

# Jesuit & Missions

FATHER TOM'S KINGDOM

PORT MORANT

IF YOU WERE A HINDU

COASTAL TRIPS

ANGELO DA BOWENGA

ESTERRE IN SA CHIDAR

WALLEN HAYD TRIBUTE

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"The old gray mare ain't what she used to be."			

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# SCHOOL DAYS!

**S**CHOOL DAYS! They have begun or are about to begin throughout our United States. Parents look upon them as days of relief when their children, small and large, will be engaged in fruitful occupations. Pupils, at least those who are wise, rejoice in their good fortune as they prepare themselves to take their places in the world. Teachers, principals and directors once more set themselves to their God given task of developing today's children into tomorrow's leaders. School days are happy days and we may rejoice in the privilege that has been ours. We should be grateful to pioneers of yesteryear who, in the face of trial and difficulty, gave us the Catholic schools we have today.

**I**N the missions, school days are in full swing. But in many places they do not bring relief and joy for the reason that the missionaries cannot provide the schools and books or pay the teachers' salaries. Today's children will become tomorrow's leaders, but what kind of leaders, without a proper Catholic education? You who can appreciate a Catholic education can prove your appreciation by helping the mission schools. Please send your used books, or better still, a money gift for schools, books and teachers' salaries to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below.

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The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper colony of Culion, 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. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.**

51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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

**REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.**

45 East Newton St., Boston, Mass.

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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.

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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

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

**REV. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.**

221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Chinese 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. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.**

55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

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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. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.**

4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

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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

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Sichow 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

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Age and Youth at Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho, photographed by Edgar Dowd, S. J. Top: Mrs. Isidore (Coeur d'Alene Indian), a devout Catholic. Left: Mary Margaret Matt (Flathead Indian), and Henry Aripa (Coeur d'Alene), presidents of Girls' and Boys' Sodalitys respectively, and speakers on May Day in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

# EDITORIALS

## CHRISTIAN NATIVE ART

A RECENT *Fides Service* report announces a new mission activity of the Holy Father which is at once a continued proof of his abiding mission interest—if such proof be needed—and another manifestation of the universality of the Church. The Vatican Press Exhibition was closed on May 31, but the pavilions used for it are to remain intact. In due time they are to house exhibits of Native Christian Art in mission lands. This will entail a large collection of objects of Art applied to the needs of sacred worship and will cover the fields of architecture, painting, sculpture and the other lesser branches of Art.

No phase of mission activity seems to escape the beloved Pontiff, Pope Pius XI. Ever since he ascended the throne of Peter he has manifested a truly Christ-like interest and zeal. Those who have watched his constant detailed study of the mission world, his far-sighted policies in mission government, his development of new dioceses, vicariates and prefectures, his insistence on the cultivation of native vocations—to mention only a few of his mission activities—can testify to the fact of the Holy Father's unflagging mission spirit. He lives in action what he wrote in his now famous *Rerum Ecclesiae* years ago, and the record of his accomplishments demonstrates his strict adherence to what he then wrote.

"The Church has no other reason for its existence than to extend over all the earth the Kingdom of Christ, and to render all men sharers in His saving Redemption. . . . Of all the works of the Catholic Church, the greatest and holiest is that of the missions." And, laying down his own platform of work for the years ahead, he wrote: "For whatever stretch of years Divine Providence may grant Us still to inhabit this earthly light, We shall be ceaselessly and anxiously concerned with this apostolic obligation: for with the ever recurrent thought that the gentile world is ten thousand times a hundred thousand souls wide, We know no rest to Our spirit."

And so now, with his plan for the Native Art Exhibition, the saintly Pontiff is again proving his abiding interest. He wishes again, too, to manifest the universality of the missions of the Church. He will once again point out the fallacy of those who, in mission lands as well as elsewhere, try to deceive others by stating that the Catholic religion is an article of foreign importation and that in order to become a Catholic one must be denationalized. The Holy Father insisted on this principle

of universality in his *Rerum Ecclesiae*; he insisted on it when he spoke of the development of native clergy; he insists on it again today.

Speaking of the native clergy and hierarchy, he said: "It has never been sufficiently pondered how the Gospel was first propagated, how the Church was first constituted among the nations. . . . The earliest documents of Christian antiquity show us clearly that over each new community of Faithful the Apostles placed, not an imported foreigner, but a man of native race and blood."

And in 1926 he wrote of the Church: "She has never allowed her missions to become mere political instruments in the hands of worldly powers. Every century of the history of the Church shows plainly that she adapts herself to the spirit of every nation and to each form of government. She has always preached—and still continues to preach—the duty of respect and obedience to lawfully constituted authority."

Like a loving mother, the Church extends this feeling of respect to the manners and customs of different peoples, so long as they are not perverse. The coming Christian Native Art Exhibition will be another step in this direction. It will show the examples of Christian Art among various peoples, and we shall have an opportunity of seeing different native concepts of Christian subjects which we have for too long considered, more or less consciously, as the sole right of the western world.

By a happy coincidence, the present issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* carries an article on one of the youngest Christian artists, the first in his own country, Angelo da Fonseca of Goa in India. His paintings give real promise, and we feel sure that they will find their way to the Roman Exhibition. He aims to do for his own country what other artists have done for their native China and Japan, and what is being done today by the native artists of Java whose work we pictured in these pages some months ago.

Every encouragement should be given these artists of the various mission countries as they try to cooperate with the Holy Father's plan for the Vatican Christian Native Art Exhibition. All the barriers of race distinction will be leveled as widely different peoples, through the splendor and loveliness of their artistic creations, unite harmoniously to render glory to God, the eternal Fount of Beauty. Truly fitting it is that Pope Pius XI should welcome into the home of the Father of all the Faithful the artistic creations of the peoples of mission lands and also of the Near East for that implies the recognition of the right of Native Art to Catholic citizenship.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# Father Tom's Kingdom

Francis M.  
Menager, S. J.

LAST Spring I was forced to go to Fairbanks, Alaska, for medical attention and had to stay about four weeks at the hospital. With the good care of the doctors and the Sisters and Father Aloysius S. Eline, S.J., I was soon able to return to my cozy little igloo in Kotzebue.

I flew from Fairbanks to Nome, and once in Nome I determined to pay a visit to Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., who had started missionary work on Diomed Island back in October, 1936, and who so far had not been able to give us any sign of life.

The problem was to find a small plane that would be able to land almost anywhere and a trusty aviator who would be willing to undertake the job: no easy one, I assure you, at this time of the year when high winds and fogs and drifting clouds are so common.

Providence came to my help. Mr. Jack Hermann had just flown from California with his own plane, a small ship big enough for two and for a little baggage. Once in Nome, Mr. Hermann entered into the planned flight with all his energy and good will, the more so as he is a personal friend of Father Tom. We got everything ready and one fine morning when everything seemed clear we started from Nome, but as soon as we got over the "saw tooth" range of mountains, about thirty miles north of Nome, we met a sea of fog and so there was nothing for us to do but to get back to Nome. The next day the weather looked promising and I got ready by saying an early Mass, and we got to the field and started loading all sorts of things for Father Tom.

EVERYTHING went well until we reached Cape Prince of Wales, a large village situated on the mainland of Alaska and twenty-five miles away from Little Diomed, Father Tom's Kingdom. Then the wind and the snow drifts and the fog caught us and we had to land. Miss Stauffer, a Presbyterian missionary, received us in real Alaska fashion, and brought us into her kitchen and warmed us up, a thing needed indeed, for it was bitter cold. Then we had dinner and waited for an opportunity to cross the twenty-five miles of open sea that separated Diomed Island from the mainland. One hour passed, but the snow was drifting badly and the forty mile an hour wind promised nothing very en-



*Little Diomed Island is to the right. It was on the ice which had formed between the two islands that Father Menager and his companion landed.*

couraging. We waited another hour and at about two o'clock in the afternoon took a good look towards Diomed. Big banks of fog were rolling in from Siberia, often covering the whole Island, but at about half past three, the fog became less heavy and the wind subsided a little. At four o'clock the Island was clear and we started in a pretty strong wind and climbed high above the open sea. But when we got about half way in our flight the fog began rolling in again and it looked as if we would have to go back to Cape Prince of Wales. But we kept on; the Island cleared again, though far in the distance a big bank of Siberian fog seemed bent upon beating us to the Island; but God was with us and we got there a few minutes before the fog. The problem was then how and where to land—open sea everywhere except between the Big Diomed that belongs to Siberia and Little Diomed, U. S. A.

WE circled around, got down to five hundred feet, then Father Tom began to suspect something. He had not heard us when we were flying high because the wind was so strong and was blowing the sound of the engine away from the Island. Father Tom came out of his little church and ran down with all the Eskimos. We circled around once more; then Father set his Eskimos in two parallel lines about five hundred feet apart and thus marked for us a smooth spot of ice where landing was possible. We circled around again and finally landed, and I thanked God with all my heart that we had made it. Hearty greetings followed, both from Father Tom and the Eskimos, but Father was so overcome by joy that he could hardly talk. Only those missionaries who have been completely isolated from the world for almost a year can appreciate how he felt, and both Mr. Hermann and myself forgot about the danger of the trip for the joy we had brought to dear Father Tom.

We took out from the plane all that we had brought, first and foremost, the mail, and then quite an assortment of packages which we had secured in Nome from the many friends of Father Tom. We went up to the Island in a triumphal procession, Eskimos and dogs leading.

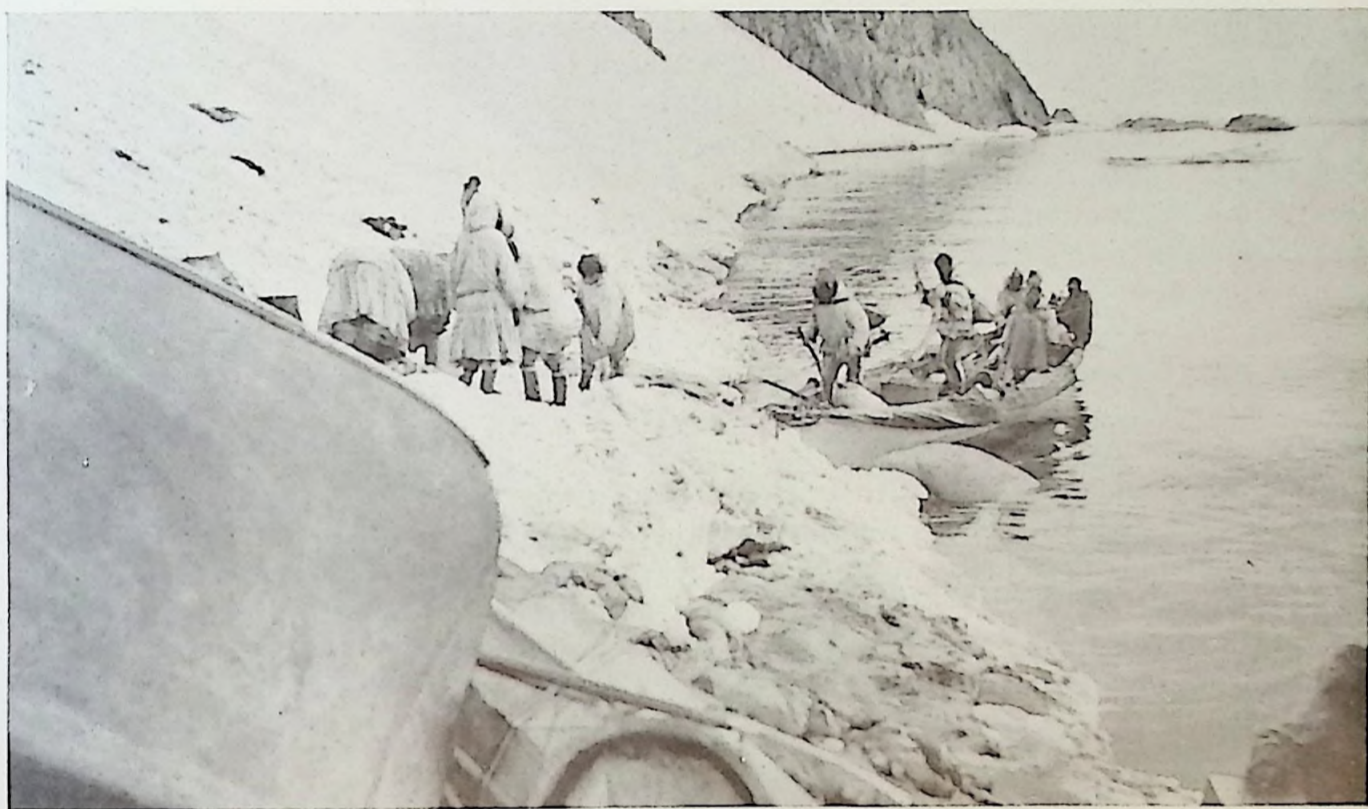
**L**ITTLE DIOMEDE is situated at sixty-five degrees, fifty minutes north latitude, thirty miles below the Arctic Circle, twenty-five miles from the Alaska coast, five miles from Big Diomedes, a Siberian possession, and about forty miles from East Cape, on the Siberian coast. The circumference of the Little Diomedes is about four miles, its height above the sea about five hundred feet. It has only one village, situated on the southwest slope of the Island. About one hundred and fifty Eskimos live there.

Father Tom has a nice little church with a fine altar which he built himself, but his quarters are about the poorest I have ever seen anywhere. They are of the two by four variety and by sitting in the center of his room he can almost reach every corner. Father Tom has done very well indeed. He has mastered the language sufficiently to get along and to do his own instructing, and that is quite a feat, I assure you. He has converted or fully instructed about one hundred and he has about sixty Communion every Sunday. Father, of course, lives alone like most of us up north, and he is janitor, sacristan, spiritual adviser, doctor and cook, and his days are pretty full.

**O**NE accomplishment he adds to others is that he is the foremost hunter in the village. One of his recreations is to go and shoot a seal for himself when his larder gets low; then in true Eskimo style, he partakes of the seal oil and the seal meat, a fare more substantial than agreeable. Just a few days before we came, Father spied a big black whale from his window and immediately gave the signal. The natives got busy, got the whale boat out with the four inch gun, and Father Tom got a large skin boat and the other gun and out they went into the gale. The first boat located the whale and wounded it, but the killing of it was the feat of Father Tom's boat: Father Tom being coxswain, captain and artillery man, all in one. Great joy for the Eskimos, wonderful dreams of tons of boiled whale meat and of gallons of whale oil, for the whale was fifty feet long and wide in proportion! The Siberian Eskimos

were invited to the feast and every one ate whale meat and drank whale oil amid shouts of joy and grunts of contentment until their stomachs could stand no more. "Doctor" Tom was a little worried for a while and he prepared his pills and his "emulsions," but all to no avail; no one was sick and the feast continued until the whale became a skeleton.

