by reason of his wonderfully gentle ways."

Father Claude Dablon to Father Pinequette, Quebec,



Canada, October 25, 1674: (Archives, Maison Saint-Louis, Jersey)

"After the discovery of the North Sea which this Father (Father Charles Albanel reached the southwestern corner of Hudson's Bay in June, 1671) made two years ago, they expected of us the discovery of the South Sea. This has been effected the current year by Father Marquette, who returned safely the past Spring. It may be said that this is the finest and most hazardous of all the discoveries achieved in this country up to the present day. The Father, having at length, in the month of June, 1673, found the famous river of which the Indians had spoken so much at a point more than a hundred leagues away from the Ottawa, among whom he was stationed, navigated it as far as thirty-two degrees of latitude. He holds it certain that he arrived in Florida and, if he had pushed on forty or fifty leagues farther, would have fallen into the Gulf of Mexico; but he returned on his tracks for fear of putting his companions into the hands of the Spaniards, who, so he learned, were not far away.

"All this country which he traversed is the finest in the world; it is divided equally between prairie and woods. He made the acquaintance of more than forty villages. They are affable people and docile for the most part and they listened to him when he spoke of the Faith. The account of this journey was replete with rare and curious things of very considerable importance, but the person who was bringing it to us suffered shipwreck when close to Montreal and all his papers were lost. I expect another copy of it the coming year as I have asked it

of Father Marquette, who kept a copy.

"He has remained in the Ottawa country to be ready immediately to begin the Mission of the Illinois, who are the nearest and most docile of the peoples he discovered."

# EDITORIALS

## FATHER JACQUES MARQUETTE, S.J.

MUCH has been written and many eloquent addresses have been delivered about Jacques Marquette, S.J., the tercentenary of whose birth is being celebrated on June first of this year. And Father Marquette is worthy of it all. True, much of the glory that surrounds his name centers about his work as a discoverer, and principally as co-discoverer with Louis Jolliet of the upper Mississippi. However, happy though we are in the renown that has come to him as an explorer, we feel that there is even a greater attraction in Father Marquette because of his personal virtue and his missionary zeal. These qualities were what chiefly impressed his contemporaries, as we may gather from a letter written after Marquette's death by Father Claude Dablon, S.J., to the Provincial of France, November 15, 1679. We quote the translation as given by Father Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., in "Some Hitherto Unpublished Marquettiana." The church referred to is that of St. Ignace, Michigan.

"The other church goes by the name of St. Ignace and it is frequented with the utmost devotion. In that place awaits a blessed resurrection the body of that highly apostolic man, Father Jacques Marquette, who after imitating the great Xavier in life by his virtues, imitated him also in his death, which he underwent most holily in the depth of the woods, destitute of every human aid, as had been his most ardent desire, and spent with measureless toil, for he had penetrated eight hundred leagues, to wit, three thousand two hundred miles from that city (Quebec), laid the foundation of a mission among the Illinois, and, with the torch of the Faith, carried the name of Christ to divers other peoples, whom he himself was the first to discover."

This testimony of a fellow missionary leaves no doubt about the deep impression made by Marquette, the man of virtue and the missionary *par excellence*. Exploration and discovery were indeed but incidental to this man of God. All his life he had prepared for and had ambioned work for souls. An interesting light is thrown on this in the letter he wrote to the General of the Society of Jesus, Very Rev. John Paul Oliva, on March 19, 1665. As the letter is long, we quote it only in part,—again from "Some Hitherto Unpublished Marquettiana."

"I have now finished my seventh year of teaching and twenty-eighth of age and am facing another round of studies. I accordingly approach Your Paternity with the same petition which, with the consent of my Superiors, I proffered in all earnestness to our deceased Very Reverend Father General almost seven years ago. The peti-

tion is to the effect that Your Paternity order me to set out for foreign nations (the foreign missions), of which I have been thinking from my earliest boyhood and the first light of reason so that I wanted to be off for them before I knew (anything about them). . . . That was my chief motive for entering the Society. I may add, besides, that formerly I had a preference for the Indies but at present am perfectly ready to go to any region at all to which it will please Your Paternity to assign me. . . . I am now of an age, with (corresponding) physical strength, when I ought not to lose any longer the services which I can lend to Christ at so great a gain for myself. So now I beg Your Paternity to write to Father Provincial, telling him in express terms that you leave this matter entirely in his hands, so that, if opportunity offers and he judge it expedient, he can send me off at once to where a way to the pursuit of those souls first opens up, and this without his awaiting further word from Your Paternity and without my finishing or even beginning theology, as I have already dipped somewhat into cases of conscience."

In response to this letter, the General wrote encouragingly to Marquette, but also urged him in the meantime to set himself "to the acquisition of the virtues that are plainly necessary to the efficient worker, so that you may be enabled to reap the very fruits which the Society looks for as the outcome of the missions." Not many months passed before Marquette was given his desired commission to set out for Canada.

Noteworthy, when speaking of the holiness and zeal of Marquette, is the fact that he was not volunteering through any spirit of bravado, but only impelled and inspired by his Leader, Christ the King. He knew he needed his Leader's help, but he had absolute confidence in that help. "I follow," he wrote to the Father General, "the voice of God, Who will not suffer me to be tempted above my strength especially as I am well enough aware that this whole affair has been taken in hand and negotiated for me by the Most Blessed Virgin."

Marquette truly merits the honors bestowed upon him as an explorer and discoverer, but one must never forget that Marquette, the man of God, is even more worthy of acclaim. It was only his desire to advance God's glory and to work for souls that brought him to the New World. For this work he needed personal holiness and in this did he excel. For this would he be distinguished even if he had never discovered the great Mississippi. His explorations won him the acclaim of men down through the centuries, but his sanctity won him the eternal acclaim of Christ, his King.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

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# Marquette

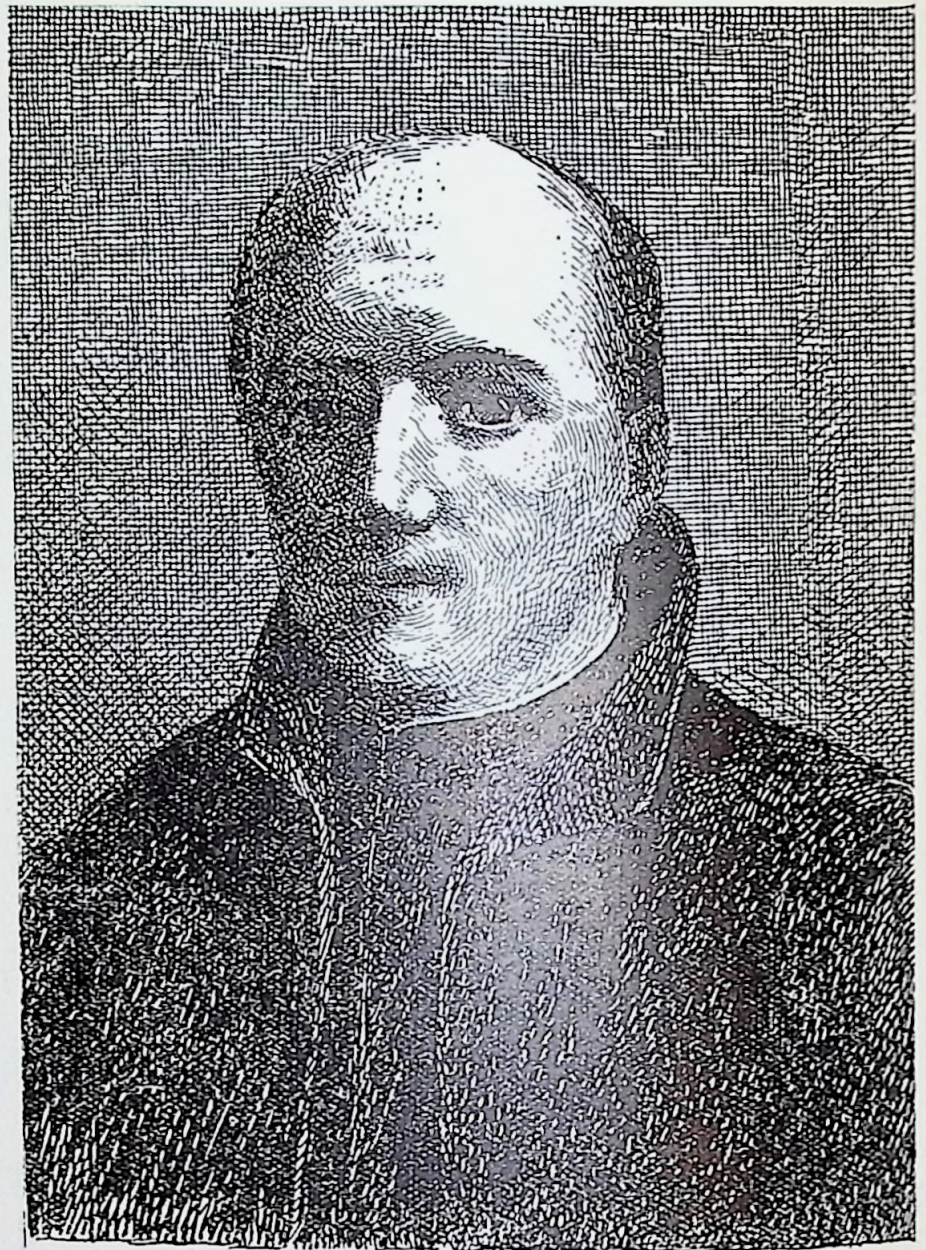
James S. McGivern, S. J.

**A**MONG all the zealous missionaries who came to New France, there to live and labor and die in the cause of their leader Jesus Christ, there is none more noted than Father Jacques Marquette. It is only fitting then that in this year which happens to be the tercentenary of his birth we should commemorate the achievements of this great missionary. But in bringing back to mind the success of the great explorer in opening up the great stretches of the Mississippi we must not forget that which is decidedly of greater importance, the really eminent sanctity of the missionary and apostle.

Father Marquette, so we are told, was born in Laon, a town of central France. Son of an old and honorable family of that city he first saw the light of day on June 1, 1637. (This year, 1937, Laon will according to word that has just come from France erect a statue to the honor of the native son of whom they are so justly proud, Father Jacques Marquette.) His education at the Jesuit College of Nancy early finished, he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of seventeen. Twelve years later, now a Jesuit priest, he was sent by his Superiors (1666) to the Mission of New France. Soon after his arrival he plunged into the task of learning the Indian languages under the skilled tutelage of Father Druillettes. His capacity for these tongues was so great that he learned ultimately to converse fluently and well in six of the native tongues and was sufficiently proficient in others to be understood. For two years he stayed with Father Druillettes at Three Rivers and in 1668 he was sent to his first Western Mission, Sault Ste. Marie. There he labored with Father Dablon for some eighteen months until given the sole charge of the more difficult Mission of the Holy Ghost on the southwestern shore of Lake Superior.

**H**ERE we meet for the first time in the *Relations* a separate account of Marquette's work and also the first mention by him of the great river with which his name will be forever linked. To the bleak mission of Father Marquette came some Illinois Indians from the land far to the south of Lake Superior. They brought strange and wonderful tidings of a great and mighty river which flowed through their country and so far away to the south that no one knew where it ended. And, so they told Father Marquette, their own villages along this river contained some eight thousand souls and besides their own nation many other peoples also dwelled beside the great river. Would Marquette come to instruct them and their neighbors? A call to which the zealous young missionary wanted to respond immediately. He went so far in his preparations that he sent gifts to the neighboring pagan tribes and thus obtained permission to pass unmolested through their country.

Unfortunately, however, Marquette, due to unforeseen, indeed unpredictable, events had to restrain his enthu-



Sketch from alleged oil portrait of Jacques Marquette, S.J., discovered in Montreal in 1897, and reputed to be a painting by R. Roos.

siasm. But soon Divine Providence opened up the way and Marquette was ordered to accompany Jolliet who had been delegated by the Governor of New France in 1673 to explore the length of the great river. The story of their voyage is so well known that we do not need to delay long on it but need simply to recall that they canoed their way down the Mississippi until they reached the mouth of the river Arkansas and there learned that the great river down which they were going emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. As this was what Jolliet had come to learn they now turned back. The account of the expedition is that of Father Marquette and it well repays reading (*Jesuit Relations*, LIX 86, 164.)

**A**FTER his return Marquette remained for a short while at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, at the head of what is now known as Green Bay. A year later (1675) Marquette started for the village of the Illinois Indians whom he met on the return journey (1674), but he was overtaken by a severe spell of cold and was forced to winter near the lake (at Chicago). The following Spring he reached the village and said Mass just opposite the place later known as Starved Rock. But the missionary was now exhausted by his labors and travels and felt the end approaching. Desirous, therefore, of ending his days at the Mission at Mackinac, at the end of three weeks among the Illinois he left their village. Coasting along the east- (Turn to page 167)

# Coastal Trips and Mission

## Visits

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

In previous months we have given the story of His Excellency's official visit to Stann Creek and its substations. In the present narrative he begins the account of another of his visits to stations located on the Caribbean Coast. Punta Gorda is his objective. Bishop Murphy is Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras.—*Editor.*



*The new and the old school at Punta Gorda. The reception committee is on hand to welcome the Bishop, though not on the particular trip of which he writes in the present article.*

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 from Belize, British Honduras, to Punta Gorda. It was easy sailing yet the trip seemed to be rather slow because of the long stops. We left on Friday at half past one and we landed Saturday morning at Punta Gorda, in the midst of a very heavy shower at 9:30. When the shower had passed, I was greeted with three cheers. There was a fine group of boys in parade under Mr. Apolonio, to escort me to the church. The little fellows were not quite perfect in their parade movements but it was their first appearance and, all things considered, they made a brave showing. At the church grounds I said a few words to them, complimenting them on their first appearance and encouraging them to use the drill and the training as Scouts and make themselves a credit to their Drill Master and to their school.

FATHER Herman J. Tenk, S.J., having arranged matters for my comfort during my visit, at noon set off to prepare the congregation at Barranco; he would have everything ready for Confirmation on Monday morning, and he would be able to return to Punta Gorda shortly after twelve o'clock. So, in accordance with his plan, his little boat, the *Santa Maria*, his own handiwork, carried me down to Barranco ten miles south. This is a fair sized Carib village with a good church and a large school house. It stands on a bank about fifteen feet above the sea and it gets all the breeze that blows from the Caribbean. Mr. Salvador Daniels had the school children on the plaza to give me greeting; Father Tenk led the grown people of the congregation in a fine procession to the church. There were fourteen for Con-

firmation. With the instruction to the candidates and to the congregation, the services took one hour. After breakfast the whole town gathered in and about the school house for a procession along the water front to a large dory which was to carry the Bishop out to the *Santa Maria*. There is no pier to accommodate a boat of her size. As our sailors paddled us to the motor boat there were cheers and greetings and good-bye signals all the way down to the church plaza. It had been a very pleasant visit and I spoke my approval of the school and of Maestro Daniels and of the congregation and Father Tenk. The little boat, *Santa Maria*, is seaworthy and carries herself well, be the weather what it may. Father Tenk is rather proud of his machine, a "Universal" engine that works to perfection and has never failed to come up to his expectations. He has two good men who seem to be as fond of the boat as he is himself, and they keep it in apple pie order. Both here and at Stann Creek the motor boat has changed the face of the mission for the Pastors as they visit their flock. Twenty years ago, even less than twenty years ago, trips to the outlying missions had to be made often in miserable weather in dories paddled or dependent on wretched little sails, while Bishop, priests and sailors were exposed to all the inconveniences of heat and rain and storm. Both Father Halligan and Father Tenk agree that the "Universal" marine engine is just the right thing for a Jesuit mission boat.

When we landed at Punta Gorda we were informed that His Excellency, the Governor, and Lady Burns were visiting the town and we were very much pleased to have them make a short call (Turn to page 167)

# The House That Jack Built

Frank A.  
Sarjeant, S. J.

IT was a Sunday morning in January in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty-seven.

"Come in," I cried, "and take your shoes off."

I was immured in the little hole in the wall—nine by nine, six and a half feet high—which I call my room. My old friend, Father Vincent Gookin, S.J., whom I had not seen for three hours—since we had taken breakfast together down in the cellar—stood at the door. But he did not look as if he wanted to take anything off. The purplish tinge on his face and hands told me that the "bird cage" where he lives was working like a suction pump this windy morning. Perched precariously on a few jutting beams at one corner of the house, with eight perforated windows covering three sides of it, this little room of his is the gathering place of all the Winter winds that sweep down the Tigris. There are iron bars on all the windows, but they do not keep the wind out.

