

Jesuit & Missions

"FATHER MAN"

IN THE LITTLE ROCKIES

ABOUT TEN MONTHS AGO

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

AT HOME IN MINDANAO

AIABISIWINGE

TRINCOMALIE, CEYLON

Ten Cents

THIS MONTH

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China
Philippines

P R O F I T
B Y P R O X Y

India
Alaska

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

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
43 E. Newton St., Boston, Mass.

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

REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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

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

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

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

NORTH, south, east and west—new recruits, and some veterans, are wending their way during the summer to the foreign mission fields of the American Jesuits. They are going forth to preach the Gospel to every creature. Here is our opportunity to appoint these men our proxies in the work of saving souls. We can't go to preach the Gospel, but we can help them on their way. Their work will be our work. Spared the trials we shall share in the rewards of missionary labors. It will be profit by proxy for us.

You appoint the American Jesuit missionaries your proxies by helping to provide for their travel expenses. Will you do it? Please send your money offering, even if it is only a dollar, to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed on this page. Just mark your gift "For profit by proxy."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REV. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

Iraq
Jamaica

P R O F I T
B Y P R O X Y

Ceylon
British Honduras



"Made" in Alaska. Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., who is one of northern Alaska's veteran missionaries, sends this picture from his mission headquarters at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska. The girl is a pupil at the mission school. The picture and her smile won the grand prize in the Agfa-Ansco Smile Contest.

EDITORIALS

NUMBERS AND BUDGETS

JESUIT MISSIONS is published primarily in the interest of the home and foreign missions of the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus, though it does not exclude articles on the missions of other Jesuits throughout the world. It will, therefore, be of interest to our Readers to know something of the present personnel of these missions in which Americans are working.

The North American Provinces, seven in the United States and two in Canada, have approximately five hundred and eighty members engaged in mission work. About five hundred of these are from the United States Provinces. A glance at the page opposite the inside of our front cover will give some idea of the vast extent of the missions in which our North American Jesuits are laboring for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ. You will realize their great responsibility when you recall the names of these countries and the fact that literally millions of souls there must have the Gospel of Christ preached to them.

When you pause to think that approximately one in every ten North American Jesuits is on the missions, you are beginning to grasp the problem that faces us in the question of mission aid. Recalling that much of the support for these five hundred and eighty Jesuits must come from the home Provinces and their friends, you can understand sympathetically why appeals must be made from time to time. True, you would be edified, astounded—possibly even horrified—if you saw how poorly some of the missionaries must live. Not that they ever complain, but still we must try to improve their conditions as far as possible. They themselves do not ask for that, for they feel there are greater needs clamoring for attention. These, too, must be cared for by the home Provinces and their friends. Chapel funds, catechist funds, school funds, travel funds, are only a few of the heads under which mission needs could be catalogued. The Christians among whom the missionaries work are often too poor to help, though they do give a little. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith also helps from its international headquarters at Rome, but the best it can do is at most only fifteen per cent of what is needed. The rest must come from back home in America. Do you see now, kind Reader, that when help is asked for it is really and urgently needed?

Let us give you another sidelight on our expenses. Call it travel to the missions. It is consoling to see the number of volunteers going annually to foreign fields.

There is a thrill in witnessing a departure ceremony of outgoing missionaries. There is joy in the fact that so many of our young men are eager to share in the heroic work of spreading the Kingdom of Christ all over the world. We are happy in it all. And yet we are face to face with heavy financial outlays in these very journeys to the missions. You may be calculating your vacation trip expenses and you know how you must not overlook details if you would make your trip fit your budget. Now try to estimate our expenses just at the present time when some forty or fifty Jesuits are or will shortly be en route to foreign missions. Consider the cost of sending thirteen men all the way from New York to the Philippine Islands and eight from California to China and seven from Chicago to India, to say nothing of others from New England to Iraq and to Jamaica, B. W. I., from Missouri to British Honduras, from Louisiana to Ceylon, from Oregon to Alaska, and more from Canada to China and still others to the various Indian missions of Canada and the United States. Thousands of dollars go to the purchase of train and steamship tickets, and clothing and supplies for the life in the missions.

Not to burden you too much, even though we know you follow us sympathetically, let us recall that in some of the missions there is the further heavy expense of training native Jesuits and completing the education of the young Jesuits who come to the missions from America. In China, in India, in the Philippines, many Jesuit Scholastics are being prepared for future work in mission fields entrusted to North American Jesuits. Their upkeep again must be provided for from funds back home.

And so, to meet all our mission expenses, we North American Jesuits must of necessity become beggars for Christ's Cause. From time to time we plead for mission support in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS* and we urge you kindly to read these appeals and to help where you can. It is especially during June, July and August—vacation months—that our good people often forget mission appeals. May we ask that this year you be mindful, by your prayers and your financial help sent to us, that missions have no vacations, but that the work must go on—and must be supported—twelve months of the year. And be assured that your charity to the missions will come back to you in the form of many blessings which the missionaries will ask of God for you. You realize, and we know that this must be a consolation to your good Catholic soul, that our missionaries frequently remember at holy Mass those who are helping them and their missions by prayer and alms.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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See!

It Happens In India Too

Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J.

ONE day in the past year there came to one of the missionary Fathers, from a family in India that is surely very little more than well-to-do, a handsome donation of one thousand rupees. It came as a result of an article published in the *Patna Mission Letter*, asking for "homes for our Sacramental Lord where now there is no home." The response, you may imagine, was very welcome.

I was curious about this donation, for it happened that I had known the family for some years, and was more or less acquainted with its source of income. The father in the family had only an ordinarily lucrative position. And the family—you should see it! From perhaps a sixteen year old vantage point, the eldest boy could draw a fair bead along the gradually diminishing heights of his seven brothers and sisters to the last two-foot high representative of family aspirations.

Growing boys and growing girls can eat; and the faster they are growing the more frequent the inroads on the cupboard. If Mother Family is going to keep that cupboard from being bare, she must perforce deplete Family Purse. Active boys will wear out at the knees—they always do. Active girls can't be kept out of the dust; and there are so many things to tear at their dresses. Family Purse may approve or disapprove. Yet expenses must be met.

THEREFORE, it was that I was curious. And on inquiry I found—What? That the eldest boy had gone off to be a priest, mind you. That the thousand represented an extravagance, the first I believe in the life of that family. The second boy had been begging for a motor car, had now grown so big that father and mother were conquered. They yielded. They were canny, however, in their private counsels. They had made a bargain, not with their boy, but with the Sacred Heart of our Lord.

Altogether unknown to their boy they asked of the Sacred Heart that inspiration be given their son. They wanted a vocation for him. He had shown them no inclination toward the priesthood. This was, therefore, asking much (not much, you say, for the Sacred Heart!).

"Yes, son, you may have your motor car if you wish. We have one thousand rupees that we can spare for it if we watch our expenses carefully. But—which do you want more, a motor car or (and the *Patna Mission Let-*



Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J. (right), veteran of Patna Mission, India, and Father Leon A. Foster, S.J., who has been in the United States for some time as Mission Procurator of the Chicago Province, but is returning to Patna this Fall.

ter came into evidence) a 'home for our Sacramental Lord where now He has no home?'"

"Why mother, you leave me no choice," came the unexpected reply. "Of course, I want the 'home' for Him!"

And wise father and wise mother sent up a silent prayer: "We give it to You, Lord, but please, give to us a vocation for our second son!"

IN blissful ignorance of the plot of his parents, the boy made his sacrifice. Thereafter, strangely if you will, he began to be absolutely regular at his attendance at daily Mass. Rain, cold, early morning darkness—nothing daunted him in his mile and a half trip to church. Then one day he did something, he now being the plotter unknown to his parents. He went to a Jesuit priest and asked to be admitted to the Jesuit Novitiate, following the footsteps of his elder brother!

And today, while I am writing these lines, he is on his way to the same Novitiate, on a railway train, not in a motor car!

Sacrifice pays after all, doesn't it? And when for the Sacred Heart, it pays big.

The writer of this article is one of Patna Mission's veterans. He was formerly Rector of Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah, and has also spent some time working among the Santals. At present he is working among the Depressed Classes. The fact that many converts are being made by the American Jesuits among the Chamars has stirred up a great deal of violent Hindu opposition and persecution.

"Father Man"

Bernard A. Tonnar, S.J.

IT was at a Sodality Mission Program that I met Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J. He was introduced as the "Bishop of Ethiopia" and the reason was obvious. He was the Pastor of South Kinlock Park near St. Louis, Missouri, an exclusive Negro settlement with ten thousand inhabitants. Father Moorman so impressed me that I determined to visit his parish and learn more about such an interesting priest. Getting to South Kinlock Park was no easy job. After wandering down dark and dingy alley-ways out past the smoke and fog of St. Louis, I finally reached Holy Angels Church, Father's little mission center. The Bishop of Ethiopia was there to greet and welcome me to his poor abode.

Father Otto Moorman is fifty-four years old, middle height, rather well-built, with a beaming smile always playing around his mouth. He went to South Kinlock Park in 1927 after laboring among the Indians in the Bad Lands of South Dakota. As he says himself: "I received a letter from my Superior requesting me to go to the missions. My first thoughts were either that I was going to India or Oklahoma, but I came here, a place I never heard of before." When Father got to his new mission, he found a poor dilapidated church with only nine known Catholics. He realized that if he wanted to accomplish anything, Christ must abide among the flock and he, as the Master's shepherd, must be there too. He set to work and built a quasi-parish house near his church. There in the midst of his people, he settled down to a life of hard labor mingled with much consolation which the Master sent.

PERHAPS the severest trial Father suffered these first few years was the disfavor meted out to him by the twenty-two Negro Protestant ministers. A White man was taboo and these bigots immediately petitioned to rid Kinlock of him. Petitions were ignored by the priest. Then they threatened him with death, but Father went right on establishing the Kingdom, letting nothing block his way.

In 1930, three years after Father Moorman arrived at South Kinlock Park, a school program was rigged up with Father at the head. It seemed almost impossible to build a school, but with donations coming in from different friends, that September a nice school was opened with two Notre Dame Sisters as teachers. The enroll-



Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J., and one of the Notre Dame Sisters with her class at Holy Angels School, South Kinlock Park, Missouri.

ment showed only twenty children and the Sisters told Father that they could not stay. It was not enough work for them. But Father, with burning faith asked his co-laborers to give him time. With untiring efforts and prayers the school grew and today there are one hundred and twenty-six pupils with four teachers.

WHEN one asks Father what is his greatest consolation, he tells of five remarkable conversions he made. One of these is most striking and worthy of mention. But let us hear Father tell the story.

"Crotty Haines saw the Civil War, so when I baptized him, he wasn't a spring chicken. Crotty had been living in a Poor House but ran away. I met him one day while making the rounds in my parish and found this poor old Negro very ill. It did not take long to find out that he was anxious for Baptism. He didn't like 'dem Black preachers, dat couldn't tell der trufe if dey wanted too.' I instructed him in the most necessary truths and baptized him. Crotty shed tears that morning when I poured those saving waters over his head and then gave him Holy Communion.

"A few days later Crotty grew worse and sent for 'Father Man,' as he affectionately called me. I came, bringing the Master and the holy oils. That evening Crotty was anointed and received Viaticum with much devotion and joy. While closing the church that night I saw a white figure come in the door of the sacristy, pass me and go right through the closed door leading into the sanctuary. I followed, opening the sanctuary door just in time to see the figure (Turn to page 195)

In the Little Rockies

Gabriel M.
Menager, S.J.

“THE Little Rockies of Montana,” wrote Father P. F. Sialm, S.J., in 1911, “are a beautiful portion of God’s earth. They remind us of some enchanting scenery of Switzerland. It needs no prophet to foresee that in the future there will be a great attraction for eastern folks. In fact, people from Washington, D. C., and from New York have enjoyed very pleasant vacation days at St. Paul’s Mission.” Father proved himself to be a very good prophet indeed.

The Little Rockies are fifty miles south of the nearest railroad. St. Paul’s Mission looms up as an oasis after the many miles of waste and deserted prairie. At the very door of the Mission, Nature has stored up a great variety of beautiful scenery. Mission Peak, the chief of the Little Rockies, surpasses in height all the other mountain peaks. A most beautiful canyon spanned by a natural bridge delights the visitor with its wonderful scenery and invites him to pass through the calm and cool passage made by Nature for the little fresh and sparkling springs which all unite in the canyon to form the Peoples Creek.

AS the golden jubilee of the St. Paul’s Indian Mission School approaches, let us cast a retrospective glance on its inception and past history. On May 1, 1886, after saying Mass for the first time in the Little Rockies, Reverend Frederick E. Eberschweiler, S.J., a German Jesuit, started out to select a site for a new mission. In a letter written in 1886 he says: “Saturday, the first day of May, I said the first Holy Mass in these Little Rockies in honor of the Queen of May. Cyprian Mott, who once had guided the famous Father De Smet in a boat on the Missouri to St. Louis, was my companion together with two Indians. We four arrived on that beautiful May morning at the place where the Peoples Creek gushes forth from the Rockies into the valley. There I found what I was seeking. The most beautiful place in these Rockies, the right place for a mission site. Here is a mountain forest, the best of timber; here is a living creek with the purest of water; here is a valley where once old Indians used to hunt buffalo. My firm resolution to build a mission at this place was settled. I bought three log cabins which stood there and I have chosen this place for my Tabor.”

The difficulties encountered in starting St. Paul’s Mission may be appreciated if we recall a few circumstances which caused them. This particular mission field had been given to the Methodists under President Grant’s peace policy. But this group seemed to have met with utter failure. Under the arrangement, permission to start a Catholic mission had to be obtained from the Government. Then the Gros-Ventre and Assiniboine Indians, who lived at that time around Havre and Chinook, had



Father John Corbett, S.J. (left), and the Author, Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J.

to be moved. The reason for that moving was found in a military post at old Fort Belknap. The soldiers’ conduct was bringing about a most deplorable condition of morality among the Indians. The Indian chiefs, together with Father Eberschweiler, requested permission for another country as their home. With the help of Senator Vest and the Indian Commissioner and Bishop Brondel of Helena, the favor was granted to the great delight of the Indians.

THE removal to the Little Rockies proved to be a great blessing for the Indians. The present Fort Belknap Reservation was legally established, including all the Little Rockies, and the Gros-Ventre Indians and some of the Assiniboines came up to these beautiful mountains.

Father Eberschweiler built a little chapel near the Milk River not far from the place where the town of Harlem now stands. During the Winter of 1855-6 he learned some of the Indian language and wrote a little catechism in Assiniboine. After selecting a place for the new mission near the Little Rockies, he had to supervise the work of construction which went on slowly but steadily. The school building was ready in 1887, in spite of the difficulty in getting men for the work and material and provisions. In September, 1887, the mission school

was opened by three Ursuline Sisters with about twenty-five pupils. A Government contract was secured for the support of a certain number of pupils. The roll rapidly increased, and in 1889 there were about one hundred and fifty children at St. Paul's Indian School. While the Mission was in a flourishing condition, the good founder turned over the management of it to Father Balthasar Feusi, S.J., his companion, and took up the work of the wandering missionary over the territory three hundred miles from east to west. Beginning at the Dakota line, extending along the Missouri and the Milk River west as far as Big Sandy, he built seven churches along the Great Northern Railway for Whites and Indians.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION, like other Catholic Indian missions, enjoyed God's blessing and grew apace year after year. Father Feusi, in 1893, built the first large stone building which has a spacious house chapel. This building was long, solid and a practical house for the Fathers and the boy pupils. It reminded one of a grand hotel in the Swiss Alps. Today, alas, because of last year's terrible fire, practically all the timber has been destroyed and the Fathers' building, being the only one left, was turned over by them to the Sisters who use it for their residence and the school.