**T**ALKING of the Siberian Eskimos. They are, if anything, of a lower type than the Eskimos of the United States, and are brimful of superstitions and, believe it or not, the Soviets have extended their propaganda for the Communistic State even as far as this, the most easterly island of Russia. As a proof of this, the following happened. Our Eskimos often cross over the five miles that separate them from the Siberian Eskimos



*Island life out in the Bering Strait. Eskimo women help bring in the boat in which the men have been hunting whale or seal.*

and they do some trading with them. Some of our Catholics went over one day and the conversation turned to catechism. One of our bright Eskimos asked the Chief:

"Who made you?"

And the answer came immediately:

"Stalin made me."

"And who made the world?"

"Stalin."

"And who made the sun and the moon and the stars?"

"Stalin."

"And who brings the fish and the seal up your coasts?"

"Stalin."

"And who made the big whales?"

"Stalin. Stalin made all things, and he takes care of us in everything."

**O**UR Eskimo then asked a simple question:

"Did your grandfathers have whales and fish and seals?"

"Of course," came the answer.

"Well, how old is Stalin?" (Turn to page 223)

# Stepping Out

Alexander Rolland, S.J.

“MUSH! Mush!”—No, not a dog team, but that is the language my little mare understands. Leaving Wikwemikong, Ontario, for Baswa I was in high spirits. I had just been given a mission, all my own,—a church and a congregation. This was surely stepping out, after study and study, and little ministry. And, as any young priest would, I set out full of gusto.

On Sunday morning the little church was crowded. Every able body was present to get an impression of the new pastor. Announcements and sermons in Indian and English; a Baptism, honoring the budding Curé, of one Arthur Rolland Manitowabi; P.M.: Stations, sermon, Benediction and confessions; and, in the evening, pictures of the “Life of Our Lord” with filmslides and hand-generator (purchased at *La Bonne Presse*, Paris, expressly for the missions). A call for firewood for my sacristy was speedily and generously answered. Monday: a sick-bed Communion at four miles distant; P.M.: Stations and Benediction.

One old codger sent word that he could not climb the hill to church. Others said that he could make the grade to attend an Indian powwow. So I invited him to the pictures mentioned, further up the hill than the church, before giving him the chance to enumerate his infirmities. He thought he might get to the pictures. Then I played my cards for his presence at the Mass. He went. I afterwards gave him the blessing for the sick at his home.

TUESDAY, detouring back to Wikwemikong, I determined to visit my most distant parishioners. On a far away crossroad I met a lone woman, standing hesitant, troubled of countenance. I gave the customary salute: “Bojo!”

“Have you seen my child,” she queried, “a small girl driving a dog and sled? She has been out since early morning and did not return for dinner.”

Was this a tragedy? Had the child and dog slipped over a gully? Lost in the forest? Had they fallen through



*The Author, Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., all dressed up for winter driving.*

a crevice in the ice, out there on the great bay of the North Channel?—Wolves, too, a pack of twelve were seen that day. The poor mother had indeed reason for a fearful heart. I drove on. While visiting a log cabin, some two miles down road, I found the child, all blissfully ignorant of the mother’s anxiety, and I sent her home.

I made ten visits on an eight mile route. To find one family I had to follow a dog trail through semi-bush. The wheels cut in deeply to either side, sometimes bumping over stumps. Mid-winter snow, ten degrees below zero and no thaw just around the corner.

HEADING towards my last call, to the deathbed of an aged squaw, I came upon a fork in the road, a very lonely spot, innocent of signs. The choice of direction was made, not by horse sense, but by mare instinct. If I had no knowledge of the road; perhaps she had. After many furlongs down the chosen branch I knew I was on a mere cut through the forest. I reigned in to ponder. Early darkness would fall shortly. Turn back? Too many miles lay between me and information. Besides, it could hardly be done,—high snow and thick poplars walled in the driveway. I invoked my Guardian Angel and plodded on. Going was slow, for the mare kept to the rut, riding two wheels off road,—a heavy drag in the untrodden snow. Another “Y.” This time I chose, leaving no more to mare instinct. We emerged (Turn to page 223)

*Indian pupils of the Baswa school. Their teacher, Miss Christine Wakegijig (left), is a graduate of the Catholic Indian School at Wikwemikong, Ontario.*

# Port Morant

William F. Mc Hale, S.J.

**A**FTER having spent ten years in Jamaica I hope I am beginning to learn a little about the mentality of the people. I confess, however, that I still have a great deal to learn about their way of thinking and am ready to concede that there will probably always be spheres of their thought closed to me. I have worked with Jamaicans under many conditions, have shared in their joys and sorrows and I wish to pay a just tribute to some of their good qualities which are often passed over with scant praise.

My general drift of work has been to the eastern end of Jamaica. Leaving the fairly well established church at Holy Rosary in Kingston to the efficient care of Father H. P. Wennerberg, S.J., who quickly erected a residence there, I moved to Morant Bay, thirty-one miles east of Kingston, where I have been stationed for the past three years. I attend the church at Yallahs and have recently erected a rustic church at Petersfield through the help of a Catholic planter, Mr. Fred Munn.

At present the great need is a church at Port Morant, an important coast town with a fine harbor where a good start has been made. The Propagation of the Faith Society in Boston has kindly supplied funds to erect a church there. The kindness of Father Cushing, the Diocesan Director, has been supplemented by the goodness of Dr. Knappe, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Stoneham, Mass., to make it possible to have the Catholic Church function efficiently in this section hitherto not reached by the priest. Things seemed so unpromising at Port Morant three years ago that the Pastor decided always to invoke the patronage of St. Jude, the Patron of desperate cases. So to St. Jude be the credit of the success that gradually has come to this little mission and may that great Saint continue to foster its growth in numbers and in a true Christian spirit.

**T**O return to the people for whom we priests are working, let me first give them credit for a marked politeness and hospitality. I do not mean merely among the better classes, but in this matter and the following I refer to the great bulk of the population of Jamaica.

A child carrying a message will say: "Mammy says Good Morning and my little sister is sick and please come and visit her."

You should reply: "Tell Mammy plenty how de do and I will come this afternoon."



*Father William F. McHale, S.J., with pupils of his school at Morant Bay.*

Then the child will say always as a warning: "I'm gone"—and then goes.

Should one wish to inquire of a passerby the location of a house, he is never abrupt but always greets the man first—as: "Good evening, Sir, and could you kindly tell me where Mr. Gomez lives?"

As for hospitality, the poor pity those who are poorer and share their little with them, and a child will break off a bit of the bun or candy for his companion.

Jamaica is likewise the land of toleration between different races and social classes. A well-to-do Jew had a Black valet, and such a friendship existed between them that when the valet fell seriously sick he was sent to the best hospital by his employer. There the Black man embraced the Catholic religion and upon his death received a splendid funeral from the Jewish gentleman.

Servants and employees are allowed to present their grievances and are given a considerate hearing. The matter is a two sided one, for consideration and assistance are frequently needed by the upper classes, and the Black are called upon to be tolerant as well as the White. Black, Brown and White people deal together with surprisingly little friction in a multiplicity of relations to the great astonishment of the tourists.

**A**LTHOUGH one would be inclined to say at first that the marriage situation could not be worse, still on second thought one realizes that there are some bright spots, even in that dark situation. In the first place, the parents love and to a large extent care for their children. Older women readily adopt little homeless children—they have a so-called weakness for adopting.

Those whose lives are not what they should be, willingly admit their fault and express an earnest wish to be settled in honorable Christian marriage. Marriage presents many difficulties due to traditions from slavery times, and must we say it, to bad example by upper classes in former times—also due to dire poverty and that pride which demands a grand (Turn to page 223)

# Suppose You Were a Hindu

George B. Hamilton, S. J.

**I**F you want to acquire profound sentiments of love and of gratitude toward your Creator for all that He has done for you, cross the seas and come to India and Ceylon. Spend just a little while in these countries, and I promise you that you will go home thanking God as you never have before for your Christian and Catholic birth, your Catholic family and, above all, that priceless pearl, your Catholic Faith.

On the Island of Ceylon alone there are approximately 1,158,000 Hindus, most of them extremely poor. Suppose, dear reader, God had designed to include you in that number? My purpose here is to give you some idea of the sort of life you would be living today.

If you were the mother of the family, you would leave the little ones to the care of the eldest child and cut your way through the jungle in quest of firewood which you would subsequently carry on your head to the nearest village and try to sell for ten or fifteen cents. At meal time you would return to your little thatch-roofed hut and do the cooking for the family. Weary and worn, you might be tempted to disregard your husband's incessant commands; but that would be unwise, for he would not hesitate a moment to beat you unmercifully. Should you, perchance, tire of his caveman tactics, you might slip away some time during his absence and seek refuge in your father's house. Even this, however, does not always work out, for should your beloved be superior to you in wisdom as well as in brute strength, he might take the ordinary precautions of locking you in a closet and hiding your clothes. But let us suppose that you did reach the haven of your parent. Then one of two things might follow. Either your spouse would not bother looking for you and you would proceed to marry someone else; or he would sign a court agreement not to beat you any more (this, of course, with a mental reservation) and you would resume your wifely duties.

**U**NTIL your sons had reached the age of twenty-one or thereabouts, they would generally be more or less amenable, but after that you would have little or no control over them. They might choose to marry and put you out of the house. This they could do with impunity, for in all probability you would long since have signed the property over to them in order to save it from the covetous hands of creditors. Or again, should death lay hands upon your husband, the boys would take over the household and you would become their servant, ever ready to obey or to take the consequences. Now tell me, would you like to be a Hindu mother?

Let us suppose now that you were the daughter of the family. By the very fact of your gender, you would be considered inferior to your brothers. If you were particularly fortunate, you might be allowed a few years of schooling, but not many, for education, after all, is not intended for girls. Most of your time would be spent

at home, though, of course, there would be opportunities during a busy season to help your mother gather brushwood in the jungle. But aside from that, you would seldom grace the world outside your four palm-leaf walls.

Then there would come a time when your solicitous parents would begin to think about your marriage, and once they had begun to think about it, you would be as good as married. They would realize that to keep their darling daughter at home after she had attained the marriageable age would be to rob her of her happiness, and to do this would be sinful. They know, too, that were they to keep you at home and something should happen to you, it would be their sin and their disgrace. So willy-nilly, you must needs be married!

Now, as a rule, it takes two to make a marriage. Where, oh where, would you find a husband? Not at a dance, for there are no dances. Not at a party, for there are no parties. Not on the avenue, for in most of these villages and towns there really are no avenues; and even if there were, you would not get near them. I cannot recall ever having seen a young lady promenading about town out here. What, then, is the answer?

**Y**OUR parents would find a man for you, and having made their choice, they would call upon his parents and make the proposal. Then the relatives of the young man would come and inspect you. If satisfied, they would go home and inform their son that his hour was at hand. The wedding would be set for the week following, and when the appointed hour had struck, your anxious eyes would fall for the first time upon the man who was chosen to be your lifelong companion.

Concerning the wedding ceremony I shall have a word to say later; but let me just add here that you would be expecting too much of your husband were you to suppose that simply because you were his wife, you alone were henceforth to be the object of his attention. Really, you should not be too surprised to find him coming home any evening with another man's dissatisfied wife. What would you do in a case like that? Like your mother before you, you would do one of two things—acquiesce or go!

A Hindu woman, by the way, is not supposed to converse with another man without her husband's permission. To do so is to invite her spouse to whip her mercilessly. Unfaithfulness on the part of either of them usually results in a beastly quarrel, and, not infrequently, in murder. Just a few days ago I spoke with a man whose brother had been poisoned fatally by his own wife for that very reason. Would you like to be a Hindu girl?

**N**OT the least interesting of Hindu rituals is the wedding ceremony. When the big day arrives, the young man, accompanied by his father, goes to the house of his bride-to-be, fetches her and brings her to his home. While the girl cooks the rice for the wedding breakfast, the pagan priest proceeds to arrange the sacrifice which

is composed of plantains, rice, cocoanuts and flowers contributed by the family of the young lady. The sacrifice prepared, it is placed on the floor and the boy and girl squat down on either side of it. The priest then recites some prayers, upon the conclusion of which, the youth, having previously made a tiny golden bowl with a cow's head engraved upon it, ties the bowl around the girl's neck. They are now man and wife.

SHOULD you ever be tempted to complain about your morning coffee being a trifle weak, your eggs not properly fried or your bacon insufficiently crisp, possibly you will find a bit of solace in the thought of the poor Hindu of Ceylon whose complete breakfast is composed of the rice left over from supper the night before. Or should your club sandwich be wanting a little salt and pepper, you might be comforted in the thought of these less fortunate antipodes for whom rice and curry, with a little muddy water to wash it down, is the daily luncheon fare. And should you ever be provoked, after a hard day at the office, to resent your dinner table being set in the kitchen rather than in the dining room you might lend a thought to the hungry Hindu under whose thatched roof there is neither dining room nor kitchen, but who lumbers home after a toilsome day in the paddy field, squats with his family on the bare ground before the hut and plunges his unsoaped hand into the inevitable bowl of rice.

A strip of russet cloth about three yards in length wrapped about the lower part of the body comprises the ordinary attire of the male members of the family. When an important social call is to be made, a *banian* augments the apparel. While laboring in the fields, it is customary to lay aside these garments and substitute the breechcloth.

With about eight yards of cheap, drab material draped about her dark, slender form, the Hindu woman is more or less modestly and not uncomfortably clothed.

Sleeping equipment is generally limited to straw mats or to planks laid upon the ground within or without the hut, or even to mother earth herself.

IN previous issues of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, whole pages have been devoted to descriptions of the various religious practices among the Hindus in general. There are some customs, though, that are more or less proper

to that class of Hindus with which we are here concerned, the most abject. There are, as you know, many gods in the Hindu religion. As one convert put it, everything is a god, the sun, the moon, the cat, the dog, the cobra and so on. In the morning the Hindu faces the rising sun, strikes his temples three times, rubs ashes, formed of cow-dung, on his forehead and bows to the sun. All this while you, I trust, are making your Morning Offering to the one true God.