No such difficulties are to be found where I live. One window looks out into the corridor. Light the oil-heater and in fifteen minutes you are as snug as any hibernating animal. But this Sunday in January was peculiar. The wind swept right through the sieve-like wall on the other side of the corridor and into my nest. Down into the trunk I had gone and brought up all the spare clothing. A box of thumb tacks—and I was ready. All along the window frame, I plugged the gaping chinks. Over the door knob I hung a bathrobe to care for the wide open spaces where the doors did not meet. Bright glowed the oil-heater. But all in vain. I had just given up, and was on the point of seeking refuge elsewhere when in walked Father Gookin. He had given up, too; for while the bars on his windows did not keep the winds out, they did seem to keep them in!

IT was then that I thought of the cooperative movement which is becoming so popular in America. If the people of a midwest town could unite their forces to present a solid front to "big business" and bring down the price of gasolene, why could not Father Gookin and I do the same to bring up the temperature? Down off the courtyard, on the lee side of the building, was another hole in the wall which serves as the Principal's office. It, too, had gaping windows and doors, but not on the windward side. It had two tables and two chairs.

"Father Gookin," said I, "if two heads are better than one, the same should be true of oil-heaters. Fetch yours from the 'bird cage' while I bring this one down to the office. The Greeks went into Troy by trying."

It worked. Cooperation conquered. And there we



*Father Frank A. Sarjeant, S.J., Dean of Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq.*

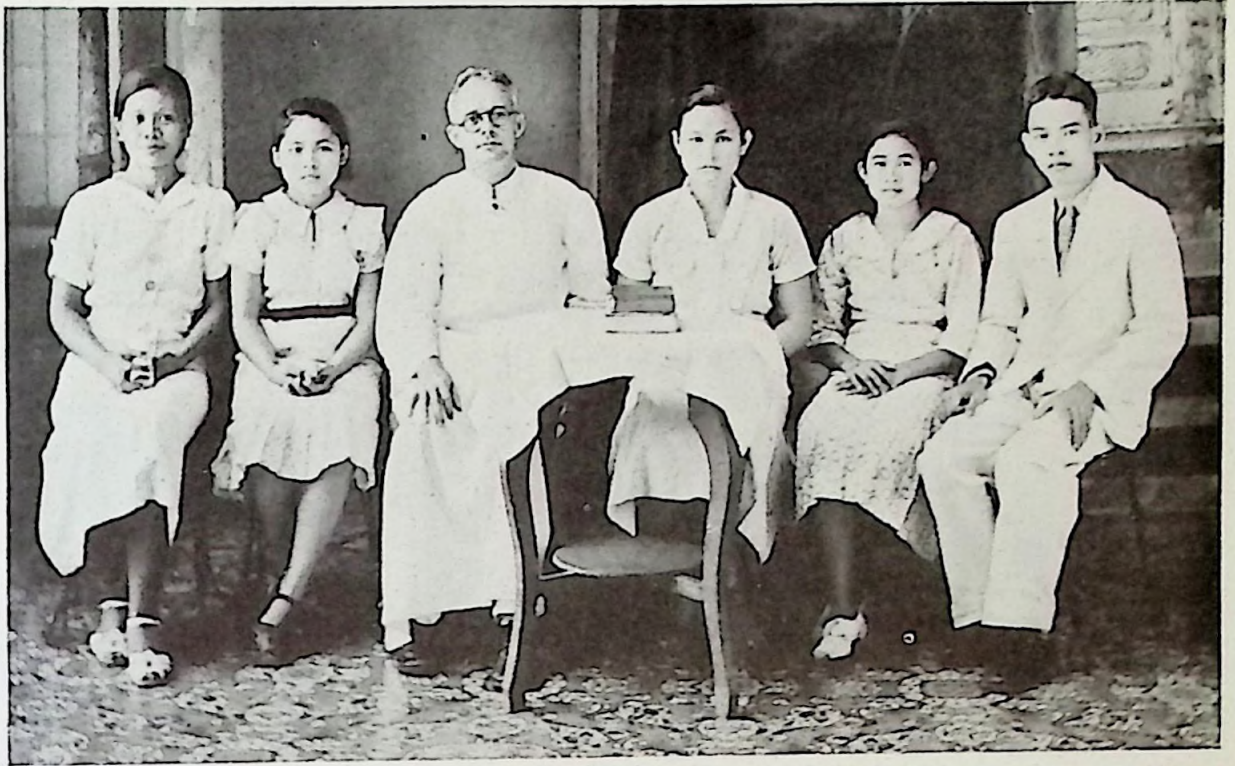
spent that Sunday morning in January. Of course, our hands were too cold to do any writing. So we read, and wandered and wondered. My mind wandered through all the houses I had ever seen or read about. There was the Baghdad house described in a recent book as "a ventilation fan in Winter and a radiator in Summer." Was this the house he had lived in? There was the house of logs I had lived in one Pennsylvania Winter up in the mountains. That was cold, too,—but you expect to be cold in a log cabin. There was the house that Mother Goose told me about years ago—the house that Jack built. "This is the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man . . . that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built." Ah that must be our house! We have priests that are shaven and shorn; we have cats and rats that we can't shut out. So this, then, is the house that Jack built.

WELL Jack will not build our next house! He does not build them well enough to keep out the Baghdad cold and—in Summer—the Baghdad heat. Jack, after all, is only a Mother Goose character. But Jack is what the architect and the contractor and the coolies and the carpenters and the bricklayers ask you for when you want a house. The men who bring you sand and cement and iron beams and lumber and bricks all ask for Jack. I trust my friends will forgive me for descending to slang. Slang, says the Oxford Dictionary, is language of a highly colloquial type, but when a man is cold, he must be permitted a certain freedom of speech.

# "So This is Malaybalay" Austin Dowd, S. J.

**W**HAT Malaybalay means I have not yet found out.

It seems to be a Visayan name, but no one has yet explained it to my satisfaction, some frankly saying they do not know. Be that as it may, it is the name of the capital of Bukidnon. It is situated on the top of a rather narrow plateau, surrounded by mountains. It is a delightfully cool and beautiful place. Bukidnon was the "unknown land" of the Philippines not many years ago. Here dwelt the Bukidnons, Manobos and Bagobos; to the south, Moros from Cotabato, Davao and Lanao roamed. At first it was attractive to pioneers from the rest of the Philippines, as a ranch country, and today as one travels along, he can see hundreds of the humped-back Indian cattle that are fattening on the rich mountain grass. The soil, too, seems fertile, but apparently not much grew here naturally except grass. Abaca is raised, and corn, but the last five years have witnessed a severe plague of locusts, whose devastating pilgrimages leave the place almost a desert. Being a pioneer town a decade or so ago, Malaybalay has not yet found itself; her houses are for the most part wooden structures of no particular style. A painted house is a rarity. How-



*Father Austin Dowd, S.J., with participants in a symposium on the Blessed Sacrament at Malaybalay, November 18, 1936.*

ever, the people representing perhaps over twenty-two dialects with a sprinkling of Americans, are very friendly.

**F**OR many years they have been deprived of the blessings of a resident priest. Father L. Contin, S.J., a zealous Spanish missionary, visited this place for years; then Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., made periodic trips, and after him Father Frederick Henfling, S.J. Other priests, too, lived here from time to time. Finally in

1934, Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., came here to live, and immediately the Catholic Faith began to boom. His first work was to establish a Catholic Dormitory, two in fact, one for the boys, and the other for the girls, students of Bukidnon Normal School. These were absolutely necessary to offset the devastating work of the Protestants. These missionaries of a false religion, blessed with zeal and funds, have for the last fifteen years been trying to convert the native  
(Turn to page 167)



*Father Dowd's catechists leaving Malaybalay for a trip to the barrios.*

# Mariamamma Keeps House

John W. 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, continued from last month, he concludes the intimate account of life in a Catholic family among the fisher folk of Ceylon. Mariamma, you may recall, is the devoted mother of the large, happy household.—*Editor.*

LAST month we told you of the early morning happenings in Mariamma's home. Now *Appu* (Daddy) and all the children are finished their early morning duties. Then comes "morning tea" (remember: it is still an hour which we customarily consider useless and unprofitable to be anywhere but in a comfortable bed). There is now sufficient light to see by, and the cocoanut-oil lamps have ceased their smoky attempt at illumination. But, for the sake of better light, some members of the family take their portion of *hoppers* on a plate cut for the exigency of the moment from a broad green plantain leaf, and the mug of tea (unsweetened and "unmilked"), and squat on the veranda or on the bare ground in the compound. A sudden wail, loud and piercing, announces the day's first disaster: a daring scavenger crow has swooped down and relieved Thirunavakarasu of one of his *hoppers*, winning a first class victory over the sneaking pariah dog.

If they are to be in time for class, the four eldest must be off. School starts early in this hot country. Rajah and his two brothers depart on foot in one direction, with the boys' school for their destination, and Sebamalai joins the daughter of the neighboring proctor, to ride to town with her in a native taxi (a two-wheeled bull cart), to the Convent.

MARIAMMA by this time has her hair done up in the native fashion, which consists in gathering the entire mass together in a long conical twist, and fastening it at the back of the head. On ordinary occasions, no comb or fastening of any kind is used to keep the *konde* in shape. Once put it stays put. Sending the two little girls over to spend the time in a neighboring compound with another pair of their own age, under the watchful eye of Amirthanayagi, she calls *thamby* (little brother), and, saddling him comfortably on her hip, takes her head-pad and sets off for the jungle to carry firewood. This task is her own special prerogative. She need not cut the wood; but every housewife must go to

the jungle and carry it home. At the turn in the lane, she meets Kamalalogini and Nagamma, two devout Hindu friends, who, with their morning brows well smeared with the holy ashes, are setting out on the same mission as herself. The latest morsels of gossip, which travel through the air in some mysterious way, are exchanged with that dispassionate interest born of long practice. The trio stop at the gate of Selvum's house to add another member to their party. But the lady of the house excuses herself, saying that her daughter, Vadivamma, has been taken down with an attack of fever and needs maternal attention. Mariamma sympathizes, and promises to return later to see the patient. They proceed on their way.

IN the jungle they find that the men folk have been ahead of them and have the sticks already cut. Gathering the rather lengthy branches into small bundles, the muscular matrons raise them to their heads padded with the specially prepared head-pad, and start back homewards. Thirunavakarasu comes toddling behind his mother. Kamalalogini has a long way to go, so she strikes out ahead, with much wobbling of hips, employing a characteristic wood-carrier's stride, half trot half slide, that covers ground with surprising speed. Near the temple, Nagamma stops to gossip with a friend of hers (she is liable to stand there for a solid hour with that clumsy weight on her head), while the busy Mariamma continues on her way. Arriving home at last, she discovers to her chagrin that the *enfant terrible* has disappeared. Retracing her steps, she finds him engaged in poking sticks into a hole in a termite hill, and babbling gleefully: "*Nahum! Nahum!*" ("A cobra! A cobra!") It is the work of a minute for the frantic mother to snatch her fledgling from a terrible death.

tracing her steps, she finds him engaged in poking sticks into a hole in a termite hill, and babbling gleefully: "*Nahum! Nahum!*" ("A cobra! A cobra!") It is the work of a minute for the frantic mother to snatch her fledgling from a terrible death.

THERE is marketing still to be done, and marketing is always a strenuous and trying adventure. Saverirajah has arrived home with his morning's catch of fish for the curry, and has now gone to work his paddy field. With a sigh of resignation, Mariamma plants the youngster on his perch, sets her basket with some empty bottles for oil on her head, adds another neck-chain and a larger pair of ear pendants to her jewelry, and away to market.

She is late, and so does not intend to make a serious business of it—just to pick up a few things for the curries. After a certain amount of skillful haggling, she has armed herself with some hot chillies, a couple of very

## IN MEMORIAM

(In memory of Rev. John J. Monahan, S.J., who died in the Philippines, May 8, 1926.)

FRANCIS A. MANN, S.J.

Break the rock—there flares  
Soft starlight from within.  
Strike the heart with pain  
And beauty long deep lain  
Will leap in purple glow  
Despite the bitter blow.

Cold in foreign clay  
And silent lies God's priest.  
Love, a searing sword,  
For his Eternal Lord  
Flashed as lightning fame—  
Where souls now burn with Jesu's Name.

suggestive snake gourds, some *brinjalls*, and a dozen mangoes. A piece of black native confectionery puts a satisfactory end to the nagging of her small passenger.

On the way home, she must make a visit to the church and pay her respects to St. Anthony and Holy Mary and the *Swamiyar*. She squats on the floor, and makes her orisons before each statue, humming rather than singing a plaintive monotonous chant. Thirunavakarasu has finished his "sweet" and is up and going again. So the praying stops, she gathers him up and hurries away, pausing only a moment at Amurthanayagi's house to pick up the two girls.

The fire is smouldering, as it always does, and in less than a minute a good blaze is dancing on the hearth under a huge pot of rice. Mariamma, with experience born of many dinners, carefully cuts up and mixes the ingredients of the curries. There are two of them; one composed mainly of fish, with a thick sauce, while the other, on close examination, would be found to contain in one form or another the snake gourds and other vegetables that Mariamma brought from the market.

**O**PERATIONS are somewhat interrupted about the middle of the day by the arrival of the youngsters from school. They must be fed something to keep them at bay until dinner in the evening; so they are served up a portion of rice, minus the fancy trimmings. Then back to school. The hottest part of the day has now settled down, and activities are reduced to the minimum. Mariamma takes the long-bristled broom and sweeps her back yard clean of all leaves and rubbish, so that the ground is bare and unobstructed. Lawns are not favored, because they afford hiding places for the creeping things that would make life more than unpleasant. Housework is thus finished, and everything is ready to simmer down and swelter while the sun swings through its terrible zenith.

*Appu* returns from his task of irrigating the paddy field, and takes a turn at shinnying up the cocoanut trees to tap the nuts for toddy—the native liquor. It would be interesting to watch him, as, high above the ground, he crosses from tree to tree on a set of ropes arranged like the ratlines on old-fashioned sailing vessels—one for the feet, and one overhead to hold on to during the tight-rope-walking stunt.

**A**BOUT four, the young hopefuls come trooping back from school. Rajah has been punished by the master, and boasts a pair of bruised knuckles; Singham

has rent his *banion* (a kind of masculine skirt, worn by most of the boys and men) from top to bottom in an encounter with three playmates; and Sinappu has lost his geography text book. Mariamma listens coolly to the tales of woe, adds her share of chastisement, and where necessary administers a tongue-lashing in a high-pitched voice that rolls off the Tamil periods with enviable oratorical coloring. Only Sebamalai, the angel of the household, has a comforting story to tell: she has actually passed in every subject in the term examinations.

There are tasks and errands for each to perform, and in the execution of them the time wears on into evening. Mariamma pays a visit to Selvum, her young friend, to assist her with experienced skill in the treatment of her malarial child. Only after much argumentation does she finally succeed in dissuading her Hindu friend from abandoning medical treatment in favor of calling in the *pusari* (devil-priest) to make sacrifice to the devils.

**J**UST after darkness has fallen, the family assembles for the dinner. Boiled country rice, with the bran still clinging to it, two kinds of curry, soup—these, washed down with tumblers of water and anchored with a juicy mango, form the meal. There may be more variety in the trimmings as occasion offers; but the rice and curries are never substituted for. They are

the substantials of a real native meal in Ceylon. The quantity of rice that is scooped up by the nimble fingers and disappears behind white teeth is marvelous. And the natives do it all very neatly, too.

Once the repast is finished, it is only a matter of allowing things to settle down until bed time. In a neighboring compound, a quintette of Mohammedan women are squatting on the ground with a giant drum, a *ravvanna* resting on their collective knees, and are beating out rhythmical measures for the amusement of the lord of the house—a polygamist—and for their own diversion. Not to be outdone, *Appu* gets out his tom-tom, tightens its skins by warming them over the fire, and taps out a spirited interpretation of a Tamil ballad.

**O**NE by one, the members of the family seek their mats, and, after kneeling upright upon them for night prayers, wrap up in the coverlet and drift into the land of tomorrow. Mariamma, squatting beneath a cocoanut tree with her little slumbering waif in her lap, softly chants her evening prayer of praise and thanks, as the glorious Ceylon moon soars majestically over the lagoon, and a cooling breeze steals across from the sea.



*Native Ceylonese winnowing rice near Batticaloa, Ceylon.*

# Eskimo Boys

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

**B**YOLOGY is a lively topic these days. Much is written about the educational methods of youth. In America especially experiments without number have been tried and abandoned. Playgrounds are laid out for our children's amusement, schools erected for their schooling. What the net result of this vast expenditure of time and money has been, I am not prepared to answer. I would rather bring before your eyes a boy who has no playground but the rolling tundra, no school but the humble mission structure and the family igloo. I speak of the Eskimo of the Yukon Delta.

