

Jesuit & Missions

CATHOLICISM AND ISLAM

GOLDEN YEARS

THE CHAPEL BUILDER

"ANG PAMUHAT"

AN INDIAN ROOT FEAST

GIVING AN OLD MAN AWAY

MARQUETTE IN CANADA

Ten Cents

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Four Days in the Hills

Andrew F. Cervini, S.J.

In the September number of JESUIT MISSIONS we printed Father Cervini's account of the celebration at Madaging, Oriental Misamis, P. I., of the fiesta in honor of St. Isidore, Patron of Farmers. The trip now continues.—*Editor.*

THE next morning at six-forty-five, Jovito came to me and said:

"Father, we have not the altar stone."

I told him I could not say Mass without it. He said he would get the one in Madaging. Now it took us one hour yesterday to make the trip from Madaging to Panampawan. So I figured we would delay the Mass an hour and a half, thinking that that would be all the time Jovito would need. At seven-twenty, I was getting the children ready for the procession. If I made the route long enough I could kill a good hour and not have the people on edge waiting for Mass to begin. As we were to have High Mass, and knowing that the choirs here sing the longest *Glorias* and *Credos* that were ever composed, I felt that Jovito would surely be back before I reached the Offertory. To my surprise, as I walked down to the cross bearer to tell him to begin walking, there was Jovito coming up the road like a Paul Revere. He made it in less than a half hour. By the time we returned to the chapel there was not a bit of room left. The morning subway trains of the Big City could not have been packed better. I started the Mass.

DURING the *Gloria*, a lady in green silk somehow made her way to the altar. It is still beyond me how she got there. But she planted herself down at the foot of the altar and began trying to set a lighted candle. It was one of those Chinese wax candles that a minute after they are lighted take the form of a question mark. And it takes an awful lot of patience to get them to stand in their own wax. The way she bent over that candle with her veil within less than an inch of the light and never catching fire was beyond me. I was distracted figuring out what I would do if it did catch fire. Don't ask me why I did not stop her to warn her about her veil. I thought of that, but knew it would not do a bit of good. During the *Credo* she was still before her candle watching it burn. But what got me was that when I turned around at the end of Mass to sing a first class *Ite Missa Est* she gets up and makes her way out of the chapel. What was the matter? Was she sick or frightened at my singing or tired? No. Her candle had burned out.

After lunch Jovito and I with another man as our guide set out for Luna and Mabini. We stopped in Luna long enough to warn the people that on my return on the morrow I would baptize the babies. The road to Mabini was through a veritable jungle. Thick forest



Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., Pastor of Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I., "smilin' through" while little Boy Blue blows his horn.

shutting out the afternoon sun. Hills and rocks and mud up to the horses' knees.

Five minutes after we reached Mabini the rain came. Four years ago the people of Mabini hid themselves in their houses when the priest came for the first time. Now the children were at the outskirts of the town to escort me to the house where I was to stay. And remember, they have only seen the priest about six times in the four years. We have a beautiful little chapel there and a neat school. All the children of age made their first Holy Communion last year when I visited Claveria, the central mountain town about two miles away. Here we were very far from civilization, yet do you know that God's grace was hovering over that town? I met one girl named Rosita. She was seventeen. I might say far beyond the marriage age. But she was not married. Jokingly I said to her:

"Rosita, I suppose the next time I come up I will find you married Bukidnon fashion."

She said:

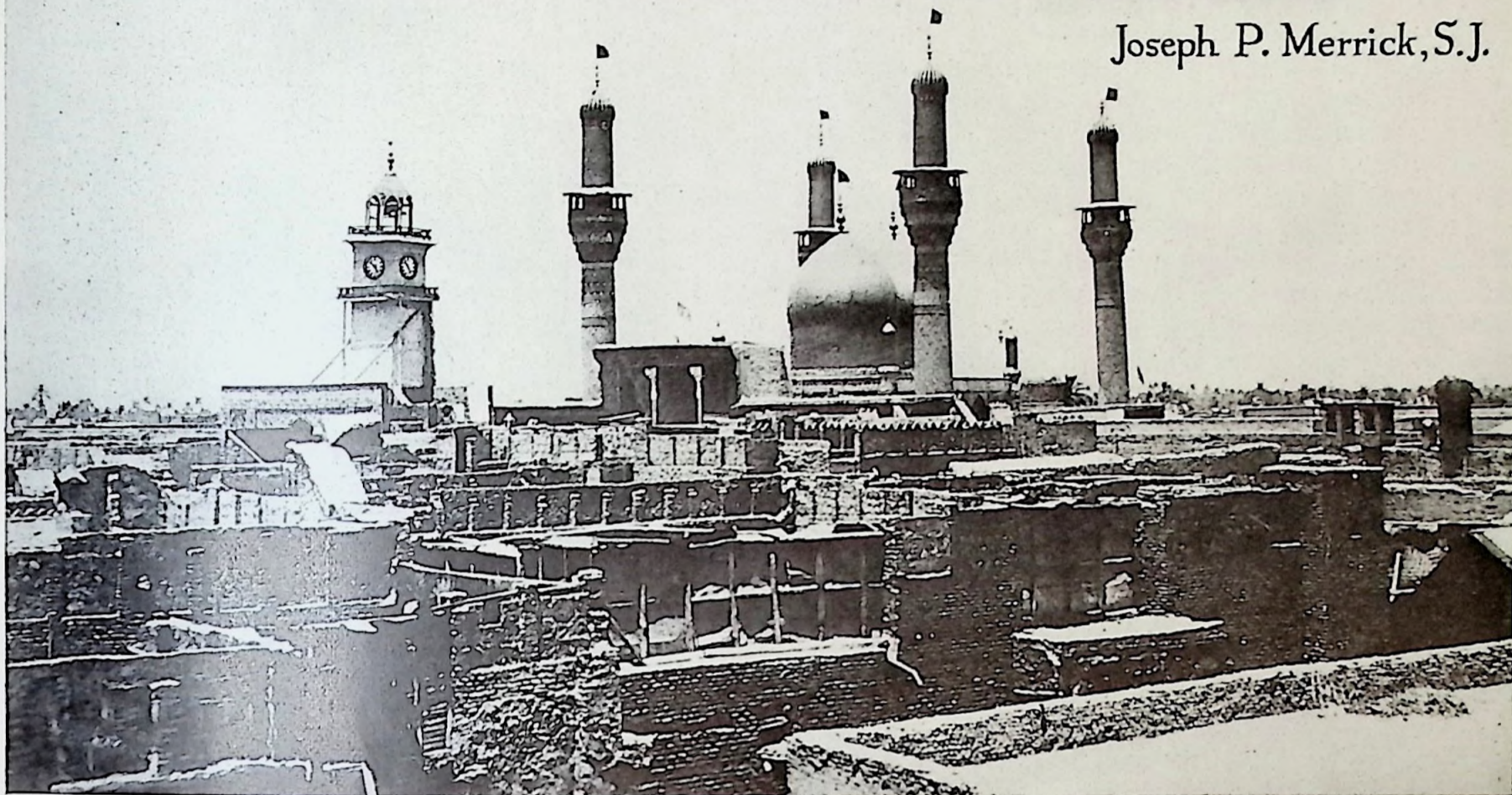
"Oh no, Father."

And her girl friends began to tease her, saying that she would not be married at fifty. Strange in such a place and in such circumstances, yet she told me she had no inclination or desire to get married. Well, I'm telling you all the hardships of that horseback ride and the plain dry rice we had for supper and breakfast and the wooden mattress I had for a bed were forgotten in the thought of such purity far from so-called civilization.

THE next morning we left Mabini at nine-fifteen, stopped at Luna and had four Baptisms that brought up our total for this whole trip to the number of fifty-four. At six-thirty we were back in Jasaan, Jose, my boy cook, and Nene, the boy who waits on table and runs errands for me, were waiting for us. Mora our dog jumped all over me for at least five minutes. Just as I finished my shower, a sick call came in. Fortunately, it was not far. We got down to supper at eight-forty-five.

Catholicism and Islam

Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.



Father Merrick assures us that these golden domes of Kazimain are really covered with gold leaf. "It is a beautiful sight early in the morning or evening to see these domes reflecting the sun's rays. A Christian dare not enter this mosque under pain of death."

IT has been the good fortune of Protestantism that it has been sheltered by the surrounding Faith of Catholic countries in the past and protected by the Catholic barriers of Vienna and Lepanto from the inroads of the Turks. Again in our own day it finds the Catholics fighting its battles against Russia and the Red menace, as in 1921 when Poland smashed the head of the phalanx that would otherwise have swallowed up not only its Catholicity but North German and Scandinavian Protestantism and might today be challenging England and the world. At present the Protestant world finds Catholic Spain and Catholic Portugal battling not only for their preservation but its own also, although it neither realizes it nor appreciates it.

FINALLY, the bitterly destructive racism of the Nazis which is pointing a sword at both the Protestant and the Catholic hearts of Germany will find its greatest opposition on the Catholic side. If it fails it will be not because it could not cut through the paper theses of Wittenberg but because it has become so rash as to try to carve the Rock of Peter. Yes, it is the vivid ardor of Catholic blood and brains that is keeping Protestantism alive in Europe, and the pity of it is that the rank and file of non-Catholic Christians seem not to have even the slightest awareness of the fact. The truth is living before them and it will take their grandchildren to see it and be grateful.

But if heretic and schismatic will still be blind, if they would rather see anarchy and barbarism destroy than

the Church of their ancestors preserve, if for them anything and nothing is to be chosen before Rome, nevertheless the Moslem, with the burning flame of Red persecution spurring him forward, hastens to the side of the Catholic forces and with honest purpose chooses to fight in the ranks of the Legion of God. He still puts Mohammed before Christ, but he has sense enough to know that if the Infinite God, Allah, goes out the door then Mohammed and Christ go out the window. Islam and Catholicity are fighting hand in hand against the bloody Red that aims at making savages of them all. This union has begun in Spain and it is beginning to take shape in other countries as well.

ABOUT five years or so ago, the Tartars of the Volga and Crimea addressed a letter to the Pope calling his attention to the bitter persecution they and all believers in God were undergoing at the hands of the Bolsheviki. They end the letter thus: "The Bolsheviki make no distinction between Christian and Moslem, since the Moscow Government seeks to destroy all religious beliefs, and so is at war with God. As the religious persecution in Russia menaces both faith in general and the high moral standards based upon that faith, we earnestly hope that Your Holiness will raise your voice in defence of the religion of Islam before public opinion and before the conscience of believing Christians throughout the world."

The hand of friendship which the direct action Hindu party is offering to Stalin may (Turn to page 251)

Golden Years

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

IT is ten years ago since I made my first retreat in British Honduras. The priest who was giving the retreat had just celebrated his silver jubilee as a priest. His gray hairs and the fact that he had spent most of these twenty-five years as a missionary in the colony gave added weight to what he had to say of the missionary's consecration to his work. Among other helpful and inspiring things, he impressed the thought that a missionary must live a life of faith. His human and natural rewards are generally small, his work often difficult, his life practically unknown, and the efforts of his zeal frequently hampered by a variety of insuperable difficulties. If it were not that he lives with a supernatural outlook, he would not carry on when all his best efforts seem so very useless. Since that retreat, his retreatants have found how deeply these words had come from the heart, where long years of bush life had engraved them. This year on August 10, that Retreat Master, Father Louis E. Newell, S.J., celebrated in Belize his golden jubilee as a Jesuit, fifty years made golden by the consecration of this life of faith that he has lived to the full.

PRACTICALLY the whole of his priestly life has been spent on the Mission of British Honduras, but most of it had been spent in the bush outside Belize. Father Newell came to British Honduras a year after his ordination in 1903, and with the exception of one visit home which he was constrained to take for reasons of health, he has spent all his time as a priest in the colony. Now on his jubilee day, he is quite content to spend the rest of his days in the Mission home that has been home to him for the latter half of his life. Were we to attempt an account of these thirty-four years of missionary life, we should have to consult the Angels' golden record books; for the account is not written in fading ink on this world's paper, nor will you learn much of the activities of this general missionary from his own reports, for with a sly wink and a twist of his head, he'll put you off with some pleasantries if you ask about his work. We find his name as resident Pastor of Benque Viejo and San Estevan for a while, but the greater part of his time was spent as a traveling missionary in the Orange Walk and Corozal districts, where his chief care was of the Maya Indians who were settled in little villages in small thatch roofed huts, and of the men who were working back in the bush in mahogany and chicle camps. He has traveled thousands of miles on horseback through the dense tropical bush and in cranky little boats on the Caribbean and up inland streams getting to the scattered and isolated villages where these Maya Indians have now settled. While visiting a village, he would string up his hammock and mosquito netting in the rear of his bush church, and for his meals would count on the generosity of the natives, whose food is more substantial than savory.

Although Father Newell came out of the bush three years ago to come to Belize, he did not come to put



When the beloved Jubilarian, Father Louis E. Newell, S.J., was a missionary in northern British Honduras.

on his carpet slippers before the hearth fire of old age, resting on the spiritual laurels he had won in the Kingdom of the Master. No, he came to carry on the work his thirty-five years of priestly ministry have fitted him for. Although now seventy years old, he is known to practically every person in Belize, for he is out on the streets every day of the year, carrying on a house to house canvass of the Catholics of the city, inducing many to revive their acquaintance with the sacraments of the Church. Always an ardent apostle of the Sacred Heart, he proved his undiminished vigor in this blessed apostolate by preaching the Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart previous to the feast this year. About the end of the novena there came to him the report of one of his old, old Indians who had been buried in the bush. Placed in the grave with her as her most cherished possession was a packet of leaflets of the Apostleship of Prayer, one for every month of the past twenty-five years since Father Newell first introduced her to the work of the League. Though she couldn't read a line on any of the leaflets, she had them.