Sickness in the family is due to the anger of the gods, and so a sacrifice is offered to the cow or to whatever god may be involved. If it be a serious illness, the *poosari* or devil-dancer is called in, who, after a bit of dancing, goes into an ecstasy and cries out that the sick man has injured a certain god, that is, a certain devil, and must offer sacrifice to that god. The sacrifice prepared, the devil enters into the *poosari* and, speaking



*Hindu holy men, smeared with ashes, ready for one of their pagan ritual ceremonies.*

through him, imposes a penance of almsgiving upon the patient. The ecstasy then comes to an abrupt ending.

UPON the death of one of the family, a fortune teller is consulted to ascertain whether the person has died at a "good time" or a "bad" one. This is of no little significance, for should death have come at an inauspicious moment, his spirit will remain in the house, and will, within the next few months, take all the other members of the family with him through death's door. This may be accomplished in various ways. For example, at night the spirit may come, knock at the door, tramp up and down on the roof, call the other members of the family by name, and hurl stones down upon the roof until everyone within has died of fright. Such a situation, however, is usually averted, for once the fortune teller has made so ominous a pronouncement, the house is abandoned.

# Coastal Trips and Mission Visits

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

His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, continues the story of one of his official visits to stations located on the Caribbean Coast. The present account opens with Bishop Murphy's comment on his instructions to the Confirmation Class at Corozal.—*Editor.*

**I**N my instructions I stressed the need of loyalty and of practical piety in our Catholics to offset the indifference and the irreligion of so many in Corozal. The influence of Payo Obispo across the bay has a very bad effect on the social life of Corozal. The services closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the people dispersed to their homes.

Father Bernard Zimmerman, S.J., returned from Sartaneja during the services in the church. He reported two weeks of great Catholic activity in that village and in Shipstern and at Xunox. After dinner Mr. Melhado called to bid us good-bye as he was returning to Belize.

Monday, the twentieth. The school at Corozal flourishes finely. There is a good attendance and as I visited the classes I was greatly pleased to find everything in excellent order, and the children neatly dressed and remarkably well behaved. As usual they gave me a little reception in the school hall and members of all classes took their turn in singing or recitation—all very creditably. I spoke to them for a few minutes and insisted strongly on their duty to learn English well, not merely for the class days but for their later lives.

**O**N Tuesday, the twenty-first, Father Zimmerman had arranged that there should be Confirmation at Caledonia about fourteen miles down the New River. We were to take the *Afri-Kola* at noon and reach Caledonia before dark; but there was no *Afri-Kola* at noon, nor at four o'clock nor at six; something must have gone wrong. She came to port at seven o'clock; explanation of the delay: grounded at Porto Stuck near Long Caye for eight hours. So our start to Caledonia was made only at half past ten that night. There was a long stop at Pembroke Hall to discharge lumber for the new sugar factory and other buildings, so that we did not reach Caledonia until four o'clock in the morning. And then we could not stop; something went wrong with the engines and only after nosing into the bank did we come to a pause about a mile beyond Caledonia. Father Zimmerman and myself got into a skiff and were rowed back to the bank at Caledonia. It was half past four in the morning, and even so, there was someone to meet us and



*His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., pays a visit at Pembroke Hall, British Honduras, in charge of Father Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., formerly Superior of the British Honduras Mission.*

welcome us, Mr. Andres Lopez, the Maestro. Father Zimmerman and myself tried to get a little rest and at eight we had Masses with a good number of Communion. We found that decorations and arches had been the set-up for Bishop's coming, but in the darkness we had not noticed them. The church was in festive attire and all the people were in holiday dress.

The hour for Confirmation was set at 1:00 P.M. We had a neat and good looking procession from the residence to the church; but scarcely had the congregation got within doors when a torrential rain began to fall. The services were carried out in good order and I complimented the people on their loyalty to church and to school. The Maestro is doing splendid work with his fifty children. Before I closed my talk, the rain stopped and the sun came out in all its glory, so we had another procession back to the house. Later in the afternoon the people would gather again to escort the Bishop to the *Afri-Kola* which was expected at half past four. Accordingly, men, women and children, the Confirmation Class next to the Bishop, marched under the arches down to the boat. It was a pleasant sight for the passengers on the *Afri-Kola*, and some of them were using their cameras. We reached Corozal at eight o'clock after a most enjoyable day at Caledonia. Tomorrow we would visit Aventura.

**T**HURSDAY, the twenty-third, was a gala day at Aventura Rancho. This is a sugar plantation about six miles from Corozal. The people at the rancho had decorated the road for nearly a quarter of a mile with arches of cohune decked with flowers. There were some visitors from nearby stations and there were ten candidates for Confirmation. The people, men, women and

children, on the arrival of the motor car with Father Anthony Corey, S.J., Father Joseph Kammerer, S.J., and the Bishop waved a joyous welcome to the visitors. They formed a procession and led the Bishop and the priests to the little chapel which was most tastefully adorned with flowers and palms. In his instructions at the Confirmation the Bishop complimented them on the fine display of their devotion and loyalty to the Church, and closed the exercises by giving the Papal Benediction. Then the congregation filed out of doors and the Bishop blessed the new church bell with appropriate ceremony. The celebration by the Aventura folk was most creditable.

After the Confirmations the Bishop and the priests went out a little further to Pembroke Hall to look at the new sugar factory in course of erection. We found an immense structure nearing completion with scores of workmen busy on all sides. The undertaking will, we hope, prove a great advantage to the people of the Corozal District. Great fields have been cleared and planted with sugar cane and next year should find Pembroke Hall one of the busiest spots in the Colony. We trust the men interested in this work will reap abundant reward in the output of the new sugar mill.

ON Saturday, the twenty-fifth, the Bishop took the *Romulus* to make a short visit to Orange Walk, and to make arrangements about Confirmations in the District. Father Daniel Coady, S.J., was alone, as Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., had gone to Cayo to give a retreat. I made inquiries about the status of the people from San Jose who had recently come to Orange Walk to establish a settlement in that town. They were all quartered at the barracks. Their trip from San Jose to Orange Walk had been splendidly and generously managed by the District Commissioner, Mr. Grant. Since their arrival at Orange Walk he has done everything to help them in their settlement. The San Jose group seems to lack initiative, and although the land allowed them by the Company has been cleared, they have made little or no effort to build houses. Mr. Grant gave employment to many for four days in the week, and he urged them to begin building their houses.

ON Monday evening, the twenty-seventh, a group of San Jose men called on me and asked me to beg the Government to grant them financial help. I told them that I could not see the justice of their plea, and I admonished them that they were not doing their share in carrying out the wish of the Government and of the Company about building their homes. On Tuesday on

the advice of Mr. Grant, the District Commissioner, I addressed all the men of the San Jose group in the Court House. I spoke to them very plainly, yet kindly, of their obligation to live up to the promises they had made to the Government, and to begin at once to put up their houses on the land granted them. I told them that they should be grateful to the Company and to the Government for all the help given them and I urged them to show more appreciation of what had been done for them by setting up their village at once. They do not realize that they are the recipients of many favors, and that they are not appreciative of what was done for them. I told them to act not like children, but like men, and to set to work at once.

Father Coady thinks that as this is vacation time it would be better to defer the Confirmations until August.



*The church at Corozal, British Honduras, where Fathers Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., Anthony H. Corey, S.J., and Bernard C. Zimmerman, S.J., are stationed.*

He admits that there may be some difficulty about reaching the out-stations, but he will have as many as possible come from the near stations to Orange Walk for Confirmations.

I FOUND the little village of Orange Walk very much changed, and for the worse, from the days thirty years ago when it was a busy, bustling little town. The whole village seems to have deteriorated badly and the shops have largely disappeared. There is hope, that, with the renewal of mahogany work in the neighborhood, business may revive. One reason for the change in conditions is the transfer of the mahogany offices to Hill Bank. While Orange Walk was the center for the laborers the village flourished. Since then it has dwindled in population and has greatly decayed in its appearance. On Wednesday, the twenty-ninth, I took the *Afri-Kola* for Belize, reaching the capital on the thirtieth at about eleven o'clock. (*This brings to a close the interesting account of Bishop Murphy's "Coastal Trips and Mission Visits" begun in our January issue.*)

# Four Days in the Hills

Andrew F. Cervini, S.J.

WHO said a missionary's life was all drab? The missionaries I know are all of the smiling type and even the most trying and difficult situations have their silver linings. What could be more trying than for one who was brought up on the sidewalks of New York to have to spend four days on a horse's back? Who ever saw a horse on the sidewalks of New York? I never did save when the Mounted of New York's pride had to break up some riot or other. Anyway, if you have been used to V8s or Dodges and are suddenly told to take a horse up the mountains near Jasaan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., that is, allow a horse to take you up the mountains for four days, you will find that the upholstery of a saddle and that of a streamlined sedan are quite different.

Well, up we started after Mass and breakfast here in Jasaan, Jovito and myself. Jovito, by the way, is my secretary and companion on all journeys, mountain or otherwise. Tom Mix or Doug Fairbanks have nothing on him when it comes to handling a horse. Four hours straight before we made our first stop. We had reached Madaging in time for dinner. I am not saying anything about being hungry. God has blessed me with a good appetite and the host of the house where we were to stay for the day supplied enough food to satisfy our hunger. We had gone to Madaging to celebrate the fiesta in honor of St. Isidore, Patron of Farmers. He is quite a popular saint in these parts.

IT was during dinner that an old man came into the house and wanted to know if his daughter could get married. I asked the usual questions and found that she was eligible. But, of course, I had still to see the girl and boy to make sure of their consent. I met the girl later that afternoon as I was going to the church for confessions. I popped the question to her:



Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., and some of his happy altar boys at Jasaan.



"The old gray mare ain't what she used to be," writes Father Cervini, "but she gets you there just the same."

"Do you wish to get married?"

To my surprise, her answer was: "No!"

When I asked why, she answered: "I am too young." Her father had told me she was eighteen. She said she was only fifteen. Very young but still within the civil and canonical age. Her "No" was quite extraordinary. For most Bukidnon girls, especially in these far away *barrios*, are married at fifteen. Some even at a lesser age. These mountain people have their own marriage ceremony recognized by the Government. Our little girl of Madaging stuck to her decision, though her father tried every possible means to intimidate her. He used his best rhetoric on me. But one does not have to study theology very long before he finds out that he cannot assist at a marriage if one of the parties is unwilling to get married.

WE have a little school in Madaging, first and second grades. In fact, we have such schools in all of our mountain *barrios* except one. And by the way, it is at our schools where the children of the mountains have their only chance to learn two and two make four, to read "I see the cat"; to write "My name is Lourdes." And, of course, we stress the fourth and most principle R—Religion. Every child attending our school makes his or her first Holy Communion before a year is up. The Government has not as yet put schools in these *barrios*.

Now for the comical incident that is always bound to turn up on one of these trips. The night before all these fiestas we have Vespers. I always bring along a few singers. A band is usually on hand to help (Turn to page 223)

# The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

There has been a more than ordinary human note in the Editors' mail box returns during the hot summer months. "Enclosed is a mite (\$3) towards a refrigerator for one of your missionaries," came on the heels of one of those sizzling July days which prostrated New York, forced the elite of Gramercy Park to forego the pleasures of their penthouse roofs and—believe it or not—caused JESUIT MISSIONS to vacate the office premises at four instead of five P.M. However, it's an ill temperature that brings nobody good, and so, while we wait patiently for the days of individual crystal refrigerating sets (electric heaters for Alaska), the "three dollar mite" has been added to others in a campaign for the mass refrigeration of the tropics.

## REFRIGERATORS FOR THE TROPICS

It is only fair to note that the instigator of this refrigeration program for our sweltering missionaries is none other than the itinerant Business Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, Father E. Paul Amy, S.J. After his visit to the Eucharistic Congress in Manila, Father Amy journeyed south to Mindanao. Contact with the missionaries impressed him with their lack both of necessities and reasonable comforts.—Refrigerators for their food was the necessity and short wave radio sets the comfort. A campaign for both is now in progress. It is a human touch that will enable our men in the Philippines to live a longer, a more abundant and a more efficient life for God and man. Speed the further day when these heroes who have left home and country may step to the microphone in their adopted Moroland and in the old familiar accents broadcast the roll call of their triumphs and their needs to the homeland. For this day many a little old lady in blue in her little grey home in the West is eagerly waiting.

## OVER SHORT WAVES TO THE WEST

On a recent visit to JESUIT MISSIONS, Father Bruno Bitter, S.J., warned us of the approaching demise of the founder and first Rector of Jochi Daigaku, Catholic University of Tokio, Father Herman Hoffman, S.J. The end took place on June 1 at St. Mary's Hospital, Tokio. Often we are asked whether foreign races manifest towards the Jesuit missionaries either a friendly or a sincere human response, in return for the missionaries' efforts in their behalf. The magnificent demonstration of affection and respect prompted by the death of this tireless and courageous pioneer of Catholic education in Japan is an answer much to the point. In anticipation of the end, the students as a token of their warm esteem had a bust of Father Hoffman erected in the courtyard of the University. When the death itself was announced, an unending line of visitors came to pay a last act of homage to one who with the vigorous good nature of the Rhinelanders guided the school through the hazardous days of the World War, earthquakes, and financial difficulties, which latter still endure. In a room massed with flowers, students formed a guard of honor by the coffin night and day. On June 3, a Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated by His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Ross, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima. Messages of sympathy were received from the Japanese Minister of Education and from Japanese institutions of higher learning, from private universities, from professors and alumni. Significant in the light of Hitler's war upon the Catholic Church in Germany was a message from the German Ambassador, absent from Tokio at the time, expressing the thanks of the entire German people for the tireless efforts of Father Hoffman on behalf of education in Japan.