When one first comes in contact with the bland, expressionless face of an Eskimo boy he is inclined to think that this lad lacks the smiling face and easy unconcern which distinguishes youth from maturity. However, a missionary has a chance to break down the barriers which block the approach of a White into the Eskimo family circle. The priest is able to see the Eskimo boy as he really is—happy and carefree. One of the greatest blessings of our work up here in the Arctic is the fact that we are trusted. This is evidenced in a thousand ways and one among the many is the smiling face, the radiant simplicity and lack of restraint of the children in the presence of a priest. How happy am I to receive their warm welcome as they rush out to meet my team. They had recognized me from afar and are in readiness to receive me. I can turn over my tired malemutes to the boys and know that they will be efficiently unharnessed, tied and fed, while I repair at once to the warmth of their little one-roomed huts. Within these lowly habitations, all is peace and contentment. They are filled to the brim with fat, rollicking children. The happiness of poverty has a charm all its own, yet, I have searched in vain for looks of gloom and words of bitterness.

It is the Eskimo boy with whom I am now concerned. Incidentally, I have had leisure to study him in those fields of activity which a boy loves best. I have been his companion both in Winter and Summer. During the past five years we have hunted and fished together, skated and snowshoed together, mushed and bivouaced together. Needless to say, I did not have to search to find the wholesomeness and cheerfulness of character which must be the natural right of every boy.

**B**UT how does the youth of the Arctic differ from his American brother? Of course, living as he does so close to Nature, restraint of any kind is irksome. He loves the open, movement and play. A twenty mile jaunt for game will not tire him half as much as an hour's work on the wood-pile. However, work of any kind he prefers to school. In the classroom, drawing and music are his forte, arithmetic his weakness. Lacking the many sources of artificial amusements so prevalent in civilization, of necessity he must fall back on his wits to supply his recreation. Endless practice and a natural creative



*Julius, one of the smiling Eskimo lads of Akulurak, Alaska, brings home a couple of rabbits for his mother.*

instinct have made him a superb mimic. Acting comes as natural to him as water to a duck. His acute powers of observation never miss an oddity in another's make-up. Mannerisms especially of the Whites are performed with exquisite mimicry, and it is with something of a surprise that one sees even the soberest double up with merriment at these exhibitions. Naturally they are at their best in imitating bird calls. Many a time have I depended on my lads to bring an unwary goose, duck, or crane within the reach of my gun!

**T**HE trait that has impressed me most in these children of the tundra is their resourcefulness. In this I think they have the edge over the boys of the States. There have been a few occasions on the trail when I would have gone panicky but for the calmness and reassuredness of my boy guide. What I would look upon as an adventure was to him a mere incident of the trail.

Civilization, I am coming to believe, does much to soften. It necessitates a great deal of dependence and sometimes utter helplessness. The stern motherland of the north rears her children to depend upon themselves. The strange thing about it all is that the Eskimo never lays in a great store of anything. He will take from Nature about him what he thinks will provide for his immediate needs. He leaves the rest to God. God takes care of the salmon, the fox,—He will also take care of him. There are no dietitians up here to prepare a careful children's diet with vitamins A B C scientifically determined. Yet the children are fat and healthy. Sickness and general disintegration come only from the Whites and when a native tries to live like a White.

# The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Perhaps the most interesting correspondence to reach our JESUIT MISSIONS Office during the past month was a batch of releases for the Tercentenary Celebration of the birth of Pere Jacques Marquette, born June 1, 1637, at Laon in France. The story of the Tercentenary plans to date are gleaned as follows from the leading lay spirit behind the campaign in the east, Mr. Arthur J. O'Dea of Hackensack, N. J. Cooperation, lay and clerical, is growing.

## THE MARQUETTE TERCENTENARY

Under the direction and guidance of Rev. Herman I. Storck, S.J., Loyola House of Retreats, Morristown, N. J., Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., 226 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y., and Rev. Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., temporarily at 329 West 108th St., New York, N. Y., a group of laymen are sponsoring a National Marquette Tercentenary in this country with the following program. Articles on Marquette in all Catholic publications and leading secular papers during the Tercentenary year. *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for May was a Marquette Tercentenary number as will be *Mid-America* for July. *The Catholic World* will carry a Marquette article in June and James O'Donnell Bennett will write a Marquette article for the *Chicago Tribune*. A pamphlet size life of Marquette is being prepared by Father Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J. (Our own JESUIT MISSIONS has already featured in its May number an article by Father Garraghan on Marquette and is publishing another in this issue.) Marquette pageants, dramatizations and memorial exercises by parochial and public school children are planned at all Marquette statues, memorials and markers with the encouragement of the Department of Education of the N. C. W. C.

In addition to what has already been noted, a national patriotic celebration has been planned with a joint resolution by Congress marking the Marquette Tercentenary. This will be accompanied by a speech in the Senate by Hon. F. Ryan Duffy, United States Senator from Wisconsin. National Exercises on the afternoon or evening of June 1 will be held before the Trentanove statue of Marquette in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington with the French Ambassador as the principal speaker. It is planned to broadcast this program over a national network. These exercises are being arranged by the N. C. W. C., under the direction of Msgr. Ready. Because of Marquette's devotion to the Immaculate Conception, our National Patroness, it is planned to celebrate a Solemn High Mass in honor of Marquette at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington. This program is under the direction of Msgr. Corrigan, Rector of the Catholic University. On Sunday evening, May 30, the Ave Maria Hour plans a radio dramatization on the life of Pere Marquette over their national network. At present we are endeavoring to obtain the issuance of a Marquette Tercentenary stamp. The Pere Marquette Railroad; the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau of Marquette, Michigan; Dr. Louise Phelps Kellogg; the Alumni Association of Loyola University, Chicago and the Chicago City Council have all been requested to take part in the celebration.

In "Some Hitherto Unpublished Marquettiana," by Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., reprinted from *Mid-America*, the author publishes a letter from Jacques Marquette to the Very Rev. Fr. General, Oliva, March 19, 1665, in which the young Jesuit attempts to strengthen his plea for an appointment to the missions with these words: "I feel a repugnance to getting up the speculative sciences and by nature and disposition am not so well suited for

them . . . to gain those souls for Christ the speculative sciences help but little,—what helps is zeal and fervor worthy of a true son of the Society, a thing I hope to obtain through the prayers of Your Paternity." These words sound like an echo from our own day, for this same fallacy is frequently punted back and forth now as in the days of Marquette, yet nothing could be further from the truth. It is undoubtedly true that even a lay catechist without any formal training in theology and with a minimum of catechism can teach the few truths of Faith necessary for salvation to a catechumen, but the work of our Catholic missionaries is not co-extensive with or to be limited by the achievements of a Chinese catechist. In order that our missionaries might know the full content and value of the Gospel which they are to spread, in order that they might be able to impart these Gospels to others and to adapt themselves to the mental and psychological and moral needs of other peoples, in order that they may make straight the path of salvation and lead their neophytes along it to the more abundant life, reason and experience both demand a mind enriched by the learning which can only come, completely at least, from a long and persevering course in what Marquette was pleased to call, in the days of his youth, speculative sciences.

Father Garraghan in a footnote at the end of the letter just noted, gives the traditional Jesuit viewpoint on this subject. He writes: "Marquette's *obiter dictum* 'that the speculative sciences

## WHAT MAKES A MISSIONARY,— LEARNING OR VIRTUE?

are of little help in gaining souls for Christ' needs qualification. Plainly the first requisite for the successful worker on the foreign missions is personal virtue, especially an ardent zeal for souls and a spirit of self-denial; but an inference therefrom that the speculative sciences may consequently be dispensed with in the normal training of the missionary, as being a negligible part of his equipment, is of course unwarranted. The Jesuit Generals have always insisted on the necessity of solid theological learning in candidates for the foreign missions."

The following is the English translation of the autograph copy of Marquette's last vows as a Jesuit now in the General Archives of the Society of Jesus of the Province of Champagne. "I, Jacques Marquette, promise to Almighty God, in the presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole heavenly court, and to you Reverend Father Gabriel Druillettes, in place of the General of the Society of Jesus and his successors, God's vicegerents, perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience, and, conformably to obedience, special care for the instruction of youth in the manner expressed in the Apostolic letters and constitutions of the said Society. At Lake Superior of the Algonquins in the town of St. Mary's, the 2nd day of July, 1671. Jacques Marquette."

In the Mission Exposition Supplement of *The Philippine Commonwealth* for February 7, 1937, statistics for the missions of the universal Catholic Church are listed under thirty-two headings as follows: Priests, 18,128; Brothers, 8,755; Sisters, 50,555; Catechist Schools, 503; Students, 14,822; Normal Schools, 221; Catechists, 74,147; Teachers, 62,087; Medical Missionaries, 1,374; Converts (1 year: 1932-33), 404,744; Catechumens, 2,614,036; Major Seminaries, 107; Seminarians, 4,917; Minor Seminarians, 12,046; Minor Seminaries, 286; Novitiates for Brothers, 52; Novices, 771; Novitiates for Sisters, 267; Novices, 3,475; Students, 9,205; Elementary Schools, 33,635; Students, 1,950,377; Higher Schools, 3,565; Students, 337,794; Hospitals, 711; Beds, 36,301; Dispensaries, 2,814; Patients (1 year), 24,584,878; Leprosaria, 108; Patients, 12,779; Orphanages, 1,971; Orphans, 112,990. These figures graph the mission world in numbers.

## THE MISSION WORLD IN NUMBERS

# "Katam Hai!" Charles P. Miller, S.J.

I WAS passing through Karidna, and was in a hurry to get home for it was evening and a storm was approaching. There were no Catholics in Karidna, and little likelihood of any conversions, for Karidna was a market town and the population consisted mostly of Hindu shopkeepers and traders.

When, therefore, a man hailed me and earnestly requested me to visit a sick person in his house, I demurred. These people were not poor. They could afford to buy medicine, even call in the local doctor. I endeavored to excuse myself, urging the lateness of the hour and that I could not well look after a patient who lived so far from my house. He persisted in his entreaties.

"How sick is this person?" I asked.

"Very sick, indeed," he replied.

"If that is the case," said I to myself, "there is perhaps a chance to baptize a dying person."

I accompanied him to his home. The sick person was his wife, a young woman about twenty-five years of age. She was suffering from tuberculosis, and considering the unfavorable surroundings for such a patient and the advanced stage of the disease, in my opinion, she did not stand one chance in ten of recovering.

As is usual when a Father visits a sick person for the first time, the entire village, so it seems, endeavored to crowd into the sick room. With such a crowd of Hindus in attendance it would be futile to attempt any religious instruction, even the most elementary. I told the husband that next day I would bring some medicine to relieve the woman's cough and thus enable her to get a little sleep.

I called at the house the next day, as I had promised. Again the curiosity seekers crowded into the house did not give me the opportunity I sought.

Treating a sick Indian is not an easy matter. He may have been ill for months, during which time he will have tried all the medicines, concoctions, charms and spells, as suggested by friends, relatives, and sorcerers, and after all these efforts have failed he will call on the Father, even go to the doctor, and expect to be cured in twenty-four hours at the least. This case was no exception. On the third day I was asked to administer some other kind of medicine as the patient had not recovered.

I knew that there would be no recovery, but I had to spar for time in order to find the occasion to instruct the woman, and if possible baptize her. Not far away there lived a Mohammedan doctor of repute with whom I was on friendly terms. I suggested to the husband that this doctor be called to make an examination. The suggestion was followed. The doctor told me that the woman had no chance of recovering.

After the doctor had gone I found my long sought opportunity to instruct the woman. Only she and her mother-in-law were present, and the latter was a very sensible woman.

I BROKE the news as gently as possible but made it clear to the sick person that she was really ill and that it would be best for her to think more of the welfare of her soul after death than that of her body at present. With the help of a catechist I had with me I was able to instruct her sufficiently for Baptism.

The mother-in-law was in favor of her receiving it, and showed great interest in all I had to say. The sick person listened but said nothing until I asked her to repeat slowly the Act of Contrition.

"No, no, no!" she cried, almost fiercely. "If I have to die, I shall die, but what right has God to take me away from my little boy. He will be left here alone with his drunken father. No, I will not ask pardon of such a God."

"Be quiet, daughter," said I, "God is good. He is your Father. He loves you and . . ."

"If He is good, if He loves me," she interrupted, "then why does He not cure me. He could do so. Why doesn't He? No, I will not love Him, I will not ask His pardon."

"God is God," said I, "is it for man to give orders to God?"

"God is God," she retorted, "but He does not care for me nor for my son. Why should I love Him?"

I REMAINED silent, trying to grasp the situation. Usually, the Hindu is something of a fatalist. It is rarely he shows any signs of rebellion against what he considers the ordinances of his Fate, his Kismet. This woman was decidedly rebellious. Further attempt at persuasion would do no good, it might only drive her into formal sin.

"God is God," I said to myself, "and



The Author, Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., (extreme right) entertains fellow missionaries at his headquarters in Gajhi, Patna Mission, India. Left to right: Fathers James R. Gibbons, S.J., Henry P. Milet, S.J., and Very Rev. Aloysius H. Rohde, S.J., official Visitor of the Mission at the time the picture was taken.

He understands the human heart. The woman is only petulant. She does not mean what she says, and surely if I, a mere man, am willing to excuse her, then the dear Lord who died for her will not only excuse her but give her more grace."

MY catechist was wearing a badge of the Sacred Heart. I borrowed it from him.

"This is a picture of your Savior," I said to the woman, "will you keep it?"

She took it, looked at it, and gave it to her mother-in-law. As I turned to go she said:

"You are a *Sadhu*, a holy man, are you not?"

"I am," I answered.

"If your God will cure me," she said, speaking very slowly and looking straight into my eyes, "then I and my son will join your religion."

"Very well," I replied, "we shall see."

The mother-in-law accompanied me to the door.

"You are not angry, Sir, are you?" she asked.

"No, of course not," I replied, "but I am sorry to hear your daughter speak thus."

"Will you come again?" she queried.

"After some days,—perhaps," I answered. "What good will it do?"

I fully intended to come again, but it would be better if I came at her invitation.

"Very much good," she assured me, "my daughter has great confidence in you."

On my way home it occurred to me that the Feast of the Sacred Heart was approaching, and the Novena of the Sacred Heart would start on the morrow. I would ask the school children to make the novena for my intention, and that intention would be the cure of the sick person. Once during the course of the novena I called on her. I assured her that we were praying for her recovery.

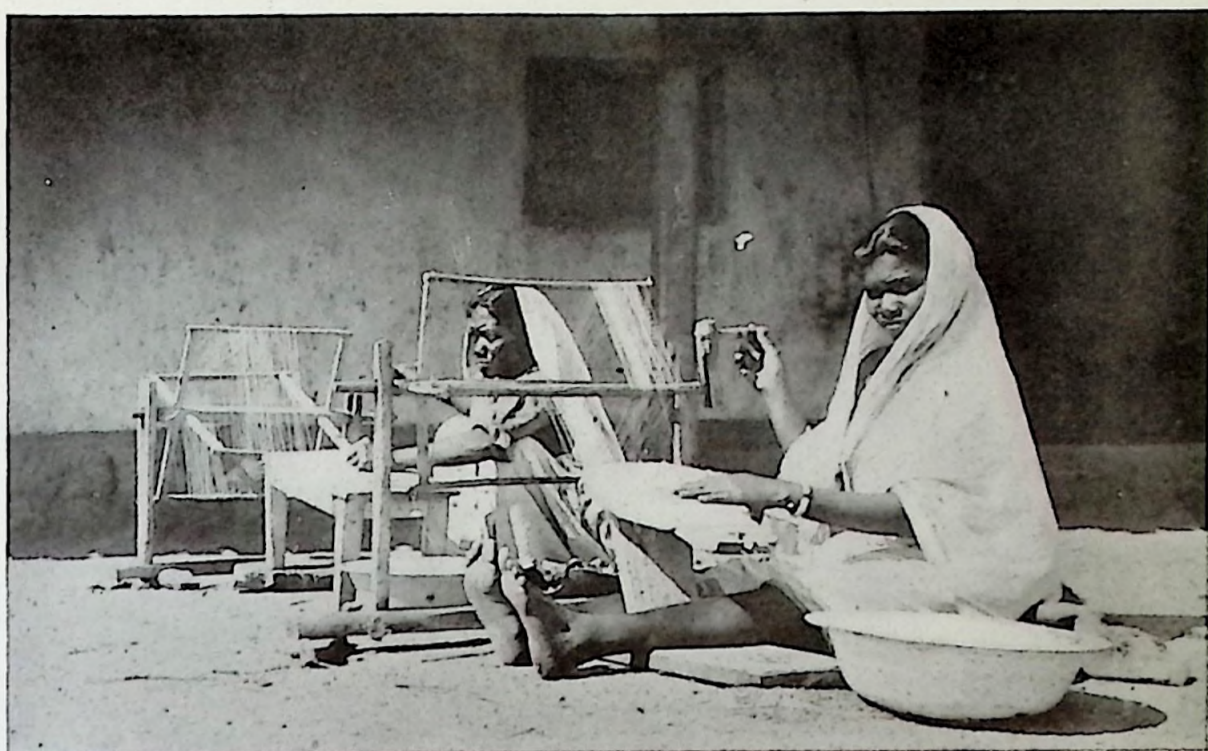
"Shall I be cured?" she asked.