FATHER NEWELL was born at Prairie du Long, Illinois, on February 12, 1867, the only son of his parents. He attended the elementary schools of Prairie du Long and at Belleville, whither his parents moved. Finishing school, he became a machinist's apprentice. In 1884, feeling the desire to dedicate his life to the higher services of God, he entered the Franciscan College at Teutopolis, Illinois, when he learned that there he could be educated for the priesthood. One of his

heroes, a senior in the same school, had strong inclinations towards the Society of Jesus. This so influenced him that, although he had never seen a Jesuit, he decided this was the vocation for him. Hence, fifty years ago, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate near Florissant, Missouri. He followed the usual course of studies for the Jesuit priesthood: two years of novitiate, two years of classical studies, three years of philosophy, five years of teaching and three years of theology. As a Scholastic he taught and prefectured at St. Mary's College, Kansas, at the time some of Father Finn's characters of that famous boarding school were in attendance. He also taught at Creighton University, Omaha, St. Xavier's College in downtown Cincinnati, and at St. Ignatius College, Chicago. While at the last named school, he was companion teacher with Father William ("Buck") Stanton, S.J., whose life as a bush missionary was written by one of Father Newell's pupils. While at this same school, he had as one of his prize pupils, the gentlemanly and scholarly lad named Edward Hoban, now Bishop of Rockford Diocese.

FATHER NEWELL was ordained a priest by the Most Reverend John J. Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis, in St. Francis Xavier's (College) Church, St. Louis, Missouri, on June 28, 1902. In the fall of the same year, he began his final year of Jesuit training, spending it again at St. Stanislaus Seminary, his novice home on the banks of the Missouri. A year later, September 27, 1903, the young priest arrived in Belize to begin his long and active career as a missionary. He has been going vigorously ever since.

For the account of the jubilee celebration itself, we are largely indebted to *The Daily Clarion* of Belize, British Honduras, which gave generous publicity.

On Tuesday, August 10, there was a High Mass in the Cathedral of the Most Holy Redeemer. It was attended by the children of the Catholic schools in the city. At 7:30 that evening there was a social gathering in the Cathedral Hall to which the general public was invited. "Among the distinguished guests present were His Excellency, the Officer Adminstrating the Government of British Honduras, attended by His A. D. C.,

Mr. Doxat, His Excellency, Bishop Murphy, S.J., the Hon. Major and Mrs. Rushton, the Hon. H. I. Melhado, O.B.E., and Miss Melhado, Mr. B. E. Carman, B.Sc., Mr. A. Barrow Dillon, I.S.O., and Mrs. Dillon, the Very Rev. Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission in British Honduras, and Priests and Scholastics of the Society of Jesus."

The program was made up of addresses and vocal and instrumental music. A purse was also presented to the Jubilarian on this occasion—to the accompaniment of loud and long cheers. Not only were the Catholic people of Belize represented, but also those of Orange Walk and Corozal, in which districts of British Honduras Father Newell had done such splendid work in previous years. Addresses were read by representatives of both districts. At the end of the program Father Newell took the stage, and his address was the signal for deafening cheers. Looking extraordinarily happy and, in spite of his seventy years, almost boyish, he thanked the audience for their kind and generous congratulations.

ON Thursday evening, August 12, another celebration was held for the parishioners and Sodalists and for the Alumni of St. John's College and the Alumnae of St. Catherine's Academy, and for the student body of both institutions. Well over twelve hundred persons crowded the Cathedral Hall that evening. His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., Very Rev. Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Belize Mission, and Father Newell were greeted by the Scout Guard of Honor and entered the crowded Hall amidst loud applause.

Variety was the keynote of the very excellent program offered, and that the audience was well pleased was evidenced by the long applause and numerous encores. Mr. Louis Trumbach was Chairman of the Committee for the arrangement of the celebration.

Father Newell responded to these felicitations of his well wishers, thanking them for their great generosity and kindness and expressing the heartfelt sentiment that his greatest joy and privilege in life has been to be among his beloved people of British Honduras. May the happy Jubilarian see years more of missionary work.

ORDINATION EVE

Patrick A. Donohoe, S.J.

Before the burning Heart
He knelt,
A shadow in the flicker of the Lamp:
"A Priest thou art . . ."
Like a poignant dart,
The awful words
Quickened to flying pace
The stamping, restless chargers of the mind.

"A priest . . . O God!
That I who am unholy,
Thee should hand,
Thee, my God, all-holy,—
Take Thee to myself,
Exalt on high,
To be Thyself,
To list to little lives
And catch the sinner's grateful sigh.

To gaze into a child's eye—
So pure, its starry tear
Were fit to lave
From off the Legate heavenly
The chalky dust of Galilee,—
And place upon that little tongue
The Bread of lasting day,
To sense the song—a spirit song—sung
In that heart of clay.

To braze a pair of hearts in one
On the forge of holy Love,
And mend the rift, when love seems done,
With art breath'd from above.
To bless their sorrows and their joys,
Their hearth, their little ones,
And bless again their gaze farewell
To the light of setting suns.

And this is mine to be, O Christ!
The charge so vast,
How can it be?
And I so frail utterly.
And still I hope
Against all hope, hopefully,
For 'tis not I
Who have chosen Thee,
But Thou, O God,
God of my heart,
Thou hast chosen me!"

The Chapel Builder

Joseph F. Ford, S.J.

IT is a long time since I've written you, but the spirit of Lent and maybe the effects of the great Novena move me to send you this budget of my missionary efforts.

I have just acquired land at two missions and am getting ready to start on my thirteenth and fourteenth chapels. Last year I built one to St. John Fisher, and rededicated one to St. Thomas More, which had been uncanonically dedicated to him, as a Blessed, thus showing myself loyal to the newest Saints, especially appropriate for this colony of the mother country of which they were the first to be canonized since the Reformation. I haven't picked the names of the next two, hoping to make them memorial churches. Out of the twelve, six are memorial chapels, five from the Propagation Office in Boston and one from the New York Office.

FOR more than four years, I've said a monthly Mass at one of these places in an ex-movie hall, and in the other in a private house. The congregations number seventy-five in one and fifty in another, and both are in small country towns, the centers of banana and sugar plantations. Attendance at Sunday Mass is very difficult just now in the sugar centers, as the sugar crop is being ground during the first three months of the year, requiring an almost uninterrupted running of the factory machinery.



The Chapel Builder in person, Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., a veteran of the American Jesuit Mission in Jamaica.

THIS August will mark my twentieth year in Jamaica, B. W. I., and the eighteenth in the work in the rural missions. Since then, the country staff of Fathers has increased from five to twelve, and new divisions are being discussed. Three times I have divided up my missions, each time making a new center, traveling from the extreme northeast of the Island, Port Antonio, over one hundred miles west, to Mandeville. The last division took place two years ago when I had missions in five political parishes with a change to two, which are plenty large enough. One bination is thirty-five miles, and another twenty-seven, while fourteen miles is the nearest. The auto, which in most of our cases means the Ford, has been an important element in this increase of Fathers and missions in the rural areas. For my first four or five years, I had a carriage, and I felt I had done a good job to get safely and in time to one of the country missions, praying that no sick call might come until the horse or horses had recovered from the same. Five hours on the road which later I could cover in an hour,—and incidentally, with the car, I could give some of my far-distant parishioners a lift to and from church! It is true, the upkeep of the car is a matter of worry each month, finishing with a gas bill that is hard to meet, and each quarter with a payment on the car. I still owe forty-six pounds on mine and it is in its second year, but the car company is very sympathetic and long-suffering.

The newly erected church at Christiana is a real convenience and not only protects the people from the elements but in its simple but practical elegance raises their thoughts to the God in whose honor and for whose service it was constructed.

St. John Fisher Church, Christiana, Jamaica, B. W. I., a recent accomplishment of Father Joseph Ford, S.J., present Pastor of Mandeville and outlying stations.

"Ang Pamuhat"

Jaime Neri, S.J.

IN the minds of the pagan Bukidnons of the Philippine Islands, untouched by the teaching and culture of the Christian religion, there exists a dread of preternatural influence. They believe in the existence of spirits in every part of physical nature. The sun, the moon, rivers, caves, huge boulders and soft flowing fountains, all cast a spell upon their lives. The *balite*, a tropical banyan tree, whose aerial roots grip the trunk of another tree like the tentacles of an ocean octopus and feed upon its sap until finally the victim yields its existence



Bukidnons from the mountains near Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I. They still offer their pamúhat or sacrifice to offended spirits of the sun, moon, rivers, forests, housetops, ladder, etc. Their nearest American Jesuit neighbor is Father Frederick Henfling, S.J.

to this giant parasite of the forest,—this and other wonders fill the natives' imagination with awe and fear. Every inexplicable happening, every prodigy of nature which their unsophisticated intellects cannot fathom, they attribute to the influences of indwelling spirits.

Sickness of any kind these Bukidnons impute to the displeasure of *diwáta*, or spirits. For the sick man's cure, the natives have recourse to the aid of the *báylan*, or priest, who appeases the wrath of the offended deity by his cure-all, the *pamúhat*, or sacrifice. The priest determines the particular spirit to be appeased and the kind of sacrifice to be offered through the medium of his *balá*, or oracle, which is either a stone or a flat basket with strings attached. The swinging of the oracle upon mention of a place lately visited by the sick man reveals to the priest the abode of the offended deity.

AT dawn on the day of the *pamúhat*, the principal men of the village slaughter the victims, usually several chickens or a pig, and with the blood the men sprinkle the abode of the spirit. Meanwhile, the priest prepares a table in the house of the sick man and lays on it the different offerings: the victim, some betelnuts, *búyo* leaves, tobacco, some coins, copper rings, etc. The sick man is placed beside the sacrificial table. Silence is observed and the main door kept free. The priest commences the ceremonies of the *pamúhat* proper with a mournful chant. He invites the spirits of the sun, of the moon, of the rivers, the forest, the spirits of the housetop, of the ladder, etc., but in particular the offended spirit. He then implores them to accept the sacrifice. Complete silence follows, out of reverence to the spirits who are partaking of the offerings.

After a while the priest pours out water on one corner of the room, at the same time beseeching the spirits, now at table, to wash away the sickness from the man just as he washes the corner of the room. Then accompanied by the important men of the village the priest goes downstairs, and while the men are thrusting their naked swords into the cage where the *pamalábag* or special sacrifice is placed, he begs the attendants of the spirits, the *sigbin*, *alimá-ong*, giants, etc., to take their share.

Then all return to the house and the priest offers the farewell prayers. He implores the different spirits to cure the sick man, and with great earnestness he begs them to forbid the other spirits to inflict any injury on them and their absent relatives.

WHEN the spirits have departed, the priest, together with his party, sits at table and eats the substantial part of the sacrifice. Meanwhile, he assures the sick man's family that the spirits are now propitiated, and that the disease will eventually depart.

If the sick man gets worse, his family and relations offer up a greater feast, the *tagolámbong*. For seven successive days the *kángay* or gifts of three chickens are offered in preparation for the *pamúhat* proper which takes place on the last day. The offerings in the *tagolámbong* are, unlike those in the *pamúhat*, placed on seven *bankasos* or chairs of the same height.

A still greater feast, that of the *talo-tálwas*, is offered if the sick man's condition is considered serious. The same ceremonies are observed as in the *tagolámbong*, but in this feast the preparations last for nine days and on the ninth day nine pigs are of- (Turn to page 251)

An Indian Root Feast

Charles J. MacGregor, S.J.



Sophie Charley—pictured with Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., Superior of St. Andrew's Mission, is the mother of a splendid Catholic family. She supplied much of the information contained in this account of the Root Feast.

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Cayuse is just another station—and a very small one at that—on the U. P. line through the Umatilla Reservation of eastern Oregon. A small depot and a cluster of houses, enhanced a bit by the Umatilla River and the plentiful verdure along its banks, constitute its sole apparent claim to a spot on the map. But to the Umatilla, and indeed many another Indian, it is more than simply a village. For Cayuse has a tradition and still holds an important position in Indian life. Its very signification—Wild Horse—suggests this tradition and pulse of its life. For although the ceremonial and occasional gatherings of Umatilla custom are fewer and less demonstrative than those of former decades, there is nevertheless sufficient activity to link easily the Indian practices of today and yesteryear. Here are held the “celebrations,”—patriotic—of our own few generations, such as Washington's Birthday and Independence Day, but even more respected, those of their own, from time immemorial. Most of these spring from a religious origin, the nature worship of long ago, and although most of this sacred significance seems abandoned, much of its ritual and formula is still preserved intact. It was a pleasant experience in my life to have accepted an invitation to one of the most interesting of these, the Root Feast of springtime.

THE Root Feast has its source much in the same idea as the Church's blessing of first fruits—gratitude to the Supreme Giver of all goods, and petition for His approval and blessing. Indeed, formerly no season—root, berry, game or fish—could officially begin without this ceremony, and woe to the one who profaned it, by hunting or partaking before this time. Misfortune of some sort was sure to befall him! Hence came the spirit of the “feast”—a joyful terminating of the period of expectation and restraint. Now the superstition and rigid adherence to that side of the custom has long since disappeared, but the feast and its formula—like Tennyson's brook—seem destined to go on forever. One thing only threatens its complete discard—the attitude of modern Indian youth. For the young generation, like modern youth everywhere, has imbibed a spirit of independence and supposed superiority that makes it tend to view with aloofness and disregard, or at least with lack of interest, the opinions of its elders in this respect.

Anyhow, at the present time these feasts are still preserved—the Huckleberry Feast among the Yakimas, the Salmon Feast along the banks of the Columbia, and the Root Feast quite in general. It is about the last named that we wish to speak.

From earliest times the root, in many varieties, has always been both a staple and a luxury. Cooked or raw,

soft or dried, solid or in form of sauce, it has served every possible domestic need. In fact, from it was fashioned the very staff of life—bread. Even now when Indian fare consists as much as ours—perhaps more so!—of canned and cellophaned goods—the root, in all its various transformations, has a prominent place, in season, on the Indian table. And not only there, but in the pocket of the Indian youngster as well, for well dried and crisp like a nut, there is hardly anything more satisfying than a bite into one of them.