## DEATH OF FATHER HERMANN HOFFMANN, S.J.

In quick succession, three valuable contributions on the Negro Problem have reached this office for review. These are Father LaFarge's "Interracial Justice," "The Tenth Man," by Father

## CHRIST OR COMMUNISM FOR THE NEGRO

Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., and "Christ, Color & Communism," by Father John T. Gillard, S.S.J. It is encouraging to note as Father Gillard does, how the discriminating eye of a Negro of age and wisdom, one Kelly Miller by name, sights from afar the deceitful trick used by Communists to belittle the Catholic Church in the eyes of the Black man. Only the scandal of bad Catholics is mentioned by the Reds, while the real Catholic solution to the Negro problem is suppressed. Apropos of which Mr. Miller notes: "Christianity does not belong to the White race. Because this race violates its spirit and essence is no valid reason for the Negro to repudiate it. You would not discredit the multiplication table because some unscrupulous business man manipulated it to your disadvantage in a shady business transaction. Then why discredit or decry Christianity because the White man fails to live up to its requirements?" For the Negro more than for the White man the issue of the day is Christ or Communism. How many are as prepared to choose correctly as Mr. Miller?

For the first time in the history of Southern India, Catholic girls of respectable middle class families between the ages of thirteen and eighteen—a period when the system of *purda* or non-appearance in public, is strictly enforced—have out of love for Christ, thrown aside their traditional reserve and class exclusiveness and are now engaged in apostolic work in the slums of Tuticorin.

## A CURE FOR COMMUNISM ON THE MISSIONS

The girls belong to the Students' Missionary League of St. Aloysius' Girls High School conducted by the Bishop of Tuticorin, Most Rev. Francis T. Roche, S.J., with the assistance of the Service Sisters of Mary. At present there are thirty-six student members, divided into three groups which visit once a week the slums of the city and minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of the miserable human beings who live huddled up in these wretched abodes. They have got into touch with some three hundred people, married and unmarried, all with hungry faces and sunken eyes. The Gospel of Christ comes much like a balm to a bruised body. Can the Communists do better?

We have just said good-bye to Father Andrew Vernon Graves, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who dropped in to announce his appointment as a missionary at large with residence at Revere, North Carolina. By a recent decree of the General of the Society of Jesus the State of North Carolina was shifted from the jurisdiction of the New Orleans Province to that of the Province of Maryland-New York. At present writing, Father Lawrence Touts, S.J., is the only Jesuit in North Carolina. He is stationed at Hot Springs with stations at Walnut and Marshall in Madison County and at Swiss in Yancy County. Father Graves will take up his residence at Revere in North Carolina from which he will attend Toledo in Yancy County. Revere is approximately forty miles north of Ashville.

## A NEW HOME MISSION IN NORTH CAROLINA

## DEATH OF FATHER WALTER E. MARQUARD, S.J.

The last copy to reach our office before going to press was in the form of a telegram from Father John A. Kilian, S.J., Procurator of the Missions for the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus, which relayed the sad news of the death of Father Walter E. Marquard, S.J., in Patna Mission, northern India. Father Marquard was Rector of Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Champaran District, India. For days prior to this sad announcement our India mail brought forebodings of the end from Father Marquard's fellow missionaries. Details from the life and death of this beloved missionary will be published in a future issue of JESUIT MISSIONS.

# India's Catholic



India's Catholic artist: Angelo da Fonseca.

**A**NGELO DA FONSECA is at present India's only Catholic artist. He is the scion of an old and well-known family of Santo Estevam, Goa, whose ancestors were converted to the Faith from Hinduism in the time of St. Francis Xavier, almost four hundred years ago. Angelo is a young man of thirty-three

years and, from all indications, a born artist. He showed unmistakable signs of his aptitude for painting early in life but, while at school, he devoted the greater part of his youth to the study of other subjects than art. Soon, however, he arrived at the parting of the ways and, true to his gifts and inclination, he took his first noteworthy step in favor of art as his life's work when he set out for Calcutta to join the Indian Society of Oriental Art. Angelo's desire was to become acquainted with the great Indian artist, Dr. Abindranath Tagore, founder of the Society. He went armed with a letter of introduction from Mrinalini Chattopadhyayn, the well-known educationalist of Bombay.

It was at an Exhibition of Oriental Art in Calcutta that Angelo first met Dr. Abindranath Tagore and introduced

himself, not with a visiting card or his letter from Chattopadhyayn, but with his sketch books. Dr. Tagore was pleased to hear that this young son of far-off Goa had journeyed all the way to Calcutta in search of art and thereupon invited him to come to his home and bring all his sketches with him. Later it was Dr. Tagore who helped Angelo decide to take up art as his life's work. Fonseca studied painting for six months under the able and sympathetic guidance of Dr. Tagore and, at his suggestion, went to Shantineketan ("The Abode of Peace," as it is called, but better known as Rabindranath Tagore's World University) which is located at Belpur in Bengal, not far from Calcutta. Here Angelo studied painting under the direction of Nandlala Bose, who needs no introduction in the world of Indian art.

The first paintings by Angelo da Fonseca were well received and won high praise at the Oriental Art Exhibitions, especially in Calcutta. All of his first paintings were bought by enthusiastic friends or by tourists who were impressed by his style and rich local coloring. It is interesting to note that Fonseca makes his own paints from the soil of his native Goa. He has used these clays, refined by himself, in all his frescoes and water colors. His mural decorations at the Anglican Ashram, Poona, have elicited high praise from art critics in India.

**I**N describing the murals by Fonseca at the Poona Ashram, Miss E. G. Gedge, herself an artist of note, says: "The sanctuary is adorned with paintings by Angelo da Fonseca, the promising young Goan artist. On either side of the door leading into the sanctuary are two paintings representing the 'Annunciation.' On the left panel stands the Angel Gabriel with arms outstretched towards the Blessed Virgin, depicted on the right panel. The Angel is clad in soft red garments, long-sleeved, which contrast well with the dull green sky which forms the background of the picture. On the other side of the arch is the Blessed Virgin dressed as a typical Maharashtra maiden in prayerful attitude, with a small lamp nearby from which the reflected light illumines the clear-cut features of her lovely face. Her hair is loosely knotted and decorated with Champa flowers and above her hovers the holy Dove of Peace. The background shows a sandstone terrace with a low coping and a wide sky behind which enhances the feeling of space. Within the sanctuary on the altar-frontal is a picture of our Lord breaking bread with His Disciples at Emmaus. The Disciples are seated on the floor in Indian fashion. The general tone of the painting is quiet and restful and the color-scheme is orange and dull red. Above the altar, on the wall, hangs a beautiful 'Pieta,' also by Fonseca. The artist's treatment of some of the figures reminds one of the frescoes at Ajanta. Mr. Fonseca's first pictures at the Ashram were designed almost on the spur of the moment and painted at once, even though this necessitated his working through the night by the light of an ordinary lantern. The original drawing of the 'Crucifixion,' with St. Francis of Assisi in the foreground, is a powerful piece of work. Opposite to it, on the other side of the doorway, is a representation of St. Francis and the leper. Fonseca has studied in the Tagore School and one wishes that he could further develop his talent in one of the great art centers of Europe."

It was during his stay at the Poona Ashram that Angelo da Fonseca painted another picture of the "Annunciation" which was published in full color by *Catholic Action*, a Bombay Quarterly. This picture attracted wide attention and aroused curiosity not only throughout India but in Europe, England and America as well. It was the first work by



"Suffered under Pontius Pilate." Painted by Fonseca in 1936.

# Artist

Marion R. Batson, S. J.

Fonseca that I had seen and I lost no time in getting in touch with the artist. I found that he preferred to paint religious subjects and that he was dreaming of a Catholic School of Indian Art. This happens to be a chapter out of my own book of dreams and, since that first exchange of ideas and plans, we have become thoroughly acquainted and mutually eager to make dreams come true.

Shortly after this, Fonseca sent me a number of original water colors. These impressed me very much and, with his permission, I placed them where I thought they would arouse interest and win friends for him. The result is most consoling and gives promise of greater things to follow. Father M. Ledrus, S. J., Editor of *The New Review*, a Calcutta monthly, was most enthusiastic and published one of Fonseca's pictures without delay and plans to publish them regularly in the future. Other Calcutta magazines followed his example and not a few were surprised to find Fonseca's painting of "The Nativity" appear in color as the frontispiece of *Prabasi*, a Bengali Monthly, and the same in *The Modern Review*, a Hindu Monthly which enjoys a wide circulation throughout India and the world. This would seem to indicate that Fonseca's painting appeals to the Indian sense of the beautiful.

IT was not long before letters of inquiry about Fonseca and his work began to come in from America, England and Europe. Mr. Lorin Binse, of Liturgical Arts, New York, was the first to show enthusiasm and asked for full details about the artist and for photographs of his work. Then came a series of letters from Father F. Goodall, C.S.C., Editor of *The Bengalese*, the official publication of the Holy Cross Foreign Mission Society, published in Washington, D. C. Father Goodall has had a number of years'



"And in Jesus Christ, our Lord." Another of Fonseca's originals painted in 1936.

experience as a missionary in Dacca, India, and is an enthusiastic admirer of Indian art. His publishing of "The Annunciation" in *The Bengalese* attracted the attention of Herr Sepp Schuller, curator of the Missionary Museum, Aachen, Germany, who has ordered a number of paintings from Fonseca and who is soon to publish a book concerning Catholic art outside Europe, in which many of Fonseca's paintings will appear in color. At present, Fonseca is working on a painting of St. Francis Xavier, preparing for the Fourth Centennial of the landing of St. Francis in India (May 6, 1542). After finishing the painting of St. Francis Xavier, Fonseca will continue with his series of pictures illustrating the articles of the Creed.

WHAT is the future of Catholic art in India? Obviously, the same as the future of Catholic art in any other country. The Catholic religion is universal. Art is universal. Beauty and truth are God's own gifts to mankind. Art is the expression of what is beautiful, what is true. Catholic art is the expression of the truths and beauties to be found in the Catholic Faith. And Catholic Indian Art is the expression of these truths and beauties in a manner characteristic of the Indian point of view, in a manner that will be at once intelligible to Indians and appreciated by them. Fonseca's idea is to lay before Indian eyes the truth and the beauty of the Catholic Faith in a manner that will be understood and appreciated by them.

To accomplish this aim, Fonseca must "translate" the treasures of the Catholic Faith into Indian symbols. His aim is not so much to "Indianize" what is obviously non-Indian as to rescue for his people what has been "translated" from the original into a purely western symbolism. This cannot be done at one stroke of his eager brush nor with many strokes, however apt. Angelo is the first to admit his limitations as an artist, just as he is first to express his eagerness to go higher and do better work. Angelo da Fonseca shows great promise; let us hope that he will one day be numbered among the masters of all time, a true knight who captured a multitude of hearts (Turn to page 223)

"Our Lady of India," as painted by Fonseca.



# Euterpe Comes to Baghdad

Charles W. Mahan, S.J.

**I**T was on the school balcony one day in February that I first discovered the influence of Euterpe. Investigating the strange sounds coming from one corner of the balcony, I discovered a small boy solemnly puffing and sucking on a battered harmonica. Nor was it a mere haphazard business, for his melody bore a commendable likeness to the college song. A little encouragement brought forth a few more songs, among them no less a gem than "Marching Through Georgia," learned, it seems, at the "talkies." In no time at all several rival organists appeared with their instruments and began to rehearse their repertoires. Thus was Euterpe discovered, for if you have not forgotten your Muses, you will recall that Euterpe is the Muse of Lyric Song and the reputed inventor of wind instruments.

**O**F this encounter was born an idea and there came into being at Baghdad College a new organization, a harmonica band known as "The Melody Musketeers," unquestionably the only one of its kind in Iraq and an organization that is perhaps unique in the annals of Jesuit colleges. Possibly you think that music, or harmonica music at least, is a futile instrument for the work of saving souls, but such will not be your opinion if you are familiar with the life of that great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier. His biographers tell us that when the saint came to India he found the natives a music-loving people, but he discovered very soon also that the devil seemed to have all the catchy tunes, for the songs the people were singing were far from pious. Meeting guile with guile, St. Francis took the catchy tunes and in place of the naughty words substituted couplets of his own in which he embodied the truths of the Catholic Faith. But a few months ago another Jesuit



*Puzzle: Name the instruments used by this musical quartette of Baghdad, Iraq.*

missionary in India made the novel experiment of giving a musical mission. He had the ordinary Catholic prayers and the explanation of the simple truths of the catechism put to music and recorded on graphophone records. Announcing a series of religious concerts, for five or six nights he played his records for crowds of delighted natives and with very gratifying results.

Fortunately, our situation in Baghdad is not the same as was St. Francis Xavier's in India. There is, of course, Arabic music, and human nature being what it is, there may be naughty words in the popular songs, but in all the Arabic music that we have heard there is no such thing as a catchy tune. In Arabic music there is no strict harmony or polyphony. It is arranged in simple melodies abounding in quavers and quilismas and for the most part in minor keys. It may have merit when rendered by a trained musician, but the songs that we hear of the donkey-drivers carolling to their dumb charges, or of the Arab boatman serenading the stars as he drifts lazily down the Tigris, or the wild, rhythmic, repetitious chant of the Moslem religious processions have

little charm for the western ear. Nor is the effect enhanced by the accom-  
(Turn to page 223)



*Here you are! "The Melody Musketeers" of Baghdad College, Iraq,—1937.*

# Spiritual Exercises on the Missions

## The Mission Intention for September

THREE interpretations of the phrase "Spiritual Exercises" as this is understood in the Mission Intention for September may be adduced. These are 1. Parish missions. 2. Sermon courses or pious practices conducted over a period of days in some church, chapel or other appropriate site with the immediate objective of reforming the Christian lives of the congregation. 3. More especially the phrase connotes what are now popularly recognized as *The Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, particularly as these Exercises are given in the so-called closed retreat.

As written for *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, these Exercises of St. Ignatius are "a concise memorandum for the guidance of a director and an exercitant in the performance of a carefully planned series of reflections, meditations, affective aspirations, self-examinations and resolutions. The aim of the *Spiritual Exercises* is: 1. The purification of the soul from disordered affections and worldly standards; 2. the discovery of the Divine Will before making a choice of a state of life; 3. the consecration of the person's mind and will to the service of the Creator under the leadership of Jesus Christ. They are divided into four periods, designated as "weeks." The *Spiritual Exercises*, in a sense, are to the Society (of Jesus) what the Rule (*regula*) is to the older Religious Orders. From them have been derived the ascetical teaching and practice of the members as well as methods of their apostolate."