"That rests with God," I answered. "He always does what is best for us. Be patient. Tell Him you desire to do His Will."

"I desire to be cured," she replied. "If He wished to cure me, He could. Then why does He not do it?"

EVIDENTLY her disposition had not changed in the last few days. There was no use in trying to talk to her while she was in such a frame of mind.

Then came the Feast of the Sacred Heart. As I made my thanksgiving after Mass, the words of the sick woman came back to me. "If He wished to cure me, He could. Then why does He not do it? Why not? A leper had said to Him: 'If Thou wilt Thou canst heal me.' And He said: 'I will.' He could do the same today.



*Santal women of Gajhi Mission, spinning thread from silk. The cocoons are kept in the basin.*

On my way to her house I felt a great confidence that our prayers would be heard. Perhaps I would find her cured! What effect would such a miracle have on the Hindus of Karidna? My imagination was all aglow, and I was so captivated by the wonderful possibilities it conjured up that I nearly ran into a bullock cart and came nearer to being run down by an *ekka*, a one-horse vehicle, that was trying to pass the bullock cart. When I reached the house I came back to earth with a jolt. She was not cured. Never mind. The day is young. I told her I would give her my blessing. But first I knelt down and prayed with all the fervor and confidence I could command. I reminded our Lord that throughout the world His Church was paying homage and honor to His Sacred Heart. Could not He, on this great Feast Day, grant the small favor we asked? It would cost Him nothing. It would win two souls, if not more, from the bondage of Satan. Thus I pleaded, and then I blessed the woman. She did not rise and take up her bed and walk, like the paralytic in the Gospel. Nothing happened. The room remained stationary. The ceiling stayed where it was. The walls did not collapse. The bed with the sick woman on it was just where it had always been. Something was wrong. I was dazed for a moment, and then such a feeling of disappointment seemed to flood my soul that I felt sick. I turned to go and found an old man sitting a few feet away. He wanted medicine for some sores on his feet. Mechanically I examined the sores,—my mind was elsewhere. Mechanically I gave him the medicine required.

AS I was closing my medicine kit the woman turned her head and said: "Sir I wish to speak with you."

I went to her bedside.

"What do you wish?" I asked.

"Nothing. But I feel so happy, so happy—inside." And she clasped her hands on her breast. "I have never felt so happy in my life."

She closed her eyes. The expression of peace and contentment on her face proved the truth of her words.

She opened her eyes. They were bright and clear like those of an infant.

"Where is that picture of the Savior?" she asked.

"Here it is," said the mother-in-law, lifting the end of the mattress beneath which she had placed the picture.

The sick woman took it eagerly. She kissed it fervently. Was I dreaming?

"Why not give her the large picture of the Sacred Heart?" my catechist suggested in an undertone.

This remark brought me back to normal and to the realization of the priceless opportunity at hand. I carried by a cord around my neck a very nice crucifix about four inches long which had been sent to me by some mission-minded Sisters. With trembling fingers I held the crucifix before her.

"See," I said, "here is proof of how much your God loves you. He became man and died like this to redeem you from Satan."

"I know He loves me," she replied. "Will you let me keep this?"

I slipped the cord over my head and gave her the crucifix. She gazed at it in silence, then kissed it and passed the cord over her head. (Turn to page 167)

# Longlac Gold

Felix M. Devine, S.J.

THE train stopped at a small station with Longlac written in large letters across the side wall. "So this is the famous Longlac, is it?" a fellow passenger said to me as he saw that I was about to get off. I agreed that it was but knew, of course, that he referred to the gold mines there and not to the Indian Reserve nor to its well known "Flying Missionary," Father Joseph Couture, S.J., both of whom were much in my thoughts at the time. He is true gold of another kind.

Even though only twenty-three hours from Montreal, the headquarters of the flying Padre were in a different world it seemed. Strong rough-looking miners with parkas and packsacks stood ready for the trail the moment the train left. Dog teams slid gracefully along the narrow frozen paths with miners' equipment aboard and guided by stoical yet alert Indian guides.

The term "shack" is a bit uncouth when referring to a priest's house, so I'll say that Father Couture's home and church are located on a point running out into Longlac or Lake Kenogami. The church is poor, but respectable, brick surfaced exteriorly, with a touch of the modern in its knotted pine walls inside. Father has not yet been able to afford pews, so ordinary benches are used. The altar is good,—a high, white enamelled structure and immaculately clean.

THE house itself is a low one-story structure and at Easter time, still half buried in snow. I approached it, slid down the icy steps to the door, knocked and entered. Before me stood the handsome full-chested much heralded flying priest, working over a rather recalcitrant stove in an attempt at preparing his own supper. I perhaps flatter myself in saying that I would be welcome at any time, but at this particular moment there was no doubt about the matter at all. Not that Father needed help to cook his supper—he is an able chef when he decides to turn it on—but he had had a lonely time of late and a visit from a fellow Jesuit priest at a time when he was facing another long night alone brought joy and happiness to his heart. We chatted far into the night and during all that time I became increasingly convinced that here was truly a man to be proud of. Not indeed from any direct recounting of his exploits, but more from the little digressions from his stories of the north and his missions. For instance, Father told of the death of his wonderful dogs—four of them had died one Spring. It was only after much cross-questioning that I learned that they had died from utter fatigue after a two hundred and fifty mile trip in which Father himself had broken trail ahead of them all the way on snowshoes. Father flies to his missions now, after years of untold hardship. As he expressed it in his quaint French Canadian way: "I can now use my strength at a mission, not in trying to get there." But like an old soldier he often longs for the days when with dogs or canoe he fought his way



Father Joseph Couture, S.J., the "Flying Missionary" of Longlac, Ontario, at the entrance to his humble home.

from Lake Superior to James Bay and back again—a distance of some two thousand miles.

THE trip to the far north missions at Easter did not materialize, as the plane's engine was in Winnipeg for repairs. However, our stay at the Reserve gave me first-hand knowledge of a missionary's life at home. One must understand the Indians to realize what a missionary has to contend with. Our modern civilized Indian is an easy-going shiftless, often physically unclean person, yet kind hearted and submissive, almost to a fault. Nothing bothers him, and as a result he doesn't realize his ability to bother others. This latter trait is emphasized when a missionary is at home. After having watched their interminable comings and goings I would describe them, euphemistically, as utter nuisances. Father, however, has schooled himself to their ways and treats them with perfect charity. Privacy in his home is unknown. At any hour of the day or night they come and sit and sit. When an old man (or even a squaw) comes in, fills a pipe sits down within firing range of the stove damper and props an elbow and his knee—that set-up is good for hours on end. But with it all, Father's Indians are simple God-fearing and truly religious. One little incident took place that I thought rivaled all others for sheer naivete. A young couple whose marriage Father had blessed the morning before, came at 2:00 A.M., the following morning and aroused him from sleep to ask for two holy pictures.

All this is merely a glance at a missionary's home life in the north. There is, of course, also the daily round of early morning Mass, blessings, marriages, funerals and visits to the sick—things that (Turn to page 168)

# Christian Charity and Schools for Islam

## The Mission Intention for June

ISLAM, according to popular definition, means obedience to the Will of God and is used to designate the whole body of Mohammedans or the Mohammedan world. In advocating Christian charity and Christian schools for the followers of Mohammed, the Church is merely acting the part of a well-informed spiritual statesman who knows that the best norm of action for the future is that which has proven most successful in the past. Judged in this light, the ballot of missionary opinion calls unanimously for the exercise of the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy as well as for Christian education and in that order.

So much has been written in regard to the differences that exist between Islam and Christianity, that we wish to note here some of the rather remarkable similarities which, if properly appreciated by those in the field, would make the apostolate more fruitful and enable our missionaries to implant more and more extensively Christian seed in the gardens of Allah. In a sense Islam is much closer to Christianity than, let us say, Buddhism or any of the forms of animism. To be explicit, the *Koran* admits the historical personality of Christ, His holiness, His virginal birth, His role as a Prophet of the first rank. It speaks of the Gospel with respect and even of Mary, the Mother of Jesus with devotion. In the texts of the *Koran*, moreover, one can discern a real attachment for Abraham. It likewise venerates Moses. Its whole spirit is strictly monotheistic. It is in no way hostile to the idea of the veneration of images. Furthermore, it very precisely inculcates a rite of daily prayer and of almsgiving, as well as of submission to the Divine Will. It preaches boldly and without disguise the immortality of the soul and of future rewards and punishments, of Hell and of Paradise.

There are those who believe, of course, that the god of the Mohammedans is inhuman, that he is proud, that he is, in fact, a despot and lacking in all goodness. Yet such a picture contradicts the description in the *Koran* itself which reads: "Your lord is full of goodness for men, but most of them do not recognize the fact" (xxvii, 25). Often the prayers of the *Koran* begin with this invocation: "In the name of the kind and merciful god. . . ." (xxi). Or, "Lord do not permit our hearts ever to waver from the right way when once you have shown it to us; have mercy upon us, thou who art the supreme dispenser of mercy" (iii, 6). "There is but one god, the lord of all who has created me and protected me in the right way; he gives me to eat and he gives me to drink; he heals me when I am sick; he decrees that I shall die but he will raise me from the dead; he, I hope, will forgive my sins on the day of judgment" (i, 26, 77). Certainly the god of Islam is by no means a tyrant without mercy.

To sum up. The God of the Christians is one and all powerful. The god of Islam is the same. The God of the Christians is good and merciful. The Mussulmans know no other kind of god. The God of the Christians pardons

those who are repentant and hearkens to the pleas of those who are humble enough to seek His protection. The *Koran* is full of identical texts. The God of the Christians is a Law Giver with a perfect sanction for His law. Yet, this is the very same idea of god that is at the root of all the adoration shown in the mosques of Mecca. What then, one may ask, is the obstacle to the conversion of Islam?

In the opinion of Pierre Charles, S.J., Professor of Theology and of Missiology at Rome and at Louvain, and an outstanding student and director of mission methods, it may be reduced to this. For the Mohammedan as for the Jew, the notion of a god seeking pity from the creatures whom He has created out of nothing is nothing less than sheer blasphemy. Yet this is exactly what the God of the Christians does as a natural corollary of the Incarnation, for, He is not only a God from Whom we can ask favors and Who will grant our request, but He is a God Who lays His requests before us and to Whom we can give gifts. He is a God Who pities us but He is also One Whom we can pity. He is a God Who blesses us but also One Whom we can bless in turn. He is not only the God Who saved us but the Lord with Whom we may collaborate. In fact, all Christian dogmas and all our liturgies are impregnated with the idea and the reality of God's Divine deference to man and of man's distinguished dignity as a co-worker of God. Understanding this, we understand Calvary which otherwise would be meaningless. This is the motive for devotion to the Sacred Heart and of every practical plank in the platform of Christian social reconstruction. In no other way can we explain that mingling of exquisite tenderness so inextricably interwoven with Catholic piety that has characterized the lowliest souls as well as the highest saints from the days of St. John the Beloved Disciple to the days of Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus. Yet, and here is the difficulty, it is this Divine intimacy of God with man that is the principal stumbling block to the Jew and a contradiction in the eyes of Islam.

What is the answer to the problem? Theory set aside, two solutions are offered by missionaries who actually are or who have been on the field. The first would wait until Mohammedanism has degenerated still further in practice and, as a renegade to its own best principles, retrogressed into atheism. Then conversions will be more possible. These are the pessimists, or, let us call them the ultra realists. The second solution places the hope of conversions in love, in the love of Christ for man, but in Christ's love as it is mirrored in the lives of Christians and as it is reflected in their relations with one another. In a word, they place the solution practically in the exercise of the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy. Let the charity of deed draw Islam to our Catholic schools and Jesus Christ of Nazareth, Model of character, the integrating Magnet in our Catholic curriculum will draw them to Himself.

# Afield with American Jesuits

## IRAQ

Reverend William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, insists that America has no monopoly on strikes. Describing the work of construction on the new Baghdad College he writes:

"Last week we had a setback when the contractor went on a strike! No, not for more wages or shorter hours, but simply for the liberty to do as he pleased. In other words he was setting the bricks in a way that the architect did not like, and he was told to remove a whole line of them and to set them right. He protested that the masons could not do any better. There was a long and hot argument, and for a time I thought that bricks and knives would start flying, so I retreated from the scene. Next morning, however, there was not a man to be seen. No word of explanation either. The following evening the quarrel was patched up and everything is serene once again."

## AMERICAN INDIANS

It has been a long time since we heard from Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., who is stationed among the Indians at St. Joseph's Mission, Slickpoo, Route 3, Culdesac, Idaho. Under date of April 15, he sent some lines on the work among the Indians.

"Another word from this out of the way Mission among the Nez Perce Indians may be of some interest to the readers. After a dry Autumn and a record breaking Winter for cold, we are now having a rainy Spring. It is very welcome to our Indian and White farmers, for it means good crops for them. Some of our Indians are tilling their own land and are doing as well as their White neighbors. Our Indian village is filled with people, most of whom are Catholics and good about attending Mass. We had a packed church on Easter Sunday. Among those present were an encouraging number of Indians. Most of them received the sacraments.

"Father E. Boll, S.J., said Mass at the Sanitarium and at Lapwai and also had a very good attendance. Our outside missions are carrying on with good results. We have some very good and fervent Catholic Indians, who would bring joy to the heart of any missionary. Also, as is to be expected, I suppose, there are some backsliders of which the saddest cases are those involved in bad marriages. For them also we must, of course, do what is in our power to keep them in the True Fold.

"The Mission School which is under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, is carrying on its good work. They have recently received a number of new Indian pupils. The Sisters of St. Joseph are making great sacrifices to feed,

clothe and educate about thirty Indian boarders. A number of day pupils brings the Indian attendance up to about forty.

"We are receiving JESUIT MISSIONS and reading with great interest the accounts of the work of our brothers in their far-flung battle fields. The articles of old acquaintances are like the voices of old friends coming from the distance. May Almighty God bless them in their work."

## PATNA, INDIA

Father James A. Creane, S.J., zealous missionary among the Santals of Patna Mission, India, keeps in close touch with Indian affairs. Here is his latest report:

"India is all excitement these days over the elections, which are now going on. In accordance with the New Constitution for India the members of the Legislative Assembly are being chosen by the people. Various parties have been formed. Most conspicuous and active among these parties is the Congress Party. Their objective is *swaraj* or National Independence. But the unfortunate thing about them is that they have Communistic tendencies.

"The members of the Congress Party have been doing an immense amount of propaganda. They have been rushing about in motor cars and buzzing through the skies in airplanes. Many are the wild rumors they have circula-



John J. O'Connor, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, who died at Kurseong, India, April 16. Detailed news has not yet been received. It will appear in a later issue. Mr. O'Connor, who had been assigned to the Trincomalie Mission in Ceylon, had already done noble work there and gave great promise for the future. At Kurseong he was engaged in theological studies preparatory to the priesthood.

ted among the ignorant people. In some places our Christians have been frightened. They have been told that *swaraj* was an assured fact. All the priests would be driven from the country and they, too, if they did not revert to paganism. Many catechumens who were preparing to become Christians have been alarmed and think it best to wait.

"The people in the country villages have learned a new word, 'vote,' that is, they have heard it, but what it is all about they have little or no idea. Some think that a big revolution is on the point of breaking out. Others think the millennium is dawning and that the days of rent and tax paying are gone forever. So, as I said above, there is a lot of talk and excitement all over India.