The third Superior was Father Charles Mackin, S.J., who must be considered the great builder of St. Paul's Mission. He built a beautiful stone church in 1898, which was later decorated by Brother Carignano, S.J. This church was a gem and the pride of the country.

It would have been an ornament to any big city with its marvelous frescoes, which acted as a book constantly open to our Indians, teaching them the principal mysteries of our holy Faith. But, alas, that church also was destroyed by fire and is now replaced with an unfinished edifice which could be made into a rather beautiful church if the means were available. Father Mackin also erected, in 1901, a stone house for the Sisters which was paid for by his Protestant friend, Mr. Wilson of Portland, Oregon, but alas, that building also was totally destroyed by fire, and, of course, could not be rebuilt for lack of funds. For several years past, the Government had been cutting down the contract for the pupils until finally, in 1900, all appropriations were stopped. Yet the Catholic Indian school at St. Paul's was kept up by Catholic charity, chiefly by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and in spite of all the opposition of some of the Indian Agents at Fort Belknap. These last years saw more pupils enrolled than ever before. The total enrollment in the fifty years of St. Paul's Mission School's existence well exceeds four thousand pupils, and more than one of these came from the Fort Peck Reservation where Father Eberschweiler had been so anxious to start a school because he saw the great need there was.

St. Paul's Mission has on the Fort Belknap Reservation three chapels for Indians besides stations where the priest must celebrate Holy Mass in private houses. It may interest the reader to know what a cosmopolitan Community has labored and still labors at St. Paul's. After Father Mackin, Father Vesta took charge. He was from Italy. Father Piet followed him; he was from France; Father Le Vasseur from Canada succeeded him; Father Boll from Germany followed. At present we still have some three nationalities represented among the Mission personnel.

FOLLOWING Father Boll came Father Henry Vrebusch, whose untimely death a few months ago shocked us. The two Fathers Balfe for several years filled the post of Superior during very difficult times because of fire and lack of crops. Last Summer it was decided that, since funds were getting lower and lower



Early in November, 1931, a fire, starting in a defective flue, destroyed nearly all the buildings of St. Paul's Mission, Blaine Co., Montana. Nothing was left except the boys' building, which also housed the dining hall, post office and administration office.

and the problem more and more acute, and because of the fact also that the road connecting the Mission with the homes of the Indians was good, a day school should be established and the former school abolished. So now, as in many rural districts throughout the country, the Mission has its bus which goes forth each morning to bring the children and goes back every evening to take them home. It is quite an expense but we are more than satisfied.

We have placed ourselves under the special protection of St. Joseph, and though the Jesuit Community is still living in an old shack, and though the problem of heating the school and the Sisters' buildings has not yet been solved, and though we just hear that no more help from the wonderful Drexel Fund will be available for upkeep, still, trusting in God we try to do our best.

Such is the brief history of St. Paul's Indian Mission School which celebrated its golden jubilee on the 29, 30 and 31 of May. On the occasion of the jubilee, the present Superior invited everyone to come and take part in the celebration, but he warned his friends that because of the financial status of the Mission and the utter lack of facilities for proper hospitality they had better bring their tents and their lunch baskets.

About Ten Months Ago

James A. Creane, S.J.

ABOUT ten months ago—it doesn't seem so long—I sent you a little squib from the waiting room of Kiul Station, telling you about the Depressed Class situation here in India and the grand opportunity of the Church to reap a great harvest of souls.

At that time the Fathers of Patna Mission and other missions, too, were busy with their sickles garnering the harvest. Since then they have not been idle. The inflow of converts has been rapid. Here in Patna the number of recently baptized among the Depressed Classes has climbed from the three hundred or so reported then to over two thousand now.

Consoling as this notable increase is, there is, nevertheless, a note of sadness about it. For had we in this Mission been able to reap the full advantage of the opportunities that then were ours, instead of two thousand, it probably is no exaggeration to say that we would most likely be counting our converts by tens of thousands.

Why this failure? I do not say anyone in particular is to blame. We simply didn't have anything like the number of qualified and experienced missionaries necessary to cover the mission territory adequately. We didn't have the army of trained catechists and teachers to put into the field. We didn't have the funds required to finance the work.

TONIGHT I am again burning the midnight oil between trains in the waiting room at Kiul Station and here is my midnight meditation: The past is past and there is no profit in our wasting precious time in lamentations over the little we have done. The future is still before us and how to make the most of it should be our great concern.

True, the situation has changed considerably during the last ten months. The outlook, one may say, is a bit



Chamar (cobbler) converts from among the "Depressed Classes" of Patna Mission, India.

less hopeful. However, no one can deny the fact that wonderful opportunities for the conversion of India's low caste and outcaste people still lie along our path. That path is no rosy one. Difficulties there will be, many and tremendous. Sacrifices will be called for, huge and heroic, perhaps even unto the shedding of blood. Even so, shall we shrink from them? Dare we do so and call ourselves true followers of the bleeding Christ upon the Cross? Dare we do so when we see such oceans of blood being shed in the world around us for causes far less worthy?

Wanted volunteers! Wanted men and women settled in life with means great or small, zealous and generous enough to cut down and slice their fortunes for the sake of souls! Wanted boys and girls with careers still unchosen, heroic and self-sacrificing enough to make a holocaust of their lives, like St. Francis Xavier, for the Orient! Wanted a legion of India's own sons and daughters to lead her people to the feet of Christ at any cost!

MOHAMMEDANS, Sikhs and Protestants are not unaware of the possibilities that lie before them. And they are active, many of them intensely active. Did you not read of the Mussulman mission sent over from Egypt to India? Did you not hear of the Sikhs sending their specially chosen missionaries and propagandists from the Punjab in northwest India away down to Travancore in the south? Only a few days ago our local papers carried the news that the Protestant appeal in England for twenty-five thousand pounds (about one hundred thousand dollars) for their propaganda and educational work in India was fully subscribed. The Protestant plan is to concentrate on the more hopeful areas and throw their greatest efforts into the work there.

Father Peter J. Sonntag, S.J., former Superior of Patna Mission, discusses religious affairs with two of his "Depressed Class" Christians.

Seeing the fine response made to appeals by members of other religious bodies, Catholics surely will be stirred to action and will not let themselves be outdone in generosity. God grant us all, priests and people, that necessary zeal and love for the Cause of Christ.



Coastal Trips and Mission

Visits

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

His Excellency, who is Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, continues the story of one of his official visits to stations located on the Caribbean Coast. The present account continues the narrative of the trip to the Indians at San Pedro, one of the stations cared for by the Fathers who have their headquarters at Punta Gorda.—*Editor.*

THIS Mass on the twenty-sixth at Palma Park was celebrated by Father Krizek; about twenty-four persons were present—the Bishop was to say Mass later on in the morning at Big Falls. This was the first time for the Bishop to offer Mass at this station. The news had been spread of his coming and so there were about forty persons waiting for us. Thanks to the skill of the canoemen, we negotiated the falls without getting wet. It was very interesting to watch the skillful work of the dory-men in winding the dories between the rocks and up the falls. In about ten minutes we landed at the house of one of the dory-men where we were royally welcomed. I offered Mass in the house and the congregation of about thirty-five to forty seemed to be very much impressed by the service. Seven were confirmed, most of them adults. We spent a half an hour or so chatting with the people and asking about their affairs; they all seemed quite well content with their lives out on the river ranchos.

At twelve o'clock we again took the dories and paddled up the Colombia as far as San Pedro. Here we had a delightful surprise. The high bank was crowded with gaily clad children and women, and a goodly number of men. The marshal of the day, Maestro Henry Labrie, formed the gathering into a procession and led the Bishop and Father Krizek up to the church. I found a new chapel in place of the old one that I had known so well, but I was sorry to see that it was quite too small for the congregation. However, I found out that the big congregation was due to the fact that more than fifty people had walked eight miles over from San Antonio to be here for the Bishop's coming and to have Confirmation, because the Bishop could not go to San Antonio. At the evening services Father Krizek had the solemn Way of the Cross, reciting the prayers in Maya and in Spanish. I gave a short instruction, encouraging the people in their good will and in their cooperation with the fine work of Father Krizek whom they all seem to admire very much. We were kept busy in the church with confessions until near ten o'clock.

MARCH 27, Friday, was a great feast day in San Pedro; the whole group of the inhabitants, with their visitors from San Antonio filled the church, and



Bishop Murphy, on one of his trips taken some years ago, leaving the Indians of San Pedro, Colombia, British Honduras.

outside on the plaza many had to stand. They stayed, apparently pleased to do so, for both Masses and for Confirmation. Afterwards the San Antonio group had a private reception with the Bishop to discuss matters relating to the parish at San Antonio. They were glad to know that Father Krizek would soon be with them again and take up active work for their school and church. By noon time our party was ready for the return to Punta Gorda. Again there was the procession to the plaza and at 12:30 we paddled away to the sound of songs and cheers from the crowd on the hill and along the bank. The paddling down the Colombia to the Rio Grande and down the Rio Grande was speedily accomplished, but to our surprise when we came to the "Caldero" where the *Santa Maria* was to meet us there was no sign of her. We did not understand why the motor boat was not there, as we had given express directions as to the time of our reaching "Caldero." There was nothing for us to do but to paddle all the way down the Rio Grande and out on the sea to Punta Gorda. To our great relief, after we had paddled for about an hour, we saw the *Santa Maria* tied to the bank; she had been at the "Caldero" but as it was (Turn to page 195)

The Garden of Eden

Augustine C.
Wand, S.J.

IN a recent issue of this review, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., of "Al Baghdadi" fame, wrote: "With due deference to those who had studied these matters with meticulous and scientific accuracy, I still cling to the comforting thought that this land in which I live (Iraq) is the spot chosen by God Himself for man's first home." It will be the task of the paragraphs that follow to draw out the meaning that can be gathered from the description given by the Book of Genesis. In doing this there is no intention of invading the field of the exegete but only that of seeking to give a topographical interpretation of a much discussed passage. This will be done in conformity with one of the leading topographers on Arab countries.

We shall first give the whole of the passage under discussion following the Hebrew text: (Genesis ii, 8, 14).

"God planted a garden in Eden in the east and placed there the man whom he had fashioned. And God produced out of the earth all kinds of trees beautiful to behold and pleasant to taste; also the tree of life in the midst of the garden and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. And a river came forth from Eden to water the garden. Then it separated into four branches. One was called Phison; this passed the whole land of Hawilah where there is gold, and the gold of this land is good, and there also are bdellium and precious stones. The second stream was called Gehon; this passed around the whole land of Khus. The third stream was the Hiddeqel which flowed in the direction of the Assyrians. The fourth stream is the Euphrates. God, therefore, took the man and placed him in the garden of delight that he might cultivate and preserve it."

ACAREFUL reading of this passage makes it at once evident that the first author of this account had a definite spot in mind with which he was well acquainted. The names and indications, if once understood, are so clear and precise that no doubt can arise regarding his intention to give exact topographical indications. It will be necessary, therefore, to study the description carefully in light of other passages of the Bible. It will be noted also that not four but one river flows through the garden and that the division into four occurs after it has passed out of this. No name is given to this stream but these are given for the divisions together with some general indications regarding the direction of flow in the case of these.

The first stream that is mentioned is the Phison. "This passed the whole land of Hawilah." Now we read in the First Book of Kings (xv, 7) that King Saul when carrying on a war against the Amalakites ravaged their country "from Hawilah as far as Sûr which is over



Mid-day on the Tigris. Has earth anything more fair?

against Egypt." Sûr was the region east of the present Suez Canal. The Amalakites lived in the district south and southeast of the Dead Sea. We must conclude, therefore, that Hawilah is somewhere south or southeast or east of the Dead Sea. Again in the Book of Genesis (xxv, 18) we are told that the descendants of Ishmael dwelt in a territory "reaching from Hawilah to Sûr which is over against Egypt and to the road leading to Assyria." Now the highway from western Asia to Assyria went by way of Palmyra (Tadmora) to the middle Euphrates. This, therefore, marks the northern boundary of Ishmaelite territory whilst the southern is marked by Sur and Hawilah. Sûr is in the southwest towards Egypt, Hawilah must be more to the east but in approximately the same latitude.

NOW when Ptolemy describes the northern boundary of Arabia Felix he gives it substantially as follows: from a point about 30° 30' north latitude and 35° east longitude it followed along the base of the mountains to a district known as Ash-Shama, then to the lowlands of al-Jafar and southeastwards until about the latitude of the northern projections of the Nefud Desert, then eastwards till having passed this, then northeastwards toward the Euphrates and the Inner Persian Gulf to the vicinity of the present town of an-Nejef. The Inner Persian Gulf are the ancient swamps known as the Chaldean Lakes. Thus we may conclude that Hawilah of the Bible is identical with Arabia Felix of classical authors. That in their estimation the land extended in a northeasterly direction to the neighborhood of Babylon is clear from many other passages. But to return to the Phison. In ancient times a city named Bithra stood on the right bank of the Euphrates River nearly opposite to the point where the al-Mahmudiyye Canal now begins. Near it there began a large irrigation canal or "river" which flowed in a south southwesterly direction. It was known as the Maarsares or Baarsares or Naarsares. This would seem to coincide roughly with our Phison and

would answer the description of bordering on or passing by Hawilah or Arabia Felix. That this land extended so far we know also from the fact that Septimius Severus is reported to have invaded Arabia Felix by descending with boats another canal to the vicinity of the present city of al-Kufa.

THE text continues: "The second stream was called Gehon; this passed around the whole of the land of Khus." This name Khus has misled many. In Genesis (x, 8, 10) we read that Khus was the son of Nebrod and was a giant. The seat of his realm was "Babylon, and Orech and Acchad and Chalanne, in the land of Senaar." Erech and Akkad are cities of the upper part of Babylonian plane; Kalne is the modern Niffar near Babylon. Now in ancient times a huge irrigation canal led off on the left bank of the Euphrates River in the neighborhood of the present town of Fallujah, took a south-eastern direction till reaching the neighborhood of Seleucia (the present Tel Omar) but then kept on southwards for a distance in a line roughly parallel to the Tigris River till it disappeared in innumerable branches. This was known as the Nahr Malcha and would seem to be the Gehon under another name. How Egypt came to be known also by the name Khus does not concern us here.

We read further: "The third stream was the Hid-

Deqel which flowed in the direction of the Assyrians." Assur was the original stronghold of the Assyrians near the present Kalat Shergat on the upper Tigris. From there the land of the Assyrians extended southwards to the edge of the Babylonian plain somewhat north of Baghdad. Now near the ancient city of al-Anbar (Firus Sabor), the present ar-Rabb, from time immemorial an irrigation canal took off to the east bank of the Euphrates and flowed in an easterly direction along the edge of the northern uplands till it reached the Tigris about forty miles away. Arab authors called it Duqeyl or Dujeyl, the diminutive of Deqel or Dijel. Hid-Deqel means the swift Deqel. At present it goes by the name al-Qarma or as-Saqlawiyye. The Euphrates presents no problem.

THE upshot of our study would be, therefore, that we must seek for the location of the Garden of Eden somewhere on the Euphrates above the head of the first of the three canals. Now above the modern town of ar-Rumadiand beginning about ten or eleven miles southeast of the town of Hit is a valley some twenty miles long and on an average ten in width. The soil is alluvial deposit brought by the river but on all sides except on the southeast are rocky uplands. Through the depression on the southeast warm breezes can enter from the alluvial plain. This would be eminently suited for a garden of pleasure such as the biblical writer describes.

Below is the end map printed in "Al Baghdadi" and drawn by its author, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., whose opinion in regard to the site of the original Eden is subjected by Father Wand to a critical appraisal.