In his Encyclical Letter, *Mens Nostra*, published December 20, 1929, Pope Pius XI traced the history and noted the effects of retreats from the days of Our Blessed Lord Himself. Of the ten days spent in prayer by the Apostles and disciples with the Mother of Christ in the Cenacle after Our Lord's resurrection, the Pontiff writes: "He willed that these same Apostles and His disciples should be polished and perfected in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, where for the space of ten days, 'persevering with one mind in prayer,' they were made worthy to receive the Holy Spirit; surely a memorable retreat, which first foreshadowed spiritual exercises; from which the Church came forth endowed with virtue and perpetual strength; and in which, in the presence of the Virgin Mary Mother of God, and aided by her powerful patronage, those also were instituted whom we may rightly call precursors of Catholic Action."

The retreat practice continued on through the Primitive Church and succeeding ages until the formal establishment of the first House of Retreats by St. Charles Borromeo. These gradually multiplied and last year in the United States alone 30,000 retreatants of both sexes enjoyed the benefits of closed retreats in 70 Retreat Houses. That the Pontiff favors this closed retreat is evident from the Encyclical already mentioned: "Although we regard those meditations as worthy of praise and pastoral approval in which many make the exercises together in public—for these have received many blessings from God—still we most strongly recommend those

spiritual exercises which are made in private, and are called 'closed.' For in these a man is more easily separated from intercourse with creatures and concentrates the dissipated powers of his soul on God and himself, and on the contemplation of eternal truths." The present Pontiff has made arrangements for holding spiritual exercises every year in the Vatican as an example for the hierarchy and the priesthood who likewise make their own either singly or in groups.

Nevertheless, despite the excellence of the retreat movement and its rich results, the prosaic fact remains that on the mission field today it is very difficult to find a sufficient quota of priests to conduct these exercises while retreat houses and the money needed to defray the running expenses of the same are generally lacking. It is precisely for the removal of these obstacles that we are asked to pray.

One would be led to pray more fervently for this intention if one recalled how by this method St. Francis Xavier converted thousands of sinners and laid the foundation of the Faith in the Far East. It was his Japanese convert Paul of the Holy Faith who introduced the retreat idea into his native Empire of Japan. Later the celebrated Chinese Minister of State, Paul Sin, a convert of Father Ricci, S.J., was responsible for the spread of the same idea among his Chinese countrymen.

In order that modern missionaries might the more effectively capitalize on the retreat idea, Propaganda speaking through the Council of Bombay in 1898 and the Council of Shanghai in 1924, suggested separate retreats for separate classes, for example, boys, girls, young men, young women, workers, the educated and the uneducated. A model application of this idea is to be found today in Manila on the Philippine Mission of the American Jesuits. There under the direction of Father Juan Anguela, S.J., a retreat house is conducted for working men and various other classes of laymen and for priests. Because of the proven merits of the system, Father Henry I. Irwin, S.J., has recently been assigned to the sole status of a retreat director and with the cooperation of his fellow Jesuits is at this present writing accomplishing excellent work of inestimable future value for the Church in these Islands among the High School, College and University students both of Manila and of the Provinces. The extraordinary fruit of retreat work among the prisoners of Bilibid Prison was described in edifying detail in the November JESUIT MISSIONS.

What these Jesuits are doing in Manila is being done by all American Jesuits according to their resources of men and money. They are living witnesses of the truth as stated by His Holiness that "If spiritual exercises be extended everywhere through all the orders of Christian society, and if they be diligently performed, a spiritual regeneration will follow. Piety will be enkindled, the forces of religion will be nourished, the apostolic office will unfold its fruit-bearing branches, and peace will reign in society and in the hearts of all."

# Afield with American Jesuits

## ALASKA

Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., who with Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., is stationed at Akulurak Mission, Yukon Delta, Alaska, reports on the Golden Jubilee celebration of Reverend Mother Laurentia, O.S.U.:

"April 14, feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, was a gala day for Akulurak Mission on the lower Yukon. Together with the feast of St. Joseph we had the privilege of celebrating the Golden Jubilee of Reverend Mother Laurentia, Prioress of the Ursuline Nuns. Mother Laurentia was born in Skibbereen, Ireland, and came to the States when eighteen years of age. She entered the Ursuline Order at Bedford Park, N. Y., where she was professed in 1887. Soon afterwards she was sent to the Indian Missions of Montana where she labored for seventeen years. On August 13, 1905, she sailed for Alaska, with two other Ursulines, to be Superior of the Convent of Akulurak, a central post in the tundra country, with a boarding school for orphan Eskimo girls brought here by the Jesuit missionaries and placed under the immediate guidance of the Ursulines.

"Since the Fall of 1905, Reverend Mother Laurentia has been working in this unknown corner, under the same roof, with no less than thirty-two claims to be called a real Alaskan sourdough. Today, as back in 1905, she is at the door to welcome every new little girl who invariably arrives without knowing English, orphaned, shy and crying out of lonesomeness. These crying girls Mother Laurentia polishes up for several years till they

become respectable young ladies of marriageable age. Everywhere throughout the tundra from St. Michael's to Hooper Bay, from Nelson Island to Marshall, one is bound to meet former Akulurak girls who are happily married, talk good English, know their prayers and their religious obligations and speak encomiastically of their 'Mother' Laurentia. She alone has the privilege of looking down with a smile on pretty babies, grandchildren of her first school girls. Every summer she has been presiding over the cutting and drying of thousands of salmon; she has taught hundreds of girls how to mend and how to make boots, how to read and write,—in a word, she has been the mother and teacher of the countless girls who have 'graduated' from Akulurak.

"Together with our three score girls our school supports over thirty orphan Eskimo boys who in some respects fall also under Mother Laurentia's supervision. When news spread of her Golden Jubilee, all the Akulurak children, young and old, vied with one another as to who would present her with a better souvenir. On the feast the two Jesuit Fathers celebrated their Mass for her intention, extolling her in a sermon to the children, though at the risk of injuring Mother's inborn modesty. After breakfast, when she was officially greeted, she was presented with a rich variety of typical objects such as baskets, boots, parkees for dolls, mittens, purses, and other Alaskan curiosities, all handmade by the donors. Former pupils coming from far off villages added solemnity to this event. In the evening Mother

Laurentia was the guest of honor at an entertainment conducted by the school children under the guidance of the teaching Nuns. Among the different items—some of them exceedingly amusing—we applauded warmly the music and singing of Sister Antoinette, the recitation of Sister Laurentine, the poem of Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., and his play in three acts in which I acted as Father Treca, a name most venerable and unforgettable in this school. The program ended by presenting Mother with a Spiritual Bouquet exquisitely elaborated by one of the school girls.

"May we have the privilege of celebrating with even greater pomp, Reverend Mother's Diamond Jubilee."

## CEYLON

On July 4, Father John T. Linehan, S.J., was ordained to the sacred priesthood at Lille in France. His Eminence, Achille Cardinal Lienart, was the officiating prelate, and the ordination was held in the Cathedral of Notre Dame de la Treille. Father Linehan is a member of the New Orleans Province and is assigned to the Mission of Trincomalie, Ceylon. He has already spent some time there teaching in St. Michael's College in Batticaloa. Instead of making his theological studies in India, he was sent to Enghien in Belgium. JESUIT MISSIONS offers its heartiest congratulations to the newly ordained and prays that God will spare him for many years of apostolic work in Ceylon—a work that is so very dear to his heart and for which he gives such great promise.

## PATNA, INDIA

Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., has been fighting heat and malaria. From Catholic Mission, Godda P. O., S. P., India, he writes:

"I wish that I could send you some of this heat. I am sitting in my little house at Godda today and the temperature must be over a hundred or close to it. I was away last week, but the Sisters came in from Poreya in my absence and Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J., writes that they brought word back to Poreya that this house is like hell. Well, after spending the last two days here I am not going to dispute the assertion.

"The Bishop called us to Patna for a conference on the twelfth. I was all ready to come back on Tuesday, but the malaria hit me again and for two days I just was not able to go any place. I am not feeling too stout yet, but as there is no one to look after things I thought I had better come this far at least, although I may not try any excursions to outlying stations for a few days and only when it gets cooler, if it does. I believe that



Some California Jesuits at Gonzaga College, Shanghai, China. Left to right: Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J. (Superior), Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., Father Mark A. Falvey, S.J., Wilfred J. LeSage, S.J.



*Father F. Joseph Kerr, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who recently finished Tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, sailed for missionary work in the Philippines on July 10.*

I told you our building at Saroni is held up because we cannot get immediate possession of the land. My men are putting up a mud house at Baramsia over on the other side, but I haven't felt able to go out and see it since I came back. It will replace Kusbila. If we can ever get some good buildings in these sectors it will help out greatly. Father Superior, Father F. N. Loesch, S.J., is getting me a motor cycle. It is too much to try to cover both sectors on cycle or foot. While I may not be able to reach every station with a motor cycle, I am in hopes it will help out a great deal. Gradually we may get established, but things go slowly.

"I believe that I told you too that we had our Easter celebration at Sundarmur under a tent. A charitable Hindu at Saroni gave it to us, set it up and sent two men to care for it a day for about two dollars and a half. The Lord ought to bless him. He is quite taken with our religion, but like many other good men he finds it hard to break out of the social system to which they are enslaved. Pray for him. If we could make a start with a few of these people, many would come in.

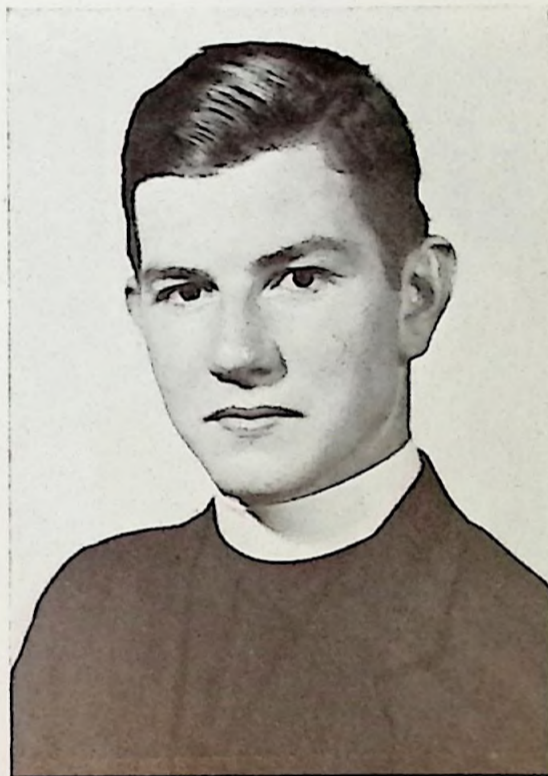
"Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., also fell a victim to fever on the Patna trip. They have not diagnosed his case yet, but it begins to look like malaria too. He had been boasting that it had never got him, but I guess it got every one who spent much time in the Parganas this year. I think the vast majority of the natives, particularly the children, are infected with it, and when we stay in their houses it is only natural that the little mosquito infects us too.

"Anyway, maybe I can get caught

up on some of my clerical work now. The difficulty of our work is that we are supposed to wander around the *dehat*, and at the same time do considerable writing besides keeping the stations' books. The result is that something has to suffer. I had intended to get something done this morning before the heat got too great, but some of Father Stoy's people came in and begged me to go down to the court with them about some case or other. The result was that I was chasing around on cycle most of the morning."

#### IRAQ

Father William A. Rice, S.J., writes from Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq, "All the Brethren are finishing up the school year quite strong. The heat is not bad, and we are closing on the



*John R. Moholy, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, sailed for China on August 7. He will probably teach at Gonzaga College, Shanghai.*

13th of June—which does not mean that the boys are done with school for the year. Most of them are taking the Government exams this year which begin on the 14th or 15th and continue for a week or eight days. So in reality they won't be finished any sooner than usual. But the Fathers . . . well, they will have a week's grace.

"Building operations have been making slow progress this past month and a half. The Tigris broke the protecting bund and flooded the outside of the city where the brick kilns are situated, and the only way to get the bricks is by a long circuitous route, which is expensive. As we haven't the cash to stand the added expense we are waiting till the sands of the desert dry up. Our plans for beginning the boarding section next year, will have

to be postponed for a time. But we have reached the second story—almost—and the building looks imposing enough. I think though that we can finish it before the end of 1937, in shah Allah!"

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

The apostolic value of catechists to the Church in Jamaica, B. W. I., may be gleaned from a glance at the following results achieved by the Claverite Confraternity of Missionary Catechists, a small group of zealous men working under the auspices of Most Reverend Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica and the Very Reverend Father Francis Kelly, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission. The report was forwarded by Father William H. Feeney, S.J. Apostates reclaimed 150; persuaded to validate marriage 6; sick visits 856, to Institutions 550, to homes 306; Catholic children sent to Catholic schools and Sunday schools 111; brought back to Sacraments 201; literature distributed (pieces) 1,484; reports of sick Catholics 337; catechists' Holy Communions 7,231; instructions given 6,508; quiet Sundays observed 24; retreats held 9; registered attendance at centres 228, of whom Catholics numbered 207, catechumens 25. General Status: number of city catechists 27; rural 9, honorary 10, total 46; centres of instruction: catechumenate 1, preparatory Sunday schools 9, catechist stations 4, Church Sunday schools controlled by catechists 4, vicariate missions 7, Institution controlled by catechists 1.

"Once organized, the various catechists set themselves to work chiefly in the most neglected spots of the main city of the Island. Their sympathetic



*Hubert W. Adams, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, has been assigned to St. Paul's Indian Mission, Montana.*



*William T. McIntyre, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, has been assigned to St. Ignatius Indian Mission, Montana.*

approach to the underprivileged found an almost immediate response. Wherever they found a space in the thickly populated areas, they drew around them hearers and inquirers. Non-Catholics, fallen away Catholics, and poorly instructed faithful, gave a response, sometimes readily, at other times not so readily to the call of the catechists. Incidentally the visit of the catechist discovered the sick, many of whom were reported to the priests for the ministration of the Sacraments. Poor Houses, homes and prisons proved fertile grounds for the work of the new apostles.

"That self sanctification might not lag, retreats were opened. These were later enlarged so that not only the catechists, but other laymen might attend."

\* \* \*

Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., writes from Mandeville of another one of his building experiences:

"My sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me help for the missions. I am just now going through my usual post-building experiences, faced with a debt that should stagger me, but somehow I feel that I will meet it. It's only \$300 but it's a lot to me.

"Father Charles Eberle, S.J., is resting up here for a few days. My residence just now is the envy of many, as the hot season is on in the lowlands, and I am situated in a village over 2,000 feet high.