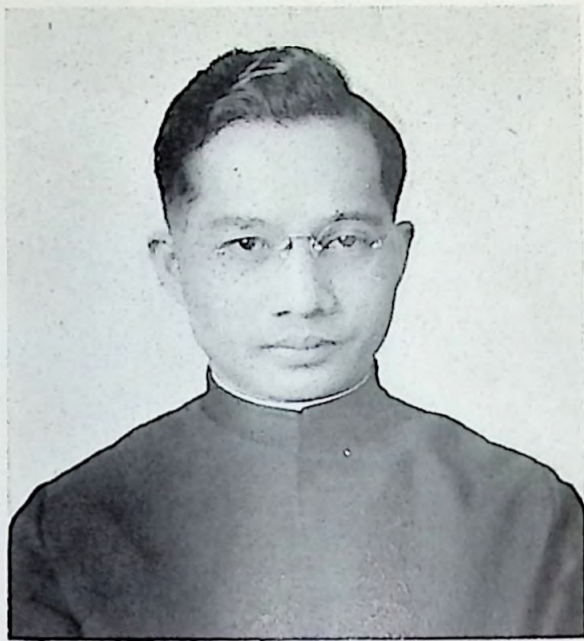
"One thing is certain: India is undergoing a change, rapid change. The missionaries of tomorrow will never know the India which some of us first visited a decade of years ago. When I came to India, trucks, lorries, motor cars were not numerous. Now they are on the roads everywhere competing with the railways. At that time movies were seen only in the larger cities. Now many of our smaller towns have their talkies. Then radios were a novelty known only to a few. But today aerials are quite a common sight. Schools of all kinds are rapidly multiplying. Rural uplift is the slogan of the land. No little effort is being made by Government as well as private agencies to better agricultural conditions.

"The inevitable effect of all this is an awakening of the masses. Caste prejudices are breaking down. Hinduism itself seems to be threatened with disruption. Vast numbers especially of the lower castes are leaving the Hindu fold to join other religions such as Sikhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity.

"Hence, as a Catholic gentleman said to me the other day, this is the time for the Church to put forth her best effort for the conversion of the Hindus. For never, it seems, has she had greater opportunities or more hopeful prospects. The pity of it all is that we missionaries are too few and our means too limited to reap the full advantage of the situation. May God inspire a vast army of our Catholic youth here in India and all over the world to come and consecrate their lives to the task of winning three hundred million Hindus for Christ. And may He also inspire men of means great and small everywhere to be generous in their almsgiving to this great cause."

\* \* \*

Life in the missions has its vicissitudes, though the missionary may take them with a smile. Here is the latest



Father Augustine M. Bello, S.J., who has just finished Tertianship at Manresa Hall, Port Townsend, Wash., and is returning to his native Philippines.

message from Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., one of our American Jesuits working among the Santals. His address is: Catholic Mission, Godda P. O., S. P., India:

"I just returned from Bhagalpur and another adventure on Indian lorries. The man who takes so much care to stamp the carrying capacity of Indian lorries on the sides, might just as well save the paint. In India the carrying capacity of lorries as well as of other vehicles is reached and then only when there is no room for a mosquito to find a foothold. Thus, on the morning of my departure for Bhagalpur, our lorry was loaded on top with baggage and inside with passengers and baggage, until General Motors designing engineers, had they seen, would have stood aghast. But that was not enough. A few miles out of Godda, when we had left the police inspectors safely behind, three pedestrians accosted us for a ride. The prospect of a few extra annas was too much for our honest driver. The three found a place to hang on and became members of our happy, if somewhat compressed company. It was the straw that broke, not the camel's back, but a rear axle. A square inch or two of steel, even though it be American, cannot support a fair sized Indian village on rough roads. There was a frightened shout from somewhere behind. The driver applied the brakes and we were nearly at a stop when a rear wheel spun off into the dust and, with a crunching of broken timber, the corner of the lorry hit the ground.

"An extra axle failed to fit but the lorry coming from the opposite direction had a spare and, as we had the road effectively blocked, there was nothing for them to do but help us repair and get out of the way. After about two hours delay we were ready to proceed again, but the driver would take no extra passengers for a few miles. But before we reached Bhagal-

pur, he succumbed to temptation but with no more evil results for us than a little more compression.

"This is February, but this year rain comes even in February. I had to wade the river to reach Godda a week ago Friday and arrived thoroughly wet from the rain and the river. And the weather is chilly now and it didn't help my cold one bit. I had no inclination to go back to Gomaro in the hills where on the preceding day the headman had begged me to come back with another man and two guns to kill a huge leopard and bears terrifying the village. I baptized the headman and many of his village last June.

"I have now fallen heir to the ill-starred Narainpur sector which from the time of poor Father Raymond Conway, S.J., has been the undoing of so many of our men. With it and my own sector I have territory enough to



Father Benignus R. Dagani, S.J., who has just finished Tertianship at Manresa Hall, Port Townsend, Wash., and is returning to his native Philippines.

satisfy any man. I miss the occasional companionship of Fathers Rudolph Bohn, S.J., and Aloysius Pettit, S.J. We were not together at Godda so often. Yet it was something. Now I am alone."

### CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., is getting a real touch of missionary life in Wikwemikong, Ontario, where he is working among the Indians. He writes:

"I had High Mass on Holy Saturday and that service took me about two hours and forty minutes. You can probably realize that I had no time to practice the singing beforehand. This was my first time going through the services. I was at my mission station at Killarney. I also had the services of Good Friday, then preached the Stations of the Cross and also read the Passion. In addition to that, I heard all the confessions there. Saturday morning I was back again at Wikwemikong for more confessions. It was really a tough week. Saturday,

March 21, started off to Wikwemikong. Had all the services, confessions and a picture show. Monday, three Holy Communions at two and one miles distance before breakfast. Sick call to South Bay, another six or seven miles away. Back to Baswa, another sick call ten or eleven miles—stayed Tuesday and gave services and preached, etc. Wednesday just arrived here and drove with car twenty-four miles to Killarney (went down by Baswa out the Manitowaning Bay on ice) then came back here by horses eighteen miles (shorter route, but risky—ice dangerous in places). But a peach of a drive with a pair of fast driving horses and a cutter. Up every night for a week till after midnight, trying now to get down to sermons (Indian and English) for next Sunday."

### CHINA

Under date of March 6, Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of the California Province, who has been spending the year studying Chinese in Anking, China, writes:

"The Winter has finally decided to move along for this year. Several days ago we had a perfectly gorgeous Spring day and my thermometer climbed into the sixties for the first time since the middle of last November. We've been having quite a bit of rain, and in general, everything seems to be taking on some life. As soon as the sun decides to come out and stay out for more than a day at a time, everything will begin sprouting and then it will look like Spring as well as feel like it. I'm just hoping that I won't be affected by the hay fever over



Father Anthony V. Keane, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished Tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and will sail soon for missionary work in the Philippines.



Father Leo M. Kinn, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished Tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and will sail soon for missionary work in the Philippines.

here as I was during my years of theology in Kansas.

"And with the coming of balmy days, I finally weakened and packed the Winter togs in moth balls. I feel much lighter and look lots thinner; all I'm hoping is that we don't run into some more cold weather. I don't know whether or not I ever described our nice winter outfits. Of course, there are individual variations, but what I've been wearing for the last three months was more or less the following: regular gym shirt and shorts,—some of the men go in for the heavy flannels,—shirt and pants, light sweater, heavy padded pants, two pairs of woolen sox, padded slippers, a heavily padded robe,—*shangs*, as they are called,—covered by another lighter one, and topped off by a thick knitted muffler. On occasion I'd put on mittens and gloves as needed, and when it was real cold, I had a sweat shirt that fitted nicely under the *shangs*. So, in spite of the fact that the room temperature was in the low forties for several months, I was comfortably warm most of the time. The only thing that was inconvenient was the chilblains on the ears, and the fact that I'd generally have to wait until the afternoon to do any typing, so that the fingers could have a chance to loosen up. But those days are gone for another eight months now, and in a few more we'll probably be thinking of the nice cold Winter days and sighing for relief from the heat of the Summer. I've always maintained a preference for the cold weather; I'm not built for tropical climes."

\* \* \*

Louis Bouchard, S.J., of the Jesuit Province of Lower Canada, is at Anking, China. He records a few incidents of student life in China:

"On the eighth of December Father Bernard, S.J., of the Province of Champagne, France, arrived here. Father

Bernard is a renowned sinologist and has written many books on China. During fifteen days he gave us special lectures in missiology. He gave us a general outline of the history, geography, literature, philosophy, arts and religions of China (Buddhism and Taoism). Among other things he noted how important it was for a missionary to know all those subjects if he hopes for a fruitful apostolate. China is turning a new page in its history. Education is making rapid strides. New highways are being opened up nearly every month; the radio and the press are in a great measure pagan or Communist. Our part will consist in preparing a conspicuous position for Catholicism—the Protestants right now are outdoing us. Let us have truth, science, self-sacrifice. Here the Father proposes Father Ricci's method: to adapt oneself as soon as possible; let



Father Harold A. Murphy, S.J. of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished Tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and will sail soon for missionary work in the Philippines.

us then win over the Chinese through that natural inclination they have for sciences, whatever they may be. Whence the necessity of colleges, universities, specialists, saints. . . .

"Recently we visited the museum and the library of Anking. Chinese antiquities: statues, paintings, vases, arms, etc., are the main attraction in the museum. What a pleasant surprise to see how well organized the library was! There was a special reading room for books, one likewise for newspapers and magazines. There is a special department for children: teachers, suitable books, wall-maps, etc. In the philosophy department I noticed that Leibnitz and Einstein held a place of honor; that Aristotle, Plato, etc., were translated into Chinese; the same for the great English and German classics. English books are not plentiful but are well chosen; anybody can refer to or read a book on the spot.

"The other day a criminal was put

to death: he was a Communist caught in the very act of spying for the Russians. From our windows a few of us witnessed the scene. The condemned man was led up a mound about fifteen feet high, he then knelt down, his hands tied behind his back. Below, all around, there was a cordon of soldiers, and behind them, a dense crowd of curious people. At the officer's command, a soldier stood out from the ranks and fired his revolver at the criminal's head. At this moment the crowd applauded. I was told it is to congratulate Justice for having rid China of an undesirable person. The mortal remains will stay there as long as parents or friends will not come and get them. Last year, we were told, two dead bodies were left there three or four days, the prey of dogs and crows."

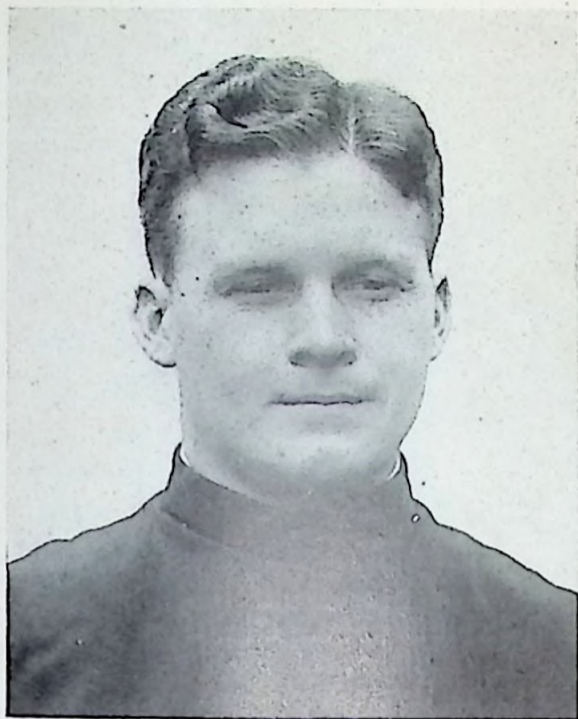
### BRITISH HONDURAS

It is with sorrow that we report the serious illness of His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras. Bishop Murphy is in his eightieth year and has, until recently, been very active. Readers who have been following his accounts in JESUIT MISSIONS need no further testimony of this. We feel sure that we can assure good Bishop Murphy that all of us will be praying for him as he requests in the following note sent under date of April 9:

"I was anointed Bishop March 19, 1924. On the same date this year, I was anointed for death. Heart palpitation, interruptions, slowness, etc., look serious and the doctor said so. I took no chances. The doctor still won't make any predictions, forbids any activity beyond private Mass and keeps me toned up with doses of strychnine. All I can do is say with resignation: '*Suscipe*' and pray for resignation. All is charity, but the inactivity and tiresome bedroom tries patience. Ask for



Father Wallace J. Pangborn, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished Tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and will sail soon for missionary work in the Philippines.



*John W. McCarron, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished his philosophy at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., and will sail soon to begin his Regency in the Philippines.*

prayers for me. There is no suffering physically, but naturally one would like to be actively employed. God bless you! Pray for me."

\* \* \*

Now that the warm days are ahead of us, **Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J.**, furnishes us with some tropical temperatures which we may compare with our own in the United States. He writes from the Church of El Carmen, Benque Viejo, British Honduras:

"You've heard a lot about our heat in the tropics. I know that it is impossible to describe it adequately. One must experience it on one's own person,—those direct rays of the sun out in the open. It feels almost like an auger boring a hole into you, especially into your head if you happen to be hatless. Here at Benque we are registering almost daily in the cool indoors about ninety-five degrees at present. A few days ago I was curious to know what my thermometer would say out on my verandah. Within about twenty minutes, it jumped to one hundred and thirty-two degrees. This explains why our people usually return from work shortly after noon to seek the shade in the afternoon.

"Benque is very quiet now for months, because practically all our men have been away bleeding chicle and now are in the mahogany works, but all their work doesn't help us out of the throes of poverty because the pay is so inadequate. Can you imagine a mother maintaining herself and children on one dollar per week? Very few get more than that allowance per week. In the camps the men must buy the barest necessities at high prices, so that practically nothing remains over the ten dollars or fifteen dollars per month salary. The school which we started out at Arenal last June is doing good work due to the heroic ef-

forts of a Carib teacher, Mr. Gregorio Ogaldez. He battled alone from June until January, when his wife and four children joined him. The people supply a house and what they can in the way of food. From little gifts received here and there, we pay him the small salary of six dollars per month, which is the best we can do. We are in great need of a catechist fund. The catechists are usually very devoted to their work, but they have their needs to supply and must care for their families and the missionary must somehow assist them in a financial way. How many stones the good catechist removes prior to the missionary's arrival, God alone knows!"



*James J. Meany, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished his philosophy at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., and will sail soon to begin his Regency in the Philippines.*

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

**Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J.**, writes from the Catholic Rectory, Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., thanking us for the gift of a delineascope:

"The delineascope is here but I must put it aside until the lecture slides arrive. Strangely enough there was no instruction booklet nor any catalogue of films. Hence there is nothing to do but put away the machine until films arrive. The projector is exactly suited to the work here. With a transformer, which I have, the town current can be used and for the *barrios* there are the six volts tubes. *Paciencia, paciencia!* Thanks, however, for the gift. It is a real start.

"One of the Fathers from Cagayan, where life goes on much the same as it does in a small town in the States, such as for example, Frederick, Maryland, visited me recently. He had the experience of sleeping out, of marrying nine couples and of baptizing fifty-eight at a clip. If visitors would take in this aspect of the mission life there probably would be more enthusiasm in

the States for the missions and more sympathy for the missionaries. You have been asking for pictures with which to illustrate your articles in **JESUIT MISSIONS**. If I had a camera I could supply you with them. Beggars, of course, can't be choosers. A graflex with film pack taking a picture about three by four would enable me to supply **JESUIT MISSIONS**, as well as **Father Thomas Cannon, S.J.**, of the Philippine Mission Bureau, New York, with the snapshots both desire. I have thousands of pictures taken by our professionals but they are not clear. The subject is not well chosen and the prints turn yellow."

\* \* \*

**Father Eugene Gisel, S.J.**, has forwarded a most stimulating and forward-looking chart of the progress being made in the College of Industrial Chemistry at the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I. In the foreword, we read:

"The Ateneo de Manila, realizing the important role of the development of industries in the economic progress of a country, opened a College of Industrial Chemistry at the beginning of the school year 1936-37. Several courses in Industrial Chemistry are offered with the purpose of training men along lines of industries, which will aid the Philippines in her struggle for economic independence."

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

**Father Mortimer Murphy, S.J.**, pleads for forgiveness in a letter typed in blue ink from St. Joseph's Rectory, Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I. Anybody who works like Father Murphy needs no forgiveness but merits real support. His letter follows:

"My face is crimsoned with shame



*Albert F. Grau, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished his classical studies at Wernersville, Pa., and will sail soon for the Philippines to begin his philosophical studies.*



*Joseph J. Kavanagh, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished his classical studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and will sail soon for the Philippines to begin his philosophical studies.*

as I type my note of blue and perspire in my suit of white. How do you like the color scheme? I feel like the flag. Coming from this section there should be a tinge of black on the edges, which among other things or persons denotes that my bank book is in mourning for Credit who just died, so that now my books as well as my face are in the red again. I know that I should be ashamed for not having answered the gift and the stipends from JESUIT MISSIONS, but there were so many things to do that now I am blue about not answering you. Boo hoo. Please fo'give me.