The Ring and The Lamp

Wilfred J.
Le Sage, S.J.

LI-MEN-TOONG stood up to read. The story continued as follows:

"Aladdin was indeed in a sorry plight. He called for his uncle, but in vain. The earth was closed above him and the palace door at the foot of the steps. His cries and tears brought him no help. At last he said: 'There is no strength or power but in the great and high God,' and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger."

"That's enough, Li-Men-Toong. What does the word 'pray' mean?" A quick glance to the opposite page written in Chinese gave him the answer.

"Pray means 'nieh ching.' It means to say a prayer," he continued.

"But what is a prayer?" I asked. This was not an easy question for a pagan boy to answer. He paused for a moment trying to think of what to say. Being a young lad in First High, standing before a class of forty-five boys and trying to think in terms of English is a real test, but finally he had the courage to say:

"Prayer means to say some words to ask God to help, like Aladdin did."

ON the spur of the moment, I wondered what the other boys would have said. Surely the eight Catholic boys in the class would know the answer from their catechism, but would the others do as well as Li? Each member of the class was then given a piece of paper to write his answer, and after a few words of explanation the boys understood that they could write whatever they wished; and afterwards we would correct the mistakes in grammar and spelling. The following are some of the answers written by non-Catholic boys:

"I don't know what prayer is because I have not read in the book and my father and mother have not tell me."

"Prayer is the people say to the God when he was sick or sorry time."

"When a man is perfectly happy there is no prayer for him, but when a man is sad or something is wrong, and he don't know what to do, then he says prayer."

"Prayer is some men and women or monk, memory words."

"Prayer is the everybody can say it. Oh, it is easy!"

"Prayer is a very good book."

"On every Sunday morning the Christians must go to the church and pray, for they believe that after praying the God will bless them."

"The Christians pray because it will makes them be good in the Catholic Church."

We continued our story of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." The following day we reached the part



Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Superior at Gonzaga College, Shanghai, China, with some of the boys of third year high English class. Left to right: Aloysius Sen, Joseph Loh, Frank Waung, Father McGreal and Ambrose Chen.

of the story which reads as follows:

"As there was nothing for breakfast, Aladdin thought of selling the lamp in order to buy food. 'Here it is,' said his mother, 'but it is very dirty. If I rub it clean, I believe it will bring more.' No sooner had she begun to rub it than a genie of gigantic size appeared before her and said: 'What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave . . .'"

THE story continues to tell of all the good things which the genie brought for Aladdin and his mother. But here again in order to break up the monotony of the reading class, the question was asked:

"Everybody think for a moment—what would you ask the genie for?"

Looks of profound surprise crept over their faces. "Who . . . me?" "Yes, you—what would you ask the genie for, a holiday, perhaps?" Everybody caught the idea. Several eyes began to open a little wider; others to close, betraying the fact that the strain of mental activity had already begun. Chins were rubbed, heads were scratched, and mouths opened—just a few exterior signs which precede a final decision. In a few moments smiles were looming in every direction, and not a few had that ask-me-teacher-I-know expression on their faces, which we may frankly admit does not happen too frequently.

Only a very few minutes of class time remained, so all began to write their requests as quickly as possible. The following are some of them:

"If I had Aladdin's lamp I would tell the genie to quick kill all the bad men in the world and help the good ones."

"I would tell the genie to kill all tell lie's man."

"If I have Aladdin's lamp I would ask him to take me to other world because the earth is so dark, cruel unhappy and filled with fighting."

"I would ask . . . Genie, give me airplane!"

"I would ask the genie to show me where is Jesus in the sky, because now I do not know." (Turn to page 196)

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

One of the most valuable visitors to JESUIT MISSIONS during the past month was Mr. Basil C. Walker, economist and author of "Estimate of World Affairs."

THE MYSTERY OF MOSCOW GOLD IS SOLVED

Describing the new golden horde sweeping out of the steppes, he offered conclusive evidence of the fact and of the source of the Moscow gold with which the Moscow propaganda on the mission front and around the world is being financed. "According to figures published in *The Economist* of London, issue of March 27, 1937, the total world's gold production has increased more than 80% since 1929. In that year world gold production was placed at 19,586,000 fine ounces; in 1936, it was provisionally placed at 35,000,000 fine ounces. More than 6,000,000 fine ounces of the increase, that is to say, nearly 45% of the total increase, came from Soviet Russia. From producing about 5% of the world's gold in 1929, the U. S. S. R. rose to more than 20% of the total in 1936. South Africa in 1936 still remained the world's largest producer, but, whereas the yield of the South African mines had increased to 11,339,000 fine ounces in 1936, compared with 10,412,000 in 1929 (an increase of not quite 9%), in the same period of time, the production of the U.S.S.R. rose from 1,085,000 fine ounces to 7,350,000 fine ounces (nearly 600%)."

While the memories of the Congress are still clear-cut in our minds, let us summarize the condition of the Catholic Church in the Islands. There are 12 seminaries whose foundation dates

THE CATHOLIC PHILIPPINES

run from 1611 to 1934, with a staff of 123 professors, educating 1,008 seminarians. Catechetical instruction is particularly active as is evident by the fact that 835 centers with 32,352 children are conducted by seminarists and men's colleges, while 1068 centers with 51,793 children are conducted by Religious Sisters and Catholic girls. According to dioceses, available figures show that there are in Manila 2,473 centers with 151,169 children; Lipa 800 centers, 34,000 children; Mountain Province 52 centers, 6,792 children; Nueva Caceres 1,071 centers, 55,744 children; Nueva Segovia 796 centers, 23,553 children; Tuguegarao 180 centers, 19,040 children; Cebu 3,200 centers, 130,000 children; Calbayog, 1,035 centers, 23,535 children; Bacolod 900 centers, 20,000 children; Cagayan 285 centers, 13,759 children; Palawan 49 centers, 960 children. No report is given for the dioceses of Lingayen and Jaro. A summary of all kinds of Religious persons shows that there are in the Philippines today 920 secular priests, 330 regular priests, 440 religious men in conventos, 162 Brothers, 142 missionary novices for the priesthood, 1,008 seminarists, 92 professed contemplative religious Sisters, 16 novices and 14 postulants, with 1,496 professed religious Sisters of active Orders, as well as 150 novices and 75 postulants.

Father John P. Fox, S.J., is nothing if not ingenious. His last invention was a Rapid Transit for news. Having reached a new low of one Mass stipend with which to carry on, he dashed off

OVER THE AIR TO ALASKA

the following message on his amateur radio set which was picked up by Amateur Radio W7APS, 2123 Third Avenue, West, Seattle, Washington, and forwarded to JESUIT MISSIONS as follows: "Hooper Bay Alaska K7FJC April 20, 1937. Out of Stipends would gladly make arrangements you suggested answer by same channel you receive this or write me. Father Fox." By the same channel the Editor replied: "Arrangement on stipends satisfactory, so say three Masses weekly for intention agreed on and please begin with week of June sixth. Letter follows." The *finale* took place this morning when the last message reached the office, namely, "Message via Amateur Radio from Hooper Bay Alaska K7FJC May 11, 1937. Thanks for kindness—beginning Masses June sixth. Fox." This is only an instance of how our missionaries use all creatures as means for the propagation of the Faith.

Catholic missionaries, mostly members of Religious Orders and Congregations of men and women, either own, or operate, or own and operate one hundred and eight leper asylums around the mission world. While specialists would discuss for hours in an effort to furnish the non-medical mind with the cause of the dreaded White Plague, these

THE CAUSE OF LEPROSY

possible theories may be of interest and instruction. (1) Leprosy is always picked up by bare feet from a dangerous fungus. However, many cases do not fit this theory. (2) Many doctors frankly say that they cannot tell how leprosy began but assert that it is spread by live blood contact and in no other way. Again, many cases do not fit the theory. (3) There are cases that seem to come from swimming pools. (4) The germs of tuberculosis, of syphilis and of leprosy are so similar that it takes an expert to distinguish them. This leads one to suspect that there may be a relation between these three. However, such relationship has not yet been proven. (5) Some hold that leprosy may come from very long undernourishment, coupled with bad sanitation and dirt.

One of the most interesting volumes to reach our office has been that astounding success, now well past the 161,000 mark, "An American Doctor's Odyssey."

"AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY"

While we are on the subject of leprosy, let us turn to chapter XV, "Prisoners of Hope," in this case, the lepers of Culion. The author, Victor Heiser, M.D., pays a well merited and beautiful tribute to the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, the Jesuits and to the self-sacrificing medical corps in attendance. Apropos of our discussion on the cause of leprosy, he has this to offer: "Leprosy is most easily contracted in childhood; the earliest age at which it can be detected is about two, although generally it evinces its presence at from three to four years. Possibly the contraction of the disease in infancy is due to the close contact of leprous parents and children. Statistics show that if babies are not removed from their mothers before they are six months old, approximately half of them will become leprous. That heredity plays little part in the transmission of leprosy has been shown at Molokai, where the children of lepers are removed a few days after birth to beautifully appointed homes in Honolulu, one for boys and another for girls. There they are cared for until they reach the age of twenty-one. During the thirty-six years this system has been in effect, not one child, according to the report, has ever developed leprosy."

The equilibrium of justice which was violently disturbed by the expulsion of the Jesuits from Goa under Pombal is at last to be restored by their return, at the invitation of the present

JESUITS ARE VINDICATED IN GOA

Portuguese Government, acting under the instigation of the outstanding Catholic statesman, Dr. Oliveira Salazar who, in opposition to the anti-clerical politicians of the type of Affonso Costa, is intent upon salvaging all that is of solid value in the traditional culture and civilization of Portugal. Thus plans are being made to build a spacious Jesuit College on the top of Janjiim Hill, Goa. It will be a Secondary Boarding and Day School on up-to-date lines. A new seminary is also to be constructed on the Saligao plateau, which commands a complete view of Bardez. The building when completed will be one of the largest ever possessed by the Portuguese in India. It will have accommodation for five hundred seminarists. The Patriarch of Goa has issued an appeal for its support. The program of studies will be modernized so as to include a knowledge of Catholic social teaching. The Portuguese Jesuits have for long edited an excellent monthly review of general culture called *Broteria*. This magazine has helped to maintain the prestige of the Order at a high level even during the period when, after the establishment of the Republic in 1910, its members were forbidden to enter Portuguese territory.

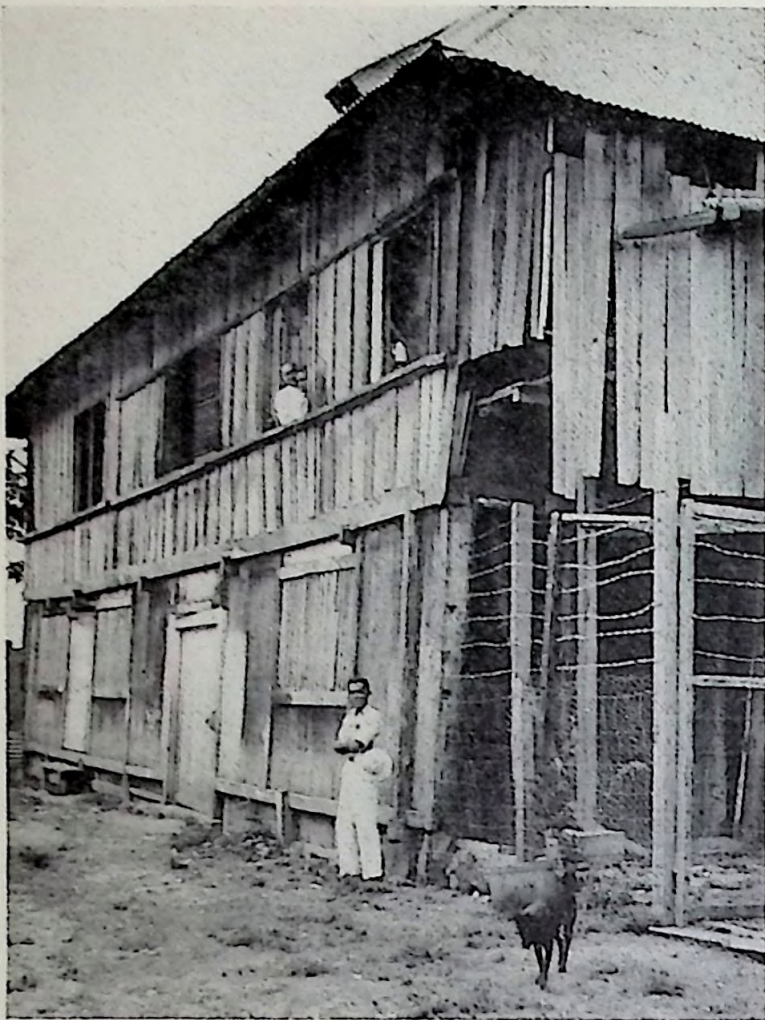
At Home in M

sionaries that I cannot possibly do justice to all in this short article. Perhaps then I had best chat with you as I chatted with them when I visited each one in his home.

THAT word home conjures up for us a picture far different from what the priests' homes in Mindanao would warrant. First of all, for most of us home means companionship. In Mindanao, however, in only two of the parishes I visited has the pastor a priest companion to live with him. Father James G. Daly, S.J., Superior of the missions in the Province of Occidental Misamis and Father Peter Dimaano, S.J., dwell together at Jimenez. At Cagayan, the episcopal see of Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior of the missions in Oriental Misamis, Bukidnon and Lanao Province, boasts of a community of five; two other Fathers, Father Francis X. Portas, S.J., and Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., a Scholastic, Mr. Ralph M. O'Neill, S.J., and a Brother, Brother Ignatius Valero, S.J. In the other parishes under Bishop Hayes' jurisdiction, six pastors live absolutely alone, and seven others each have a Jesuit Brother who helps to make "home" the correct word to be used. These missionaries, the lone dwellers as well as those with a lone companion, certainly have not a home in the sense that we commonly use the word. Theirs is a lonely life, and the wonder to me was that the very loneliness of their lives could possibly be endured without complaint. Complaint there was none. Each man had his work to do. Upon each souls were and are dependent, and though during the long tropical evenings one could almost hear the silence, these heroic men wasted no time brooding over their lot but planned and prepared for the work of to-morrow and the next day.

THE loneliness of the missionaries I could not experience for the reason that when I visited them they ceased to be alone. But a word dropped here, a remark made there, helped me to get a much better idea than I ever had before, of what missionary life really is. At Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., welcomed me early in March as a long lost brother. For a whole day he was not to be alone. He served a simple dinner for his guest from America and observed that he had kept the pickles and cranberry jelly since Christmas—some friend back home had sent them to him—that I might be feasted when I should be with him. The fact was, however, that during those months he had had no one to share those luxuries with him, and all alone he would not have enjoyed them to the full.

There were other features about the homes of these priests of Mindanao that would rivet the attention of the visitor. Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., pastor at Jasaan, Oriental Misamis, showed me to the



Crooked stairs, tilting walls, uneven floors—and rats—make of this house a shambles, but it's home for Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., Pastor at Balingasag, Mindanao.

"MINDANAO! That's a three syllable word," said Father Joseph Reith, S.J., pastor of Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, in the Philippines when I visited him toward the end of February. "Final—ao—is pronounced like—ow in now. So it's Min-dan-ow, Lan-ow, Dav-ow, Sum-il-ow." It seemed like old times, when we had been together at Woodstock, Maryland, and later here at JESUIT MISSIONS, a brother being helped by a brother, and at once I felt at home. Father Reith was the sixth American Jesuit whom I visited on my trip through the missions of Mindanao, in the Philippines, after the unforgettable days of the Eucharistic Congress in Manila. Each and every one of the missionaries went out of his way to make my journeys through the missions as comfortable as possible. I might say they took too good care of me, for at times it was not easy for me to get the real picture of their life and their work, which picture I was most anxious to get that I might be enabled to do more effective home missionary work for them when I would return to the United States. It is difficult to know where to begin in telling the story of my visit to the missions in Mindanao. So much could be said about the people and their customs, about religion and its many false varieties, about the trials and consolations of the mis-



This nipa house in a village whose name means "Progress" is home for a family in Mindanao in the Philippines.