ABOUT the time of the year that the trees and shrubbery are bursting into tender green, the roots are ready to be dug. Armed with a sturdy stick or rod of a foot and a half length or so, and with a bag attached to their belt or waist, off they are on their quest. The lower part of their implement is generally equipped with some sort of flange by which the root can be grasped and twisted free. The bag, although very often now an ordinary gunny sack, is an interesting specimen of Indian handicraft, and most often represents the sum of a full month's labor or more by skillful weaving of corn husk or cedar bark and the like. They are considered a valuable possession, seldom seen by the tourist, and passed on carefully at death to close friends or relatives.

Experience, long handed on, has found what roots are desirable, so that two only are sought on the Umatilla Reservation, the small white carrot-like *sawweet* from the south slopes of lower lands, and the long thin turnip-shaped *kaousch* from the more moist and fertile soil of the hills above. Often though, other roots are brought in from neighboring localities, in particular the *tamesch* and the famous bitter root. The roots thus gathered are cleaned, scraped of their thin outer surface, sandpaper effect, by rubbing them over fibre mats, and then prepared in whatever manner desired. If as sauce, they are crushed with a rock in a hard earthen bowl. Whatever roots are over and above their present needs are buried and kept fresh in a pit made in the ground.

And now to the day itself. Very often it is begun, even before sunrise, by the chanted narration or history of the root—how produced, by whom, circumstances of its growth, etc.—all recounted by one of the older and more respected members of the tribe. Later in the morn-

ing, shortly before the meal itself, the story is repeated, but this time more in detail and more impressively to the accompaniment of gestures and actions that picture the account, for example, by taking earth and water in turn and describing their part in the root's growth. Everyone, at least of the older folk, take part in this and repeats the utterances of the leader.

THIS finished, the feast proper is begun. The banquet hall is a "long tent" similar to the one pictured. Surround it with attractive trees and you will have a good idea of the setting at Cayuse. Entering the low flap, you choose your position, though most likely you will not be admitted to the first sitting which is reserved for the elders of the tribe. All within seems Oriental fashion. Table cloths—without the tables!—are spread near the center in a semicircle the length of the tent, and around these the guests take their places, at first reclined and back somewhat from the scene of action; later, at the commencement of festivities, closer and with legs crossed or on one side half stretched behind. In the very center near the entrance, seated on the tent's only chair, is Chief Jim Kanine, head chief of the tribe and host of the affair, attired in his best occasional dress: richly beaded vest, trousers and moccasins. The

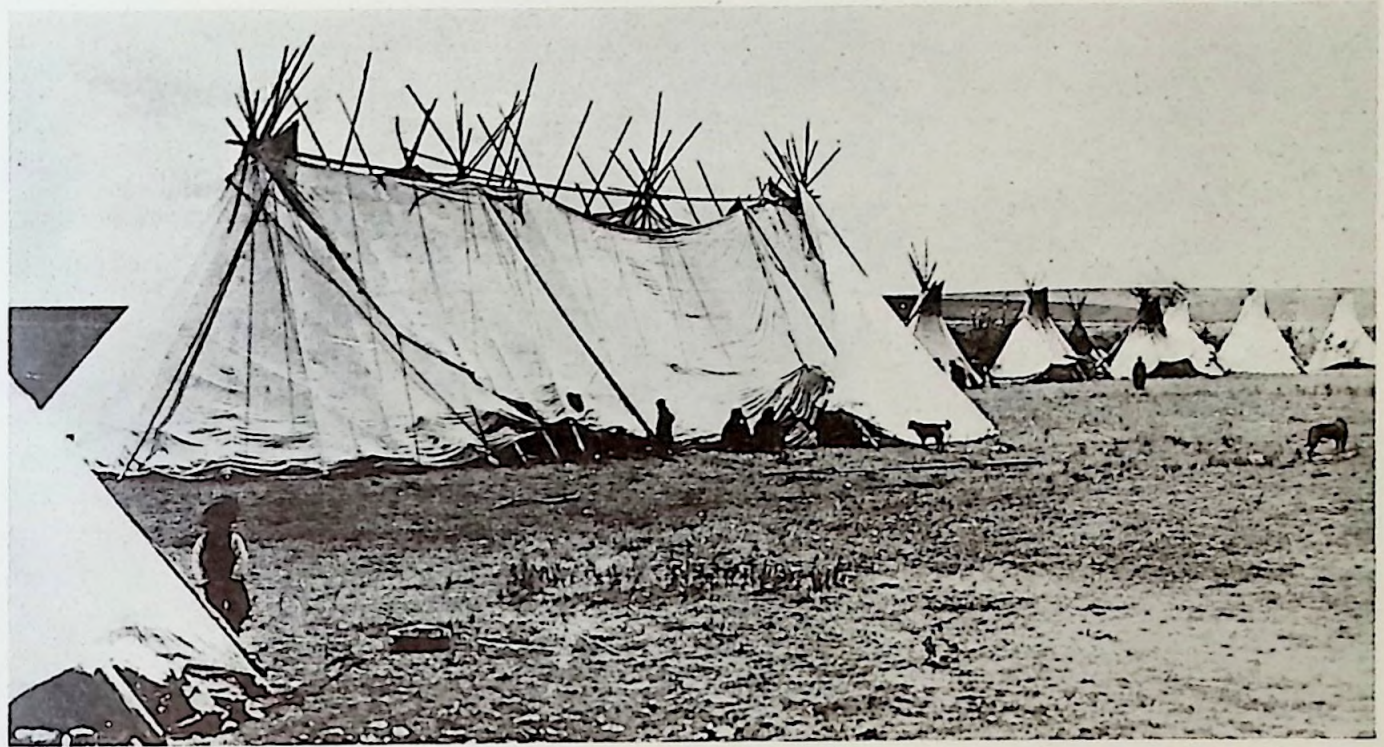
contrast in dress of those assembled provides one of the most interesting features of the day. For here, in the extreme of a raccoon hat and grotesque attire of a remaining medicine man and the trim appearing high school sweater and "letter" of a modern "brave"; of the colorful shawls and dull ochre face paint of old and middle-aged women and the attractive dress and taste and modern "make-up" of modern Indian girls, is mirrored also the old and new spirit of the Indian. The change is not yet complete, but it seems to be taking place here before our very eyes.

Even before sitting, the table spreads have had a generous burden of delicacies placed upon them and now the final dishes are brought in and laid before you. Once again appears the contrast—prepared roots, dried fish and barbecued meat, sharing their places alongside bakery doughnuts, paper-wrapped bread, excellent home-baked cakes, and well-brewed coffee—perhaps Maxwell House!

ALL good things have an end, and so did this most enjoyable day and meal. With Indians you invariably find yourself in an atmosphere of friendliness and welcome, calm yet sincere, and this was no exception.

I was made to feel perfectly at home. Sophie Charley—pictured with Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., Superior of St. Andrew's Mission—mother of a splendid family of children, called me as she helped prepare the dinner, and pleasantly volunteered a great deal of the information here related.

EVERY feast, of course, must have its dancing in the evening, or for several evenings; and this constitutes the last phase of the celebration of the root feast. Unfortunately, the night—next morning in reality—ends up too often more disastrously than anticipated. This constitutes an ever present difficulty for the Mission and the Fathers, and one which is not easily solved. Others there are, too, equally trying,—bad marriages, Protestant activity, indifference—but with patience, trust and



"The banquet hall is a 'long tent' similar to the one pictured. Surround it with attractive trees and you will have a good idea of the setting at Cayuse."

prayer, they continue steadily forward. God loves these humble creatures of His!

BUT the difficulties that seem threatening to stop us are those of a temporal nature, this coming year especially. For nearly a decade now a problem because of changed conditions, the finances of the Mission at present confront us with a real crisis. No crop through unexpected circumstances; no tuition; no real list of benefactors. Practically our entire revenue has come from the wonderful charity of the Catholic Indian Bureau and the Mother Katherine Drexel Fund; but this year, through absolute necessity, even this latter source of income is being withdrawn. Though naturally regretful, but regretful without a tinge of bitter feelings and rather a heartfelt of gratitude for the tremendous help given throughout so many years, we face the future hopefully. Either the boarding school must go and the Yakima children in particular be abandoned, or big running expenses be paid. Even should a day school be adopted, a large bus seems necessary and a generous initial outlay of money required to put it in operation. These things we entrust to God through St. Joseph, knowing that He will find for us the solution that is best.

Guadalupe Summer School

Carmelo Tranchese, S. J.

VACATION time is certainly a grand time, but only for those who can afford to go to the sea or to the mountains. For the poor Mission of Guadalupe in San Antonio, Texas, vacation time presents a hard problem. It is all right for the teachers to take a well-deserved rest, for the school buildings to get an opportunity of a "once-over," for the janitors to get some respite from their routine work. But what about those poor parents who have to go to work and leave their four or five children alone in the house? Of those hundreds, nay, thousands of boys and girls under age, who fill the streets for three long months doing nothing but looking for mischief, of those trees and yards besieged with little loafers, of those poor windows which are the targets of the street "sharpshooters"?

The sight is really pitiful. Well, what else can these poor children do? San Antonio affords some fine amusement places: swimming pools, an animal park, refreshing hills. But all these things are for those who have some means of transportation. Our slums can only afford some dirty alleys, a muddy creek and plenty of rocks. Hence, what can those poor creatures do but take advantage of these things which nature has to offer to them?

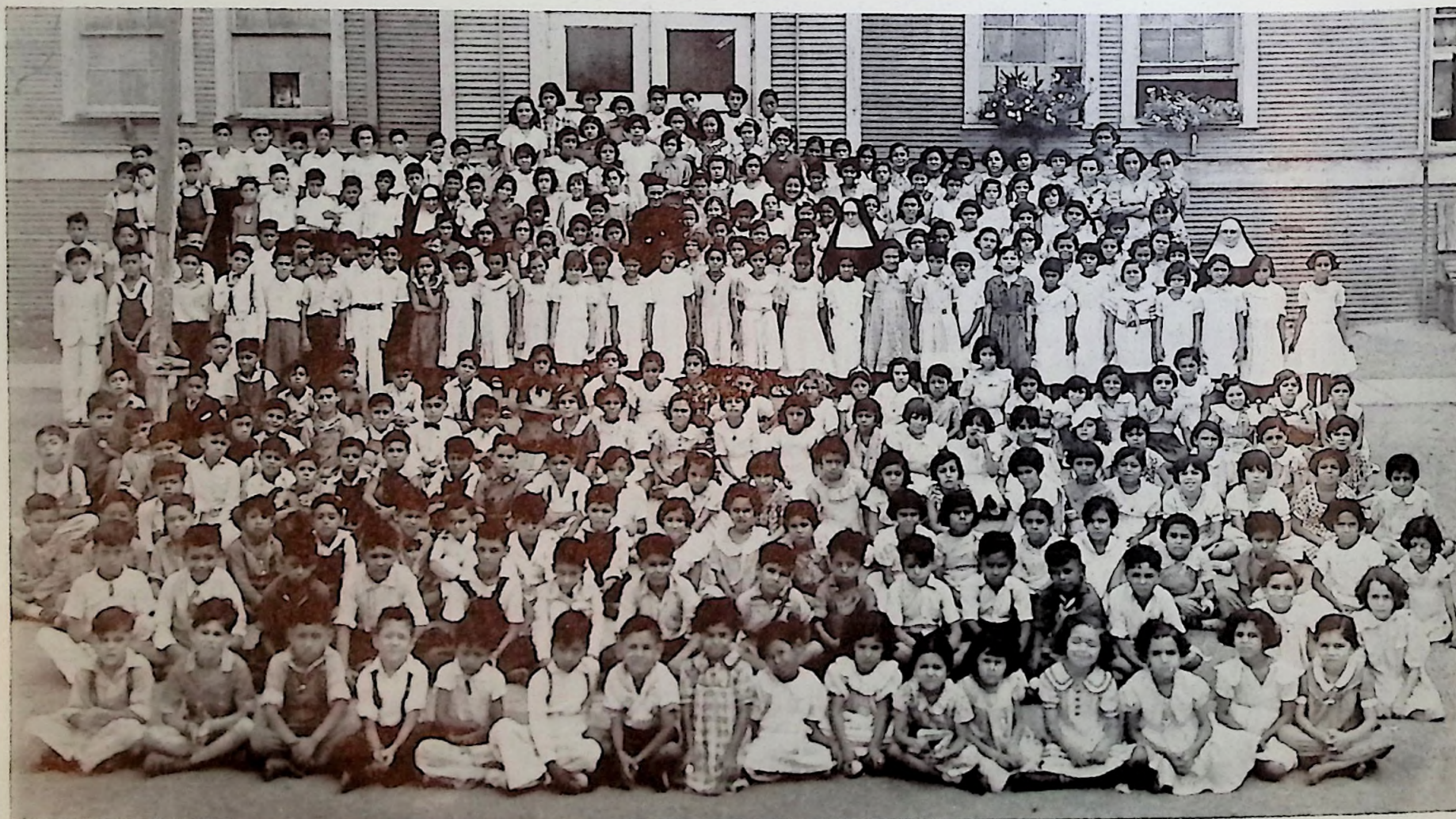
Yet some solution was necessary. Those children could not be left alone like that. What was this solution? The charity of Christ, although in many cases destitute, can

always find a solution. Guadalupe opened an "Academy of Music" for boys and girls. That was not enough. That would only take care of some three or four dozens of boys and girls. What about the other hundreds? The Summer School! That was the solution.