"After the Pageant, there came a mission at Orange Hill, the Novena of Grace and the Holy Week services which are a man-sized job for a one-priest church. Besides the morning devotions, we had sermon on the Passion, Wednesday night; Holy Hour, Thursday night; Three Hours followed by Stations and sermon at Top Hill; then back here to repeat the same and put things in readiness for Holy Saturday. On Easter Sunday first Mass at Lucea, High Mass at Savanna-la-Mar, a Baptism out of town, Benediction and sermon at Top Hill and back here for Easter devotions at seven. Do you think that I could make any money by selling the copyright on the Three Hours talks composed of one-syllabled words? Then I had to make four trips to Kingston anent the proposed church to be built at Revival. And though that is only one hundred and thirty miles, yet after leaving the wheel, I am tired, because of these roads. Later when there is more to talk about, besides the high prices, we will send some snaps of the beginnings of Revival's new church. We expect that it will be enduring as only cement will withstand the duck-ants and weathering.

"You might be interested to hear of

the formation of the Men's Brigade at Orange Hill and Revival. Already it has accomplished a lot. It corresponds to the Holy Name Society. They are supposed to be the exemplary members of the congregation, monthly communicants and volunteers for the upkeep of the church. There has been a friendly rivalry between these two sections. Orange Hill men have gathered to do fine work on the road going into the church, so that there is now less danger for the tires and springs on Fadda's kyar. Revival has been much better. They have built a kitchen where Father's cinnamon tea can be readily prepared and the rest of the meal can be easily smeared with coconut oil. It is also a help to the weary communicants. For they can get a cup of tea when Mass finishes at



*James J. McCann, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished his classical studies at Wernersville, Pa., and will sail soon for the Philippines to begin his philosophical studies.*

about one-fifteen. Besides the kitchen of wattle and thatch (quashi house), they have also put up a wire fence around the Revival church and the Top Hill church and put up the bell whose tongue was so long silent. The Orange Hill Brigade hope to retaliate by erecting a combination kitchen and garage. The latter so that Fadda's kyar won't have to stay out in the rain or be deteriorated by the heavy night dew.

"Last December, Very Reverend Father Superior, Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., was kind enough to come out to inaugurate the Men's Brigades and give an official impetus to the newly formed Bellarmine Literary and Social Club. Sounds impressive for eight members, eh what? But we hope that it will grow. The purpose is to become acquainted with some moot points on the Faith and get the Savanna-la-Mar people reading Catholic

pamphlets and books. Already we had a very enlightening discussion on Purgatory. It cleared up a lot of wrong impressions. The bait that we use is the social part of it. We have a social from time to time and we borrowed a Beano set from Father Kempel which is well liked. So we hope to get one."

\* \* \*

From Seaford Town our old friend, Father Francis J. Kempel, S.J., drops us this postscript:

"The men did fine work on the site of the proposed school while I was away. Leveling off the site is a tremendous job. The road in front of the school here is nearly finished. A good portion of the yard is completed. A stone wall is to be built along the road. We have plenty of stone in the part yet to be leveled so we can easily get enough stone to complete the work. The men have undertaken a big job but will stick to it until it is finished. When completed we shall have a wonderful site for the school, and a good sized playground for the children. In the hills we must make our level stretches of ground.

"The school is doing well. The average attendance is one hundred and forty. The Infant School, too, is filled to capacity.

"By the way, there is a possibility of the Educational Department changing its policy regarding the Infant Schools. A resolution is to be brought before the Board soon. In any case I do not think we shall change our policy. The school is a necessity for us and such a help that we shall go on with it no matter what the Department does. We must find some way of carrying on, if we get the building. The resolution is not yet passed and may never be passed so there is no need of worrying about what may happen."



*Grant A. Quinn, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished his classical studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and will sail soon for the Philippines to begin his philosophical studies.*

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## The Moro Wears a Fez,—But Not "Like a Turk"

To the Editor:

In the January issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, in the article, "Christians in the Lands of the Prophet, The Mission Intention for January" there appeared a quotation which has been called to my attention as I have been visiting the Missions of Mindanao, Philippines. The second paragraph of that article read: "When Americans describe a Moro as one who wears a fez like a Turk . . . then it does seem, does it not, that Americans know more about China and Japan than they do about western Asia and the land where Islam rules."

No doubt the implication is that Moros do not wear the fez. The fact is, however, that here in Mindanao, where for most part the Moros of the Philippines dwell, the fez is the indubitable sign of a Moro. Only this morning I was up in the Bukidnon Mountains where I hoped to see members of the Bukidnon Tribe. I saw a man wearing a fez. I said to my guide: "He is a Bukidnon, isn't he?" The guide replied: "No, he is a Moro." The fez identified him. A week ago I was at the market of the Moros in Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao. At least fifty per cent of the Moros were wearing fezes. And amongst the stalls of things for sale were two tables of fezes. Those Moros who were not wearing the fez were either bareheaded, or wearing the *tubau*, which is synonymous with turban. Tradition has it that the first missionaries of the Prophet to come to Mindanao came on a sacred shawl. In honor of that event many of the Moros today wear the *tubau*. But it is no exaggeration to say that fifty per cent of them wear the fez.

Americans are almost correct when they "describe a Moro as one who wears a fez like a Turk."

Cagayan, Or. Misamis, (Rev.) E. Paul Amy, S.J.  
Philippine Islands.

To the Editor:

In replying to Father Amy may I quote the context of the passage under discussion in the article "Christians in the Lands of the Prophet," JESUIT MISSIONS, January 1937, page 17: "It is likewise due to lack of data that Americans generally love to speak about the new Near East and the lands of the Prophet with an insouciant disregard for exactness. Witness this plaint from a missionary in Baghdad, Iraq.

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

From the context immediately preceding and following the passage which Father Amy has chosen to indict, it is clear that the writer is speaking specifically about the Near East and changes in customs and names that there prevail today. Interpreted in the light of this fact, the passage under discussion should be read with the emphasis on the words which we now italicize for Father Amy and for those whom he notes have called the matter to his attention. Read: "When Americans describe a Moro as one who wears a fez like a Turk." Do not read: "When Americans describe a Moro as one who wears a fez like a Turk." The author had no intention of asserting that Moros in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, do not wear a fez nor in the light of the context should the words have been interpreted in this manner. The author did have the intention of saying that the Turk in the Near East is fast shedding his fez and this to such an extent that the fez may no longer be said to be typical of the Turk. Wherefore, one might legitimately conclude that when an American carelessly tosses off a characterization such as, "a Moro is one who wears a fez like a Turk," he is behind the times. While this interpretation is clear in the light of the text and context of the original article, we would note now for the

further information of Father Amy and our readers that the author of the disputed passage is Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., now teaching at Baghdad College, Iraq, and formerly stationed in the Philippine Islands. While in the Philippines Father Merrick was, of course, through photographs and conversation with Jesuit missionaries from Mindanao, as well as from contacts made on at least one visit to the south, entirely conversant with the fact that the Moros of Mindanao wear a fez. He, therefore, would hardly be suspected of criticizing those who said as much. The following excerpt of Father Merrick's original letter will help to emphasize the trend in modern Turkish customs now going on in the Near East: "If you see an Iraqi with a fez, he is nearly always a sedate old Jew, occasionally he is a Christian. Only Sayids (descendants of Mohammad) and Hajjis (those who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca or to some Shia shrine as Najaf or Kerbela) wear the fez among the modern Moslems and then it is encircled by the green sash of the Sayid or the cloth of gold sash of the Hajji. Yes, the fez is rare and getting rarer, for the younger generation hardly wears it at all. The veil or pooshi has not gone as swiftly as in Turkey or Persia but it too is slowly on the way out. Government decree works faster than public opinion but both lead to the same inevitable result."

New York, N. Y.

(Rev.) Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

## How To Celebrate the Marquette Tercentenary

To the Editor:

I am teaching history to a class of boys in the High School of Our Lady Help of Christians, Newton, Mass. They are particularly interested in Jesuit missionaries and especially Pere Marquette. Would you kindly suggest some special means by which we could honor this great missionary on the occasion of the Tercentenary Celebration of his birth?

Newton, Mass.

Sister Mary Ignatia.

In answer to Sister Ignatia, the Editor feels he can do no better than submit the following data which has been forwarded to many schools throughout the United States:

"On June 1, 1937, will occur the 300th Anniversary of Pere Marquette, American pioneer explorer, discoverer and Jesuit missionary, who penetrated the vast wilderness that is now the mid-western United States, as a young man of twenty-eight and, after opening the great Mississippi Valley to history and development, died at the early age of thirty-eight in the forest on the shore of Lake Michigan near the present site of Ludington, Michigan.

"The words of Parkman, the historian, 'the people of the West will build his monument' have rung true, for the Midwest is clothed with markers, memorials and statues of Marquette,—cities, counties, parks, rivers, a railroad, a great copper mine, and the great Marquette University, all bear his name. Then, too, there is the beautiful statue of Marquette in the Capitol, Washington.

"But a more significant tribute to Marquette is associated with the great Chicago statue of Marquette on Michigan Boulevard as related recently by a Jesuit Father:

"Among the many memorials of Marquette in Chicago, there is a magnificent bronze heroic sized statue which represents Marquette, Joliet and Chi-ca-gou. When I visited this spot a few years ago a group of Jewish children were playing about the base of the statue.

"My companion jestingly asked a little girl, perhaps seven or eight years of age, whose statue this was. To which she replied promptly: "Father Marquette." "But who are the others?" She did not know."

"Longfellow immortalized Marquette in 'Hiawatha' where the Blackrobe is none other than James Marquette, S.J. These passages may serve American school children who in this year of the Tercentenary may adapt the passage and scenes from 'Hiawatha', familiar to all American children, to pageants and dramatizations of the life of Marquette who did so much to make this country safe and pleasant for little ones.

"Let all patriotic school children honor their Blackrobe friend with tributes during 1937 in the forms that correspond with the regular exercises of the classroom and school. Essays, poems, oral compositions, pageants and dramatizations in assembly halls,—pictures and drawings too may be acceptable forms for particular students with the gift of the brush.

"The Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Council under the direction of Monsignor Ready, is conducting a national celebration of the Marquette Tercentenary for school children. The Father Marquette Anniversary Committee of Marquette University is also prepared to assist or cooperate in the school celebrations, and the May number of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* portrays vivid scenes from the life of Marquette in full page colored pictures.

"Let the children celebrate the Marquette Tercentenary!"

# Father D. and Voodooists

James V. Kelly, S.J.

ONE day Cecil came secretly to Father D.'s room and stuttered out in great trepidation the information that Joe Murray had a bag filled with obeah charms. What is obeah? You ask. Obeah, my children, is a kind of witchcraft by which a mysterious charm can be put on certain simple objects to render the owner safe from harm to himself and dangerous to his enemies. Father D. was astounded at the news about Joe, and he went forthwith, accompanied by Cecil, to the elegant boys' apartment in the yard. There he was shown a disreputable looking bag in which were found the wing of a bat, the feather of a John Crow, the tooth of a dog, and other unsightly things.

During the examination of the bag Joe came in. He stood rooted to the floor, a pitiful sight. Father D. asked sternly:

"Where you get dis?"

"From old obeah man, John Wild, in Rumbo Lane for six shillings."

"Come wid me!"

And they sallied forth to Rumbo Lane. When old John appeared Father D. shouted in a mighty voice:

"Give back de six shillings dem!"

Old John rushed into the house for the money, came out with it, grabbed the obeah bag and disappeared.

Out of pity and consideration for poor Joe Murray, I will not tell the penance he had to undergo.

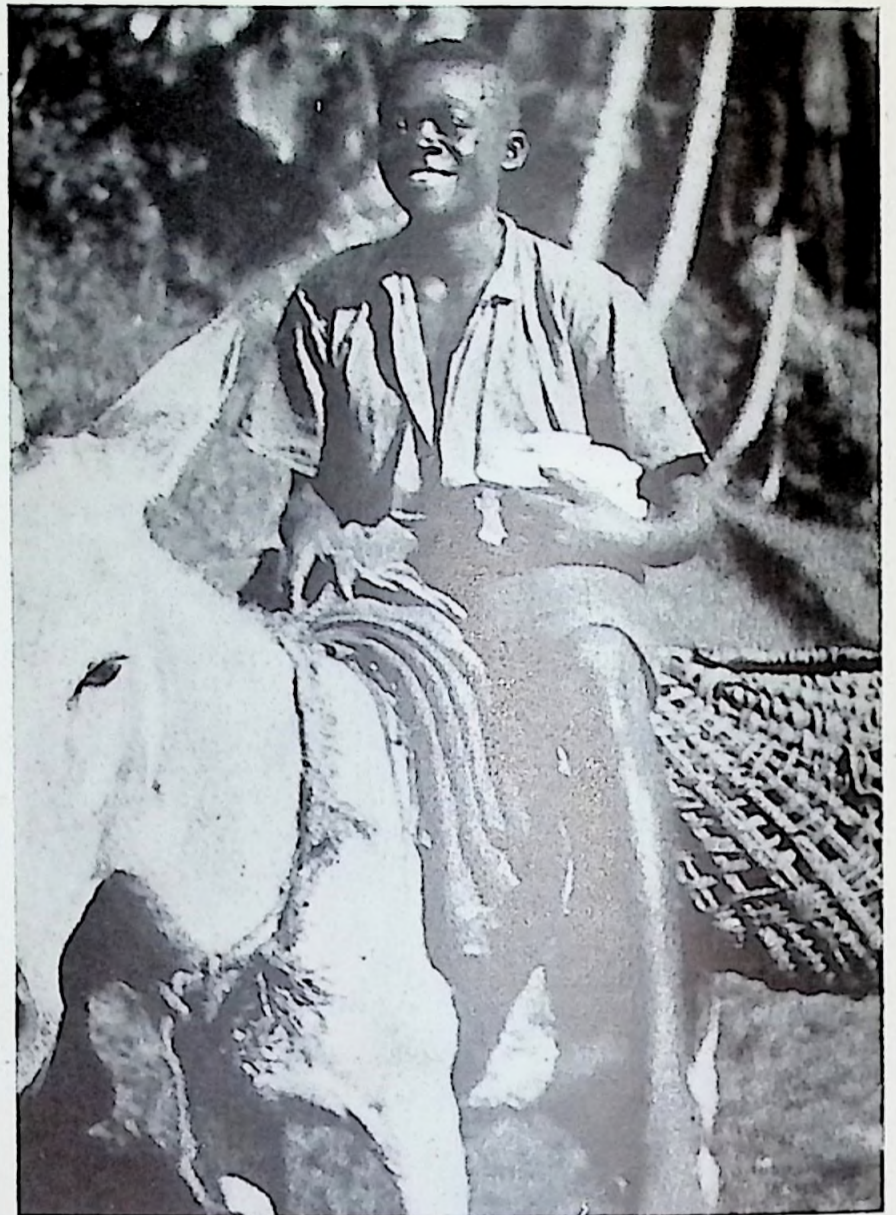
FATHER Thomas Porter, Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, when at meals with the other Fathers, was accustomed to announce his opinions with a violent thump on the table. At dinner on this particular day he declared emphatically that the curse of Jamaica was obeahism, and he thumped the table, whereat holy Father Hathaway dropped his glass, and rose slightly from his chair. Continuing, Father Porter said:

"I am informed that a pack of Black men have come from Hayti with their voodooism, and that they have a lair up near New Castle. I am surprised Father Dupont, that you do not take measures to suppress the villainous practice of these French Haytians in one of your missions."

Father D. answered meekly:

"I will inquire tomorrow."

The next morning Father D. had old Bones saddled for the journey to his missions in the Port Royal hills. He had to travel horseback, as there were then no buggy roads in the hills. On these trips Cecil always rode behind him on the donkey, Moses.



*Jamaica, astride.*

AFTER much weary and difficult climbing they came to the secluded spot where years before Tom Cringle (see Tom Cringle's Log) witnessed the weird ceremony of snake worship. Father D. dismounted, put on his cassock, surplice and stole, and peered between the bushes. He got a clear view of the voodoo company. The priestess clothed in a long red robe, was sitting on a sort of rude throne. Two men were holding before her a great goat, into whose heart she would soon plunge a dagger. The blood would be received in a large bowl, and mixed with rum, would be drunk by all the worshippers.