Mindanao

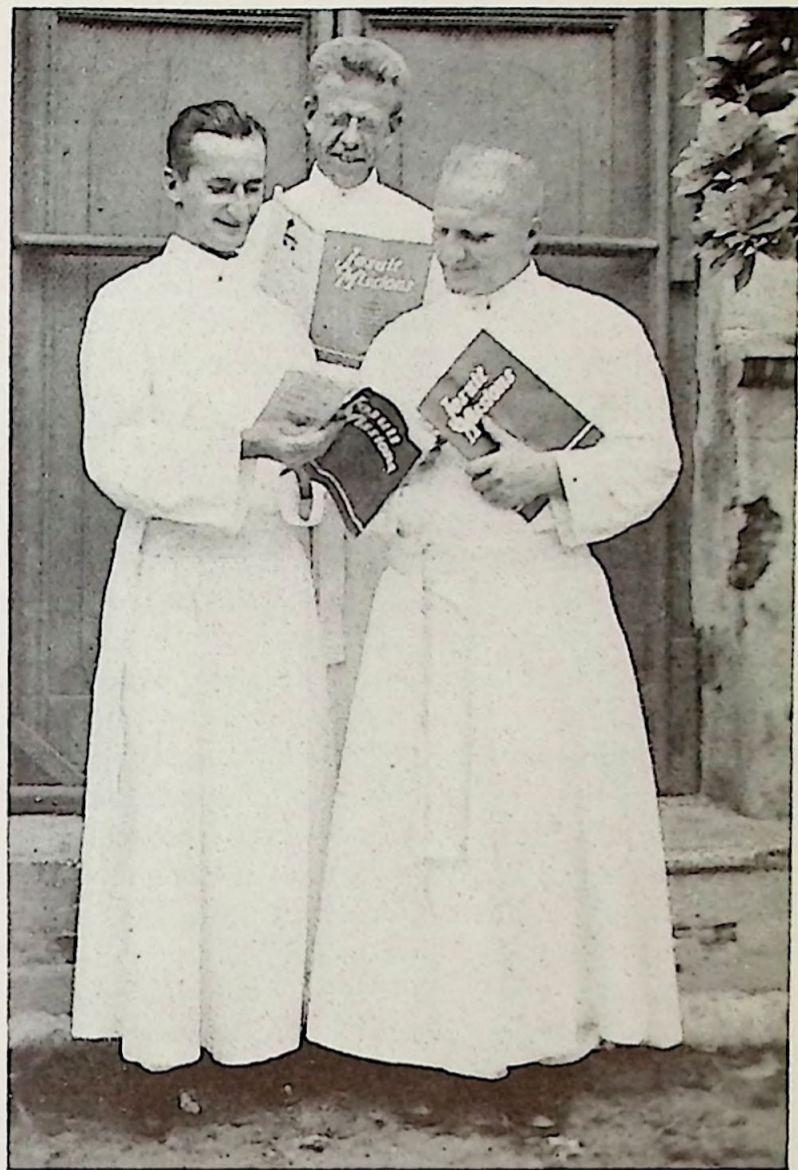
E. Paul Amy, S.J.

guest's room when I went to spend a night with him. Modern comforts (?) were at hand. The room was provided with running water. But—the water didn't run, as the supply had vanished due to a lack of rain in his district during the two preceding months. Even the ants crowded at the mouth of the spigot to obtain what water might trickle therefrom. Be it said, but just in passing, that ants are constant companions in the homes of the Mindanao missionaries. Day and night these pests annoy the missionaries. If you would know what discomfort they can cause, harbor a colony of them in your bed some night. Beds, tables and food cabinets all are stood in basins of kerosene to keep the ants below. But betimes the oil dries up and then—well I could tell you how it feels to have ants in your bed.

LONELINESS, ants and uncertainty as to water supply would be enough to make a missionary's home in Mindanao different from what we have conceived a real home to be. But you have not seen or lived in a home till you have spent a day and a night with Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., pastor at Balingasag, Oriental Misamis. The picture of that home as shown on this page can give no adequate idea of the place itself. As one enters one ascends stairs that slant dangerously to the right. Arrived at the second floor one turns to walk over a floor that sags on one side and buckles on the other, there being a difference of six inches between the two levels of the same floor. And when one enters the sala, or living room, one wonders if one's eyes have been affected as he observes that the walls have taken positions other than the perpendicular. Little wonder that Father O'Shaughnessy expressed a hope that he might be on the outside when the earthquake that brings complete ruin would occur. To give conclusive proof that the rectory at Balingasag is different, rats, a horde of them, dispute ownership of the house with the pastor.

The homes of the missionaries form only a part of the picture of the Jesuit missions in Mindanao. The houses of God are a sight to behold. At Tagoloan, Father David A. Daly, S.J., has a church that might make money for him as a curiosity were it any place else but at Tagoloan, but there it costs money and would cost a great deal more were it to be made a worthy house of God. Its walls do not rise to the roof, a story that can be told of many of the churches in Mindanao, and it houses hundreds on hundreds of bats. These nocturnal creatures defile the church beyond description as they hang pendant from the roof beams through the day. But when on a rainy night they remain indoors to fly under cover, the filth that they leave and the stench they create rob one of words adequately to describe the result. Fortunately Father Daly's predecessor was able to place a ceiling over the altar to protect the Sacred Species during Mass, but even that small ceiling is not a guarantee of security. In interesting contrast to the church at Tagoloan is Father James L. O'Neill's, S.J., church at Oroquieta, Occidental Misamis. No bats would find sanctuary here. Here is a picture of desolation. A front wall patched with flattened tin cans and old boards, side walls that hardly need doors to give the people ingress as gaping holes give ready entrance, especially to prowling dogs, in the rear no wall at all, and a roof made of nipa palm that has all but worn away, constitute this house of God. A very essential element in the life of a parish priest is his church. Imagine then how much at home Father O'Neill can feel when he sees his church such an unsuitable home for his God! Father Reith's church at Dansalan once was a rice mill. The church at Iligan where Father Andrew A. Hofmann, S.J., is pastor, will soon require extensive repairs. After much labor and effort he has succeeded in protecting the structure from the ground ants, only to find that the superstructure now is prey to the flying ants. The church of Father Austin V. Dowd, S.J., at Malaybalay, Bukidnon, has been condemned as unsafe, but till he can build anew, he must continue to use the old church. Again it is the ants that have ravaged his house of God.

From my chat with you thus far, kind reader, you might be inclined



Three friends from Old New York town meet in a foreign land; Fathers Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., past Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, present Pastor at Cagayan, E. Paul Amy, S.J., incumbent Business Editor, and Joseph Reith, S.J., past Business Editor and present Pastor at Dansalan, find J. M. interesting reading at Cagayan, Or. Misamis, in the Philippines.

to conclude that missionary work in Mindanao is utterly hopeless, that the missionaries' lives bespeak abject desolation. On the contrary, nowhere have I seen men more truly at home than they are amongst the Filipinos for whose spiritual good they are working. No one whom I visited expressed any desire to come home for the reason that he is at home right where he is. And little wonder. The labors of years are reaping rich harvests and, save in exceptional cases, each of the missionaries has abundant consolation as he sees an ever increasing number returning to the sacraments, as he sees more and more desert the ranks of Protestantism and Aglipayanism to return to the one true fold. But as much at home as the American Jesuits are in Mindanao, let no one think that the missions of Mindanao are fully provided for. To realize the need that there still is for men, money and above all for prayers, ponder for a moment these few facts. Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., living entirely alone at Tangub, is pastor of a flock that numbers not less than 30,000 souls. Surely he needs assistance at least to provide catechists for some of his flock. Father Thomas F. Gallagher, S.J., pastor at Misamis is trying to reclaim for Christ thousands of souls in his flock of 28,000 who for twenty-seven years were without a pastor and during those years enjoyed only the occasional ministrations of an itinerant missionary who, all alone, sought to provide spiritually in some (Turn to page 196)

Aiabisiwinge

James S.
McGivern, S.J.

THE readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have before this heard something of the Canadian Missions in northern Ontario, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers of the Province of Upper Canada. These same readers have at odd and sundry times heard tell of the principal Indian Mission, that of Wikwemikong. They know also that this Reserve is found on Manitoulin Island situated somewhere in Lake Huron. What I am now going to relate may be of interest to them even though it is nothing very startling. It is the story of an evening with the Young Men's Club, fondly called the Excelsior Club. This club has been in existence for some time, to the great enjoyment and pleasure of all concerned. It has naturally been encouraged and fostered by the missionary Fathers of Wikwemikong. It was but right and fitting that on April 18 last, this club, proudly calling itself "The Excelsior Young Men's Club of Wikwemikong Indian Reserve" should hold a formal reception in honor of the Jesuit Fathers of the Reserve to show that they have not forgotten all that these same Fathers, under the guidance of their Superior, Father Julien Paquin, S.J., have done for the club and the young men of the place.

Everything started off very slowly and solemnly, as befitted the occasion. Everyone, that is, that belonged to the club, was in his place when the Fathers and Brothers of the Residence entered. All arose, clapped their hands in welcome, and the brass band, the pride of the Reserve, boomed out a noisy, enthusiastic though decidedly unmusical something that was supposed to be a welcoming blast. It was.

THE chairman of the club now read an address of welcome and of greeting. This address had been composed by the club members. Much weary thinking and scratching of heads had gone into its composition. They were proud of their effort—and need I add, rightly so. After the reading, the address was presented with all that native Indian courtesy and solemnity that we often hear about but so seldom see. The program following this opening was quite interesting, except perhaps for a word at the beginning from Father Moderator, Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., that night classes would soon be renewed. One of the foremost—should I say prominent—members of the club read a short composition of his own on why the club was called the "Excelsior." He expatiated on the appropriateness of such a title given to their organization, since all of them were intent on doing better and better at all times and of making the club a means of their own betterment. "Oh well! It may have been interesting to some of those present, but . . ." After this short talk there was an interesting lantern slide lecture on the Risen Life of Our Lord, with plenty of brass band accompanying it.

But all this was but a preliminary to the great event of the evening. This was the ceremony of solemnly bestowing an Indian name upon one whom the Indians desired to honor. The one to be thus honored was the moderator of the club, Father Rolland, S.J. He had already been christened—if the term may be allowed—some years before by Indians in another part of the Jesuit missions of Ontario. But the Indians of Wik-



Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., some years ago, at the end of a portage on the Albany River, Canada. He was carrying a large tent and a portable altar. He had traveled a thousand miles in a canoe.

wemikong, either because they did not like his previous name, or more probably because they wanted to bestow on him one of their own choosing, decided to forget his first name. And it is perhaps not too bad a change. The old name was *Jabwewidang*, which, though various are the possible translations, is said to mean: "He whose voice is heard over the waters." The new one in *Aiabisiwinge*, or "The Consoler." A much better name, all will admit.

BUT what about the ceremony? Here it is in brief. Dressed in chief's feathers and carrying a war tomahawk, Ogima, ordinarily known to his fellows as Charlie King, gave a speech in Indian—quite lengthy it was too—and a short resume in English explaining the new name that was to be given to their moderator. Because of his constant helping of any who needed aid—so Ogima said—the name to be bestowed on Father Rolland should be that of *Aiabisiwinge* or "Consoler." After this solemn and interesting speech, Ogima called upon all the elders to perform the Indian dance which is the culmination of all such name-giving ceremonies. To the tune, therefore, of the big drum, with its rather monotonous tom-tom-tom, the chiefs and the newly christened joined hands and danced round and round and round—Indian fashion, ending up each round with a wild cry, clapping their hands to their mouths. All the time this round of dance was accompanied by a short chant, somewhat upon the lines of "We call upon the light—we call upon the light." (Turn to page 196)

The Mission Intentions for July and August

Schools for Africa

THERE are in Africa today about 100,000,000 Blacks who are ready to discard their native cults and to enroll in a better religion. The choice presented to them lies between Mohammedanism, Communism and Christianity, the latter either of the Protestant or of the Catholic persuasion. This possible prize of 100,000,000 souls is the greatest in modern mission history. Only one other is comparable to it, and that is the 60,000,000 among the Depressed Classes in India for whom a professional auction sale is being carried on today by the leaders of the various faiths. In the present case, the Catholic bid will be extended to the Blacks in the form of a program that is both simple and effective. As stated in the Mission Intention for June, the charity of deed exercised through the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy will draw these Blacks to our Catholic schools and Jesus Christ of Nazareth, Model of Character, the integrating magnet in our Catholic curriculum, will then draw them to Himself. That our vision of the educational situation in Africa may not be distorted, we present the following table of statistics:

	Primary Schools	Pupils	Second- ary Schools	Students
Africa (Northwest) . . .	285	40,417	103	8,653
Africa (West)	1,181	80,413	95	6,888
Africa (Central)	7,588	413,821	378	18,657
Africa (East)	5,926	237,266	269	16,998
Africa (South)	1,969	97,141	384	20,560
Africa (South, plus is- lands)	701	63,471	141	12,161

In Central Africa, the flourishing conditions as indicated in the table printed above are due in great part to the policy of the Belgian Government which builds and subsidizes the schools for the missionaries. The attitude of English Colonial officials is not less favorable and encouraging. France converts her encouragement into francs, as she did in 1935 when the French Academy offered a prize of six thousand francs to the Catholic Schools of Gabon. Already Blacks from the schools of Senegal have received university credits and their degrees have been recognized by the state. More than one missionary has been decorated for his service in the education of the natives while, to cite merely one example, English authorities have paid full tribute to the excellency of the work that is being done by the Brothers of Christian Instruction in Uganda.

Obstacles, of course, are manifold. The most perverse and dangerous are civil functionaries who feel that each advance in the education of the native severs one more link in the chain by which they now hold them subject to an economic slavery. A second and more insidious enemy is Communism whose single minded objective is to turn the Blacks into Reds. We have the challenge. We know the prize. One hundred million souls. Our program of Catholic education has been tested and found not wanting, that is, not wanting in anything but schools and the personnel and means with which to sustain them.

Liturgy for the Missions

CATHOLIC liturgy is simply Faith in action as a weapon to be used for the conversion of mission lands. It is synonymous not merely with the observance of the rubrics as prescribed for the administration of the sacraments, for the Sacrifice of the Mass, for benediction and blessings in general, but with the external aids to worship approved by the Church such as sermons on solemn occasions, tridua, processions, adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, whether diurnal or nocturnal, jubilees, anniversaries, Eucharistic Congresses, national and international, ornaments, statues and sacred images. Missionaries everywhere testify to the persuasive influence for good and even for conversion which these liturgical rites exercise upon the pagan mind. St. Thomas (S. Th. 2, 2, Q. 84 a. 3 ad. 2), affirms that precisely because of their salutary effect on the minds and wills of men, we may say that our altars and our churches are erected "not because of God Who is adored therein but for the benefit of the adorers themselves." If, as indicated by the apostle centuries ago, even men of culture were drawn by a consideration of the visible things of time, to a love of the invisible and eternal realities of Heaven, how much more should this be true of the uncultured native in mission lands.