"I am dedicating this, my latest church structure, to our new Jesuit Doctor of the Church, St. Robert Bellarmine, S.J."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From one of his friends and admirers, comes this pen picture of Father James G. Daly, S.J., Pastor of Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, P. I.:

"Poor Father Daly is still giving his gift of self, whole and entire, but he has to cut himself into very small pieces in order to cover all of his huge parishes single-handed. Here is a sample of one of his days, and that not one of the busiest.

"Five-twenty in the Jimenez church for confessions, Benediction, Holy Communion. Off in the Ford to Aloran, ten kilometers away, for a Nuptial Mass and Baptisms. Back to Jimenez and off to Clarin, for a wedding that simply couldn't wait until Wednesday, 'because Wednesday is a school day, Father, and besides the



*John E. Casey, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University and has been assigned to Holy Rosary Mission, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.*

invitations are already out." Back to Jimenez for the preliminaries and ceremonies of twelve Baptisms. Teachers' meeting to organize the Parochial Eucharistic Congress—a good hour. In the afternoon, a sick call to Tudela, and another to Macabuyao, which means four kilometers trudging in the mud. (The next day this good woman was buried from the Aglipayan church by her Aglipayan relatives, with a band and much ado.) Our good priest comes home to find four bodies at the church door, victims of dysentery. There has been a petty theft in the Convent and he must calm the boys. The Sisters are waiting for Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A committee of zealous subscription workers wants to tell him all the details of their work, for they

have walked many a weary kilometer, from one *barrio* to another, and have argued with reluctant spenders to get them to subscribe to the *Commonweal*, the Catholic weekly. Couldn't Father sit down now and typewrite the names and addresses of their conquest? Yes, of course, Father could, just as soon as he directs the truck where to put the coral for the cesspool. The carpenter has a few questions to ask, too. A woman is asking for a Novena of Saint Roque. Eight *centavos*? She is very poor, she says, and will only pay three. Or perhaps Father will only lend it? She will return it after the feast day (!!). Another woman wonders if Father will be able to write in English a letter to America for her. She will just tell him in Visayan what she wants to say. A man reels in, asking a spade for the funeral, and the key to the cemetery. The cortege was already there and waiting. A young fellow bounds up the stairs, waving exultantly the telegram he has just received from Bohol that his wife to be was really baptized there. The Sisters are waiting for Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

"The next day is Sunday. Father is fortunate that a visiting priest will say Mass in Jimenez and Aloran. However, he himself must make the announcements and preach in Visayan, before leaving to say Mass in Clarin and Tudela. Heartbroken to refuse anybody anything, he must refuse the supplications of many men from as many *barrios* to come to visit their catechism classes and say Mass in their chapels. Exhausted, he returns to the *convento* at noon,—to entertain the visitor, who has come to see about



*Benjamin V. Dela Hunt, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University and has been assigned to St. Francis Mission, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.*



*Harold A. Fuller, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University and has been assigned to Holy Rosary Mission, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.*

the *Commonweal* subscriptions. At two-fifteen, the catechism teachers begin to arrive, to ask for pictures to give to their pupils and to be sent off with their car fare in the bus, or in the auto of the priest. Six groups of teachers leave from the *convento*. The rest of the fifty-eight teachers connected with Jimenez and Aloran live near their posts, and so do not have to be sent. (The car fare of these six groups takes more than the whole Sunday collection.) As soon as the little Ford returns, Father leaves for Tudela for the Sunday Baptisms there, and goes on to Misamis to bring back Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., and Brother John Doyle, S.J. If they speed, they may arrive in time for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in Jimenez. Otherwise, the people will go home at six-fifteen after the Rosary. If Father Gallagher can be persuaded to stay overnight, some place else may have the benefit of Father Daly's Mass on Monday.

"So, on he goes, sustained by God alone knows what strength from above, always calm, quiet, firm in mind, emaciated to the nth degree, a true priest, a Jesuit in the truest sense of the word, never surprised into being ungentlemanly—or even un-Christlike. With the responsibility of Vicar Forane on this whole coast, and countless worries that will never be published, his gray hairs are increasing daily,—but not as fast as his merits in the eyes of God."

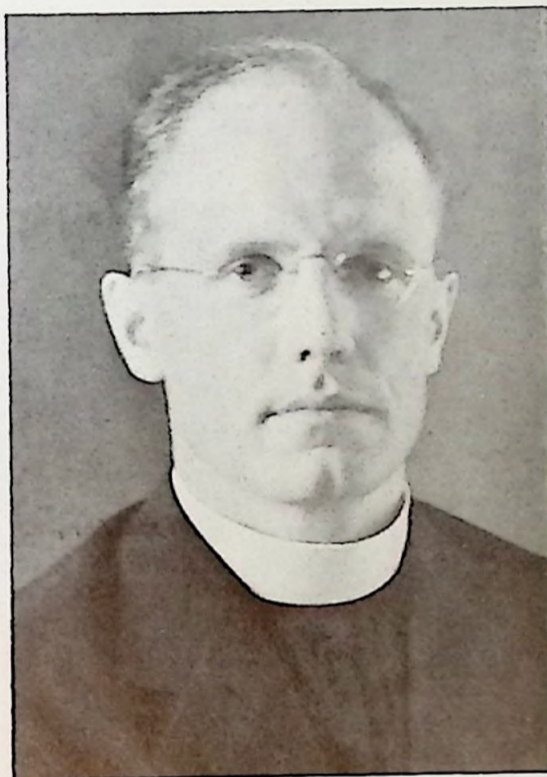
#### SOUTHERN STATES

In an interesting account under the title of "Alabama's New Apostolate," Michael F. Kennelly, S.J., of St.

Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., tells us something of rural work among Catholics in the vicinity of Mobile.

"Anyone visiting Mobile, Alabama, today would scarcely believe that a real missionary field lies not more than a few miles from the city. Yet such is the case of the Spring Hill Missions on Mobile Heights. Here can be found many non-Catholics and Catholics whose lives are surrounded by such difficulties and hardships as would discourage the efforts of the most sanguine missionary. Covering an area of almost five hundred square miles, the Mission extends from the suburbs of the city as far westward as the Mississippi State line.

"Farming is one of the principal industries here, but due to the barren soil the farmer has a very precarious occupation. Lumber, another means of



*Lawrence C. Helmueller, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University and has been assigned to St. Francis Mission, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.*

livelihood, has little commercial value, since the cost of preparing it and trucking it over the sandy soil to the far distant mill is too high. Hence, poverty with its dire effects is everywhere felt and is one of the greatest obstacles to the missionary in carrying on and furthering the glorious cause of Christ in this field.

"However, despite poverty and many other handicaps, work in the Mission is gradually gaining ground and becoming more and more promising. The Mission now has four beautiful churches, all of which are located at central points. The recent renovation of all the churches by Father Michael J. Cronin, S.J., makes it possible for priest and people alike to follow the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass during the Winter months without fre-

quently enduring bitter cold and dripping rain from leaky roofs.

"Of particular interest is the new school attached to St. Mary's Mission Church built under the direction of Father Cronin, assisted by Brother Martial Lapeyre, S.J. The addition of a shed at the back of the school is proving to be singularly useful, for the young children can now enjoy a hot lunch every cold day. Prior to 1933, a few classes were taught in the church itself. But because this was totally unsuitable, Father Cronin had one of the small mission churches removed to St. Mary's and transformed into a building suitable for school purposes. Thus was established the new grammar school and thus, at last, was fulfilled the long awaited desire of the missionary. The difficult problem of staffing it was solved by five girls—all graduates of the Convent of Mercy in Mobile—who generously volunteered their services as teachers. For over three years now this unusual work of Catholic Action has been carried out by these girls, thus helping to bring a thorough Catholic education to the poor children of the Mission. Very many of the people in the Mission can neither read nor write; as a consequence there is much ignorance of matters pertaining to our holy Faith. But far more lamentable is the fact that the children before the establishment of the school were growing up just as ignorant as the older people, mainly due to the financial inability of their parents to send them to Mobile Catholic schools.

"To help the progress of the Mission nothing has been left undone by the devoted Sisters of Mercy Convent and Providence in Mobile. At Christmas time they give much effort



*William J. Moore, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University and has been assigned to St. Francis Mission, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.*



*Father Michael J. Cronin, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, with teachers and children at St. Mary's Mission.*

and personal sacrifice towards sponsoring a Christmas tree for the students of the school. Each child received a new pair of shoes, an article of clothing and some toys."

### CHINA

Father John A. Lennon, S.J., of the California Province gives a glowing report of activities in the Sacred Heart Parish at Shanghai, China, where he is Pastor:

"Last Friday, June 4, we celebrated the parish feast of the Sacred Heart. A well attended Novena had prepared the way, and to add to the solemnity, Father Joachim Guerra, S.J., of the Portuguese Mission of Macao, one of the group of twelve Jesuits and five secular (Chinese) priests ordained the day before at Zi-ka-wei by Monsignor A. Haouisée, S.J., said his first Mass at seven o'clock assisted by Father Joseph Martins, S.J., of the same Mission. On every First Friday, the seven o'clock Mass is the Mass of the Apostleship of Prayer, and on the Feast of the Sacred Heart the church was crowded to capacity, and I think that practically every one present received Holy Communion. This was true also of the other Masses. Many of the old parishioners who have moved to other parts of the city returned that morning to do honor to the Sacred Heart. During the day, as on all First Fridays, there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and parochial and school groups, both Chinese and foreign, spent half hours in adoration until the hour for Solemn Benediction at six o'clock. Besides the Act of Reparation read in Latin by the celebrant, the foreign Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, led by Mr. A. M. Diniz, President, recited in English the Act of Consecration of Families to the Sacred Heart, and the Chinese Promoters chanted the same Act in their native tongue. It was truly inspiring and a fitting climax to a happy day spent in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"This year Monsignor Haouisée, S.J., divided our Confirmation class into two groups. On Easter Monday he confirmed ninety Chinese children and adults, and then returned on Pentecost Monday to confer the Sacrament on seventy-two foreign children and adults. The children of the latter group had made their First Holy Communion on Ascension Thursday.

"The annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of China at Zosé was a real event this year; in fact, the parish had two pilgrimages, for Father F. B. Tsang, S.J., led a group of three hundred and fifty Chinese parishioners on May 15, and on Trinity Sunday, May 23, I accompanied about three hundred foreign members. In former years we had to take an early morning train (5:30 A.M.) to Sungkiang and then proceed by a flotilla of small boats along the winding canals to Zosé, arriving perhaps—if wind and water

were favorable—about ten-thirty A.M. But that is past history now! We go all the way by motor bus and reach Zosé in about an hour and a half."

\* \* \*

Father Joseph Caron, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who is in charge of the Junior Seminary of the Sacred Heart, at Haimen, China, writes about the work he and his young seminarians are doing at the Home for aged men in their district:

"Some months ago I wrote to you about the Home for old pagan men in our district. Lately the interest of our seminarians in the Home has been remarkably increased. The pagan Director is only too glad to see our young men taking such good care of his old folks. As our Seminary and the Home are connected by telephone the demands are daily increasing and we have also increased our staff of workers.

"On last Good Friday not less than ten of the old men received Baptism in our Cathedral and the event created great enthusiasm among the seminarians. The entire Home, needless to say, was also in a happy rustle on this occasion. Even the Director was profoundly moved and to our great joy announced his intention of becoming a Catholic with his entire family.

"Every Sunday practically all of the old men come to hear Mass in our Cathedral. This, besides the ordinary fruits of the Mass, has had two notable advantages. First, it brings about new acquaintances between the pagans and our Catholic people and, secondly, it sets the old men talking all week long about our Catholic ceremonies and teachings.

"Once a month we distribute a variety of things to the old men."



*Father Joseph Caron, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, with a few of his seminarians and the inmates of the "Home" for pagan old men at Haimen, China. The seminarians are carrying on apostolic work among the old men.*

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Literature vs. Literature

To the Editor:

An experience of mine may interest your readers and will, I hope, encourage them to send me some much needed literature. Recently, as I was on my way to school to say Mass, one of my faithful Indians informed me that a White man and woman had come to town the previous evening and that the former was talking against the priests. Probing a little, I realized that he was one of Judge Rutherford's traveling preachers who had been dumping insidious literature for three years in and about these missions.

Now no White man has a right to be on the Reserve without authorization from the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs. So, I secured the help of an Indian Constable and the two of us, with Father Edward Flaherty, S.J., and my Indian informant, went up to the place where this Rutherford preacher had lodged the night previously. We realized there was no time to lose, and having the law on our side, succeeded in quick fashion in making the man and woman leave the Reserve.

The Indians are quite proud and pleased at our quick and strong action, but this little story is not written without a purpose. The evil of bad literature and bad propaganda is here. We need good Catholic literature to combat the doctrine of Rutherford. I shall be deeply grateful to any readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who can send us pamphlets from the Catholic Truth Society, the Irish Messenger Press, copies of The New Testament, some treatises on standard errors such as "Worship of Images," "Forgiveness of Sins," "Papal Succession from Peter." Any one who has copies or who can supply copies of "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, and such like books or pamphlets, would help us wonderfully. We must fight literature by literature.

My address is given below, and let me assure you of my deepest gratitude for anything that may be sent.

Holy Cross Mission, (Rev.) Alexander Rolland, S.J.  
Wikwemikong, Ontario.

## Not "A Sales Lady"

To the Editor:

You will find a check enclosed to renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. To my mind, it is by far the best missionary paper published, and I look forward to reading it every month. I've tried to get some new subscriptions but, as a sales lady, I'm a dismal failure.

Some time ago, there was a call for used school books. I have a number of them up in our attic that I shall gladly send, if they can be used. They are in good condition. Arithmetics, Language books, Spellers, Readers. They have accumulated during my teaching career. I also noted a call for used magazines and if I am not mistaken, that they could be sent free as "unsuitable for sale."

I thank you for your kindness in reminding me of my subscription and especially of remembering me in your Mass on June 24. May I ask you also to remember a favorite nephew, now at Milford Novitiate, who joined your Order, September 8, 1936?

Cleveland, Ohio.

Catherine Carey.

## Spiritual Arms for the Missions

To the Editor:

It may interest you to know the results of the Mission Boards this year towards which you gave substantial aid. In brackets I place the results at the same school last year. There is one result which to me seems somewhat doubtful but not at all impossible: the Ejaculations.

Masses, 28,253 (17,332); Communions, 16,807 (10,069); Beads, 56,203 (49,525); Visits, 25,570 (15,449); Ejaculations, 5,306,642 (1,981,838); Sacrifices, 103,412 (58,707); Hours of Class, 241,097 (64,591).