TAKING advantage of this institution which was founded by Father James Lockwood, now Pastor of St. Henry's and Secretary to His Excellency, the Archbishop, we tried to develop this Summer School. Three years ago when it started we had some two hundred children. This year the enrollment was some four hundred and fifty. There were many more applications, but we had no room. Our rickety old school can hold only some two hundred and twenty pupils. Then we had to use the hall, and Father Joseph Carabajal, S.J., Director of the Boy Scouts, generously offered the Boy Scout Cabin as a supplementary room.

It was a grand sight. Children, children, children, everywhere. During the school time the streets were empty. The parents, of course, were very happy and, strange to say, the children also. These were ready by seven o'clock in the morning or earlier. At eight o'clock the children were gathered and marched to church. After Mass the children were taken to their classes. There they were taught Christian Doctrine, a little history and some English. It was simply astonishing to see how seriously they took this work. I am sure that they never behaved so well during the year (Turn to page 251)

Some of the children and teachers of the successful 1937 Summer School held at Guadalupe Mission among the Mexicans of San Antonio, Texas.



The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

On August 5, our Editor-in-Chief, after waiting patiently at the West Fifty-Second Street dock, New York, rescued Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., and Father Paul E. Dent, S.J., returning missionaries from India, from the kindly toils of the Customs Inspectors. Father Sontag had been Superior of the American Jesuit missionaries in Patna Mission, India, and Father Dent was one of his able subalterns. Because of the latter's proficiency in Hindi, we now know very definitely that when you wish to designate the language of India, you say "Hindi" and not "Hindu." Hindu denotes religion or race.

FATHER PETER J. SONTAG, S.J., AND FATHER PAUL E. DENT, S.J.

Father Dent's love for India, incidentally, has led him to carry in his Breviary a bookmark on which is printed Gandhi's favorite Hindi prayer which sums up his philosophy of life.

It is entitled, "*Uth! Jag! Musaphir.*" "Arise! Awake! O Traveler." The first stanza crudely rendered by Father Dent runs as follows: "Arise! Awake! O Traveler, the morn has

GANDHI'S PRAYER

come. Where now is the night that you should be asleep? He, who is awake, finds (what he desires); he, who sleeps, loses. Tomorrow's task do today, but today's task do now. When the birds have eaten up the field, what avails regret? The libertine must suffer the fruit of his act. O sinner! Where can there be peace in sin? When the load on your head is that of sin, why weep you, holding your head because it is heavy?" The prayer clearly reveals Gandhi's religious spirit.

According to Father Houfert, French Jesuit missionary, in his story of India's missions, it took fifty years for the Church in India to grow from one to two millions; twenty-seven years from two to three millions; and only fourteen years from three to four millions. In other words, India had one million Catholics by 1845; two million by 1895; three million by 1922; and four million by 1936. However these latest reports by Father Peter Sontag and Father Paul Dent were matched by another Peter and Paul at the very beginning of the Church's life. For when St. Peter and St. Paul went to their deaths in the year 67 A.D., less than forty years after the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, and the Elevation of the Cross on Calvary, the grain of mustard seed had taken root and the shadow of Christ's Kingdom was upon the earth.

AMERICANS LIKE QUICK RETURNS. HERE'S SOME FROM INDIA

On October 17, Father James V. Kelly, S.J., of the New England Province, celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday. A link between the old traditions and the new, Father K. is bursting

HUMORS OF OLD MISSION DAYS IN JAMAICA

with anecdotes in verse and in prose of other days, some poignant with pathos, others explosive with rollicking humor, all imperishable bits of biography and local history which ought to be produced in book form. Father Kelly has a peculiar penchant for setting his bedtime stories to a classical cadence which can elevate the most prosaic item of daily life upon the missions. For example, we submit stanza number one of "The Rooster Chorus" written on a sleepless night in Kingston in 1914.

"There's sad sweet music in the plaintive wail
Of Autumn winds among the leafless trees;
There's heavenly music when the nightingale
Flings to the starlight her wild melodies;
And there is music when the blessed breeze,
'The Doctor' comes to cool the torrid breeze,
All these are sweet, but sweeter far than these—
Superlative and peerless among sweets—
The nightly Rooster chorus swells in Kingston streets."

On July 31 and August 1, 1937, at eight o'clock Standard Time, the tortures and death of our early Jesuit martyrs in Old Huronia were enacted in realistic pageantry near Midland, Ontario. With dramatic intensity the scenes

JESUIT MARTYRS PAGEANT, MIDLAND, ONTARIO

were presented to the throngs seated on the hillside which forms a natural amphitheater at the Shrine. Floodlights and loud speaker system brought the action and dialogue to the most distant. As the pageant progressed to the final scene, a tableau was staged in the trees showing the eight Martyrs in glory. It was a replica of the picture which hangs over the main altar of the Shrine. This Shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs is built on the land possessed and used by the Martyrs themselves during the ten years from 1639 to 1649. From the top of the steps outside of the present church, one can see down in the valley to the left, the actual site of the old Fort Ste.-Marie which was the church, residence, hostel, hospital and cemetery of the missionaries during those ten historic years.

Whether the *Iraq Times* was simply whistling in the dark to keep from worrying or not, here is how it sums up the question of Communism as it exists for Iraq. "There have lately been

COMMUNISM IN IRAQ

polemical discussions in the local press regarding the existence—or non-existence—of Communism in Iraq. The following statement, made by Al-Fariq Bekir Sidqi (Chief of the General Staff) to the editor of 'Al-Bilad' is interesting: Anybody with a grain of brains in his head must laugh at the simplicity of those who say that this country is amenable to Communism. We are still in a primary stage of industrial development: Iraq is an agricultural rather than an industrial country. Many years must pass before we reach the advanced industrial development which has been attained by some countries in Europe where Communist principles have made little progress. Indeed, in some of these countries such principles have been entirely repudiated, and there has been a violent reaction against Communism. The soil of Iraq is unfitted for the propagation of Communism, and the dissemination of Communist principles in this country would have as little chance of success as the planting of Basrah date-palms in the mountains of Norway."

No matter what the immediate cause of the war, the Spanish Revolution must have a tragic effect upon Spanish missions. The following statistics from the Spanish College in Rome based

SPAIN AND THE MISSIONS

on two hundred letters from Bishops and Priests and the oral testimony of eight Bishops and one hundred and eighty-eight Priests, give a clear indication of the horrors to date: 10 Bishops and more than 13,400 Priests have been killed; since the Spanish clergy consists of 60 Bishops and Archbishops, 33,500 Priests and 20,640 Religious, the percentage of priests assassinated is around forty per cent. According to information supplied by the same College, the percentage in nine dioceses would amount to eighty per cent and at Malaga to ninety per cent. As for Monks and Nuns it is not yet possible to give even an approximate figure but it is certain that the lists amount to several thousand. The total number of religious buildings in Spain, namely, in thirty-seven dioceses, is 25,879. Not a few were real gems of art and at the same time centers of devotion. News from twenty-three dioceses announced, "Almost all burnt;" from other dioceses comes the news, "All burnt." This information has also been confirmed by eye witnesses and even by photographs. Briefly, therefore, at least seventy-five per cent of these buildings have been destroyed or, in round numbers, about 17,400. It must be clear that for years to come the spiritual and apostolic energies of Spain which were once available for mission work around the world will of necessity be restricted and engaged in rebuilding the Church in Spain proper.

Giving an Old Man Away

Though the Author hides the name of the "Old Man," we feel that our Readers will want to know that he is none other than Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., formerly Superior of Patna Mission, India, and now one of its zealous missionaries. He has already spent fourteen years in Patna, and we know that our Readers will be interested in and will want to help his wonderful work among India's Depressed Classes.—Editor.

IT is not easy for a missionary to advertise his work without, at the same time, advertising himself. Consequently readers are only too often deprived of facts they may read only between the lines. Day in and day out the missionary sees how little he himself contributes to the workings of Divine Providence in his labors. Is it surprising then that he should say so little about himself?

The Old Man is one of the pioneers of our present work among the Depressed Classes of Patna Mission, India. Together with two other Fathers, all that could be spared for this work, he has helped to baptize some three thousand people in the last year and a half. When I had the good fortune to pay him a visit, I determined to unearth for you what he usually hides with great care between the lines of his articles and letters.

As I stepped down from the train at Hemakom, there he was with a welcoming smile and outstretched hand to meet me. We passed down the road from the station. Both sides of it were flanked with shops in which the owners squatted Indian fashion. Though it was getting dark many people were still busy buying rice, cooking-oil, vegetables, fruit, sweets and a whole variety of things you find in almost any Indian bazaar. They were too taken up with their business to follow us with suspicious or hostile gaze. Two or three men came up to kiss the Old Man's hand and exchange a friendly word or two with him. They had found in him a friend whom they approached at will and without any trace of that cringing and obsequious fear so evident when they approach their own men of some importance.



Catholics now, they were neither ashamed nor afraid to be known as such among their fellow men, so many of whom are bitterly antagonistic to Christ and His interests.

HOME, for the Old Man, is but a rented house, one belonging to a middle class Mohammedan. Exteriorly there is nothing to mark it off from its surrounding neighbors. But within! Two small rooms about eight by ten feet serve the Old Man as office, dining room, store room, bed room and other sundry purposes. On the opposite side of the house two rooms, twins of his own, are occupied by catechists, village school teachers, his cook, and chance visitors, who come in the evening for instruction and remain over night. In the center of the house is a larger room about sixteen by twenty feet, which serves as chapel when the Old Man is at home. How long, I wonder, would he be left to enjoy privacy and peace, to continue his work unmolested by enemies if they but dreamed of the little spiritual power plant within their very midst?

We did not, as I should have liked, visit the homes of any of our converts. "Why wave red flags before enraged bulls?" the Old Man replied when I asked him to take a stroll about the town. He was referring to the bitter opposition, yes, and persecution, too, which he and his brave Catholics have to bear for the privilege of following Christ and teaching others to do the same. Yet the Old Man was very busy. Small groups came to him for instruction. Others came with their difficulties to be solved. Catechists dropped in for further direction and for discussion of problems they had to solve in their dealings with the people. Village school teachers came for guidance and encouragement. And three different times the Old Man poured out the saving waters of Baptism now over two, now one and again over two men.

A MISSIONARY who tries to work out a daily schedule to go by merely wastes his time, for a thousand and one things crop up during the day to prevent him from following it. Meals without interruption are rare treats. At night, when the Old Man might reasonably expect a little leisure to polish off odds and ends with a minimum of relaxation, along come people for instruction, for Baptism, or for preparation for their first confession and first Holy Communion. During the day many of those poor people have to dance to the caprice of tyrannical masters who work them to the limit. Only after nightfall are they free to look to their own personal interests and aspirations.

At times the Old Man would steal up to the flat cement roof of his house. There at least he hoped to squeeze in a portion of his Breviary in peace and quiet. But even there he was found out and plagued with trifles, which to his helpers seemed veritable mountains.

Such is life when the Old Man is at home for brief intervals between tours from one village or section of his territory to another. On top of countless trying and wearisome details, all part and parcel of his "Father's Business," he has to manu-

Some of the members of the Chamar band whose total membership is twenty-six, and all are now Catholics in Father Sontag's Mission.

Charles R.
Bonnot, S. J.

facture time for the most important factor in a missionary's life, spiritual refueling with the Great Missionary, not to mention the indispensable time-consumer, letter writing.

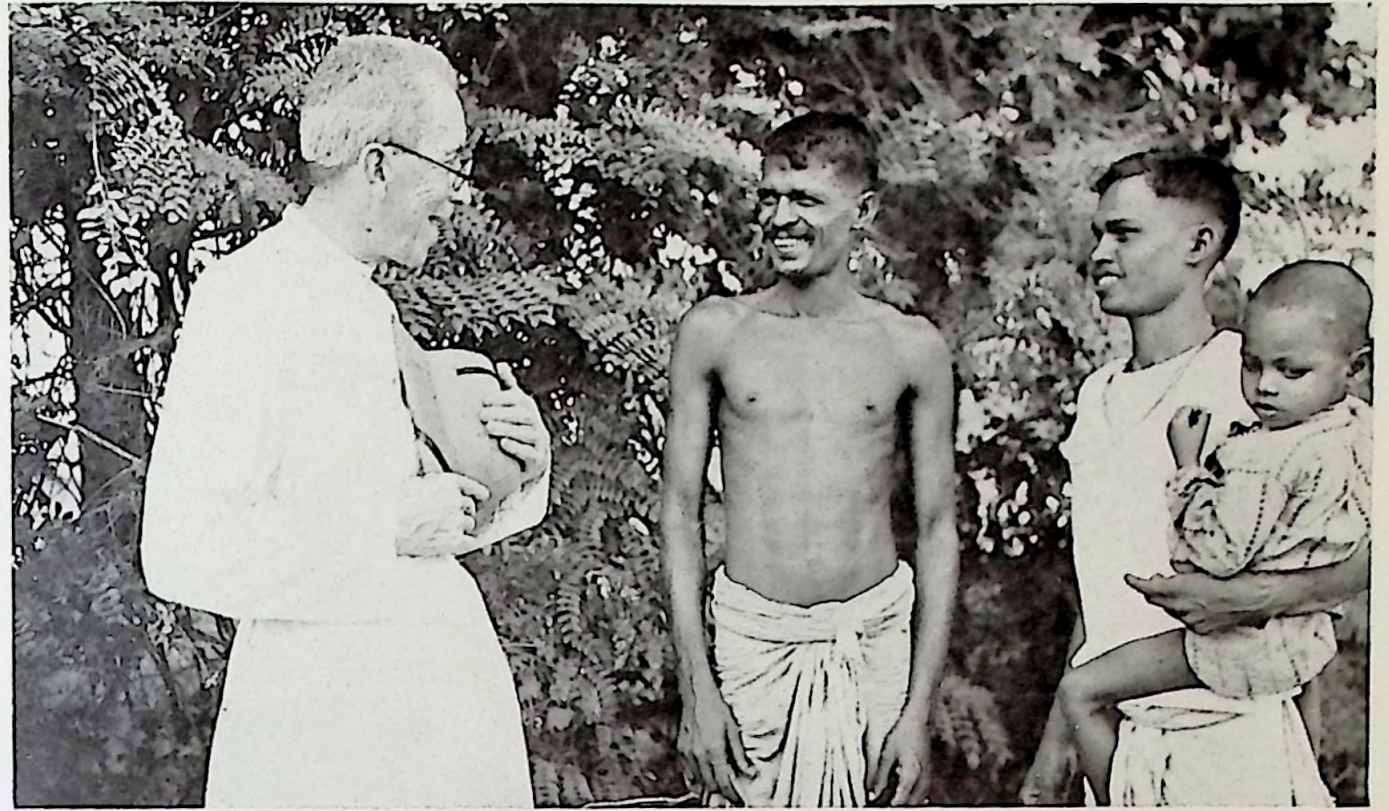
AT odd moments I plagued the Old Man with questions I was eager to have answered. What was the driving power behind such constant wearing selfless activity?