Especially is this true in sections where mortal wounds have been inflicted upon the Faith of the natives by anti-Catholic propaganda. Thus in many sections of the Philippines during Lent each city, town and *barrio* holds a *Via Crucis* or Way of the Cross procession, typical examples of which this writer witnessed over a period of three years in the town of San Fernando, Province of La Union, as well as up and down the Provinces of Ilocos Sur and Ilocos Norte. The preparation was most simple. The ebb and flow of heat waves in the atmosphere had no sooner subsided and the shifting heavens and fast darkening red of the sun had no sooner touched the heights of the local mounts into prospective Calvaries, than the people issued forth from the ruins of the old *convento*. Each carried lighted candles and all crowded around a statue of the Redeemer upon a float which was supported by means of bamboo runners on the shoulders of a score of natives. Organization was discarded as a hindrance to the display of natural emotion and sympathy. The sympathies of these simple folk were those of the friends of Christ on His journey to death, and on that occasion the friends were not to be found in the stiff regimented lines of the soldiery. Along the line of march, forming an unnatural gauntlet, like strangers in their own land, stood the fruit of non-Catholic education in the Philippines.

Yet even from this most humble type of liturgical pageantry the effect produced upon these renegade lax Catholics and anti-Catholics was one of sympathy, benevolence, docility and not infrequently of lasting conversion. But how much more effective would be the full liturgical life of the Church as propaganda for the Faith in mission lands. This is the exact result for which we pray in the Mission Intention of August.

Afield with American Jesuits

CEYLON

In the June issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* was printed a picture of John J. O'Connor S.J., with a short notice of his death at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India. Since then further details have reached us about the death of this holy Jesuit Scholastic, who died April 16 at 1:45 P.M., as the result of an attack of pneumonia. In the death of Mr. O'Connor the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province have suffered a great loss as has their mission work in Ceylon. One of his young fellow Jesuits in India said of him: "His holy example will not soon be forgotten nor his memory soon fade from our minds."

Mr. O'Connor was born in Augusta, Georgia, on March 4, 1905, and entered the Society of Jesus in the October of his nineteenth year. Following the usual years of novitiate and classical studies and philosophy, he spent from 1931 to 1934 as a teacher and director of athletics at the Jesuit High School in New Orleans. He was then accepted as a volunteer for the Ceylon Mission and taught there for one year before beginning his theological studies at St. Mary's in Kurseong, India. Everywhere he left the impression of being a perfect gentleman and wonderful Religious—a true son of Ignatius Loyola. His fellow students in theology at Kurseong had learned to love him and so the days of his sickness were days of real mental anxiety for them as they stormed Heaven with their prayers for their fellow Jesuit. Everything possible was done and he had the best of care but he gradually grew worse and died on Friday, April 16. He was a wonderful missionary and gave promise of doing great work as a priest in Ceylon, but the Lord saw that he was ready for Heaven and

took him home. How deeply the whole Jesuit Community at Kurseong was impressed is indicated in a letter written by Father Joseph Genicot, S.J., the Superior, to the Superior of the Ceylon Mission to which Mr. O'Connor belonged.

"The whole of St. Mary's is in mourning on account of the death of Mr. O'Connor. He expired at about 1:45 P.M. this afternoon. His agony has been long; it must have begun at about 11:00 A.M. Besides a few moments, he was not conscious at the end. A little after noon he still distinctly recited an ejaculatory prayer. May his good and fervent soul rest in peace! Many theologians and myself were present and praying at the moment he expired. It is a great loss for your Mission. Please, kindly accept my sincere condolence. From Heaven, Mr. O'Connor will pray for his dear Mission and for us. All that could be done, was done for him. Just yesterday a second doctor was called in for consultation. But the Lord wanted him in Heaven."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

In the early morning hours of April 6, 1937, at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, Father John J. Thompkins, S.J. passed to his eternal reward at the age of seventy after a heart attack. It is by no means rash to say that with him there disappeared from our midst one who for the last two generations, both while abroad upon the mission field and at home in his native Province of Maryland-New York, personified for his countless friends in and out of Religion, the true spirit of the Philippine Mission. His consuming zeal, his fearless intrepidity in the face of bitter and insidious anti-Catholic propaganda, as well as his

affectionate thoughtfulness of the needs of those committed to his care, a fact that was true in the case of the most humble Filipino *tao*, as well as of the members of his own Community, have been preserved happily in his famous "Notes from Vigan" the capital of the Province of Ilocos Sur of which Father Thompkins was considered by the inhabitants with all sincerity as the religious patron.

The physical and priestly energy that radiated unceasingly from this vibrant apostle of the Master can never be measured in pounds or ergs, in watts or kilowatts. Nevertheless, we offer a unique testimony of it that is more significant than volumes of biographies. It is this. The immediate mission field of Father Thompkins was situated in the great Island of Northern Luzon, Philippine Archipelago. Before the departure of the first large group of twenty American Jesuits to the Philippines in 1921, an invasion for which Father Thompkins had long prayed and pleaded with Superiors and which he accompanied as a sort of missionary protector, he had evangelized the natives up and down the western coast of the China Sea, all the way from Manila in the south to Bangui at the northernmost tip of the Archipelago. On these excursions, his black soutane became so familiar to the people that no visiting priest could pass along the roadside without being hailed by the natives whether from their rice fields or as they sat idling at the windows of their nipa huts as "*Apo* (Father) Tomkins!" "*Apo* Tomkins!" "*Adios Apo!*" (We commend our Father to God). The echo of this last cry will linger on in the hearts of all who knew the selfless and the dauntless passion for souls that held enthralled the spirit of Father John J. Thompkins, S.J., priest and missionary of the Society of Jesus.

* * *

Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., writes a gracious letter of thanks from the Bishop's House, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Philippine Islands:

"I am sincerely grateful for your thought in sending me that very generous gift. I need not tell you how welcome and helpful such stringless gifts are to help us carry on our educational work especially in the high schools. I have just added a chapel and two wings to the Ateneo de Cagayan and I must do the same for the Lourdes Academy—the girls' high school—as soon as I find the means to begin the work.

"Father Amy, who visited us on his trip to the Eucharistic Congress, will keep you all interested, no doubt, with his experiences in the P. I., and more especially in Mindanao. He stayed with us long enough to get an idea of



Father Joseph Reith, S.J., and some of the "ads" for his new school. After converting a rice mill into a church and huts into temporary classrooms, Father Reith feels that the best way in which he can celebrate his Silver Jubilee as a Jesuit is by building a school to protect these tiny tots from the influence of paganism and Mohammedanism that surrounds them. Permission to begin building has been denied to Father Reith until he has the necessary eight thousand dollars actually in his hands.

the life lived by the missionaries and saw the dark side as well as the bright. We all feel that his visit was a real blessing, for nothing will help us more than a complete understanding of the problems that face us. And no one can understand these unless he lives the life at least for a time. Father John Hurley's appointment was providentially made before the Visitor left the Philippines and many knotty problems concerning Mindanao are about to be solved. Father Hurley knows Mindanao and is interested in this important part of the Mission, and we look forward to great things being accomplished in the future."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Joseph L. Murray, S.J., Windward Road P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I., writes:

"We have just completed the Novena of Grace. All the churches in Kingston (and outside it, too, I suppose) saw filled churches every night for the nine nights and found large congregations for Mass and Communion every morning. The missionary work of St. Francis Xavier still goes on in the Indies—the West Indies this time. Perhaps when God cut short Xavier's earthly labors on Sancian and asked him to make the sacrifice of China, He may have consoled the Saint with the thought that each year, through the Novena of Grace, his work and the power of his name would be multiplied a thousand times. At any rate, St. Francis still carries on. The Novena is definitely a time of grace here as well as in other parts of the world. The confessions, the Communions, the large church attendance, and the favors granted are clear signs of it. As in the case of the Little Flower, Xavier's death was in a sense only a beginning. He will be a missionary to the end of the world; he continues his missionary labors here."

* * *

Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., writes from St. Mary's Church, Above Rocks P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"Thanks for your latest enclosure. Also thanks to you for the nice sideline in the article, 'Jamaica Triumphant' published in *JESUIT MISSIONS* about my 'darlings,' who sang. Honestly, those prayers when sung in harmony seemed sweeter than they ever did before.

"After the rush of a Lenten program and the Easter country carnival time (net income about ten dollars) I feel like staging one of those 'sit-down' strikes. Sort of an inertia has taken me. But there is no time for 'sit-downs' in this business. Too many now sit on my front step waiting for manna to fall from Heaven. Unfortunately, I am not Moses to help them. We do our best; then pray hard for material and spiritual aid. It is not discouragement that has me, rather a

sort of helplessness in the face of the difficulties and trials of those entrusted to me. Am I blue? Not a bit. Splendid health and an almost visible display at times of God's guidance of me. For example: It was Good Friday morning and quite happy in soul I was driving along a road to give the Three Hours. Comes a blind corner and a crash. My new Ford is ready for the hospital. Where does God come in, you say. In the fact that there was nobody hurt and the car was able to limp along at least so that Rev. Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., was enabled to begin the story of Calvary promptly at noon. So what? Carry on for the greater glory of our God."

PATNA, INDIA

You just couldn't hold a good man down. Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., had a deal of sickness while he was carrying on his heroic work among the Santals. He has now been transferred to the Santal school at Gokhla, but he is carrying on vigorous work there. His new address is: St. Mary's Mission, Gokhla, P. O. Bhagaya, Via Pirpanti, E. I. Ry., India. Recently he wrote:

"Many thanks for your letter of several weeks ago and for the check enclosed.

"You may have heard that we are back again at the Santal Boarding School at Gokhla—not sick, yet not very well—a coadjutor—helping Brother Stephen, S.J., lay out garden and fields for cultivation, helping Father P. L. Frank, S.J., about the school, helping Father James Creane, S.J., in his mission sector. Richard, the lad who tramped with us two years ago about Kusbila sector, spent another year in high school and is now again with us in the field.

"Yesterday we visited our Catholic lepers at Kohobora and baptized the

latest addition to the family. Tomorrow we cycle to Kamaldaho to baptize the headman of that village. If Brother Stephen can purchase bamboos in today's market we start building our first leper home. It will be for an old lady driven out of her village and now living in the open under a tree. Ten dollars builds this first leper house for a solitary soul. Calcutta Diocese has a large leper establishment. So, too, has the Protestant mission in our Diocese of Patna. The Catholic lepers of Patna are yet unprovided for. Everything cannot be done in a day."

* * *

Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., formerly Superior of Patna Mission, is indefatigable in his work among the Depressed Classes of Patna Mission. Under date of February 2, he wrote to Father John Kilian, S.J., now Mission Procurator of the Chicago Province and formerly missionary among the Santals in Patna Mission:

"Today, Our Lady's Day, is the first anniversary of our Depressed Class work in this south-of-Ganges sector.

"God has been exceedingly good to us. Who would have believed, a year ago, that in the face of such obstacles and such opposition (a veritable persecution that our neophytes must endure!), and with only two decrepit old men in the field, our first year would end with 1,168 neophytes. But—how many, many more, we might have had!

"Prospects—despite violent opposition (during the elections my area swarmed with *Arya-log!*) continue big. Have you heard that Father Pettit is assigned to Depressed Class work (when he gets well)?

"Our Bishop Hartman Memorial School (Old Cathedral) seems gradually to be getting onto its feet. Some twenty odd boys there now. But I've succeeded in getting only one village school started so far. All 'must have school' until you actually give them



Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., (left) gives a smiling welcome to Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J., who has been assigned to assist him at Poreya Hat among the Santals of Patna Mission, India.



Thomas D. Carroll, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, will sail for China on August 7. He will probably spend next year in Chinese language study at Peking.

one, then one or two pupils! Who said Santals are jungly? Here among my Chamars I find about two or three in a hundred who can read a wee bit. Of my catechists (go-getters) only *one* can read at all!

"And I still haven't succeeded in getting a single plot of land as yet.

"Last week I lost a lot of Baptisms. Over one hundred men had come in from many villages desiring Baptism. I fixed up eighteen and then went to bed with a fever. Just mere exhaustion, I guess, for the past two weeks had been pretty strenuous—for an old man. I do get dreadfully fagged. Have been lying low all this week, but still try my luck again next week—please God.

"I do hope you succeed in interesting friends in this work. As far as I can size up the situation, it is the biggest opportunity we ever had—or are likely to have. Remember (1) the Chamars, though Untouchables, are very emphatically claimed by Hindus as *their own*. (2) We are not making them wards of the Mission,—no big financial investment required. They continue to take care of themselves in the old social framework that is an integral part of India. (3) They are a people of more than ordinary (among Hindus) religious response. (4) We have over 1,000,000 in our Mission and it is not at all impossible that the great majority *could be gotten* for the Faith."

CHINA

That the California Jesuits in Shanghai are pushing forward their work at Gonzaga College most successfully is evident from this latest communication from Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Rector of the College.

"Just now we are having dreams.—

dreams of the future Gonzaga. It doesn't cost very much, even though we have an architect putting our dreams on blue print. Some definite steps have been taken. It has been decided that the Loretto Sisters will build their convent and school for foreign girls on the southern end of the property which we now occupy. About a fourth of the ground will be given to them, and if things turn out as expected, they will have charge of the parochial school for Chinese children. That leaves us about six acres of land just waiting for some generous soul to contribute the necessary funds for a Middle School for the Chinese boys. I think I told you before that we are at that point in our development where we must go forward or backward—we can't stand still. The registration in the high school for the second semester reached a total of two hundred and sixty-two, and we are well pleased with the increase of students in the higher classes. We have room for only sixty-four boarders and every available space is taken, even though the dormitory is an abandoned army hut which in Winter gives all the comforts of an Eskimo igloo. Our most pressing need is a dormitory building which would include a study hall for the boarders, a lecture hall for science, and a laboratory. With a lot of faith in the inspiration of the Holy Ghost we are going to make a try at that much. I'll let you know later how our dreams come true. In the plans for the future Gonzaga are included a parish church, a residence for the Fathers, a gymnasium-auditorium and a central heating plant,—but all those things can wait for a few years at least.

"Fathers Thomas Phillips, S.J., and Francis Rouleau, S.J., were down from Tertianship during the Lenten Season. Father Phillips was assistant at Sacred Heart Church and, together with Father John Lennon, S.J., preached the Lenten mission during Passion week. Father Rouleau came down for a few days for medical attention and then returned north to help Father Charles Simons, S.J., get his forty-six catechumens ready for Baptism on Holy Saturday. Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., who was visiting in Nanking, got an S.O.S. to help out with the Holy Week services at Shuyang and so spent an enjoyable Easter with Fathers Simons and Rouleau. Messrs. John O'Farrell, S.J., and Ralph De-ward, S.J., added to our Easter joy by spending part of their vacation at Gonzaga." * * *

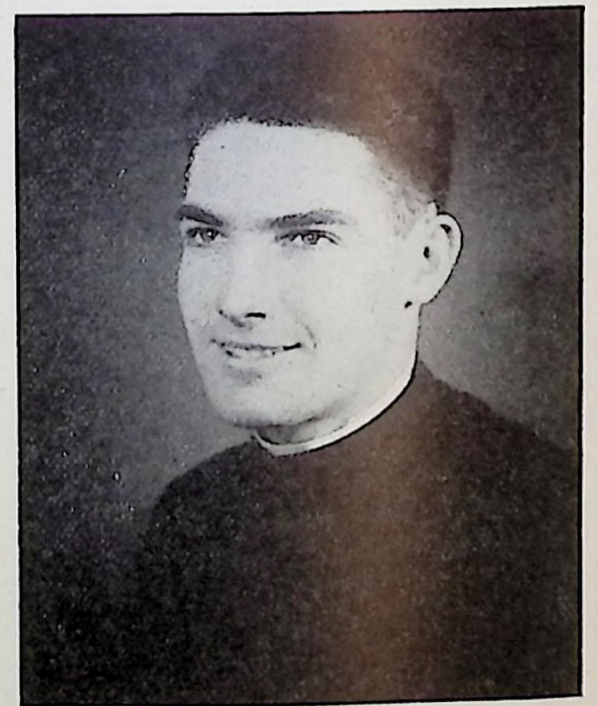
Our Business Editor, after his return from his trip to the Philippines for the Eucharistic Congress, had a few observations to make on his visit to Shanghai en route to Manila. He was deeply impressed by the cordial hospitality extended to more than two hundred pilgrims who "dropped in" at Gonzaga College as they were jour-

neying to Manila. The College bespoke many needs, even poverty, yet the Fathers at Gonzaga gave generously of their little and made each visitor to feel perfectly at home. Warm refreshments were most fittingly served to give a little physical comfort to those who, in their sightseeing, had come to realize how cold and raw China can be in mid-winter. Each of the Fathers truly heeded Christ's teaching that the servant is not above the master, and the joy and humility with which these priests of God ministered unto the physical needs of their lay visitors made a deep impression. Some showed their appreciation in making money gifts to the Father Superior. With reason may he hope that the Holy Ghost will inspire others to help him realize his dreams.