The results are consoling and I think that in the one school of St. Dominic's here in Montreal they have reached the practical maximum, when you consider that there are only about 250 girls in the classes having Mission Boards. It means that on an average, each girl went to Mass twice a week or oftener and to Communion at least once a week for the intention of the missions.

Montreal, Canada.

(Rev.) James S. McGivern, S.J.

## A Catholic, Not a W. P. A. Project!

To the Editor:

I herewith renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS, a really great paper. I was greatly interested in a letter in the last number from one of your readers who deplored the condition of Father Marquette's last earthly resting place. All Catholics will heartily agree with him that this condition of affairs should be immediately remedied. An imposing memorial should be erected there and if the conditions are made known the work will be done. But I do not agree with his suggestion that this should be a W. P. A. project. The objections to that plan are so many and obvious that it is hardly necessary to state them. Suffice it to say that this is not the Government's job. It is decidedly and definitely our job as Americans and Catholics. Why should we lie down on the job and ask the Government to do it? If a Catholic paper, preferably JESUIT MISSIONS, would start a fund they could put it over. Any Catholic would gladly put in his mite and a little from all of us would more than suffice. And of course we would gladly accept contributions from Protestants, who like ourselves venerate the memory of Father Marquette.

West Somerville, Mass.

F. J. Kelter.

## Youthful Praise

To the Editor:

I am writing to you to express my gratitude for sending your magazine called JESUIT MISSIONS to our school every month.

It is very nice to read about the customs and beliefs of pagans and Christians in the Orient and other nations across the sea.

The May edition showed many interesting pictures of the Eucharistic Congress held at Manila which I thoroughly enjoyed and give credit to the Editors of this periodical for getting such odd, clear and absorbing pictures.

May you be successful in all your undertakings for the missions.

East Cambridge, Mass.

Gertrude Ennis.

To the Editor:

I appreciate your sincere kindness in sending us those magazines. The stories telling about the Eskimos and Chinese babies, priests and Sisters are most interesting. I have learned a great deal about them from these books. I hope you can continue the wonderful work you are doing. I am saving the magazines and I am putting them in my little library. I am sure that if any one reads these books they will have a wider knowledge of what is going on in the mission fields and what is being accomplished. Thank you for your kind generosity and be assured of a remembrance in my prayers.

East Cambridge, Mass.

William Bais.

To the Editor:

I have enjoyed your Jesuit books very much. I have learned many good things about foreign missions and how those who dedicated their lives to God work hard for the salvation of souls. I have read seven books and have found them all very interesting and instructive. May God bless your noble work. May God give you the grace to continue your worthy cause.

East Cambridge, Mass.

John DeWolf.

To the Editor:

To me, the Jesuit magazine has been a rare treat, for I like to read and I read all the books that Sister was kind enough to give me.

I found all parts most interesting and learned a great deal about the splendid work that is being done in the missions.

May God bless your great work and sacrifice. Thanks for your kindness.

East Cambridge, Mass.

Frances McCarthy.

## A Suggestion to be Seconded

To the Editor:

I'd like to suggest that present subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS might swell the circulation of the best mission magazine by introducing the magazine in the Summer resorts where they may spend their vacations.

Would the Editor send sample copies or subscription blanks to those interested?

Perhaps the Pastor in the Summer resort church would make an announcement about the magazine and allow subscription blanks to be distributed.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Wise.

# The Boy from Peking

Albert R.  
O'Hara, S. J.

"THERE is a new student for the Junior Division who speaks Mandarin. He came from Peking just a year ago." This news came from the Prefect of the Chinese Department as he passed me in the hall of Gonzaga College in Shanghai, conducted by the California Jesuits. I hurried to the parlor and found a twelve-year-old boy standing there alone.

"Are you the new student from Peking?" I asked.

I scarcely needed a verbal reply for I was greeted with a profound bow that had all of the grace of the old imperial city in it.

"Your honorable name?" I queried in the approved fashion.

"My humble name is Chu Ching Sheng," and the answer was accompanied with another of those engaging bows.

"Where did you attend school last year?" I continued.

"At the Sacred Heart Primary School."

"Are you a Catholic, then?" I asked.

"No, but I have learned something about Catholicism and I could be a Catholic," he diplomatically replied.

LATER I learned that this little fellow had come to Gonzaga on a scholarship. He proved to be a bright and diligent pupil and whenever I had the occasion to speak to him, he still manifested that same grace and politeness that made me first picture him as a little page in the old court of the emperors. One day toward the end of the school year, Chu Ching Sheng failed to put in his appearance. A telephone call told us that he was seriously ill. A well-to-do Catholic Chinese woman who had sponsored his coming to the school was in close contact with the boy's family, so we let her handle the case. It was only when the boy came back to school that we heard the full story and it was an interesting one.

The boy had been seriously ill and finally the doctor had despaired of doing anything more for him. The family, being pagan, immediately resorted to superstitious practices. In the midst of the performance of these spells and incantations, in walked Mrs. Chao, the Catholic sponsor for the boy.

"What do you think

*Here is "The Boy from Peking," as you will meet him on a balmy spring day about the halls of Gonzaga College, Shanghai.*



*The Author, Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., and Chu Ching Sheng, wearing his heavy winter clothes.*

you will accomplish by this foolishness?" she chided. "The devil can't help your boy to get well, for he has no such power. You must pray to the true God Who alone can cause him to get well if it is His Will."

AT first her admonitions were met with hostile silence, but after a day or two the mother began to weaken, and then both parents gave in.

"All right, we shall pray to the God of Heaven but you must teach us how to do so."

This was very simply done, but before Mrs. Chao would allow them to begin she said:

"However, you must promise one thing, that if God hears your prayer you must allow your boy to become a Catholic if he desires to do so."

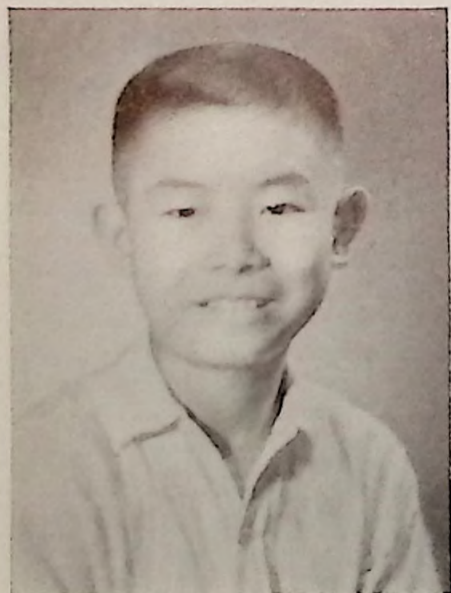
After a bit of hesitation the condition was agreed to. Under the direction of Mrs. Chao simple prayers were said for the boy's recovery. Almost immediate improvement was manifested. To the great surprise of the physician but to the great joy of the worried parents, recovery was rapid and complete.

When the boy was entirely well, Mrs. Chao called again and said:

"Now you have realized the power of the true God. Aren't you grateful?"

"We certainly are!" came back the happy reply of both mother and father.

"Very well then," continued Mrs. Chao, "your boy is returning to school and so you (Turn to page 224)



# Japan Pays Tribute

William C.  
Repetti, S.J.

ON the last morning of the Thirty-Third International Eucharistic Congress at Manila, a ceremony took place which was interesting but attracted scarcely any notice. It commenced at the Jesuit Church of St. Ignatius in the Walled City and ended at St. Theresa's College. To understand its significance it is necessary to give the historical background.

It is well known that the Church suffered one of its fiercest persecutions in Japan in the seventeenth century, a persecution which wiped out all external evidence of the Faith. In 1614 a large group of Japanese Catholics chose exile from their native land rather than deny their Faith and they found refuge in Manila. Accompanying this band of Confessors there were eight Jesuit priests and fifteen lay Brothers, four Franciscan Friars, and two Dominican Friars. The Governor of the Philippines, Don Juan de Silva, and the Archbishop, Don Diego de Mercado, gave the party a royal welcome, and they established their homes in a suburb of Manila known as San Miguel. It was located on the south side of the Pasig River whereas San Miguel of the present time is on the north bank. The Jesuits had a church in San Miguel and ministered to the spiritual needs of the exiles.

BY far the most prominent layman among the exiles was Justo Ukón-dono Tacayawa. He was born in 1553 and was baptized in 1563 by the first Japanese Jesuit, Father Lorenzo, who had been baptized by Xavier and received the name Justo. His father and mother were received into the Church the same year. He became a military leader and then lord (Daimyo) of Takaktsuki, and later on, of Akashi. His greatest distinction rests on his strong Faith and ardent zeal. He converted all those around him and all who came into contact with him.

Forty days after arriving in Manila he contracted a fever and died on February 3, 1615, at the age of sixty-three. His obsequies took place in the Jesuit church in Manila and all possible honor was shown to him on this occasion. He was interred in the place reserved for the Provincials of the Province of the Philippines. Twenty



*Days of Faith three centuries apart are brought together when Japanese Pilgrims to the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress held in Manila, February 3-7, 1937, erect a memorial at the Church of San Ignacio, Manila, in memory of one of their country-men who in the year 1615 was exiled from Japan for his Faith. (In the picture, left to right): Professor Kataoka (holding straw hat); Father William C. Repetti, S.J.; the Japanese Vice-Consul; Father Jaguchi of Tokio; Wife of the Vice-Consul; Father Washida of Nagasaki; two Japanese pilgrims; Father John Hurley, S.J.; and two pilgrims.*

years later his bones were placed in an urn and transferred to the Chapel of St. Ignatius University which adjoined the church. In the course of time the church, the university and all of the Jesuit property have disappeared or been scattered. What became of Don Justo's remains is not known.

UKON-DONO brought his wife Justa and five grandchildren into exile, and he was also accompanied by an intimate friend and great Christian, Juan Naito. He died in 1626 and was buried with honors in our church in Manila. His sister, Julia Naito, shared her brother's exile and erected a house in San Miguel in which she passed a strict religious life as Superioress of thirteen Japanese women.

The Japanese Catholics have always cherished the memory of these sufferers for the Faith and have desired to show honor to them. A fitting opportunity of fulfilling their desires seemed to offer itself on the occasion of the recent Eucharistic Congress in Manila. When the Japanese delegation left Nagasaki, Bishop Hayasaka bestowed his blessing and urged them to find the burial places of the famous exiles and mark them in some appropriate manner. Professor Yakichi Peter Kataoka of the Franciscan Seminary in Nagasaki undertook the task of ascertaining the locations of such special interest to the Japanese. He came to the Manila Observatory and the writer was able to give him sufficient information as to justify the placing of historical markers. The site occupied by the Jesuit church and university in the seventeenth century is now the prop- (Turn to page 224)

# NEW BOOKS

## Safeguard Productive Capital Louis Wallis

Any remedy for the financial insecurity that threatens American business life and our consequent social security is welcome reading. The way out is here indicated and though the solution offered will undoubtedly provoke debate, the subject is worth debating. As seen by Mr. Wallis, Productive Capital is caught between two millstones, the upper millstone of heavy taxation, and the lower millstone of inflated land values. Relief would be forthcoming, according to the author, if we stopped taxing improvements and industry so heavily and put a larger share of the fiscal burden on ground values, whether the land is occupied or simply held on speculation.

*Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, seventy-five cents.*

## The Newman Book of Religion Edited by Rev. Aloysius Ambruzzi, S.J.

A book in which Newman comes into his own. For years emphasis on the classical diction of the great Cardinal has tended to obliterate his deeper, more valuable and more lasting contribution to civilization, namely, the apologetic and dogmatic content of his writings. As this is found in his brave Philippics against the ignorant superciliousness and religious prejudice of English Protestantism or in his unimpassioned exposition of the Church's truths, it is now presented by Father Ambruzzi in this volume of choice selections. The author has grouped these for the sake of clarity under the two headings, "Apologetics" and "Christian Doctrine." Under the first, are selected passages dealing with God the Creator, His Providence, The Human Soul, Divine Revelation, the Old Testament Prophecies, The Doctrines and The Miracles of Christ, His Resurrection, The Witnesses to the Divinity of Christ, The Church and Its marks and membership. Under "Christian Doctrine" we have many excerpts dealing with Faith, God's Attributes, The Blessed Trinity, Original Sin, Mary Immaculate, The Incarnation, The Redemption, our share in the same, Divine Grace and Its Channels, and The Last Things. This is a book to be bought, kept, read constantly and then advertised to others.

*George E. J. Coldwell, Ltd., London, England, 3/6d.*

## Damien, The Leper John Farrow

Little did Damien know, as the tiny craft that was carrying him from life and security drew away from the side of the steamer *Kilauea*, and grated on the unfriendly shore of Molokai, what a tidal wave of acclaim his landing on that isle of death was to unleash. Little did he care. His name has swept over

the whole world, and it is not surprising if writers of repute should continue to swell the host of those who have written the saga of his heroism. John Farrow is the latest and his contribution is important, both for the freshness of its treatment and its breadth of view. He has visited the scenes of Damien's triumph; he has dwelt on the site of his birth, and he brings to his story of a great man an authenticity that belongs almost to an eye witness.

The early schooling of Father Damien and his decision to become a priest, his desire for the missions and how he went in his brother's stead, his labors in other districts of Hawaii before the opportunity came to go to Molokai, the reforms that caused him so much anxiety because of governmental dullwittedness and red tape, years of devotion to the lepers until finally he became one himself, his death and glory—no one can read Mr. Farrow's account of these and not be struck by and marvel at the heroism of Damien. Not that it is merely an apotheosis of the man Damien. His defects are aired with a frankness that is admirable but they are all swept away before the very greatness of Damien de Veuster. One of the praiseworthy features of the book is the use the author makes of letters and newspaper accounts, and in including Stevenson's magnificent reply to Dr. Hyde, he presents the opportunity to read again and thrill anew to this masterful vindication of a saintly and apostolic man, one who plumbed the secrets of death in life that he might bring Life where death was.