This was the moment for Father D. to act. He seized his large cross, and holding it aloft, rushed in. With a tremendous shout, he cried in the French language:

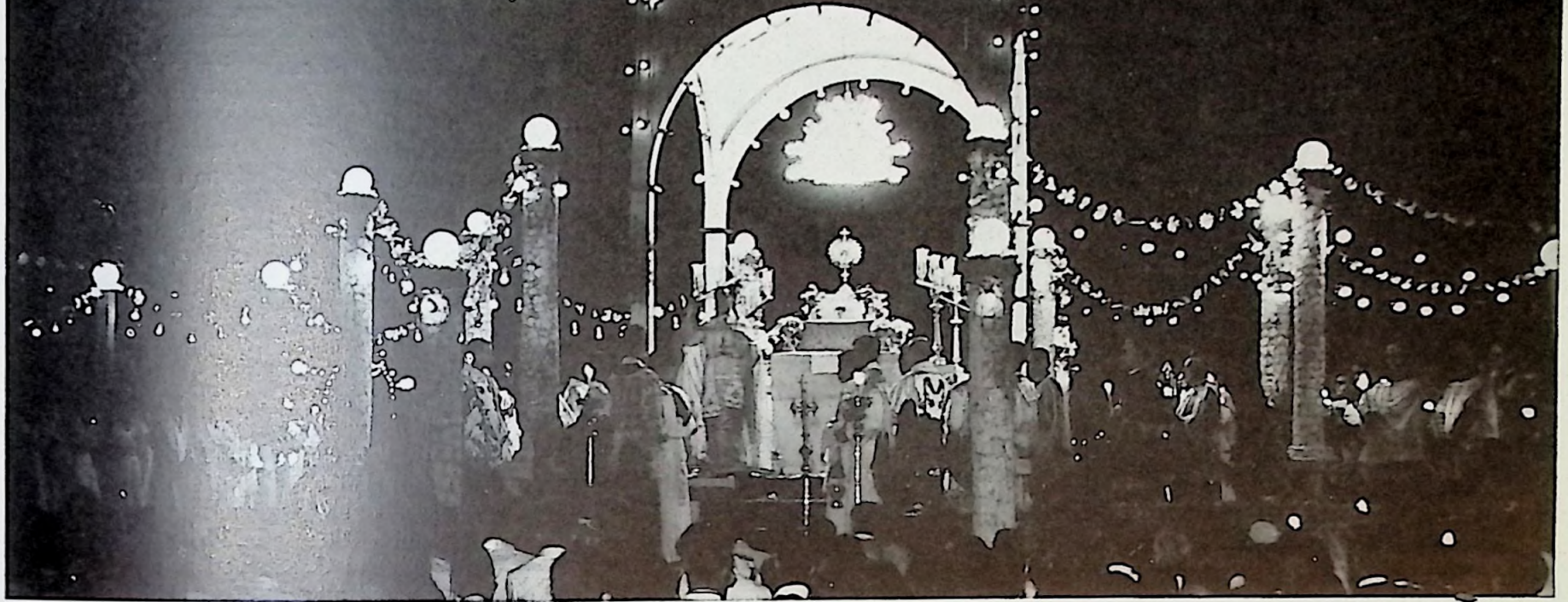
"Begone, Satan!"

The hills echoed and re-echoed the cry. Old Mr. Casserly, sitting on his porch in far away Charlottenburg, heard it and leaped two feet in the air. Old Sergeant Fielding, keeping guard at the barracks in New Castle, heard it and ran for his gun. The voodooists with their priestess ran pell-mell down the mountain-side. Then Father D. called Cecil and by the light of a torch he began what he called "the disinfecting of the hole."

The Haytian Black voodooists seem, thereafter, to have given up all hope of missionary work in Jamaica. At this time, also, arose among the simple people the saying: "Katlic obeah, strongest obeah."

# We Missed + Manila, But—

JAMES E. HAGGERTY, S.J.



Archbishop Reyes of the Philippines officiating at the Cagayan Eucharistic Congress in preparation for the International Congress at Manila.

WE are the eleven million Catholics of the Philippines who couldn't go to Manila, but we had our Congress. We weren't among the million visitors who engulfed the five hundred thousand Manilans, but the Congress came to us. We are sorry that we couldn't go—for everybody who is anybody in the Philippines went. Thousands slept on the decks of any little steamer that would float; there wasn't room for even another coconut on the buses; narrow gauges were astonished at express trains and locals ran even after dark!

We missed the pageantry of the Papal Legate, Chinese Bishops, two thousand Filipino and foreign priests. We didn't hear the massed choir of seminarians, nor the thunder of a million voices raised in prayer. All the enchantment of a temple by Manila Bay at night pointing up so high it seemed to be crowned by the Southern Cross—and the stirring spectacle of that final procession on the Orient's loveliest avenue,—yes, we missed these, too:—but we didn't miss the Eucharist. I'll tell you why.

The Lord in the Eucharist knew there were eleven million of us poor *taos* (you'd call them the men in the street) who either didn't have twenty *pesos* or any leisure at all. So He inspired someone to hold a Congress in every parish, so that those who couldn't go might not miss the Person Who really makes a Congress count.

Beginning an editorial in *America* of December 12, the writer referred to the International Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires and asked: "What lasting effect did that great religious event produce?" Of course, I couldn't have answered that—but the editorial writer could. (You see, I was busy then, too,—and I didn't have twenty *pesos* then, too.)

But before any one (outside the Philippines, natural-

ly) begins asking such a question about this Thirty-Third International Eucharistic Congress, I want to have the answer ready. The Manila Congress is going to have a lasting effect on the Philippines, because it reached *all the Filipinos*. Almost a year before pilgrims started steaming past Corregidor into Manila Bay, the chapels in every *barrio*, and the churches in every municipality and the cathedrals in every diocese had begun to hold Eucharistic Congresses to prepare for those five days in Manila.

And the preparation was a grand success. Father Joseph Boubee, S.J., has declared that of all the hostess-nations to Eucharistic Congresses, the Philippines was the best prepared spiritually—and Father Boubee ought to know. He has been at all the recent big Congresses and is Secretary of the Permanent Committee.

JUST before Christmas I was on an inter-island boat with a prominent Filipino member of the hierarchy who graciously asked me to join his group at dinner. His Excellency was very tired, but there was a happy smile on his lips. He had just presided at the last of the preparatory Congresses in his Archdiocese. To him the Thirty-Third International Congress was already a great success—and it was still six weeks away! Just before we arose from table, he leaned across it earnestly and said: "Manila doesn't matter now—the Congress is a success beyond my most fervent prayers. If you only knew the stirring of Faith within this Archdiocese, because of our parochial and diocesan Congresses, you would agree that Manila now is really only the finishing touch."

We could well agree with him. (Turn to page 168)

# NEW BOOKS

## The State and The Church

John A. Ryan and Moorhouse

F. X. Millar, S.J.

In "The State and The Church" two of our foremost American Catholic authors offer their answers to such timely and important questions as: What is the State? What is its relation to the Church? What is the ethical basis of Government? What is the genesis of American democratic principles—this chapter will be a bitter dose for those affected with an anti-Catholic bias. Is the ideal State, socialistic, communistic, fascist, Rooseveltian, or something in between, for example, American, as that term was understood before the last presidential elections? The Catholic mind in its relation to the State and American political institutions. The rational meaning of patriotism and the proper spirit for the preservation of international peace. All these indicate the wealth and value of the topics here discussed. This volume was published before the advent of the sitdown strikes, yet, we have herein the principles for adjudicating both the legality and morality of the same. Though Dr. Ryan's public assertions have often been and still continue to be judgments that will be contradicted, this book should be read and read widely, for the unsailable Catholic thought which forms the bulk of its contents.

*The MacMillan Company, New York, \$2.50.*

## Life of Jesus

Francois Mauriac

The writer who essays a Life of Jesus in our day is either very brave or very rash. The boldness of Francois Mauriac is that of the brave. With his competence as a writer already established in other fields of literature, the author now turns to the study of the God-Man and presents to the world what is a stimulating, provocative and at times revolutionary interpretation of the Redeemer's words and motives. His penetration into the meaning of the Plan of Redemption reveals at once the utmost sophistication as regards the realities of this life and a religious insight far beyond the ordinary. Side by side in these pages we find exquisitely sensitive appreciations of the more fragile virtues of Catholic asceticism together with bitter exposés of the most sordid vice and hypocrisy. There is so much good in the volume that one gently condones extravagances. The author himself already anticipated popular reaction to his work when he wrote: "I have stressed those things which correspond to my own preoccupations and especially the fury of the Man-God." And again: "In that debate which crops up on every page of my book and which has to do with the question of Grace, it may be that I have leaned to one side taking too much away from man and leaving all initiative to Jesus." It was the author's basic purpose to portray what he

chooses to call "the actuality of Christ" for a world wherein he finds, due to a quasi-absence of positive belief, an extraordinary receptiveness of the human soul for faith. He wished to redeem, if he could, the treasure of disinterestedness and love which is now being wasted by countless souls who are content to tramp along in the daily march of time behind various signs and banners advertising fly-by-night doctrines which are here today and gone tomorrow. Perhaps his own confession will explain his strong emphasis upon the man in the God-Man. "All efforts to minimize the human element in Him (the God-Man) violate my deepest instincts, and doubtless to this tendency must be attributed my obstinacy in preferring to the visage of Christ the King, of a triumphant Messiah, that humble and tortured face of the man in the inn at Emmaus recognized by Rembrandt's pilgrims when the bread was broken—our brother covered with wounds, our God." A writer who speaks like this cannot wander far from the Truth.

*Longmans, Green & Co. New York, \$2.50.*

## A Guide to Catholic Shanghai

The reason for this brochure is explained on page four of *China*, issued quarterly by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, California Province, who are working in the Mission of Shanghai, China.

"Faced with the advent of nearly fifteen hundred pilgrims en route to the Eucharistic Congress, there was no means at hand to supply information about the multiplicity of Catholic enterprises nor to direct these visitors to the places of interest. To answer this urgent need, Mr. John O'Farrell, S.J., with the able assistance of Mr. de Bascher, S.J., and Mr. Bugnicourt, S.J., edited and presented to the public a valuable booklet entitled, 'A Guide to Catholic Shanghai.' Its eighty pages are replete with handsome photos of each church and Catholic institution in Shanghai. Complete historical data and present day statistics are presented in such a way that it makes interesting and profitable reading. One of the pilgrims remarked that he used his guide book for spiritual reading. The book is made more valuable by the insertion of addresses and telephone numbers of each church and religious institution. An up-to-date map of Catholic Shanghai folds neatly into the center of the book."

*T'ou-se-we Press, Shanghai.*

## The Spirit of Mediaeval Philosophy

Etienne Gilson

Those who missed Professor Gilson and his lectures at Harvard will have a chance to become acquainted with him in this epitome of scholastic philosophy and Catholic theology, for we have in these pages a symposium which, because of the

encyclopedic sweep of its subject matter, reminds one of the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas or the commentaries of the Scholastics, or of the ancient Doctors and Fathers of the Church. The problem of Christian philosophy, being and its necessity, contingent beings, analogy, causality and finality in the universe, the foundation for Christian optimism as found in Genesis and in man's very nature after the fall, the paths to glory—to the glory of God, God's provident and providential rule, man in non-Christian and Christian philosophy, the dignity of the person as opposed to mere man, to mere body, and to mere soul, the only salutary Socratism or self-knowledge, the faculties, their objects and the means to attain the same, love both natural and mystical, free-will, Christian morality, intention, conscience and obligation, the Middle Ages and nature, history and philosophy, all indicate roughly the compass of these lectures. Professor Gilson sees in his subject the only reasonable explanation of the meaning of life. The superiority of mediaeval philosophy to Greek and pagan ideologies both ancient and modern is demonstrated with a crushing finality of argument. The whole volume might well be styled a Catholic synthesis of truth. All the principles of the arts and sciences, like the columns of a building, must be sunk deep into the subsoil of Christian mediaeval philosophy if these edifices of human learning and achievement are not to topple, crumble and collapse. Anything else is philosophical heresy. The lamentable fact that heresiarchs are legion in number today only vindicates the need for such a masterful study as Professor Gilson's "The Spirit of Mediaeval Philosophy."

*Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$3.50.*

## It's All So Beautiful

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

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## MARQUETTE

(Continued from page 144)

ern shore of Lake Michigan he reached a small stream near the present city of Ludington. Here, overcome with his fatigue and his illness, the good Father ordered his companions to take him ashore. There he died at the early age of thirty-nine.

Two years later the Indians carried his body to the Mission at Mackinac.

The following quotation from the *Relations* will testify better than any words of mine the really eminent sanctity of this holy missionary who died in as lonely a situation as his model, St. Francis Xavier. God grant that some day we may be able to honor this great apostle by the title of Saint.

(After telling of the carrying of Marquette's body to the Mission of St. Ignace at Mackinac and its reception there, Father Dablon continues:)

"It (the body) was lowered into a small vault in the middle of the church, where it rests as the Guardian Angel of our Ottawa Missions. The savages often come to pray over his tomb. Not to mention more than this instance, a young girl aged nineteen or twenty, who had been baptized in the past year, fell sick and applied to Father Mouvel to get certain remedies. The Father prescribed as sole remedy, to come for three days and say a *Pater* and three *Aves* at the tomb of Father Marquette. She did so and before the third day was cured. . . . Father Marquette labored with the zeal that might be expected of a man who proposed to himself St. Francis Xavier as a model of his life and death. . . . We might say much of the rare virtues of this noble missionary; of his zeal, which prompted him to carry the Faith so far and proclaim the Gospel to so many peoples who were unknown to us; of his gentleness which rendered him beloved of all and made him all things to all men; of the childlike candor with which he disclosed his heart to his Superiors; of his angelic chastity; and of his uninterrupted union with God. But that which apparently predominated was a devotion altogether rare and singular to the Blessed Virgin and particularly toward the mystery of her Immaculate Conception. . . . He never failed to say the Mass of the Conception, or, at least, when he could do so, the prayer of the Conception. He hardly meditated upon anything else day and night. . . . So tender a devotion to the Mother of God merited some singular grace; and she accorded him the favor that he had always requested—to die on a Saturday. His companions never doubted that she appeared to him at the hour of death. . . . There was found among his papers a manuscript entitled the 'Directing Care of God over a Missionary.' . . . One sees in this little abstract the spirit of God which possessed him.

## COASTAL TRIPS AND MISSION VISITS

(Continued from page 145)

at the residence before they went off to

Topco. The next morning, the twenty-fourth, I felt a bit of grim satisfaction on being told that the *Patricia* was held on the bar at the mouth of the Rio Grande. Belize is not the only river that gives trouble at the bar.

On Tuesday, the twenty-fourth, I spent my time agreeably in visiting and examining the school. I found two new classrooms and a fine crowd of children, boys and girls, in attendance. It was a great pleasure for me to meet some of our own British Honduras citizens among the Sisters. Sister M. Gonzaga Evans is in charge of the school and her years of training in England show finely in her management. The Pallottine Sisters have another school about six miles out from Punta Gorda, which is also flourishing.

On March 25, Wednesday, Father Krizek informed me that the *Santa Maria* was ready for the Bishop and he would be pleased to be my friend and companion in making visits to various stations up on the Rio Grande. He had fitted up the *Santa Maria* most comfortably and he had provided equipment for our accommodation at the mission. We set out at about ten o'clock and the little boat plied its way merrily up to Wild Cane Caye and over the bar into the Rio Grande. The bar was no hindrance for us (our boat is of very light draught) and for some miles we pursued our placid course, the only scenery being the mangroves along the river banks. We turned off at Topco Branch and then we had to proceed very carefully, for the river was just full of snags which are very dangerous, especially after dark. For an hour, even in the broad daylight, we had to move very slowly and eventually at a bank called "Caldero" the motor boat had to stop; the passage ahead was clogged too much. However, the Indians from San Pedro, Colombia, and from Big Falls had been notified of the time of our reaching the "Caldero" and in a few minutes after we cast anchor three big dories came to take us up the farther reaches of the river. The paddlers worked strenuously and soon we came to Palma Park, the big rancho of Mr. Thomas Palma of Punta Gorda. This is a very extensive and fertile property and is well under cultivation. Mr. Palma has various plantations and he manages a good cattle farm. He and his wife and daughter welcomed us to their home and at the same time they provided accommodations for the Indians who were carrying us. The rancho makes a very fine impression and there is evidence on all hands of good management. The workmen seem perfectly happy and well content.

In the evening after a generous dinner, Mr. Palma sounded the call for his people to come for the evening services and about twenty responded so that the parlor was very well filled. I gave a short instruction after the Rosary and then Father Krizek and myself heard confessions. The people were told that there would be Mass at the house in the morning at half past six o'clock.

(To be continued)

## "SO THIS IS MALAYBALAY"

(Continued from page 149)

tribes and to steal the Catholic Faith from those who have settled here. Food and medicine are their big attractions, and a dormitory where food and lodging are offered at very cheap attractive prices. This is dangerous bait for the poor Filipino and Filipina who are trying to obtain an education, sometimes living a life of dire poverty to do so.