"Would you tell me," I asked, "what is the greatest consolation you find in your work?"

Slowly and reluctantly, for I was digging around his heart strings, the Old Man replied:

"In general, it is the thought of sharing with Christ His work of saving souls and extending His Kingdom. In particular it is the thought of the unique significance of this work for Christ's Kingdom in northern India. For, as far as I know, until now the converts in northern India, at least in any number, have come almost entirely from Animist aborigines, or from Protestants more or less abandoned by their missions. Here they are coming to us direct from Hinduism. Where but a short time ago we could not get even the semblance of a respectful hearing for the 'Good Tidings,' we now find that we cannot reach all the people who are willing to hear them. Again, we do not, as is often the case in mission countries, take our converts out of the social framework in which they have been living, and make them wards of the Mission. They continue in their former social status and gain their livelihood as before, and thus demonstrate that acceptance of the Faith does not alienate them from their former village life."

OFTEN a missionary is practically forced to take his converts from Hinduism or Islam as wards of the Mission. I say forced, because his people, on becoming Catholics are ostracized



"They had found in him (Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J.) a friend whom they approached at will and without any trace of that cringing and obsequious fear so evident when they approach their own men of some importance."

from the community in which they formerly lived. This means that the missionary has to obtain a special plot of land for them, provide work for them, look after them almost as though they were of his own family. Such a method is a terrible drain both on his time and on his funds.

However, our position is almost unique in this respect. Our people remain in their own communities and we do all in our power to make of them a "leaven" to attract the thousands about them by the example of their Christian lives.

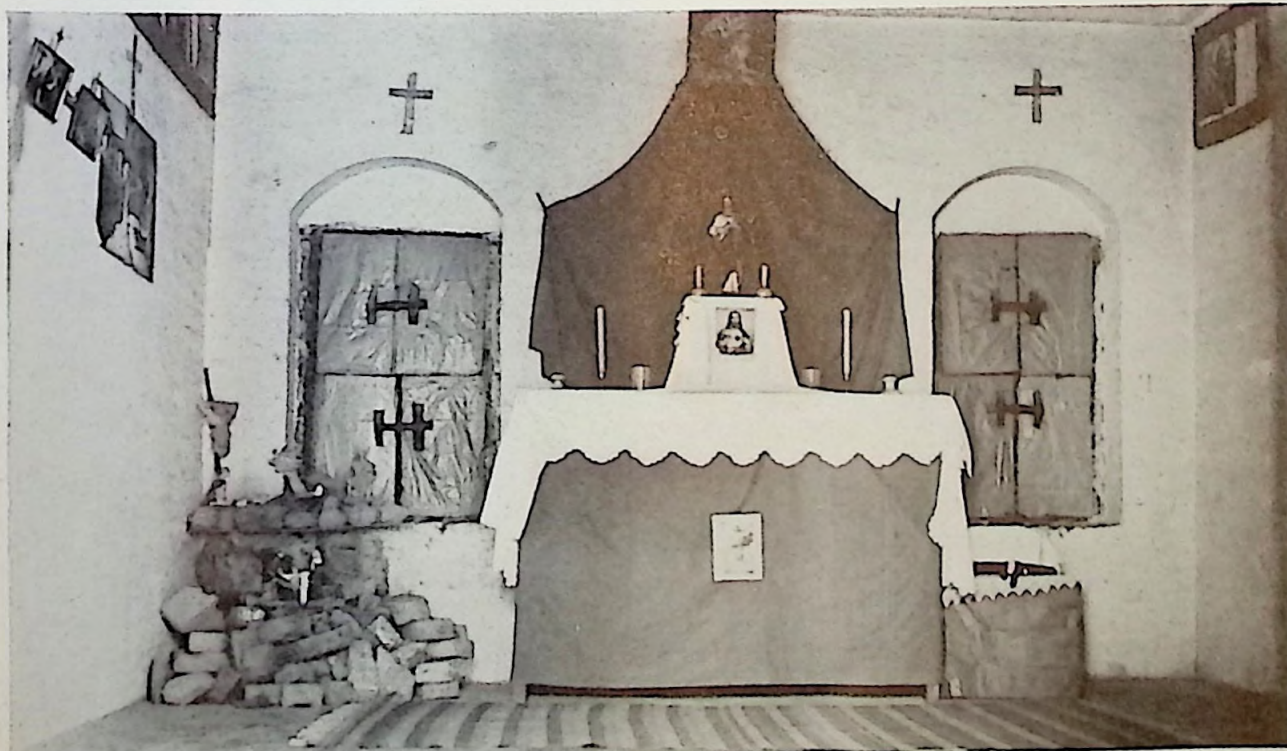
YOU may possibly think that the Old Man enjoys perpetual sunshine.

"Let's reverse the picture," I said. "Tell me what is the most discouraging and difficult feature of your work."

"That is a big order you ask me to fill," he admitted. "Well, put it down as this, the difficulties, almost insuperable, experienced in imparting adequate instruction to illiterates. They know neither how to read nor to write, and rare indeed are those who have made any intellectual effort in their lives. The most painful aspect of my work is to see so great a harvest that is not gathered in simply because the laborers are so few."

The Old Man regrets that he cannot multiply himself so as to be able to get all those favorably disposed to enter the Church. He said that if we could have met the situation in the beginning of this present work as we would like to have met it, we would now have twenty to thirty thousand converts instead of the three thousand or so we actually have. He has but one way of multiplying himself

"In the center of the house is a larger room about sixteen by twenty feet, which serves as chapel when the Old Man is at home."



and that is through his catechists. If only he had an army of catechists to help him with his work! But alas, just as Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin cannot maintain their armies on fresh air, neither can the Old Man support the army of catechists he would like to have on mere fresh air, be it ever so plentiful.

"And what is it that bids well to drain your seemingly boundless supply of patience?" I inquired.

WITHOUT any hesitation he answered:

"The ever present cross of working with simple illiterates. Give them an explicit order in unmistakable terms; ask them to repeat it and then try, if you can, to foretell what will be the result.

"A certain man of influence wanted to become one of my catechists. I told him to go to a certain village about fifty miles from here to explore and 'prepare the way.' I told him I would be there to meet him on the fourteenth of the month to see the people he had rounded up and to give them further instruction. We counted the days on our fingers until the man was dead, sure when I would arrive there. He left.

"On the appointed day, after a five hour journey by train, I reached the village and began to look about for my would-be catechist. There was no sign of him anywhere. I waited all that day and the next, too, and still he did not come. After that I began to explore in the surrounding neighborhood and returned several days later. There was my man at last!

"Why did you not come on the fourteenth as we had agreed?"

"For an answer I got two words in Hindi equivalent to 'I don't know' and a shrug of the shoulders."

AS a rule people do not change their religion just for the mere sake of a little variety. Therefore, I asked the Old Man:

"What is it in our Faith that acts as a magnet on the hearts and souls of these poor people among whom you work?"

"The first idea," he said, "in the mind of a pagan who comes into contact with the missionary is that now he'll have some court of appeal against the almost incredible oppression and injustice of which he is the victim. With this as a foundation to build on, they are easily won over by a favorite idea of the saintly Guy de Fontgalland: 'Say yes to everything that the Heavenly Father wants. Trust that if we are good children, obeying our Father in everything, He will take us into His

Heavenly home with Himself. Our home which we must reach is our Father's home, Heaven.' They understand how the best of Fathers will treat a good son and that God, the True God, wants to be their Father. This softens their hearts and makes them ready to suffer anything to become His children."

"I'll not let you off yet," I told the Old Man. "From their side what is the greatest obstacle to their becoming Catholics?"

"THE constant persecution of threats," he replied, "only too often carried into actual persecution, holds many of them back. These threats come from non-Christian organizations, and from landlords who fear they may not be able to exercise their tyranny over their people when they become Catholics. The landlords'



The "Old Man" visits a Depressed Class village for the first time and tells in simple language the story of God's love for them.

threats take the following shapes. They will give their people no further work, they will throw them off the few square yards of land they are permitted to use, they will tear down their houses, they will refuse them access to public wells, they will beat them. These threats touch the 'all' of their miserably wretched lives and make an indelible impression on their minds. They who have the courage and generosity to become Catholics must suffer all this and more and they do so with heroic fortitude."

"How do you go about your 'attack' on a new village," I continued, "and what have you in the line of help?"

"FIRST of all," the Old Man explained, "the ground must be prepared by my catechists. Of the ten catechists I have, six are illiterates, men who themselves will never get beyond the A B Cs either in absorbing or imparting religious instruction. These I send before me to tell their own people about our religion, to explain that it is nothing like that they have been used to. It touches not things earthly as clothes, food, money, houses or fields, but their hearts. Were I myself to attack a village without previous (Turn to page 251)

Christians and Their Missions

The Mission Intention for October

TRADITION has it that in the year 67 A.D., the first two missionaries of the Church of Christ were led by their Roman captors through the Ostian Gate outside Rome until they came to a place that is occupied today by the little wayside Chapel of the Parting. Here they separated, St. Peter for Nero's circus and St. Paul for the Salvian Springs. I wish to call the attention of our readers to the character of this parting. Though each was on his way to death, they did not say good-bye, instead, viewing both life and death in the light of that eternal day which was already dawning, they spoke briefly but eloquently of that which was the motivating principle of all their apostolate, the missionary purpose of the Catholic Church on earth. St. Peter said: "Go in peace, preacher of glad tidings, guide of the just to salvation." St. Paul replied: "Peace be with you, founder of the Church, shepherd of the fold of Christ."

For more than nineteen centuries the apostolic spirit of these words has swept down the years and quietly and effectively, even as a nun with her taper lighting the candles on the altar, has descended upon hundreds of thousands of waiting hearts and set them burning with a self-consuming zeal for souls. Like St. Peter and St. Paul these heroes and heroines, thousands and thousands of whom have already been enrolled as saints and martyrs of the Church, were but obeying the Divine mandate of the Divine Missionary Himself, a mandate that has been interpreted both as a privilege and an obligation upon all Christians either to fare forth in person to the unconverted stretches of the world and to preach the tidings of redemption to infidel and pagan, or, while remaining at home, to assist spiritually and materially the missionaries actually in the field.

Yet, despite the sacrifices of these co-redeemers of mankind, the sad fact remains that today out of a total world population of slightly more than two billion souls, Christians of all denominations number only between one-third and one-fourth of the whole, while the Faithful of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church have a ratio of only one to every five or six.

To increase the total of Catholics, in addition to prayer and spiritual activities, modern propaganda methods have helped materially. Among these we accord to mission periodicals a place of honor. The wealth and variety of data supplied in story and photograph, for example, in *JESUIT MISSIONS* alone, is in itself a liberal education in missiology, and an energizing incentive for material as well as spiritual support of the missions. Incalculable also have been the fruitful results of so-called mission exhibits, modeled with varying grandeur upon the permanent Mission Exhibit at Vatican City. These exhibits and in a lesser degree permanent mission museums, help to belie the dictum that the East and West shall never meet. For, by their miniature booths, they transport to our western shores, on a modest scale to be sure, the distinctive civilizations in which our missionaries labor as well as the technique of the missionaries themselves. Maps help to locate the geographical

site of one's favorite mission, while statistical charts plot the spiritual and material gains and losses or visualize the same with ingenious comparisons. Stereopticon pictures, movies, talkies, radio and newspapers, booklets, pamphlets, lectures before, during and after the exhibit itself, all stimulate and help to nourish with valuable publicity the interest which has been so effectively aroused.

In this way the children of light are beginning to use for God's greater glory what the children of darkness so often misuse for ends that are evil. This is undoubtedly true wisdom. In this use of material creatures for the propagation of the Faith there is also a sort of Divine irony, for in this way Catholic missionaries will at last reap some compensation for the innumerable times when their efforts have been frustrated by these same children of darkness, or when they themselves have been used for mere political ends or as pawns in the game of colonial trade. Our Catholic missions and the energies of our Catholic missionaries do not exist for the mere aggrandizement of rulers of state or captains of industry. On the contrary, the power of the captains of industry and of the leaders of the people itself exists and is to be used according to the Providence of God solely for the spiritual advance of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

Missionaries have often been the indirect and even at times the direct means of a people's material advancement. But this has been subordinated to the salvation of their souls. Today scientists of many types depend upon missionaries' research work for a final confirmation or rejection of their theories in theology, anthropology, psychology and allied sciences. From the practice of monogamy as it exists among primitive peoples, missionaries have argued to the fact of a primitive Revelation. They confirm unbiased scientists in the fact that no sufficient data exists in mission lands on which to base with even serious probability the theory of evolution. In the light of recent terrorism aroused by the prevalence and publicity given to sex crimes in the United States, missionaries offer assuring evidence that this can not be due to any vice intrinsic to human nature itself, since even among savages, for example, in Togoland, Africa, along the banks of the Sannaga, in the Kamerun, on the Chari, among members of the Neillione tribes, on the East African Plateau, and as far as Upper Zambesi among the Konde, to the west of Lake Rudolph among the Kaberou, in the Brazilian forests, among the Kayopos and the Batocondos, as well as among the Fuegians of Tierra del Fuego, sex modesty is instinctive and is in general faithfully observed.