*Sheed and Ward, New York, \$2.50.*

## Christ, Color and Communism John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D.

A most searching excoriation of Communism's plans to erect in the United States of America a Black Republic. Father Gillard rips the mask from Communism and presents it to the American Negro as an enemy that would confine him to a slavery which his ancestors never knew. The booklet is vibrant with facts that breathe a challenge to both Catholic clergy and Catholic laity, for it reveals how the Reds are no longer merely boring into the Negro masses but have actually permeated them and are leavening them with their doctrines of insurrection against the laws of State and of God. Methods of organization utilized by the Reds in their attempts to draft the Negro for a world revolution of workers are outlined in precise detail and their success and failure shown from the Sixth International World Congress of Communism, held in Warsaw in 1928, to the present day. The author does not forget to note the part to be played by the dark daughters of Eve who must have their share in upsetting the capitalistic paradise. He shows that there can be no compromise between the cross and

the sickle. In an uncompromising style, Father Gillard establishes the fact that Communism, in itself a lie, has not been honest enough to claim openly to do what it actually will do to the Negro as a man. Furthermore, he makes it clear that it cannot do what it claims to do for the Negro as a laborer or a Negro. The Catholic answer is contained in the Catholic perspective of life and of the Negro's place in the world, together with a definite policy of social justice outlined by His Holiness in the Encyclical on Atheistic Communism. The book is a practical authoritative study of the Negro problem in the United States today of the highest informational value. It sets the issue which the Negro must face squarely before him. This issue is Christ or Communism. It closes with the reasons for selecting Christ and rejecting Communism. Father Gillard's keen observations and his sensitive appreciation of the growing responsibility of Catholics in their relations towards the Negro merit the widest possible circulation.

*The Josephite Press, Baltimore, Md., bound copies, seventy-five cents; paper covers, fifty cents.*

## The Social Problem—Book Two, Economics and Finance

"Economics and Finance" is Book Two of "The Social Problem Series" published by St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. Its twelve chapters deal with different aspects of the economic and financial structure of our day. They were originally popular lectures delivered at the Institute for Social Study conducted by the College of Arts and Sciences of St. John's University in conjunction with the Minnesota Branch of the Central Verein. They treat critically of the nature of capitalism, its spirit, as also its advantages to our culture, of its relation to ownership, to finance, and to human personality, of the question of labor unions; of socialism and distributism; of the nature of money, credit and the new money theories. They were compiled by various members of the College Faculty of St. John's.

*St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., single copies, thirty cents.*

## PAMPHLETS RECEIVED

### We're Told: Religion in Russia is Free?

Daniel A. Lord, S.J., and M. Medearis  
Cartooning the Soviet Constitution as it deserves.

*The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., ten cents.*

### Communism and the Masses Joseph C. Davoli

*America Press, New York, five cents.*

### Communism in Spain, 1931-1936 G. M. Godden

*America Press, New York, five cents.*

### Spain in Chains Gil Robles

*America Press, New York, five cents.*

## FATHER TOM'S KINGDOM

(Continued from page 201)

"Oh, about forty-five."

"Well then," came the triumphant answer, "who made the whales and the fish and the seals before Stalin came into the world?"

That last was too much for the Chief and he beat a hasty retreat.

I understand that this Chief receives a handsome salary to teach his people the almighty power of Stalin and of the Soviet State. But even some of the Siberian Eskimos are not fooled by him and they are inclined to become Catholics.

Well, we chatted and chatted some more with Father Tom. Of course, there was no question of staying overnight, for the water might come up any time and swamp our plane. At seven-thirty we had Benediction and the Rosary which Father said in Eskimo and which the Eskimos, one hundred and twenty-five in all in the church, answered with devotion. One of the boys sat at the organ and the singing was fine, both in Eskimo and in Latin. Then after another good talk we went down the mountain and, saying good-bye to Father Tom and his Eskimos, we climbed into the dusk and flew across the sea, happy that we had brought a bit of cheer to Father Tom and his people.

We flew to Shismareff, got there almost in the dark, and spent the night there with some good friends who were most hospitable. The next morning we turned the nose of the plane towards Kotzebue and we got there about eleven o'clock in fine shape. Of course, we were received with open arms and every one was very happy to know that we had escaped all the dangers of this unusual flight. I walked up to my little church and once more settled down to business. But to have seen Father Tom contented and zealously working for the glory of God in his little isolated kingdom inspired me to fight the good fight with more earnestness than ever.

## STEPPING OUT

(Continued from page 202)

from the forest a paltry mile from the sick-bed. Good work, Angel Guardian!

The old woman, bedridden for years with almost entire paralysis and chorea of the upper members, had taken practically no nourishment for six days past. I gave her Extreme Unction.

A fast supper—a chilly, dusky drive of nine miles—lots of room to bellow out all the scraps of song I knew,—(the mare did not seem to mind and it enlivened circulation),—then Wikwemikong. Now I could see only black for trees and dwellings, and white for road. Of a sudden,—there was a brief swish,—a yell,—a dark mass shot across,—a pace in front of the mare. She reared and bounded to one side. A bobsled was gone in the night with its load of young Indians. That was the dénouement of my stepping out to Baswa, except for the amusement of seeing the good little mare yawn and yawn again.

## PORT MORANT

(Continued from page 203)

and expensive marriage function if any at all.

Jamaicans are really religious, which is saying much in these days of materialism. Religious conceptions such as the Incarnation, Redemption and Real Presence are readily grasped and accepted by them. They are deeply touched by the Passion of Christ and by the Love typified by His Sacred Heart. They rejoice in claiming themselves Children of Mary and take most naturally to the Rosary and the usual Catholic hymns. As for confession, they make little difficulty when it is properly explained to them.

One woman remarked in my presence: "I would join the Catholic Church, but I don't like confession."

A friend of hers, lying sick nearby, who had just been received into the Church, at once remarked: "Why, what foolishness! The confession is the best part of it all." People who are seriously sick seldom make any difficulty about confessing. Eyes that are looking toward eternity have a remarkable keenness in discerning spiritual truths. "I am only looking the one way," they remark, meaning that they do not expect to recover, and they turn their minds from the transitory things of this world to a place of refreshment, light and peace.

They seldom fear to die, and from attending them at death, one is impressed with the utter naturalness of death. What can a mortal do but die, one ponders.

Anoint those black feet, priest of God! The skin is hard and dry. The soles are tough, like leather. What weary ways they have trodden! What weary ways have trodden the feet of the long chain of ancestors of this man! Through the canefield in the hot sun day after day. Through the dark African forests over the bulging roots of giant trees along paths marked by the feet of the mighty beasts of the Dark Continent. Over burning sands and through marshes and across rivers. Anoint those weary feelingless feet already icy that they may bear a black pilgrim to his Father's home, a Father in Whom the beauty of all color is combined in a dazzling glory.

## FOUR DAYS IN THE HILLS

(Continued from page 208)

out. There was one on hand this evening. Imagine being in a chapel, twenty-five by ten with a twelve-piece band going at full blast and you trying to hear confessions! You'll admit a trying situation. At the beginning of Vespers I noticed from the confessional, which was on a line with the altar, a young man wearing a bright pink shirt trying to stand a candle on the altar table. Ordinarily we do not allow this. But I was having troubles of my own trying to get the words of the penitent without going out to stop the man in his action. About five minutes later I noticed Jovito go up and take the candle away,—evidently unnoticed by the man in the pink shirt. It was growing dark and the singers needed light,

so Jovito was ready to help them. He told me later he thought it was our candle. Toward the end of Vespers I noticed the young man in pink up at the altar again looking around for his candle. He searched behind the altar, under the step, even lifted the altar cloth. Well I had all I could do to keep in from laughing. And Jovito when he saw the man doing these things thought the man was crazy. Of course, that just added to the humor of the situation. That same night a group of people gathered in the house where I was to stay. Things were getting dull and I thought I would go out to liven the men on the porch a bit. I had them joining in on the E I E I O of "Old MacDonald Had A Farm" when suddenly while I was doing the solo part a young man came up the stairs and in all innocence said "*Maayong Gabii, Padre!*" ("Good evening, Father!") That just stopped me in my tracks. It could not have been better if we had rehearsed it. After the guests had left and I had retired to my room some night prowlers were still singing E I E I O with *Maayong gabii* thrown in. With the fiesta over at Madagasing we pushed on to Panampawan.

(To be continued)

## INDIA'S CATHOLIC ARTIST

(Continued from page 211)

for the Master of all by his art.

I like to think that far-sighted and zealous Catholics throughout the world are eager to see the beauties of the Faith known and loved by everyone in the world. I like to think that many will come forward and encourage an artist who is trying single-handed to make these beauties known and loved among his fellow-countrymen in India, over three hundred and fifty millions of people. That Angelo da Fonseca is succeeding in this enterprise is attested by the interest his paintings have aroused throughout India and the world. It is my hope that he will inspire other Catholic Indian boys with the same ideal, the same fire, that animates his soul and lead them on to the goal of making the Catholic Faith's treasure known and loved by all India and the East.

## EUTERPE COMES TO BAGHDAD

(Continued from page 212)

paniment of the native instruments. The commonest instruments are the flageolet (*mudbuq*), a single-stringed violin (*rababa*), and a drum (*dumbuk*). The drum is made of a skin stretched over a fat-bellied earthenware jug with the bottom knocked off and is played with the palm of the hand. The result of this combination is no cure for a headache.

Like the Israelites, we are exiles who sit beneath the willows by the waters of Babylon, but unlike them, we are not captives and we see no reason why we should not take up our instruments and sing the song of the Lord in a strange land. In fact, it was precisely for this that we became voluntary exiles, to teach the song of the Lord to the children of this land and for that work, if nobler in-

struments are wanting, even the lowly harmonica will suffice.

In any case, the boys learn how to occupy their leisure moments innocently and happily and a boy happily occupied is free from many dangers.

To be honest, it must be admitted that the "Melody Musketeers" have begun with the simpler and more popular airs known to every American school boy. As a spur to the young musicians a harmonica contest and concert was arranged for the entertainment of students and faculty. The boys took up the project with great gusto in spite of many difficulties, the greatest of which was the lack of suitable harmonicas. It seems that the best instrument for band work is the simple, ten-hole harmonica in the key of C, such as the Marine Band Harmonica made by the Hohner Company. It was found impossible to obtain instruments of this type in Baghdad, but perhaps some music-loving benefactor may remedy this defect. With the nondescript instruments available, the boys worked patiently and the tunes they produced were at least recognizable. A lone guitar player, unexpectedly discovered, was added to the ensemble and three boys were trained to play the castanets, ably fashioned by our own carpenter. The harmonica contest produced keen rivalry and some fairly commendable execution and every number of the concert was roundly applauded. The favorite selection was that gay, darky tune, "O Susanna," which had every foot in the audience gaily tapping in time with its rollicking rhythm.

The present repertoire of the band consists almost entirely of popular airs, yet several of the "Musketeers" on their own initiative, have picked out for themselves the notes of the Catholic hymns sung by the boys in chapel. Is it too much to hope that from this modest beginning some students may be led to an appreciation of the masterpieces of the great composers and to a deeper knowledge, love and admiration for the Catholic spirit which has inspired all that is best in all the arts?

### THE BOY FROM PEKING

(Continued from page 220)

must write out a little document and send it to the Fathers, saying that you are willing to allow Ching Sheng to become a Catholic if he so desires."

The happy parents showed no reluctance and in her presence penned the desired permission. A day or two later when the little fellow presented himself with the letter from his parents, we asked:

"And how about you, do you want to become a Catholic and believe in God?"

"Certainly," he replied with one of those inimitable bows. "Did not the great God heal me when no one else could?"

The incident had almost slipped my mind when I happened to call at Gonzaga during Holy Week. Much to my joy I happened to meet Chu Ching Sheng and

asked him what he was doing at school when all the other boys had gone home.

"Don't you know?" he asked, "I am to be examined in the catechism today and then I shall be baptized on Holy Saturday."

"That's fine!" I exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm, "I shall have to try to come for that great occasion."

Holy Saturday brought me back to Gonzaga just in time for the Baptism, and my presence seemed to add to the joy of the little fellow. His own mother and father failed to come and I think the boy was glad to have a friend to witness the big step that he was so bravely taking. I say bravely, for often when a boy becomes a Catholic and the rest of the family remains pagan it requires real heroism to live up to what he believes.

I have good reason to hope that the Sacred Heart will not neglect His little convert and will help him to win over his mother and father to believe in God.

### JAPAN PAYS TRIBUTE

(Continued from page 221)

erty of the United States Army and the erection of any monument or mark in that place would involve considerable negotiation and would have been impossible in the short time available.

Since the pilgrims wished the commemoration to have some connection with the Society it was suggested that St. Ignatius Church, only a short distance from the old site, be selected as the place to do honor to the memory of Ukón-dono. The suggestion was satisfactory to the pilgrims and Father Hurley, the Superior, readily gave his approval. On Sunday morning, February 7, a group of about twenty pilgrims gathered in front of St. Ignatius Church and grouped themselves around the memorial column while pictures were being taken. Reverend Paul Taguchi, leader of the Eucharistic pilgrims, was present, as also was Father Washida from Nagasaki. The Japanese Vice-Consul and his wife lent an official tone to the assembly. Father Hurley, S.J., Father Emmet Creahan, and Father Repetti, S.J., were also invited.

The memorial took the form of a wooden column about six inches square and eight feet long. This was the only thing possible in the short time available. The Japanese inscription was painted on one side and a brief English translation on another side, as follows: "Memorial to Justo Ukón-dono, Catholic Japanese exile. Died Feb. 3, 1615."

The pilgrims then went to the old site of the Jesuit church and university where Ukón-dono and Naito had been buried. Then they went to the Franciscan church and erected another column in the patio of the *convento* in honor of the Japanese who found hospitality there in 1620. From there the pilgrims proceeded to St. Theresa's College and erected a column in one of its patios to the memory of Julia Naito and her Nuns. Father Washida remarked: "Now, we can go home contented."

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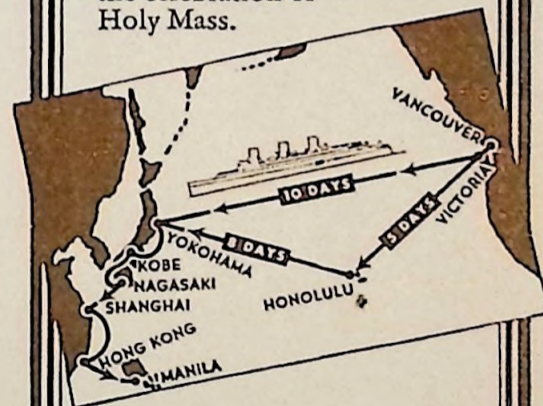
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