CANADIAN INDIANS

The Editor regrets that he did not publish earlier an account of that valiant missionary, Father William F. Gagnieur, S.J., of the Province of Upper Canada, who died at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, February 7, 1937. For the account that follows, we are indebted to the thoughtful kindness of James S. McGivern, S.J., of Montreal.

"Those who knew Father William Gagnieur as a saintly and zealous missionary have perhaps wondered that no notice of the life and death of this Jesuit so well known in the State of Michigan, U. S. A., and in the Province of Ontario, Canada, has so far appeared in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. The oversight is regrettable. It is to remedy this that the present article has been written, and though necessarily somewhat inadequate in expressing the worth of the great missionary that was Father William Gagnieur, we hope that it may recall to the minds of those who benefited



Robert H. Dailey, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, will sail for China on August 7. He will probably spend next year in Chinese language study at Peking.



Edward J. Murphy, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, will sail for China on August 7. He will probably spend next year in Chinese language study at Peking.

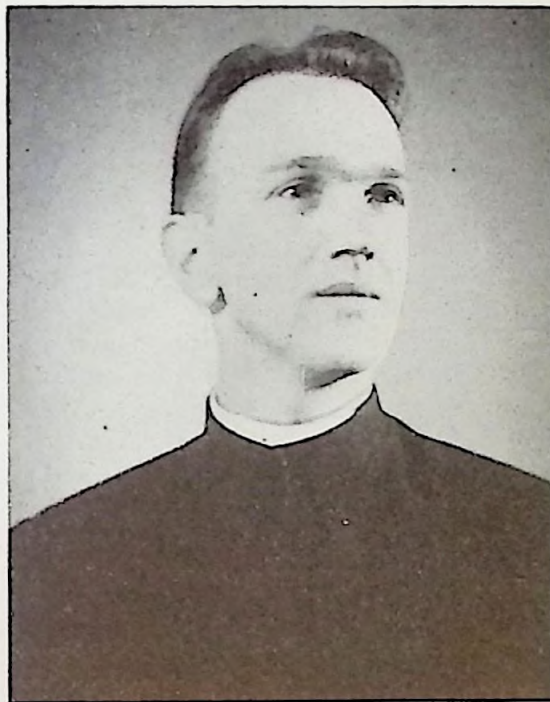
from the long years of his ministry something of the man and of the missionary.

"Father Gagnieur was born in Guelph, May 10, 1857. His father was a native of France who had just come out to Canada a few years before. His mother was a Scotch Canadian. A wonderful combination one might say. In infancy, William Gagnieur came so near death that his life was despaired of. His pious and saintly mother offered him to God, praying that if his life were spared he should afterwards devote himself to the service of God in some Religious Order. Her prayer was answered and the life of the young William was spared for a long life of missionary labors in the Society of Jesus. For it was just sixteen years later that the young man became a Jesuit. He entered the Society on the sixth of September, 1873.

"His early life in the Society was much that of other Jesuits, except that for a year or so he was through illness unable to carry the ordinary work of a Jesuit Scholastic. But fortunately, he soon recovered sufficiently to continue his course. His four years of Theology were spent at the Immaculate Conception Scholasticate. His brilliancy in studies was considerable. During the four years at the Immaculate he taught Hebrew—this be it noted at the same time as he was carrying on in the ordinary course of his own studies. But a greater sign of how successful he was in his studies is the status that was given him immediately after he had finished his Theology. He was sent to the Diocesan Seminary at Three Rivers in Quebec as Professor of Dogmatic Theology, Sacred Scripture and Ecclesiastical History.

"In 1889, he was sent to Sault-au-Recollet for his Third Year of Proba-

tion. Here he was with three companions to finish his long course of preparation as a Jesuit. The Novices of that time called Father William and his fellow Tertians the Four Cardinal Virtues. And naturally he was called Prudence. At the end of this year, to the surprise of many who looked on Father Gagnieur as too frail and weak for the missions, his Superior sent him to Manitoulin Island to the Indian Reserve of Wikwemikong to begin his career as a missionary. The next three years he spent at this Reserve. He was then, in July, 1893, made Superior of the Mission that the Jesuits then had at Fort William. In 1895, he was transferred to the Mission that was to be his till the day of his death. The Missions where he was stationed from 1896 to 1937 were: Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, U. S. A.; St. Mary's Rectory, 1896-1914; Steelton, Ontario,



Philip J. Oliger, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, will sail for China on August 7. He will teach at Gonzaga College, Shanghai.

Eglise St. Ignace, 1915-1918; Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, 1919-1937. From these centers—and they are all close to one another as one who will look at a map could find out—Father Gagnieur served Indians and Whites in the following places. (The list is not exhaustive.) Drummond Island, Hessel, Indian Point, Iroquois Mission, Shelldrake, Sugar Island, Pine River, Baie de Wassai, Willwalk, Homestead, Cedarville, Settlement, Back River, Bay Mills, St. Jacques, Vermillion, Oskomigan and many others. I am unfortunately unable to give any details of his missionary labors here, but wherever he went he was always creating a stir and doing great work for the conversion of souls.

ALASKA

Most of us are accustomed to having one or more mail deliveries every

day. This is far from being true for the isolated missionaries of Alaska. Father John P. Fox, S.J., who is stationed at Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Via Mountain Village, Alaska, writes to tell us of his joy at some improvement in his mail service:

"We now have monthly air mail, and with that, letters should come here in about one month and a half. We are certainly tickled with the concession Uncle Sam finally made in our favor. Our limit is three hundred pounds of mail each month except May and October, when no travel is possible up here. And that is a lot of mail! I guess the Government thinks that it would not be worth while giving us a service unless we have that amount and so it is up to us to rustle so as to get and send that much every month. We get more than that many months, and have as much to send, too. However, some months we will have a hard time to get that amount until we and our friends have gotten used to the sudden change of a monthly air mail in contrast to no regular mail at all. We are very glad to get our service and believe me, we will try to keep it. As for the incoming mail,—that depends on our friends. Newspapers and magazines come through all year round; parcel post comes only from May to October inclusive. So, if you have an attic to clean out, perhaps you may find some things that would be useful to us. Nothing will be lost; newspapers are at a premium here as I am too poor to subscribe to any and so have only the few that are sent us gratis. After we finish with them we remail them to friends here who like to read and haven't much to read."

* * *

In another communication, Father Fox gives us an idea as to just what a



James E. Thornton, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, will sail for China on August 7. He will probably spend next year in Chinese language study at Peking.

catechist does in Alaska. If it wins him some helpful friends we shall be happy.

"Father, what's on for today? I finished patching up that hole in the roof. Maybe it won't leak no more."

"You can haul up some twenty sacks of coal from the cache this morning, George, and after that run out to the beach and look for a few sticks to make kindling, as we are almost out now."

"And George goes on from one job to the other. And in the evening when he has no more light to see for other work outside, he gives instructions to someone preparing for conversion, or someone worried by some difficulty, or interprets for me, or carves away at some piece of ivory, etc., till it is time to go to bed. I guess one would call that a day's work. And, excepting Sundays and holydays of obligation, when his work is strictly catechetical, this is about the daily program for George.

"Now, we call George our *catechist*, and we give the same name to Ivan and Maggie, and Peter, and the rest of them. They all do about the same long day's work that George is doing, but in other stations, and we call them all *catechists*.

"So what is a *catechist* anyhow, at least in Alaska? It is easier to give a negative definition, and say that he is a good man or woman who teaches catechism, or rings the bells on Sundays and feasts, or perhaps after ringing the bells gives an instruction because it is Sunday and the missionary is at some other station. Or perhaps he or she even keeps the church clean, and does an occasional odd job for the Father. In Alaska a *catechist* is one, who besides working for the mission all day, many times works a good part of the night also. He not only teaches

religion and prayers to the people, and helps hold them together during the priest's absence, but he is a full-time hired hand who does everything that is to be done around a mission, both inside and outside, and for good measure contributes the services of his wife to cook for Father when he comes, keeps the church clean, decorates the altars, and brings up a family of fine children to succeed himself and his wife when they go for their eternal reward.

"And what does one pay such a *catechist* (if one has to use the misnomer for lack of a better word that people will understand)? I guess there is no mission in Alaska that has half as many as we have here in our district. So I might put the question: What do we pay them? If they were not so generous and so willing to work for the Lord, we would be laying ourselves open to the charge of slavery. Our *catechists* here all get the same, each one what he or she needs to eat and to put on, and do the work assigned them. That is to say, they are all working for what you, kind reader, would call working for their board and lodging.

"Our priests, Brothers and Sisters here are indeed deserving people. But they are little more so than our *catechists*. How far this may be true in other parts of our Alaska missions I am not just prepared to say. But it is most certainly true in the Hooper Bay district. Long may this tribe live! And may God be their reward eternal!"

IRAQ

Perhaps the richest section, at least in the number of articles, if not of their intrinsic worth, in our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum at 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, is that dedicated

to Baghdad. In the following letter Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., tells us how the curios or mission specimens were collected. Lining up the boys of Baghdad College he spoke to them as follows:

"Boys, you know or you ought to know that JESUIT MISSIONS was founded for the express purpose of helping the missions conducted by the American Jesuits. They have already done a great deal for us, not least in the amount of publicity they have given us. I have here a few of the copies that contained articles and pictures about us. Some of them you have doubtless read.

"Now, whatever we do for JESUIT MISSIONS, we do in a way for Baghdad College. But apart from that, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Editors, and it is up to us now to get behind this Museum campaign and send them the materials for a fine Museum Exhibit.

"Just to help things along, every boy who contributes something to the good work, even if it be only two cents to help buy some things we want for the collection, will be given a ticket entitling him to a chance on twelve prizes. Now get busy."

"Then the things began coming in: clothing, slippers, headgear, household utensils, vases, water pipes, daggers, beads, anklets, bracelets, nose rings, copper vessels, braziers, war clubs, drums, whistles, and a variety of miscellaneous objects sufficient to fill two good sized packing cases. In addition the boys contributed sixteen dollars and forty-five cents. That may not sound like much money, but remember that we have only one hundred and thirty boys and the monthly wage of their fathers probably doesn't average more than thirty dollars.

"A week or two later, just before Christmas, we took up another collection of food, clothing and money for the poor in the refugee camps, and again the boys came through nobly. Someone has said that the boy is God's masterpiece. If, in these modern times, we are inclined to doubt that when the daily papers tell their tales of flaming youth, let us remember that the wayward ones were most probably never given much of a chance. Surround the boy with the proper influences, hold up before him high ideals, give him the correct training and education, and you need not fear for the men of tomorrow.

"So we here at Baghdad College feel that we are doing a work of tremendous importance in educating the Catholic youth of Baghdad, more important, if you will pardon our presumption in saying so, then laboring to convert the Bedouins of the desert. We are, it is true, hampered by many handicaps; but they are not insurmountable, and we shall go on laboring until the night comes and man can work no more."



Construction work for the new building of Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Anent the Tercentenary of Pere Marquette

To the Editor:

I have just read in the May number of JESUIT MISSIONS the article regarding the Tercentenary of Pere Marquette.

I was in St. Ignace last Summer for the first time and almost was startled in coming upon the last resting place of the remains of that greatly renowned member of your Order. I had known but had forgotten that he was buried there.

In the event that you have not seen it I may say that the burial plot is small, perhaps thirty feet square, and lies at a street corner in the heart of the village. It has a small monument in the center and there is a wooden arch across or over the street which calls attention to him who lies there.

The plot was neat but appeared shabby and small compared to the greatness of the one who occupies it. I was struck with the thought, which is the reason for writing you, that while there are almost innumerable memorials in his honor throughout this nation and elsewhere, this country still is lacking in having allowed his last resting place to remain so obscure and comparatively unmarked.

There should be a large monument or other memorial erected upon the hills that rise up behind St. Ignace that would look out over the waters which he knew so well and which would call to the attention of those who pass upon them that there lies he who did so much to make clear the way for the ships and for the Lord.

The coming Tercentenary celebration should serve as the opportunity to initiate a movement which would bring about that which I have suggested. It might be done as a W.P.A. job that would be welcomed by the St. Ignace people.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thomas F. Wickham.

To the Editor:

In view of the many celebrations that have been taking place on the occasion of the Tercentenary of the birth of Father Marquette, could you tell me whether there is assembled in any one place a complete reading list on Father Marquette? I shall be very grateful if you can supply this information.

New York, N. Y.

Mary Nome.

Fortunately, we have on hand a reading list of references on Marquette. The list, though not complete, is rather satisfactory. It comes from Reverend Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., one of the best living authorities on Marquette. The list is as follows:

No adequate life of Marquette of the scholarly type is available. Readable popular biographies are: S. Hedges, "Father Marquette, etc." (New York, 1903); contains critical discussion of the finding of Marquette's remains at St. Ignace, 1877; R. G. Thwaites, "Father Marquette" (New York, 1907); A. Repplier, "Père Marquette, Priest, Pioneer, Adventurer" (New York, 1929); H. S. Spalding, S.J., "Father Marquette"* (Illinois Catholic Historical Review, Chicago); C. de La Roncière, "Au fil du Mississippi avec le Père Marquette" (Paris, 1935). There is a sketch in T. J. Campbell, S.J., in "Pioneer Priests in North America"* (America Press, New York, Vol. III).

The facts of Marquette's life are summarized by H. S. Spalding, S.J., in "Catholic Encyclopedia" (New York, Vol. IX) and L. P. Kellogg, "Dictionary of National Biography" (New York, 1930, X). J. G. Shea's article, *Catholic World* (New York, XXVI, March, 1877), on the discovery of Marquette's remains is important in this topic. Edwin O. Wood, "Historic Mackinac" (New York, 1918, Vol. II, Chap. II), has a good chapter on Marquette at St. Ignace. Parkman treats Marquette appreciatively in his "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," as does also George Bancroft in the first volume of his "History of the United States."

L. P. Kellogg, "The French Régime in Wisconsin and the Northwest" (New York, 1925), has an accurate summary of Marquette's explorations. These are also treated in F. B. Steck, O.F.M., "The Jolliet-Marquette Expedition of 1673" (Quincy, Illinois, 1928).

Important as documented contributions to the subject are C. De Rochemonteix, S.J., "Les Jésuites et la Nouvelle France au XVIIe Siècle d'après beaucoup de documents inédits" (Paris, 1896, III, 1 ff.), and A. Hamy, S.J., "Au Mississippi" (Paris, 1903). The latter has the best treatment of Marquette's ancestry and family connections.