In a thousand ways Christian civilization and culture is indebted today to our Catholic missionaries who in their search for souls have not been unaware of that mental and material culture of mankind which makes for a fuller material and spiritual life. It is the duty and the privilege of all Christians and especially of Catholics to pray for and to cooperate according to their resources in this apostolate.

Afield with American Jesuits

PATNA, INDIA

From Father John A. Kilian, S.J., Mission Procurator of the Chicago Province, comes the following tribute to a fellow missionary in Patna who died this summer.

"On July 25 the sad news was cabled from India to headquarters in Chicago announcing the death of Father Walter Marquard, S.J. He was summoned to his eternal reward on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the Society after a long siege of illness, which he bore like a true son of St. Ignatius. All who visited him as he lay suffering and slowly dying from cancer were deeply impressed by his constant cheerfulness and perfect resignation to the Will of God. Not a word of complaint ever escaped his lips though he yearned for and greatly missed the greatest consolation that a priest can have in this life,—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For the last six months of his life he himself was unable to celebrate and only once or twice did he have the happiness of having Mass celebrated next to his room. That day he was radiant with joy.

"Father Marquard was born in Cleveland, Ohio, June 19, 1892. After finishing his elementary schooling at St. Mary's Parish, he entered St. Ignatius College where he won high distinction and honors. After completing his high school education, his mind was definitely made up to consecrate his life to God in the Society of Jesus. His decision was irrevocable. On July 25, 1912, he said good-bye to father and mother and all those dear to him and with a heart full of joy left for Florissant, Missouri, where he donned the habit of St. Ignatius. After two years of novitiate and two years of Juniorate in the cradle of his spiritual life, he was sent to St. Michael's, Spokane, to begin his philosophical studies. It was here that he felt the urge and the call to the foreign missions. He volunteered for British Honduras and was accepted. His regency was spent at St. John's College, Belize. Later he returned to St. Louis where he made his theological course and was ordained to the priesthood. In the meantime, Patna Mission, India, was entrusted by the Holy Father to the Missouri Province. Father Marquard longed to tread the ground once hallowed by the 'Apostle of India,' St. Francis Xavier. He applied and was accepted. In autumn, 1927, he set sail for those foreign shores to lay down his life for the love of those countless pagans. His first appointment was to Chuhari as assistant to Father Augustine Forster, S.J. In a short time he had gained the love and respect not only of the boys whom he managed at school, whose sores he healed and

whose troubles he smoothed out, but also of the whole Christian and pagan population. He was kind and sympathetic to all, and what was more, he entered every home and hovel and radiated joy. After one year at Chuhari he was sent for his final year of training to Ranchi where he made his tertianship. In 1930, he was appointed pastor of Bettiah, the largest Catholic church in Patna Mission. That he loved his work and devoted himself most unselfishly to it no one can gainsay. When plague and cholera broke out, as they did several successive years, he was absolutely indefatigable. He gave his last ounce of strength and zeal, and then came a heavy blow which sapped his weakened vitality. In January, 1934, a devastating earthquake rocked and leveled his church and the homes of his people.

"But Father Walter was equal to the task. He shrank from no difficulty, but spent himself in rebuilding a mission in ruins. In July, 1936, he was appointed Rector of Khrist Raja High School. If his natural likes in the matter had been consulted, he would never have accepted this post, but true Ignatian that he always was, he put off self and devoted himself heart and soul to this new task. It was largely desk work now, which was foreign and, naturally speaking, distasteful to him. Well I remember the night he came to my room on the day he took office and said, 'Well, Father, I won't finish my term as Rector. You will soon

carry me out and lay me to rest.' His prediction was verified. Six months later he was taken to Calcutta where he had to undergo two serious operations for kidney trouble. A third operation became imperative but his weakened condition precluded the possibility. He was taken to Darjeeling, a hill station high up in the Himalayas, where he awaited the last summons. To the last he placed his trust in the saintly Capuchin Bishop Hartman whom he asked to work a miracle if God so willed it and restore him to complete health. It was not to be. During the novena which he made to St. Ignatius and Bishop Hartman he breathed forth his holy soul into the hands of his Divine Master. His task was done. The holocaust was complete. He has gone to receive the hundredfold promised to those who leave all to follow Christ. His body is laid to rest at North Point, in the Himalaya Mountains overlooking the plains where he had labored and suffered for the poor of Patna. From beyond the grave, his soul is interceding for and helping those whom he loved on earth. Patna lost a missionary to gain a patron in Heaven. May this last thought be a consolation to those beloved ones whom he left behind. Shall I extend to them my sympathy in their sorrow and bereavement? Rather let us rejoice with Father Marquard who has run his race and won the palm of victory. R. I. P."

CHINA

Recently there came to the office of JESUIT MISSIONS a notice of the new language school to be opened in Peiping. However, in view of the hostilities going on between Japan and China in Peiping, Shanghai and elsewhere, we are not certain that the language school will be able to function during the coming year. Here is the report as it came from the *Lumen Service* under date of July 17:

"Last year the Jesuit Fathers opened in Anking, Anhwei, a language school for young missionaries of the Society of Jesus. With the kind approval of His Excellency, Bishop Paul Montaigne, Vicar Apostolic of Peiping, this school is being transported to the ancient capital.

"An estate covering an area of some twenty *mow* has been leased for the purpose. This property is not far from the Teh Sheng Gate in the northwest of the city and is approximately three blocks north of the Catholic University.

"It is expected that a total of some fifty students, comprising about ten priests and forty Scholastics, will assist at the courses this next fall. They will come from the Vicariates of Shanghai, Siensien, Wuhu, Anking,



Father Walter E. Marquard, S.J., of Patna Mission, India, and member of the Chicago Province, died at Darjeeling on July 25, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus.



Father Thomas J. Hennessey, S.J., of the Province of New England, who has just completed Theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass., and has been appointed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.

Pengpu, Süchow and the Prefecture Apostolic of Taming. They will represent twelve various Provinces of the Society of Jesus and will be of at least nine different nationalities.

"The program of Chinese studies provides for a two year course. Two priests of the Vicariate of Anking, Fathers E. Fernandez de Cabo, S.J., and Joseph A. Rodriguez, S.J., will be in charge of the school work. The Procurator, who is at present supervising the reconditioning of the property, is Father Maurice de Lauzon, S.J., who has been engaged for some years in active mission work in the Shanghai Vicariate.

"This latest house of studies to be opened in Peiping is called Chabanel Hall in honor of St. Noel Chabanel, one of the Jesuit Martyrs of Canada. The exact address is No. 1, Shih Hu Hutung (Stone Tiger Lane), North City, Peiping.

"A similar house of studies for the Jesuit missionaries of South China who use the Cantonese dialect has been established in the Kowloon hinterland of Hong Kong at Castle Peak in the New Territories. It has been named Loyola Hall. This will serve as a college of Chinese studies for the priests and Scholastics of the Society assigned to work in the diocese of Macao and the Vicariate of Hong Kong."

* * *

Just as these pages were going to press, word came from Very Reverend Francis J. Seeliger, S.J., Provincial of the California Jesuits, that he had received word from China that the American Jesuits there were safe, in spite of the loss of many lives thus far caused by the Sino-Japanese War. The outgoing missionaries from California sailed on August 7, but while en route received word to stay in To-

kio instead of going on to Shanghai. For the time being they will remain at the Jesuit University in Tokio.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., sends a few lines from his Indian Mission at Culdesac, Idaho:

"On May 31, our Mission celebrated the Feast of Corpus Christi. By virtue of a custom established by early missionaries, this is the great feast of this Mission. In the past it was celebrated with great solemnity. In the old days the Indians gathered from all sides and camped for several days at the Mission. At present the celebration is not so picturesque but considerable interest is still taken in it.

"His Excellency, Most Reverend Edward Joseph Kelly, D.D., was present for the occasion. After the High Mass, at which many could not find enough seats in the church, Confirmation was



Father Henry B. Muollo, S.J., of the Province of New England, who after spending some months in Jamaica for his health has now been appointed for missionary work in the Island.

given and diplomas were presented to the graduates from the school.

"At one o'clock the procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. About three hundred people marched in it and everything was orderly and edifying. Benediction was given at the school and at the Indian village, at the home of a good Catholic Indian, whose name is Anthony Higheagle. The procession was led by Jim Doolittle, an old catechist, who had been trained by the early missionaries."

ALASKA

Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, Alaska, gives us a little description of Easter in his Mission:

"I am sure that a few details will interest our friends in the States. Charity has grown cold too in Alaska; and I guess that should not be sur-

prising. But when people will come by dog-team over a distance of at least ninety miles one way to be present for Holy Mass on Easter Sunday and receive their Risen Savior into their breast, their charity can hardly be very cold. And we witnessed that edifying spectacle here. All the way from our new station at Loyola, teams came to Tununak for Easter, as Father could not possibly be in both places at the same time. And of the two, Tununak was more important. So he decided to spend Easter there and go to Loyola right after Easter to console the people there.

"From Scammon Bay a string of teams climbed over the Eskinok Mountains to be at Hooper Bay for Easter. As we are poor they had to bring their own food along, not only for themselves, but for their dogs as well. About all the help we could give them was permission to lodge in our classroom, as the village was too crowded with visitors to accommodate all, and give them a tea kettle full of hot water three times a day with a pinch of tea to color it.

"Both at Tununak as well as here, the only two stations in my district that have a resident priest, we filled our church twice. And in spite of the fact that both Father Paul Deschout, S.J., as well as myself binated, the chapel was overcrowded both times. At Tununak, Father admitted only men to the first Mass, and then even the available standing room of his nice new church was more than taken up.

"At Hooper Bay we functioned in three languages. The people sang and prayed in English, Innuït, and Latin, and I read the Epistle and Gospel in English and preached in Innuït. There was even a bit of Greek mixed up into one of the Easter hymns they sang. This mixture of language was so pure-



Father Edward F. O'Keefe, S.J., of the Province of New England, who has just completed his Theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass., and has sailed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.



Father William A. Ott, S.J., of the Province of New England, who has just completed Theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass., and has been appointed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.

ly accidental that we did not notice it till after all was over and someone commented on it.

"That 'everybody and his brother' went to Holy Communion goes without saying. And I am sure that our distinguished visitors were edified. In fact, one of them, Dr. Eli Siegal of Columbia University, New York, remarked to me after the services: 'Your people surely respond well.' Dr. Siegal is one of the party headed by Dr. L. M. Waugh, also of Columbia University, and who likewise assisted at our services. Neither belongs to our Faith, as one is a Jew and the other a Protestant; but both were touched by the simple piety of our people and their whole-hearted singing and praying."

* * *

Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., is a veteran missionary who has for years been in charge of the mission station at St. Michael, Alaska. His charity has increased his difficulties but he has hope just the same. Under date of June 29, he wrote:

"Nothing new in this corner. Everything is late and we have not yet received our freight. As you know, I loaned my big boat to Akulurak so that they might attend to their own camps, as I could not help them continually. I will visit my own camp in a more primitive way, using a row boat to which I will attach a Sea Horse Motor. Naturally, every time I stop for the night I will have to put up my tent. My own boat should have been here already, but it will come only with the freight. At present I am using a native boat. My new boat and motor put me in the red a good deal, but it is for a good cause."

IRAQ

From Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq, the Rector, Father William A.

Rice, S.J., who is interested in every step that is taken in the erection of the new college, sends the following data:

"A few days ago the workmen simply had to give up for the afternoon. It was so hot they could not step on the bricks and iron beams. I could hardly blame them. I was then on the second floor in the full blaze of the sun and in five minutes I was a mass of sweat. Yesterday and today it is much better. The thermometer reached 115 and 116 degrees. It was 119 degrees when the masons decided to give up for the afternoon. In Mossoul it was 124 degrees.

"Brother John Servaas, S.J., is returning to the United States. He has been a most helpful Brother.

"Here is a touch of life in Baghdad. As I write, in comes a youngster with a stiff neck, but unfortunately I can-



Father Frederick J. Owens, S.J., of the Province of New England, who has just been appointed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I., after having completed his Tertianship at Pomfret, Conn.

not treat him for a stiff neck. His mother has already applied a home remedy, namely, a hot spoon on the affected spot with the result that I must first take care of an ugly burn. By the time that the burn is cured the stiff neck will have disappeared."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., whose record for construction work on the missions is known to all, writes from Sacred Heart Rectory, Seaford Town, Lamb's River P. O.:

"In a week or so I hope to have the school under way. I have met with plenty of difficulties in trying to get things started. I have been in hopes of getting the native hard wood lumber for the woodwork but it seems an almost impossible job. I have succeeded in getting some, enough to make a start on the building. Later

on I may get more. The hill has been sufficiently graded. It is a tremendous job to grade the site but our men are equal to the task. With their shovels and crowbars they will level off the site by the time the school is finished. The methods are primitive but by perseverance they bring the same results as steam shovels and dynamite. There are no trucks to carry off the stones and dirt. All is done by hand. Boxes carried by the men do the work of trucks. The boxes are filled, then one or two men carry the box and dump it over the bank. This goes on for the whole day. You would be surprised to see how much work can be accomplished in a day. When all is finished we shall have a nice level spot for the school. In the hills here we must resort to this to get a level spot.

"Father Mortimer Murphy, S.J., is opening his new church on Sunday. If the weather permits I expect to go down. Father Murphy seems to have done a fine job on the church. It is of reinforced concrete. The building is airy and lightsome and large enough to serve the needs of the place. During his stay Father Murphy has done remarkably well. (Father Murphy has now returned to the United States for tertianship at Pomfret Center, Connecticut.)