Father Lucas immediately started his Catholic Truth Society and gave lectures on the Creed every Sunday. These have been instrumental of much good. The Catholics come in great numbers and now feel equal to cope with the difficulties, some as old as Luther, which the Protestants give them.

At great expense Father Lucas also began a Catholic school. This is a very difficult undertaking. First, there is an idea here that the public school contains all the good and none of the bad of education, and that parochial schools are some sort of a nonentity where only catechism is taught. It will take some time to defeat this notion, but we will be able to do it.

Though the work here is pioneering in many ways, it will be blessed with great fruits. If only the priest could multiply himself many times, to visit his parish which is a diocese in extent, then he would feel he was doing something. But when Malaybalay is well organized this will take place and then we can hope to see the native mountain people, many still pagans, children of God by the saving waters of Baptism and we will rename our mountain fastness, "God's Footstool."

## "KATAM HAI!"

(Continued from page 155)

"Now I shall be able to find it whenever I want it," she said smilingly.

"Will you do Jesus a favor?" I asked. "He has done so much for you."

"He is God. How can I refuse Him?" she answered.

"Then let me baptize you and make you His disciple," I prompted. I used the word *chela* which means, a learner who follows the master and acts as his servant and companion.

"Yes, baptize me now," she replied. "I wish to be His *chela*. I am so happy."

My catechist opened the baptismal kit and practically told me what to do. The sudden ascent from the smothering depths of disappointment to the rarified atmosphere of what seemed to be the region somewhere between the sixth and seventh Heaven was too much for me. It required a distinct mental effort for each act of the ceremony. Fervently she repeated after the catechist the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, and an Act of Contrition. After her Baptism she became very quiet, holding the crucifix in her hand, simply gazing at it. I packed my baptismal kit and tiptoed from the room. I felt that Christ was speaking in the interior of that soul and that it

would be presumption on my part to interfere.

During the following week I called several times to see this new convert. On the second occasion her husband stopped me in the passage way leading to the interior of the house.

"What has happened to her?" he asked.

"Happened?" I queried in turn, "what do you mean?"

"She is so happy," he replied. "Have you not noticed it? She says she is only waiting to die so that she can be with God. She does not wish to get well. I never heard her speak in this way before, and she has been ill these many months."

"God is good," I answered. "He has healed her soul instead of her body. I can help you to become happy as she is, provided you desire it."

He knew very well what I meant, but like the men in the parable who had been invited to the feast, he had first to attend to the things of this world.

On the Octave of the Feast it so happened that I had to pass through Karidna on my way to answer a sick call several miles further on. I stopped for a moment to inquire after the patient. She was delighted to see me and said she had prayed that I would come because she had not much longer to live, as she put it, "I have not much further to go." I promised to return as soon as possible.

Fortunately, I was not delayed, and in about an hour and a half I was able to return to her bedside. She was dying and knew it, and she was happy to know that her end was approaching. She was entirely resigned to the will of God. Although it cost her an effort to speak, she repeated the short Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity and an Act of Contrition with the fervor of a child. Then I administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and when I had finished she said:

"Do not go, Father, please stay with me. I shall not . . ."

The rest I could not hear. She had lapsed into unconsciousness. The mother-in-law began to weep.

"It is finished," she said.

I was astonished, for I had not realized the end was so near. I gave her the last blessing and started the prayers for the dying. Before I had finished them her soul had gone forth to meet her merciful Judge.

The pagan husband was standing silently by the bedside. When I rose from my knees he said:

"*Katam hai?*" ("Is it over?")

And I answered:

"*Katam hai,*" ("It is all over"), and as I spoke the words, I realized the awful gulf that separates the pagan from the Christian mentality in that solemn hour.

*Katam hai*,—it is over, it is finished, nothing more can be done. And that is the end of it for the pagan. For the Christian, death is but the beginning of a new life, the real life, the eternal life with Christ in glory.

## LONGLAC GOLD

(Continued from page 156)

occupy the day of every missionary. What makes an Indian missionary's life so arduous is the Indian himself, his character, his almost utter lack of response. Father knows they appreciate him but his knowledge is had mostly by intuition. Besides, there is no glamor whatever connected with such a life—not even a send-off from the local station. The missionary just goes to the Indians and in the eyes of the world gives his life away. But a missionary's viewpoint is entirely different. On a warm day a few years ago a brother missionary of Father Couture stopped at a house along the track to ask for a drink of water. He was tired, hungry and ragged and his forehead was bleeding from the friction of the tump line that supported his pack. To a gentle reproof from the housewife that he was too severe on himself he answered with a tired smile: "If I can save one soul . . ."

This is the spirit that won the first Indians from their savagery and is doing so much to keep them from reverting to it. Father Couture himself is carrying on up there in the wilds, eating the same food the Indians eat, in fact, living the same life, shunning to a great extent the pleasant company of the Whites lest his spiritual appetite for the harder things should lose its edge. This is perhaps what St. Paul means when he speaks of being a fool for Christ's sake.

## WE MISSED MANILA, BUT—

(Continued from page 165)

Each of us had seen and tasted in his own Diocese the fruits of those preparatory Congresses. I thought of our own Congresses—back there in the South, down in the Diocese of Cagayan:—poorest, perhaps, and least-manned, surely, of the two Archdioceses and nine Dioceses of the Islands. Vividly stood out one parish where one hundred and eighty-two marriages were rectified in one morning and another where I baptized in one afternoon more than seventy Aglipayans.

From the Diocese of Cagayan, surely among the poorest and least-populated of all the Dioceses, you may get some idea of what happened in the other Dioceses. In less than a year there were forty-eight missions and one retreat. There were forty-five Parochial Congresses and one Diocesan Congress. Approximately one hundred thousand people attended; fifty-eight thousand Communion were distributed; fifty-five thousand confessions were heard; two hundred and seventy-five heretics were baptized; nine hundred and eighty-five marriages were rectified.

The spirit of the future Congress had seeped down into the lowliest *barrio*, had touched the heart of the poorest *tao*, had stirred a longing in the souls of heretics, and had brought erring children back to the altar of the Eucharistic Christ.

Surely such a Congress will have a

lasting effect. The lights will grow dim above the tall, nipa-roofed baldachino of an altar that will be pictured round the world. Trans-Pacific liners will rush their inspired pilgrims back across the seven seas. Out past the guns of Corregidor still guarding, as it did in Dewey's day, one of the world's finest harbors, hundreds of inter-island boats, packed to the rails with thousands sleeping on open decks, will thread their way to the myriad islands of the Philippines. Pilgrims will stow pictures and souvenirs among their keepsakes, and the special stamps will take their place in the albums of philatelists. And Manila will settle down again to its business of leading the new Commonwealth on towards Independence. We, the other eleven millions, will have had little or nothing to do with all this. But we were the first hosts:—even before He went to Manila, that one distinguished Guest of all Congresses—He came to us.

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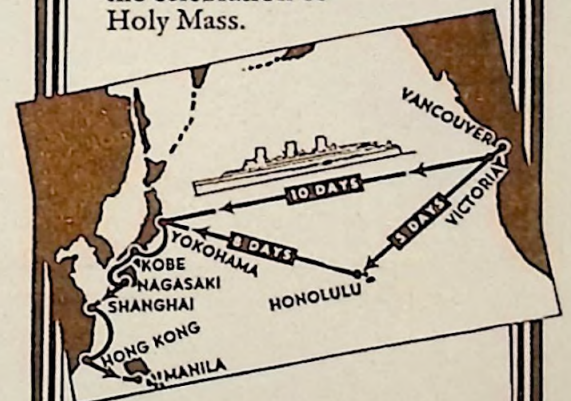
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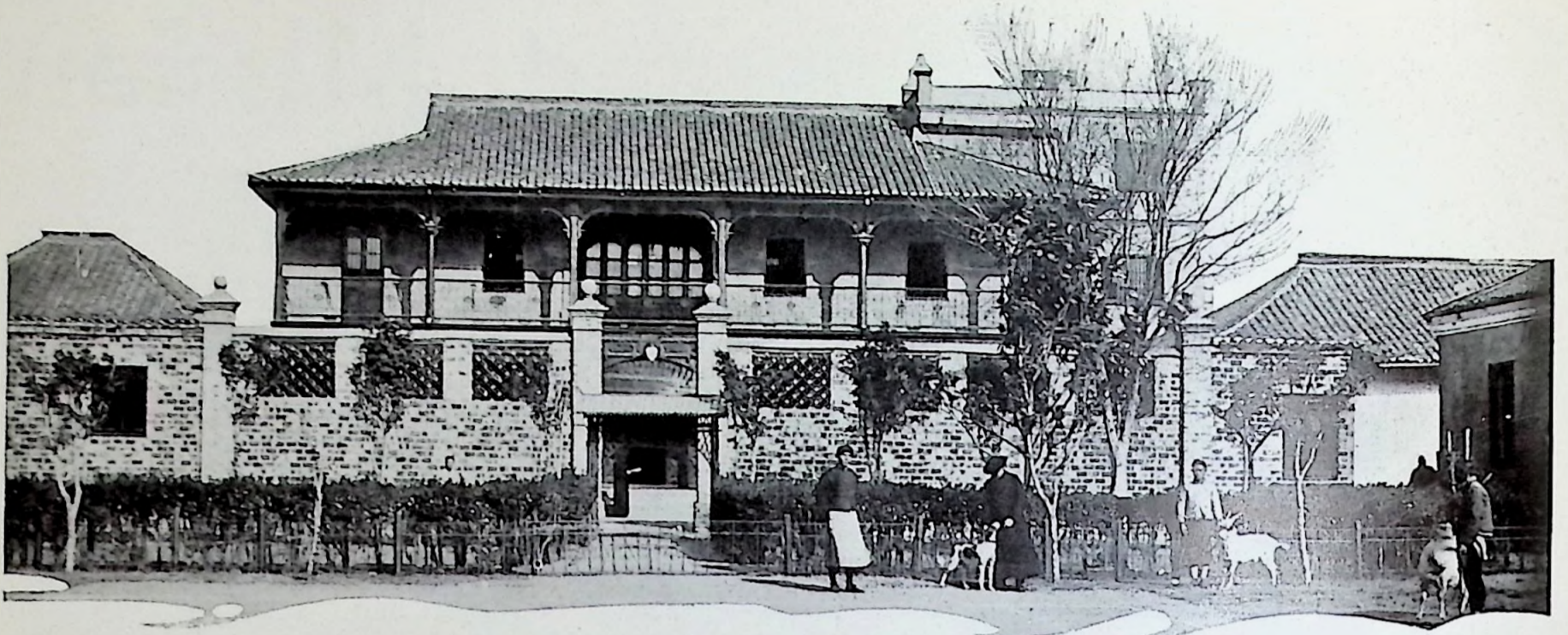
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Ricci College, Nanking, China. The priest in the picture is Father Dugout, S.J., who was murdered at the entrance to the college.

# Nanking-Old and New

Wilfred J.  
Le Sage, S.J.

“THOSE are the photographs of the two priests who were martyred here just ten years ago,” said Father Bourgeois, S.J., looking toward the pictures hanging on the wall. “The one on the left was Father Dugout, S.J., the other Father Vanara, S.J.”

“Do you mean, Father, that they were martyred right here at Ricci College?” I asked.

“Yes, one Father was shot, and his body fell right out there on the front steps; the other was killed in a room upstairs.”

Indeed, Nanking has met the same fate as many another city in China, that of suffering persecution, being rebuilt, and incidentally, being renamed. Could any city in the world boast of such a variety of names as this one has had? During the Chin, Sui, Tang and Ching Dynasties, the city was known as “Kiangning,” during the Ch’u Dynasty it bore the name “Ginling,” during the Ch’in Dynasty it received the name of “Moling,” during the Han Dynasty, during which time Christ was born, it was called “Tanyang,” during the Wu Dynasty it was known as “Chienyeh,” and during the Sung Dynasty renamed “Chienkang.” Finally, the Ming Emperor decided in 1420 to establish a capital in Peking and retain a secondary capital in the Yangtze region, calling the former “Peking” or “Northern Capital,” and the latter “Nanking” or “Southern Capital,” and this latter name “Nanking” has remained in use till today.

IN the Spring of 1927, at the time when the two Jesuits mentioned above were killed by the Communists, the Nationalists took possession of Nanking. This marked the beginning of an era of prosperity for, in accordance with the will of Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, the “Southern Capital” became the center of the National Government.

Ancient though its history may be, Nanking of today, where the American Jesuits are launching a new educational project, is one of the newest cities in China. With the exception of the Ming Palace west of the Chung Shan gate, a few temples and pavilions, there are today few remnants of past centuries. Consequently, the visitor to Nanking may well expect something far different from what he would see upon entering a typical Chinese city.

But let us enter and see for ourselves just what is within the huge wall which surrounds the capital. You must first present your card to an officer who quickly writes your name in a large book. Once within the wall, the wide thoroughfare known as Chung Shan Road leads directly through the center of the city. The visitor is attracted by the large Government Administration buildings which so effectively combine occidental and oriental styles of architecture. New homes and office buildings loom up on either side of the road and the newcomer is surprised to see many modern shops with their attractive window displays. All of these new features, which include a highly efficient bus service, may be included in Nanking’s vast plan for *reconstruction*.

THE new Conservatories of Music and Art, the Astronomical Observatory, the National Central University, the University of Nanking, Ginling College for Women, high schools, and many primary schools well express the minds of a creative people intent upon developing a modern culture in China.

Teachers, above all, have been sought for to sponsor every branch of education. In particular, those who have received degrees from American Universities have constantly been in demand. Foreign teachers, therefore, create the necessity for foreign text books.

We may become a little inquisitive on this point. Who are the authors of these books? The answer is very evident should we enter one of the many bookstores in Nanking. Another interesting experience! After all, everyone who enters a bookstore is a possible customer either present or future, so we must not be surprised when a clerk immediately steps forward with a business-like but cheerful greeting.

"Good morning, yes, we sell many new kind books, look very nice, you wish maybe buy American books, I sink?" And then he brightens up with a grin.

IT is quite true that the new books "look very nice," but let us come back to our first question. Who are the authors? A mere glance at their names is sufficient to realize to what extent false literature is being sold to Chinese University students. Books containing false philosophy and unethical principles are numerous; Catholic authors are almost unknown. Therefore, a Catholic missionary, as Father James Kearney, S.J., living in Nanking, is not confronted by a poor uneducated peasant, but with a dapper type of University student whose principal aim is to be modern; yet as we are well aware, the so-called "modern" trend of philosophy and standard of morality is not Catholic, but pagan. Consequently, the missionary's task, as we shall see, is also one of *reconstruction*.

Now is the critical time for action! The "New Life Movement," which is being realized in the vast outlay of new institutions of every kind, is indeed necessary and praiseworthy. But we could not doubt for a moment that something else is of far greater importance than material development. Ultimately, the real "New Life" of Nanking, as well as of the whole of China, can only come through the teachings of Christ and the life-giving sacraments of His Church.

It is the great desire of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, that the capital of China, with a population of over a million souls, be won to Christ.

"Souls for Christ," therefore, is the dynamic motive of the missionaries and their plan is to "win" them; a plan which reaches deep within the souls of men and has for its supreme end their eternal salvation. The hearts of young men are the harvest fields upon which the missionary must labor. Perhaps old weeds of superstition or prejudice are lurking there, or again the poisonous seeds of materialism or Communism may have taken root. Errors of this kind must be carefully uprooted and true Christian principles implanted. Talented native Catholics must be formed, that is, men who would be capable lecturers in economics, sociology, literature, but most of all, intelligent apologists for the Catholic religion. This, in brief, is the plan—a tremendously important plan—of reconstruction. For after all, what is material development compared with spiritual development; the most magnificent buildings in comparison with living temples of the Holy Spirit?

The call has been given for Jesuit educators to establish and promote Catholic education in the very heart

of China, the capital. The response to the call has been made by Very Reverend Father Francis Seeliger, S.J., Provincial of the California Province of the Society of Jesus. At present, Father James Kearney, S.J., is teaching his first group of students and supervising the construction work on the new building.

THE success of this undertaking depends upon one thing . . . sacrifice! It depends upon the missionary's sacrifice of home and friends; it has meant the sacrifice of their life's blood for two Jesuits in the cause of Christ at Nanking. But greatest of all was the sacrifice of Christ upon Calvary, the Sacrifice renewed daily at Holy Mass. In union with this Sacrifice, our Lord will gratefully and lovingly accept whatever sacrifice you and I are willing to make for this great new work. Now!



Father James F. Kearney, S.J., with his first group of students standing beside the cornerstone of the new building which is to be erected.

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