The text of Marquette's narratives of his American travels is in R. G. Thwaites' edition of the "Jesuit Relations" (Cleveland, LIX, 1900), and in Edna Kenton's one-volume Abridgement

of the Thwaites series under the title "The Jesuit Relations." See also J. G. Shea, "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley" (1852—another edition, Albany, N. Y., 1905—reprinted also in B. F. French, "Historical Collections of Louisiana," New York, 1853, Vol. IV); L. P. Kellogg, "Early Narratives of the Northwest." Cf. also G. J. Garraghan, S.J., "Some Hitherto Unpublished Marquettiana," *Mid-America* (Loyola University, Chicago, 1937), and for the original Latin text of the newly found Marquette letters, "Archivum Historicum Societatis Jesu" (Rome, 1935, IV, 268, ff.). The text of a probable Marquette letter found in recent years is in *American Historical Review*, XXV (1920), 676.

On the authenticity of the narrative of the Jolliet-Marquette Expedition of 1673, cf. Garraghan in *Thought* (America Press, IV, 1929, 32-71), and for a divergent view, Steck in the above cited work.

Marquette's Chicago associations are sketched in Garraghan, "The Catholic Church in Chicago" (Chicago, 1921), and in the same author's "Chapters in Frontier History" (Bruce, Milwaukee, 1934). See also M. M. Quaife, "Chicago and the Old Northwest" (University of Chicago Press, 1913).

Mary Colombière Arth, S.N.D., "Marquette Memorials" (*Mid-America*, III, April, 1931), is a descriptive catalogue of statues, markers, etc., in honor of Marquette, the texts of inscriptions being carefully reproduced.

For a recent identification of the place of Marquette's death see an article by P. J. Lomasney, S.J., in the *Illinois Catholic Historical Review*.

*Exact reference missing.

Sacrifice Pennies, Help the Missions

To the Editor:

We are very grateful for the copies of JESUIT MISSIONS magazines which you so kindly sent us.

Wednesday is Mission Day, and all our prayers on that day are for the missions. We take turns telling the class bits of interesting news gleaned from mission magazines, and give a "sacrifice penny." We are not very well off, but we manage to do our bit for the missions.

May our dear Lord bless you and all missionaries.

Class of 1937,

Charlestown, Mass.

St. Catherine's School.

The Cause of the Negroes Championed

To the Editor:

Since my return from North Carolina this winter I have wanted to write about the pitiable spiritual condition of the Negroes there. So your editorial in the April number of JESUIT MISSIONS is especially interesting and will surely be productive of good for these poor people, who could be made into true Catholics if instruction could only be given them, and lacking the Catholic teaching could be made into Communists by those who are only too ready to play upon them.

Many of them are deeply religious, as witness the old porter in the sleeper coming home, who, when an accident happened to one of the berths, said to the lady who had summoned him: "Please don't worry, it will go up," and when it did, "I knew it would, because I prayed. When anything happens I never worry, I just pray. I made a verse about that. It says: The Lord will fix it for you, if you let Him have His way. Whenever you pray, just let Him have His way. And He will fix it for you." That seemed to me a strong enough faith in the Lord to be Catholic.

The Negroes are to be won best to the Faith, I believe, by preachers of their own race. It is probable they would prefer it so, because it doesn't seem as if they all wish to be white, some of them must have pride of race. And so the solution appears to be the education for the missionary field among their people of Negroes, who, being of the same race, can fully understand the minds of their people. Surely vocations for this work could be found, and charitable persons would wish to help.

Somerville, Mass.

Rose A. McMahon.

JESUIT MISSIONS Does Much Good

To the Editor:

First and most important I enclose renewal of my subscription to your magazine. Seeing once in it your missionaries in Alaska, through Father O'Neill here, I sent all of Colonel Crosby's furs, a large buffalo robe, buffalo overcoat—these were issued to officers and soldiers serving in the northwestern posts,—a new fur lined coat Colonel Crosby bought in China and never wore, fur caps and gloves and in return I received the most grateful letters, as for the buffalo robe the missionary almost hugged it, it is priceless today so you see how much good your magazine does.

St. Louis, Mo.

Julia S. Crosby.

Busy Months in Trincomalie

Michael J. McDonough, S.J.

The Author is a member of the Province of North Belgium and is at present stationed at Louvain. His article is of particular interest to Americans because it deals with Trincomalie Mission in Ceylon, where Jesuits of the New Orleans Province are now at work.—*Editor.*

IT was my good fortune, a few years ago, to be suddenly dispatched from the tedious monotony of a professor's life at the Papal Seminary (Kandy, Ceylon), to the center of a flourishing mission at Batticaloa, a distance of some two hundred miles, in order to render assistance to the good French missionaries of the Champagne Province.

On my arrival at the magnificent college of St. Michael, I received a right royal welcome in genuine French profuseness; and it did not take long before I felt quite at home with the charming Community and my new surroundings. The following day, as the kind Rector was showing me around the college, we came across some old band instruments; it was soon arranged that St. Michael's would revive its former musical activities. Suffice it to say, we were able to give our first concert within the next six weeks, and that, at a Grand Fancy-Fair organized by the neighboring Convent of the Franciscan Sisters of Charity, in aid of their growing orphanage. Thenceforth, the band was in continual requisition for all great occasions, especially, for all great and important services of our church: processions, receptions, lectures, etc.

THE Diocese of Trincomalie, though of comparatively vast extent, can count only some twelve thousand Catholics; and these, for the most part, are settled round about the large towns of Trincomalie and Batticaloa, which are more than one hundred miles apart; the rest of the Catholics are scattered in the intervening villages, or in the vicinity of these large towns. There are only about twenty-two (counting the Bishop) Jesuits: priests, lay-Brothers and Scholastics, at present engaged in this mission field; of these, about a dozen of the priests and Brothers are already far advanced in years, and consequently unable any longer to take a very active part in the further development of the Mission. Yet, the actual state of the Catholic Church in the Diocese, with its staunch and loyal christianity, and the solid founda-

tion which thus far has been so arduously laid, speaks volumes for the zeal and intrepidity of the heroic pioneers of some thirty years ago.

My principal work was soon allotted to me, and consisted chiefly in the ordinary routine of an Indian high school, with a band and choir thrown in as a mild relaxation! But my activities were soon to expand. The Trincomalie Diocesan Union (the Catholic association of the Mission), had become almost defunct, when His Excellency, the Bishop, entrusted its revival to my initiative.

From the miserably few members who so far had paid in their yearly subscription of Rs. 1, we had in a fortnight, by dint of almost perpetual running around, succeeded in enrolling over one hundred and thirty members from all over the Diocese, not counting, of course, those who had not as yet paid in their subscription. We had now the material to work on. Consequently, a Grand Rally of the whole Mission was organized, and the third Sunday of October, 1933, saw the realization of our plan, namely, the assembling of more than five hundred delegates to take part in the general deliberations of the Diocesan Union. Early in the morning of that eventful day, the stirring strains of the college band, joined with the strident chimes of the old church bells, announced the triumphal approach of the episcopal procession, while deafening bombs and hissing fire-



His Excellency, Most Rev. Gaston Robichez, S.J., Bishop of Trincomalie, Ceylon.

works added to the animation and confusion of the scene. But, soon all was once more calm, and the solemn Pontifical High Mass with its general Communion of all the members of the Union, as well as of nearly one thousand of the parish congregation, inaugurated the proceedings of this memorable occasion.

The band was again in attendance at the homely breakfast served out to the numerous delegates by the generous Ladies of Charity, who had undertaken to provide all that was needed for a hearty and substantial repast.

AT nine o'clock, a general meeting of the chief Catholics was held in the large college hall, and the president of the Trincomalie Diocesan Union, together with five vice-presidents, a secretary and a treasurer, were duly elected. Then after a short address by the Spiritual Director, in which he briefly traced a program for the coming year, the secretary of each of the pious works of the Diocese read his report. It was indeed most grat-

ifying to learn of the various Catholic activities of the Mission and in his concluding speech, His Lordship expressed his extreme pleasure to find such an abundance of vitality where he was led to expect but a meager account of the ordinary doings of any well organized parish.

WE met again at 4:00 P.M., in the parish church to celebrate the Holy Hour, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; and at 5:30 P.M., we repaired to the college grounds where the newly-formed Catholic Association held an "At Home" for nearly eight hundred persons. The college band was again in demand, and a most pleasant hour was spent in mutual intercourse and conversation and congratulations. It was now growing somewhat dark, and by 7:00 P.M., we were once more installed in the spacious college hall to be entertained by a very creditable concert, organized by the Ladies of Charity of the parish aided by some genial local talent. Rousing cheers and farewell speeches brought these glorious proceedings to a fitting close somewhere about ten o'clock while one and all stoutly declared that never before had the inhabitants of Batticaloa witnessed such a triumph of the Catholic cause.

Meanwhile, other activities had been started. Fortnightly lectures were already in full swing, and numbers of Hindus, Mohammedans and Protestants, attracted by the advertising music of the band, willingly came to listen to the Catholic point of view, or to hear the history of their glorious ancestors. Thus a great step forward had been taken, and we trust posterity will be able to record more than one sincere conversion from these bi-weekly meetings.

The Batticaloa Disciples Association, or the B. D. A., had also been founded by this time. Lectures on apologetics were given to the young men of the parish every Sunday evening; and even pagan students of the college joined this society. Besides attending the lectures, and paying a nominal weekly subscription, the Disciples were supposed to give catechetical instruction to the younger children of the neighboring parishes and to provide the Tamil singing at the Sunday Mass. Later on, their activities developed, and, joined by twenty of the leading Catholic gentlemen of the town, they went on Sundays (accompanied by their Director) to preach in the outlying villages and to distribute rice pudding to the poorer pagans about. Even the Ladies of Charity soon gave their help; and thus was seen a spectacle, never before witnessed in Ceylon, of pagans of almost every caste and Catholics partaking together a common meal, and that, after listening to three short sermons on the goodness of our common Heavenly Father, preached to them by some of their own countrymen.

The institution of the "Ladies of Charity" took place soon after my arrival at Batticaloa. They soon became

very enterprising instruments in the hands of Providence for the good of their neighbor and the salvation of souls. There were some fifty of them finally enrolled, and they paid a small monthly subscription. At first, their chief business was to make and provide clothes for the destitute children of the parish, so as to enable them to attend Divine Service with some show of decency, for many of those poor girls (from eight years upward) were often ashamed to go to church in their filthy rags. So, clothes were distributed to girls and boys as well after due inquiries had been made by the visiting members; while milk and other little necessaries were given to indigent mothers or to sick and invalid persons, Christian and pagan alike. This Association was divided into five "Circles" each with its own president, secretary and treasurer, the members meeting once a week at the house of the lady president and in the presence of the Father Director. After ten minutes of silent sewing, a prayer was said, the report was read by the secretary, and then

the various cases were discussed,—the final decision being left to the Director. Once a month all the five "Circles" assembled at the Convent of the Apostolic Carmelite Sisters, and in the presence of the Reverend Mother Superior and the Director of the Trincomalie Diocesan Union; each secretary read out a monthly report of the cases visited and helped by her Circle, and, if necessary begged for further assistance from the other Circles.

Very soon we were able to utilize these willing souls in a much more apostolic work. Not only did they assist the men at the Sunday distribution of rice, but they themselves, after a while, went in groups out into the surrounding villages and sought out cases of apostacy, of irregular marriages, and of unbaptized Catholic children. In brief, within a month, during which I was still able to follow their work, they had brought about the regularization of some seven marriages and had provided for the Baptism of thirteen children, and all this in one little village.

In the meantime, sickness had knocked at my door, and to my deep regret I was sent off to a healthier climate to watch from there the gradual progress or decay of the fruit of eighteen months glorious apostolate.

SITIO!

John P. Rock, S.J.

"I thirst
For souls accursed,
That in the snares of sin are deep immersed;
For they are loved."

Today
In fields away
Ambassadors of God this thirst allay;
And God is loved.

The Author's account of Trincomalie Diocese, Ceylon, is of the year 1933. Latest available statistics, January 1, 1936, show that there are 13,739 Catholics in this Mission in a total population of 223,239. There are 30 Jesuits, assisted by five native priests, six native Brothers, 46 Sisters, of whom 30 are natives, and 206 catechists and teachers. There are 56 schools divided as follows: 42 Grade Schools with 4,192 students; 2 Industrial Schools with 67 students; 9 Middle Schools with 310 students; and 3 High Schools with 578 students. The Mission also has 7 Orphanages caring for 430 children, and one hospital. In the year 1935 there were 923 Baptisms, and 303,375 Holy Communions received. All of which shows that Catholic life is flourishing in Trincomalie Mission, Ceylon.

NEW BOOKS

The Following of Christ

Gerard Groote

"The Following of Christ" is the spiritual diary, not of Thomas A Kempis but of Gerard Groote, a diary which in the world of letters and of religion ranks with the finding of an old master, or of a lost and famous manuscript, and with the revolutionary effects that would follow unassailable proof that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. But the book is not merely another translation of the "Following of Christ" with a new author's name attached. It is not a survey of learned argumentation, pointed to substantiate Groote's authorship. It is not written to belittle A Kempis, the original editor, nor to eulogize Groote. It does aim at increasing love for "The Following of Christ" and a better understanding of the spiritual truths contained therein. It does this by affording new insight into the spirit of the real author who in his development is almost an exact counterpart of Ignatius Loyola, and like him an apostle for the reform of the Church from within. Lastly, the book is a formal introduction to the author of "The Following of Christ" which for six centuries has influenced the world in a manner that can never be measured adequately. This should be sufficient incentive for any book lover to buy and read "The Following of Christ" by Gerard Groote.

America Press, New York, \$2.50.

The Road to Peace

James J. Daly, S.J.

I think it was Cardinal Newman who once said that a Catholic because of his supernatural faith should be instinctively poetic. At any rate, the obverse could be maintained, namely, that a poet should be instinctively Catholic. Now when we find one who is both a Catholic and a poet, we might properly expect a masterful interpretation of the inner meaning of our Faith. But if furthermore, the Author happens to be a Religious and has moreover touched life not only in the classroom and editorial office but on many fronts, we should be ready to place ourselves at his feet and listen to his saga of Peace. "One of the most striking features in the life of Christ is the way He studiously disassociated Himself from all the external machinery of human society. He advanced no theories of government, no economic systems, no systematic programs." This is but one of the many riddles which Father Daly sets himself to solve and which make this latest of his contributions of such timely value. Always the gracious guide, he leads his readers gently along the path of perfection, descanting as he goes upon the lights and the shadows that fall athwart the way, pointing out moral coverts and warning us away from flower banked trails branching off to the brink

of a dangerous abyss. In reality the volume is a one man symposium of literary essays on the things of the spirit. It is as invigorating as an early morning jaunt into the uplands under clear skies and a Summer sun, but there is likewise about it an atmosphere of pensiveness and of interior silence such as the traveler feels as he returns homeward at the close of day. Father Daly should be happy in the consciousness of the fact that his directions to the road of peace are clear. How could they be otherwise, when they have been given by one who we suspect has walked it often and for whom it is the long, long trail awinding into the Land of his Dreams.

The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, \$2.00.

The Life of Christ

Isidore O'Brien, O.F.M.

Written in narrative style for the casual reader, as well as a simple text book for study clubs, "The Life of Christ" is here reviewed chronologically. As a stage setting for the entrance of the Redeemer the author paints the political and religious state of the world in general and of Palestine, as well as the religious condition of the Jews. His questions on the same are a stimulating pedagogical device by which a good teacher will be enabled to make many a parallelism between our own and the era of the Gospels. Instead of the secular and at times highly individualistic touch of a Francois Mauriac, we have a priestly conservatism and traditionalism both in diction and in interpretation running through his commentary. The reputation which the Author enjoys as a preacher and the practical sense acquired by contact with the consciences of other people fit him to interpret the teachings of Christ to those who are anxious to hear and to read His words of eternal life.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.00 paper; \$2.50 cloth.