"Father Joseph Krim, S.J., was out with me last Thursday when he got word that he was to sail the day following. He lost no time in getting to Kingston. He had to pack in a hurry."

* * *

Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., writes from his cramped quarters at St. Anne's Rectory, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ Percy Street, Kingston:

"Many thanks for your kind gift from JESUIT MISSIONS. Your remark that I might be able to find some



Father John J. Williams, S.J., of the Province of New England, who is returning for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I., after completing his Tertianship at Pomfret, Conn.



Father Marion M. Ganey, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who recently finished his Tertianship at Cleveland, Ohio, sailed on August 3 for missionary work in British Honduras.

corner to fit it into was rather amusing. I am painfully aware of all too many such corners and there seem to be loudspeakers installed in every one of them.

"Last Sunday Father Joseph Ford, S.J., kindly invited me and the St. Anne's Choir to take part in the opening of his new church at Vere, his twelfth church in twenty years. This mission seems to give good promise; the church is simple and suitable, but I am afraid that the acre of land surrounding it was that which made the greatest impression on me. If only I could have one half of it transplanted to Kingston for a school for my nine hundred, what a boon it would be! A site for a school in my poor crowded district is my big problem. Please say a prayer that it will be settled soon."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father John Newell, S.J., who is stationed at Cayo De San Ignacio in British Honduras, writes to tell us something of the small schools in the bush:

"The donation that you sent to me is most welcome, since my private schools are badly in need of funds. The schools are my biggest item of expense, coming to some thirty dollars a month, and, beg as hard as I can, I cannot by any means get what I need. We two Fathers have to live on the Mass stipends we get from the States, and trust that we may somehow manage to keep these necessary schools open. The natives in the Colony are extremely backward and poor, and ninety per cent of our funds must come from outside. This respects our buildings and upkeep and the conducting of our private schools. Of course, the Government has subsidized many of our schools in the Colony, notably

those conducted by our grand Nuns.

"However, in addition to these schools, we are conducting private schools in the smaller mission stations, and here is where we are facing a great financial problem. Fortunately, we can conduct these schools quite cheaply. The people furnish the teacher a house and his food, and we pay him five dollars a month. In time, some of these schools will get Government aid, depending on when the latter can afford it.

"You can understand the necessity of the schools, when you imagine what it would be like in the States if most of the adults could not read or write, and if the children were being brought up in the same ignorance. Thus the children grow up without solid knowledge of their religion and of other higher interests. They are condemned to live on a low plane, that is unbe-



Thomas J. Kelly, S.J., of the Missouri Province, having completed his studies in philosophy and science at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., sailed on June 29 for missionary work in Belize, British Honduras.

coming and debasing to human nature.

"But visit one of the stations where we have a school flourishing, and compare conditions there with conditions in a station where there is no school. You sense the superiority of the former with a kind of exhilaration. Our Nuns, of course, do wonders with their schools. The Church has been the real civilizing influence here, and chiefly by means of education.

"For these schools we use Caribs, who command great respect from the people and are natural born teachers.

"We are dealing with four types of people here in the Cayo District—Creoles (mixture of Black and White blood), Syrians (merchant class), Spaniards and Mayas. By giving you an idea of the latter type, I shall give you a pretty good idea of the rest, since they all live about the same. The

Mayas, even if they once possessed a high civilization, are at present backward, as the world judges. In this, one needs but instance their thatched-covered, mud-floored stick houses, with the hogs, chickens and dogs mixing indiscriminately in the same room with human beings. And this is not a temporary but a permanent way of living. Then you have to reckon with a temperament, nourished on the hot, drowsy atmosphere, that wants to take it easy and put everything off till tomorrow. This simple life, in certain respects, is certainly better than the anxious, complex existence that those people in the so-called civilized world have to put up with. There is less worry and anxiety to the square mile here than in a square foot of Chicago.

"It takes time for an American to get adjusted to tropical conditions. When I am traveling in the bush, visiting my many scattered mission stations, I have to adapt myself to a kind of living that you would call primitive, if not degrading. One has to live in these makeshift huts and eat rough, unpalatable food.

"I get around by horse and boat. The roads, which are nothing more than trails through the lonely tropical wilderness, are often well nigh impassable with mud and treacherous creeks. Thus, traveling is tiring and often arduous. So the life of the missionary has its natural disagreeableness."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Ayala Parish Church, Zamboanga, Mindanao, Father Marianus Ferrer, S.J., who at the age of sixty-eight is heroically attempting to master English that he may be of more service to his flock, sends this acknowledgment of our recent gift to him:



Brother Joseph Pequignot, S.J., of the Missouri Province, formerly stationed at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo., sailed on June 29 for missionary work in Belize, British Honduras.



John J. Barrett, S.J., of the Chicago Province, having completed his studies in philosophy and science at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana, sails for his first missionary assignment early in October, en route to Patna, India.

"Above all I am sending you my most sincere thanks for your most exquisite charity and your best regards to these miserable missionaries. Everything comes nice, for in this mission there are many things needed in quantity. With fervor and gratitude we will all hope that those donors may be rewarded afterwards in Heaven by Christ our Lord and Savior."

* * *

With the forthright style of a missionary who does things, **Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J.**, at Catholic Rectory, Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, puts across this news flash:

"There is no letup to this life. Work increases day by day. This year the schools are 'jampacked.' We should rejoice, of course, because of the great increase, but each increase means greater expense: more books, more teachers, more desks. Confessions have increased to such an extent that the host maker has asked for an increase in salary on the grounds that now he spends most of his time baking hosts. One thing only has not increased: revenue and gifts from the States. Please pray that more workers shall be sent and more funds found."

* * *

The new Pastor at Plaridel Catholic Mission, Plaridel, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, **Father Augustine S. Consunji, S.J.**, one of the most active native Filipino priests in the field today, submits this report:

"The parochial school of Jolo has been given recognition finally by the Government. One more school building was acquired, cemetery rebuilt, and the ceiling of the Rectory at Jolo finished. Now I am at Plaridel and do not know where to begin. I have about forty-one *barrios* or villages under my care and three real municipalities or

towns with fifty-one thousand souls altogether. (American papers please copy.) Only yesterday I returned from one of these *barrios* having remained in the *baroto* or canoe five full hours. Besides this I had ridden four hours on horseback, heard confessions for one hour, had given two sermons at two Masses, spent half an hour teaching catechism, married four couples, baptized twenty-six and graced one procession by my presence.

"I know the next item will not easily be appreciated by Americans. However, the fact is that at present I have not on hand a single picture with which to interest the numberless youngsters who crowd around me on all sides. They nearly mobbed me the other day when I distributed some used Christmas cards which had been



Carmen De Christopher, S.J., of the Chicago Province, having completed his studies in philosophy and science at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana, sails for his first missionary assignment early in October, en route to Patna, India.

sent to me from the States, together with a few bracelets and nicknacks forwarded by a very thoughtful group of ladies. May the Lord bless them for their wonderful work."

* * *

From Malaybalay, Bukidnon, **Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J.**, speaks of his progress and his plans:

"I have started three *barrio* schools, one of which is really a continuation of a school which was begun by **Father Joseph Lucas, S.J.**, some years back. I have likewise received a permit from the Government to open a kindergarten. The kindergarten, together with the three *barrio* schools have a total of two hundred pupils which, of course, is only a handful compared to the crowds that our other missionaries along the coast have. The girls' dormitory was enlarged due to a kind and unknown benefactor. It

now houses about thirty-five girls from various places up and down the coast. The boys' dormitory is not so successful. I need both a building and a competent man to run it. So far both are lacking. Of course, my main objective is a school of my own. That is to say, a school building which would be independent of the girls' dormitory. At present my new kindergarten school is situated under the girls' dormitory. It is adequate as far as the classrooms are concerned but the dormitory really needs the space itself. When it rains here, as it does nearly every day during the school year, the poor youngsters in the dormitory need a place where they can relax to get rid of their surplus energy. They have a very hard schedule, and spend from 7:10 to 11:08 A.M. in the school, and from 2:00 to 5:00 P.M. The seniors have to do extra work, as they teach while they study, and they do not get home in the mornings until 12:00, as they are busy preparing the blackboards for the afternoon classes. On Saturdays these youngsters have to see their critic teachers, and must get their lesson plans ready on Sunday mornings. It is marvelous how they stand it.

"The public schools are everywhere, even in little hamlets where there are no roads. It makes one ashamed to think that there are no teachers in such places, and I cannot go as there is too much to do here. Well, we will manage. God will show us the way somehow."

Father Dowd firmly believes that the best antidote for the public school is the Catholic school. This is the belief of all the missionaries in Mindano.



Hubert F. Schmidt, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who studied last year at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana, sails for his first missionary assignment early in October, en route to Patna, India.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Who'll Start the Campaign?

To the Editor:

I have read with appreciation Mr. Kelter's letter in the September issue, regarding a memorial to Pere Marquette at St. Ignace, Michigan, the resting place of his mortal remains.

Mr. Kelter is correct as to the difficulties which would arise in connection with WPA, though I am of the opinion that if the idea be proceeded with it should be American and undenominational; it, however, well could be organized and directed by Catholics.

I dislike starting anything and then not helping to the extent of my ability in carrying it out. If you should adopt Mr. Kelter's suggestion and initiate a campaign to obtain the money which will be necessary, I gladly will contribute my mite and give such other assistance as may be possible and useful.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Thomas F. Wickham.

Impressed!

To the Editor:

I must certainly congratulate you for the continual coming in of the JESUIT MISSIONS magazines from you to me. My brilliant and studious Maya pupils in the upper grades are always appallingly surprised at the extreme thinness of each copy and yet each contains universal news. The article written by Father E. Paul Amy, S.J., dealing primarily with the ungracious and utterly depressed conditions of our Jesuit Fathers in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, is lamentably impressive. My pupils and I are now preparing to spend October evenings in prayer, imploring St. Francis Xavier to champion the pitiable state of these priests laboring in the Philippine Islands, and that eventually some men *bonae voluntatis* will freely aid them in their works for the greater glory of God. That biblical lesson dealing with Lazarus and the rich man should be a mournful and yet brilliant lesson for the die hards.

San Antonio Cayo,
British Honduras.

P. A. Albert Avila,
Schoolmaster.

Worth the Price

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a money order for two dollars and fifty cents for a copy of *Al Baghdadi* by Edward F. Madaras, S.J.

Incidentally I could have secured *Al Baghdadi* for two dollars some time ago (your pre-publication offer); but at that time I believed I had all the quarterly issues of *Al Baghdadi* saved, but now find myself (after a belated checkup) several issues missing. Hence the order and the extra fifty cents.

But a complete chronicle of this Baghdad missionary enterprise is worth many times the present postpaid \$2.50, especially when the reader is a native of Iraq, and literally devours the intriguing narratives of Father Madaras. My only regret is in not having sufficient funds to help this noble work, even though in a small way. Of course I do my bit in a spiritual way, but yet how insufficient it seems!

Detroit, Mich.

Joseph J. Yelda.

No doubt many other friends of the Jesuits in Baghdad are deeply interested in the work they are doing in the Near East. Some of these friends, we know, are not in possession of the complete story of the establishment of Baghdad College. The earlier issues of *Al Baghdadi* which was born at sea in 1932 had a very limited circulation. That the "complete chronicle of this Baghdad missionary enterprise" might be preserved for and possessed by every friend of "the Baghdadis" the first seventeen issues of the chronicle, covering a period of five years, have been published by JESUIT MISSIONS in book form with all the original drawings of Father Madaras. This book is now available, postpaid, for \$2.50.

—The Editor.

A Subscription Renewed

To the Editor:

I just received the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS and find enclosed a notice of expiring subscription. But as I wish a continuance of the subscription, I am sending herewith enclosed a check for \$1.00 to be credited to a renewal of the yearly subscription.

I enjoy your magazine, for as the Chinese say: "One picture tells more than thousands of words." It is edifying and savors

of adventure and that for Christ's Kingdom on earth.

I have become interested in the mission of Our Lady of Lourdes, Porcupine, So. Dak. I see Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., is recalled to the Province Headquarters. I will correspond now with Father Louis E. Meyer, S.J. I enjoyed happy correspondence with Father Cunningham, S.J., though I never saw him. With best wishes and prayers.

San Francisco, Calif.

Francis J. Thompson

To the Editor:

The above letter which has been received from Mr. Thompson gives great encouragement and prompts me to write in appreciation. There are some observations, evoked by his letter, which I should like to make in the hope that our readers may be moved to follow Mr. Thompson's good example.

Some magazines have the practice of beginning all subscriptions during one and the same month that thereby the detail and routine of bookkeeping and filing may be simplified. This practice seems to hold especially with magazines of small circulation. JESUIT MISSIONS does not boast a circulation of a hundred thousand, so perhaps we should consider ourselves small. But the interest of our thousands of readers has made us realize that we cannot corral them and force them to subscribe only in a given month each year.

The result is that we must maintain a Circulation Department whose task is to check constantly the expiration and renewal of subscriptions. An effort is made to keep down our overhead as much as possible. To that end a notice of "expiration of subscription" is inserted in the copy of JESUIT MISSIONS which is going to one whose subscription expires with that issue. When that notice is heeded promptly, as Mr. Thompson has heeded it, a great deal of expense is saved us. We are spared the postal costs of sending "follow up" letters further asking for renewal of that subscription which has expired. And our Circulation Department is spared a burden of work which is necessitated by the checking and rechecking that is gone through before "follow up" letters are put in the mails. If all the subscribers renewed at once, as Mr. Thompson has done, we would not have to send out any of these letters. The net result would be that we would never offend our friends, who have subscribed anew, by telling them that their subscription is due; and a large amount of money would be saved for the missions in the reduction of clerical work and postal costs. Would that all our subscribers would imitate Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson lives at a point many hundreds of miles removed from South Dakota. He never saw Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., yet he enjoyed a happy correspondence with him. There was a real friendship which will have its consummation when they see each other in Eternity. And now another friendship will be formed between Mr. Thompson and Father Louis E. Meyer, S.J., Father Cunningham's successor. Such friendships are utterly unselfish. If only our friends and readers could taste of the missionary's loneliness; if only they could see the missionary's eagerness as he calls at the post office for his mail; if only they could witness the joy that lights his countenance as he receives a heavy mail; if only they could experience how loneliness is dissipated on the opening and reading of his letters, even when they do not contain money which he needs so badly, each and everyone of our readers would try to make frequent visits, by mail, to some one or another of our American Jesuits in home and foreign missions. I am certain that many more firm friendships would be cemented between the soldiers in the front lines and the guardians and providers in supply headquarters back home.