The Heavenly Wisdom of the Saints

Rev. Alexander Zychlinski, D.D.

A challenging call to sanctity. Due to the versatility of the translator, a Sister of the Resurrection, we have in these pages a treatise on the interior life by a renowned master of the same. As a treatise it is most able, and for Religious and religiously minded laity will be of much assistance. For the rank and file of American readers, we are afraid it will have little appeal due to the fact that it almost entirely lacks the contact with daily life which is impossible to obtain without stories and examples taken from the experience of people in offices, in shops, on street corners, and told in diction used by the man and woman in the street. We would note likewise that on page 150, the definition of Catholic Action is not in accordance with that now de-

fined and which emphasizes the cooperation of the laity with the apostolate of the hierarchy, according to which we are expected to wait upon the initiative of the Bishops before engaging in Catholic Action properly so-called and as distinguished from Catholic activity.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.50.

Historical Records and Studies, Vol. XXVII

We are not surprised to hear from responsible sources that the demand for the publications of the United States Catholic Historical Society has been and continues to be heavy beyond normal. The present Volume XXVII maintains the high level of the past and offers a pleasing and instructive variety in an article by Leonard Feeney, S. J., on "A Neglected Chapter of Catholic History: Our Poets"; by Charles H. Ridder on "The United States Catholic Press Exhibit at Vatican City, 1936"; by Joseph R. Frese, S.J., "Brownson on Know Nothingism"; by T. J. Reardon, "The General Meeting"; by Wilfred Parsons, S.J., on "First American Editions of Catholic Bibles," and by Sister Loyola, S.H., S.N.D., "Bishop Benedict J. Fenwick and Anti-Catholicism in New England, 1829-1845."

The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York, \$5.00.

The Index to American Catholic Pamphlets

Eugene P. Willging

That the pamphlet is the most effective instrument of propaganda in the modern world, few will doubt. With it, Leon Trotsky won hundreds of thousands to Communism, and with it he is now projecting upon the screen of modern life plans for a Fourth International. What Communism can do for evil, Catholicity can do for good. In this excellent Index we have listed fifteen hundred titles of American Catholic pamphlets in print, January 1, 1937, that is, those which one can buy from the publishers. Because the Index intends to be complete and not selective the entry of a title does not constitute a recommendation.

Catholic Library Service, St. Paul, Minn., \$1.25.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED

Religious Vacation School Manual (Two Volumes)

A course of study for Grade I through IV—Grades V through VIII.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., ten cents each.

The Spanish Conflict

Bernard Grimley, D.D., Ph.D.

An excellent summary of events in Spain.

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

"FATHER MAN"

(Continued from page 173)

enter the tabernacle and disappear. I could not explain this but the next morning I found out that my old friend, Crotty, died the exact moment I saw the apparition. The Negro lady who nursed him was a Protestant and reported that Crotty had a terrible death. 'Father, he just yelled somethin' terrible and said things were hot and burning him. I didn't know what to do but told him to say the prayer you taught him. He said it: "My Jesus, mercy!" three or four times and then his face got white-like and raising his arms he said: "Come Sweet Jesus!" and then he fell back dead.'

Money and getting enough to carry on is one of Father's worries. When times get too hard he turns to his friend, St. Joseph, and soon after, the needed money comes in from some one Father never heard of. His childlike trust in St. Joseph is remarkable and the way St. Joseph, his "Procurator," as Father lovingly calls him, comes to his aid borders on the miraculous. Father relates one incident where this great Saint did a wonderful piece of work for Holy Angels Parish. There was a pigsty next to the church. Father determined to buy the place, but money was scarce. Most people had lost every cent during the depression, but those hogs had not lost their scent. One could not tell whether one was in the church or the pig pen. Father got tired of this and requested one of his parishioners to bury a small statue of St. Joseph in the lot when no one was looking. He started a Novena to his Procurator for money so he might get that lot and rid the place of the terrible odor. The day the Novena ended some benefactor sent a donation to Father, just the amount needed to buy the sty. "Yes," remarked Father, "St. Joseph couldn't stand that smell himself and got those pigs out in a jiffy."

Ten years have passed since Father Moorman went to Kinlock and these years have been marked with great success. His flock has increased from nine to one hundred and sixty-nine; the church has been remodeled; his own parish house has been enlarged; and even the Negro ministers have grown to love and respect the priest. But Father Moorman is not satisfied and now plans to build a high school for his boys and girls. He realizes that St. Joseph will get him the money, but he wants others to help him before he calls on his Procurator. His Mission is very dear both to the Sacred Heart and to the Vicar of Christ on earth. To help Holy Angels Parish erect a high school will no doubt bring numberless blessings upon all those who contribute a mite. Many little mites put together grow into a big sum and it takes quite a lot of money to build the school Father desires.

COASTAL TRIPS AND MISSION VISITS

(Continued from page 177)

getting dark Captain Pablo decided it was better to get out from among the snags

into clear water and wait for us lower down. So we bade good-bye to our men in the dory, gave them a store of provision for their long row back home and bade them good-night. We reached Punta Gorda without any mishap at about half past nine, tired but very well pleased with the trip to San Pedro, Colombia.

On Sunday, May 29, Passion Sunday, we were to have Confirmations at Punta Gorda but on Saturday evening a large group came from Aguacate, asking to be confirmed. It was a surprise party, and they wished to return to their home early on Sunday morning. So we had Confirmations for them in the evening. The whole party was dressed in festal garb and the service brought many Punta Gorda people to the church. I bade the Aguacate group goodbye and they left the grounds, as I thought to go to the dories and paddle back to Aguacate. But on Sunday morning they were all at the early Mass and they were still at Punta Gorda to see the Confirmations at half past ten. Then they said they would go home but they met friends in Punta Gorda and they spent the day in pleasant visits. They did not leave for home until late in the evening.

At the little church at Nazareth, Confirmations were given in the afternoon. This little settlement out of town seems to have an attraction for the Punta Gorda folks. The little church was filled for the ceremony and many non-Catholics were in the congregation. The exercises closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The rest at Punta Gorda in the evening was very welcome after a busy day.

We made preparations for another trip on the morrow, March 30. We were to go to the Temash River and visit Crique Sarco. Early on Monday morning, Father Krizek and his two helpers had the *Santa Maria* ready with an easy chair for the Bishop and a supply of useful articles for our stay at Crique Sarco. The Temash River is close to the southern border of the Colony and is a noble stream flowing into the sea about thirty miles south of Punta Gorda. The scenery on this river is more satisfying to the eye than what is beheld on many of the other streams in British Honduras. The river is broad and deep and for about twenty miles is unobstructed in its course. From the boat we could not tell just what was the character of the land beyond the fringe of woods that lined both sides of the river.

Once in a while one would catch a glimpse of fine rolling lands but seldom was there any sign of human habitation. We finished about twenty miles of the river without any trouble and the Universal engine did fine work. But now rock began to appear, blocking the way and making progress extremely difficult and slow. Finally, we were at the end of our sailing; the rest of the way we had to make in dories. We had expected the Indians to meet us, to be waiting for us when we reached this rocky obstruction, but we had to wait for over an hour and a half before the men appeared.

We transferred our luggage to the dories and picked our way around the rocks in the river, a task that tried the skill of the paddlers. There were falls to be crossed and narrow runs to be made but after a little more than an hour we reached the playa at Crique Sarco. Most of the inhabitants were at the bank to welcome us. We found with the Crique Sarco people a group of nearly forty who had walked from Dolores six miles away. They wished to have a share in the Confirmations and to have a special High Mass. A most cordial spirit prevailed among the people, and at the evening services the church was filled so that many had to stay outside. I encouraged them to loyalty to their church and to the priest and to piety in their daily lives. Confessions kept us busy until after ten o'clock.

The maestro and the Mayor Domo had made fine preparations for our visit and we were very hospitably entertained. On Tuesday, the thirty-first, we had a High Mass at half past six; afterwards, I confirmed a class of fifty-two. To escort us to the playa a fine procession was formed in which everybody took part and as the party moved down to the river, the Bishop blessed the village.

I had made trips to Crique Sarco before this, but Father Krizek had taken pains to eliminate all the disagreeable features of former visits. The trip going and coming was really as comfortable as if we were on a big boat. The *Santa Maria* moved steadily and speedily on her homeward way and in less than five hours we reached Punta Gorda, a record trip. I made the return trip to Belize, next day, on the ancient motor boat *Maggie B* whose equipment made me wish I had waited for the *Heron*. There is a difference!

After the Easter services in Belize, I set north for Corozal in the *Afri Kola*. The time for sailing was 5:20 P.M., and so we left at eight o'clock! These delays between schedule time and starting time are not the fault of the owners of the boats. The merchants of Belize pay little attention, if any, to the request of the owners of the boats, that merchandise be brought in good time to allow the boat to start at the hour mentioned. Even after that hour I have seen loads of cargo brought to the dock. The shipment of this cargo could not well be referred to the following week, and so a start could not be made till the cargo was put on board. Some boat owners have tried honestly to keep to the appointed time, but they have had to yield to the dilatory tactics of our merchants. There should be an improvement of this point at all the ports of the Colony; I have had many annoying experiences.

The journey to Corozal has nothing particularly striking about it, unless there should happen to be a storm on the way. We had no storm on the night of April 14, and we arrived safely at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, the fifteenth. Fathers Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., and Anthony H. Corey, S.J., were at the pier to welcome me and escort me to the parish residence. Father Bernard C.

Zimmerman, S.J., was away at Sartaneja and would return only on the nineteenth, Sunday.

On Thursday, the sixteenth, we discussed the program of Confirmations in the Corozal District. It was decided that on this visit there would be no Confirmations at Pachacan or Xaibe. San Esteban really belongs to Orange Walk District, but it is cared for by Father Zimmerman from Corozal. We decided to have Confirmation at San Esteban after July, when the Orange Walk visitation would take place. Two stations in the Corozal District were decided on for Confirmations, namely, Caledonia and Aventura. In Corozal the Confirmations would be held on Sunday, the nineteenth.

There was a heavy rain storm with wind squalls and lightning early in the afternoon but the weather cleared about six o'clock. At seven o'clock we were agreeably surprised by a visit from the Hon. Henry Melhado, who had come in the *Patricia* on business connected with the new Sugar Factory at Pembroke Hall. On Friday morning there was a thrill at Corozal; a plane soared down from Merida, and everybody hoped that it would stop at Corozal; but it went on to the south and disappeared. The school children cheered loudly as it passed and waved handkerchiefs inviting it to come down. Evidently, the pilot did not recognize their right and so he kept on in his course.

Father Corey went to visit some of the out-stations but he was caught in the rain and drenched. We had another pleasant evening (after the heavy shower of rain) with the Hon. Henry Melhado. On Saturday morning, the eighteenth, Father Corey returned from San Narciso. There were floods of rain when he reached there, and he had to stay in the house without seeing the people. But on Saturday he had a good gathering of the people, old and young, for Mass. Surely this is the wet season! We had rain today, morning and evening.

Sunday, the nineteenth, opened rather gloomily, the sky was heavy with clouds but there was no rain in spite of the threatening appearance. At three o'clock in the afternoon the Confirmation procession moved in good order from the residence to the church. There were not many grown people in attendance. Evidently, they thought that the children candidates and the *padrinos* would need all the pews of the church. At that, the church was pretty well filled by the time the Bishop and his attendants entered the sanctuary. There were sixty-eight in the Confirmation class, several of them adults. (To be continued.)

THE RING AND THE LAMP (Continued from page 180)

"I tell genie bring me ham."

"I would ask the genie to make our school better."

The boy who wrote this answer had a real request to make. He might have added the word "bigger," but anyhow we all know what he means—a bigger and better Gonzaga College for Shang-

hai! And certainly, Reverend Leo F. McGreal, S.J., the Rector of this school, and the American Jesuits would all have this same request to make.

But unfortunately the ring and the wonderful lamp are not in our possession. If so, they would surely be a grand solution to the problem of building a new dining room, dormitory, and classrooms, to say nothing of a new church. At present Gonzaga has an enrollment of two hundred and sixty-five boys and would take more if accommodations prevailed, but just now that little word "if" seems larger than ever.

Is it possible, then, really to have a bigger and better Gonzaga College? Yes, indeed! For after all, we *do* possess a wonderful lamp! Were you able to witness each morning and evening an ever increasing number of Chinese boys kneeling before the little lamp in the chapel, you would realize that they have placed in the Blessed Sacrament, their faith, hope and love.

AT HOME IN MINDANAO (Continued from page 183)

small way for the needs of more than a hundred thousand souls scattered over a territory hundreds of miles in extent. Father Frederick W. Henfling, S.J., in his mountain parish of Sumilao bravely carries on in the face of real poverty. His mission might be self supporting were it not for the plague of locusts which for the past five years have devoured whatever the fertile soil of his mission has sought to produce.

I have tried, for your benefit, to travel again the many hundreds of miles I traveled during my trip through the missions of Mindanao. That I have failed to go into more detail about what I saw is due solely to lack of space. That I have failed to make mention of Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., pastor at Tagnipa, and Father John A. Pollock, S.J., pastor at Mambajao, is due solely to the fact that, for reasons beyond my and their control, I was unable to have a real visit with them, and to spend a night with each at his home. But the little time I had with each of them served but to heighten and strengthen the impression I had already gained that the American Jesuit missionaries today in Mindanao are, in every sense of the word, valiant men, modern crusaders, who will surely be given a rich reward in eternity for the tireless efforts and ready sacrifice they have made of themselves on this earth. To say that they deserve our cooperation in money and prayer is but to understate their deserts. The net result of my visit to these heroes of the twentieth century is a burning desire to be one with them, not for the pleasure of it, not for the glory of it, but for the souls that can be saved. Would to God that every reader of *JESUIT MISSIONS* could see what I have been privileged to see. Then would material aid come flowing to the Philippines for the spiritual works that the American Jesuit missionaries are trying to carry on, but cannot accomplish without money. Better still, every

reader would be prompted to give out merely money, but self to accomplish what Christ died to accomplish, what these missionaries are living to accomplish, the salvation of Filipino souls.

AIABISIWINGE

(Continued from page 184)

This varied with each round of the dance until the leader exhausted his variety of phrases. The performance was over and Father Rolland is now known as *Aiabisiwinge*—try to pronounce it.

To finish up in grand style, the newly christened presented the leading chief with a cigar, a sorry imitation of the good old-fashioned peace pipe which could not be had.

Father Superior closed the meeting with a speech, telling how much the Fathers enjoyed this evening. He encouraged them to carry on with the same zeal with which they had started the club.

The last thing of the evening was the brass band performing or rather executing "God save the King."

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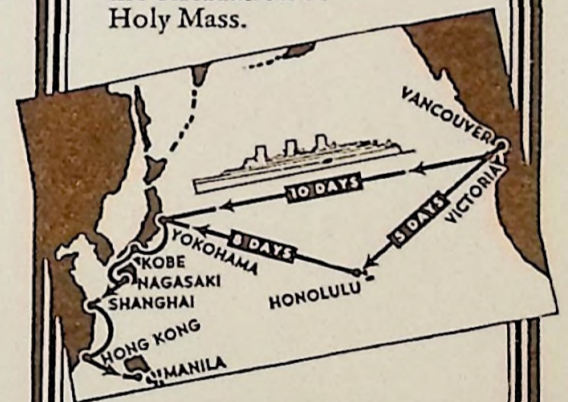
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