I wonder how many, let me rather say, I hope that very many of our readers will begin at once a happy correspondence with our missionaries which will be enjoyed by both correspondents. Those of our readers who will correspond with our missionaries might write to this office for the names of those whom they wish to visit by mail.

257 Fourth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

(Rev.) E. Paul Amy, S.J.
Business Editor, JESUIT MISSIONS.

Remailing Magazines

To the Editor:

I understand you have the names of some missionaries who would be glad to receive magazines. If you think any of them would like copies of *Readers Digest*, I would be glad to receive a name so I may send them my copies.

New York, N. Y.

A Friend.

Names and addresses of missionaries, who desire to receive back numbers of magazines, will be sent to any one on request.—The Editor.

"My Old Man"

Albert R. O'Hara, S. J.

SCENE: Gonzaga College, in charge of the California Jesuits in Shanghai, China.

"Say, Father, the only one I'd trust in the dormitory is Lao Tou Tzu. He's a real honest fellow and a good worker."

This remark from one of the boarders.

"Which one is Lao Tou Tzu?" I asked.

"The one that talks that funny brand of English," put in a little boy from the back of the group.

"But why do you all call him, Lao Tou Tzu (The Old Man)," I continued. "Whose father is he anyway?"

"Oh, we never call our father the old man in China," came the chorused reply in mock horror.

"All right," I conceded. "But just the same, I'm glad that he's going to sweep and care for the dormitory."

About this time up shuffled Lao Tou Tzu. His appearance was a bit against him, for he could easily pass for a grinning pot-bellied Buddha that might have stepped out of a wayside temple. I was greeted with an engaging smile and the following flow of pidgin English:

"You new watchee watchee Father for look see this year?"

"Yes, I am to care for the dormitory this time and I hear that you are going to keep it clean for us."

"Can do! McGreal Father think small man no good. Just now maybe all light; by and by steal, then catch plenty trouble. Old man no wantche steal, only sweep."

LAO TOU TZU proved such a cheerful worker and displayed so much natural virtue that one immediately thought of the hackneyed expression "An honest Chinaman." Several times he turned in money to me that he had found on the floor and another time he would call back boys who were hurrying to class and had left money or a watch on their beds. He would run through a pelting rain to close the dormitory windows and thus prevent damage to both school property and the boys' clothing. I often wondered why God did not give such a naturally good man the grace to become a Catholic. As I used to rise nearly an hour before the boarders, I would often meet Lao Tou Tzu as I was coming back from the chapel. After giving me his weather forecast for the day he would ask:

"Just now you come flom chapel-side?"

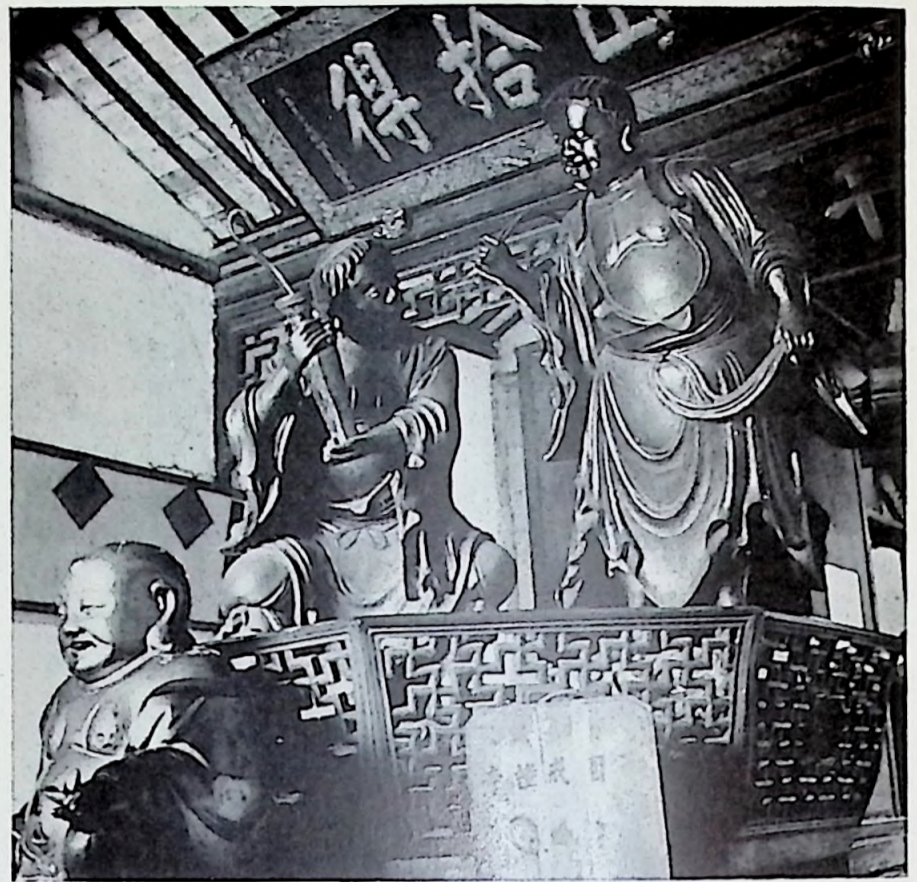
"Yes, that's why I get up early," I would answer.

"What you do there? Play (Pray)?"

"Yes, that's it."

"By and by, old mother die, me too belong Catholic Church. Just now old mother plenty old, eighty years more. I think pretty soon die. She believe Buddha; no want me be Catholic. I believe God. Catholic Church good. I see she like all people. Suppose got money, suppose no got money, Catholic Church say never mind, all can come."

The following year I no longer had charge of the dormitory; in fact I was in another part of Shanghai.



Buddhist idols around whose shrines religion in China has centered for centuries.

I often used to pray for Lao Tou Tzu and hope that he would one day become a Catholic. One day while visiting the school I asked for Lao Tou Tzu. I was told that he had gone to the hospital and was very sick. His condition rapidly grew worse. One of the Fathers visited him and asked how he felt. He replied:

"I think no last one week."

The Father then gently suggested:

"You always said that you wanted to be a Catholic. If you are in danger of death, would you want to be baptized?"

The old man's son was standing nearby and at this time spoke up:

"It's no use to wait until grandmother dies, for you may die first. If you really want to be a Catholic you had better do so now."

The old man readily assented to this. The Father warned the Sister that if there was danger of death she should baptize the old man.

NEXT morning news came that during the night the old man had nearly died, and so the Sister had baptized him. That day when the priest arrived he found the patient in a very weakened condition, so the baptismal rites were supplied and then Confirmation was administered. In spite of his weakness the old man was very happy. However, unconsciousness soon set in and with it came delirium. Then followed a deep peace and Lao Tou Tzu had gone to God in Whom he believed.

At my next visit to the school the boys immediately said:

"Father, Lao Tou Tzu is gone. But he became a Christian before he died."

This had made quite an impression on the non-Catholics too.

"Yes," I mused, "Lao Tou Tzu is gone, but he's waiting up above and will say, 'You likee come in? Plenty nice here.'"

Marquette in Canada

Joseph M.
Stemmler, S. J.

THE enthusiasm with which the Tercentenary of Jacques Marquette has been celebrated throughout the United States leaves no doubt but that the great missionary-explorer of the Mid-west has been definitely enshrined as a national hero in the hearts of the American people. In this, history has achieved another paradox, for Marquette, who, as he himself attests, had "put his whole heart" in his Canadian Mission, who made the "effective discovery" of the Mississippi River in Canada, (since all the land of the Middle West had been annexed to New France on June 4, 1671) and who shares the glory of this achievement with a Canadian-born, Louis Jolliet, has become the hero of another people. Indeed, Marquette has been so completely assimilated into American life and history that now Canadians find it difficult to conceive of him as their very own.

There are hundreds of places in the Mid-west where the memory of Marquette's passing lingers and is perpetuated in granite and bronze. Canada has but few such places. His name, it is true, is recorded among the distinguished line of soldiers and saints who left their impress on Quebec, Sillery and Three Rivers. But it is not here that the memory of Marquette is specially venerated.

IN the spring of 1668, when Fathers Marquette and Dablon were on their way up the St. Lawrence on their way to Sault Ste. Marie, they were the guests of Seigneur Pierre Boucher on the seigneurie which he had acquired from the French king on the south bank of the river about nine miles east of Montreal in recognition for his loyal services as Governor and Protector of Three Rivers. It was a memorable weekend for Pierre. He was quick to sense the honor that was his to offer this little respite to the missionaries on their toilsome journey westward. He was their host at the family table. He and his family clustered around the altar in his newly erected chapel to share the blessings of their spiritual ministrations. Friend and admirer of Marquette that he was, Pierre sought to render this visit an unforgettable event in the annals of his family history. Accordingly, he arranged that the first entry in the baptismal registry of that establishment, now the village of Boucherville, should be done in Marquette's own hand. It tells how on Sunday, May 20, 1668, he solemnly baptized a little Indian girl in this chapel and called her by the name which was so sweet-sounding to his ears, Mary, and how Ignatius and Mary Boucher were the sponsors. The document is still extant and incidentally is the only document extant which bears Marquette's signature in French, that is, "Jacque" (sic) the other documents all having the Latin equivalent, "Jacobus."

The intrepid missionary disappeared into the setting sun, but for generations to come his benediction seemed



"In the spring of 1668, when Fathers Marquette and Dablon were on their way up the St. Lawrence on their way to Sault Ste. Marie, they were the guests of Seigneur Pierre Boucher on the seigneurie which he had acquired from the French king on the south bank of the river about nine miles east of Montreal."

to be upon the Boucher Seigneurie and the family that had offered him hospitality. The name of the Bouchers lives on, but over it, like a mantle spread out, is the aegis of Father Marquette. The chapel of the seigneurie has disappeared, but a humble monument stands on the spot to acquaint the passerby of this cherished visit of 1668. But just behind it, the old "Manoir" of Pierre Boucher which housed Marquette is still preserved. It has long ago been transformed into a chapel. The low ceiling with the great rough beams, the thick walls breathe an air of those pioneer days. In the deep silence the visitor seems to hear the whisper of voices associated with a great past. Here seemingly more than anywhere else in Canada the memory of the amiable Marquette lives on and to this day the gracious but impelling influence of his example inspires new deeds of courage and Christian heroism.

FOR seven generations the Boucher Seigneurie remained the property of the Boucher family descendants, until almost fifty years ago, when its last holder, the venerated Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface, Manitoba, great missionary and pioneer of the Church in western Canada, gave the Manor House and some of the land to the Jesuit Fathers primarily to preserve the better, as he said, the memory of that visit of Marquette, and this treasured association with his family and the house of his birth. It now bears the name of "La Broquerie," that of his mother, who was a direct descendant of Pierre Boucher. Incidentally, on his father's side, the Archbishop was a direct descendant of Louis Jolliet, so that "La Broquerie" is associated in a very real way with the two discoverers of the Mississippi.

Since 1912 the building with some additions has been used, appropriately enough, as a house of closed retreats for young men and boys. Twice (Turn to page 252)

NEW BOOKS

The Crusades Hilaire Belloc

Were the Crusades fiction rather than fact, and were that fiction conceived by the master dramatist, who would follow the rules of drama *ad unguem*, and given to us in a most perfect stage presentation, the effect on an audience hardly could be more gripping than that had on the reader by Mr. Belloc, master of English, as he unfolds the drama of the Crusades, viewing them from a vantage point nearly eight centuries distant from the scenes he depicts. He clearly presents the Crusades as a paradox without contradiction, as an endeavor that achieves success and failure too.

The Crusade, not Crusades, is Mr. Belloc's concept of those years of struggle between the Christian West and the Mohammedan East for the capture and possession of the Holy Places; a Crusade that began in the year 1095, that continued with growing success to reach a peak some fifty years later, then to decline and terminate in dismal failure in 1187, a victory for the Crescent over the Cross. He does not spurn the historians' usual reference to first, second, third and fourth Crusade, but uses these references hardly more than for identification marks that dates and personages in his story may be recognized in their relation to other histories of the Crusades. To him the first Crusade of 1095 and the second Crusade of 1147 constitute the one Crusade. The third Crusade was a forlorn hope and the fourth less a Crusade than any of them in that it never reached the Holy Land.

Mr. Belloc does not attempt to make a study of the Crusades from their spiritual side. He considers them from a military aspect, and from the point of view of military strategist inquires into the causes of success and failure which characterize the one great historical event. Bad strategy and greed for power which stir jealousies and blot from view the spiritual purpose of the Crusades, and intermarriage between Crusaders and Levantine Christians which resulted in an offspring that had lost the gallantry and daring of Europe's soldier knights were amongst the causes of failure. He is a critic but not critical. His presentation of the Crusades is thoroughly convincing. His book is a worthy addition to the Science and Culture Series.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, \$3.00.

Franco Means Business Georges Rotvand

Franco means business and, after reading this book which has been translated by Reginald Dingle, there can be no doubt in the reader's mind as to the kind of business he means. In that he is a son of "a hundred per cent fighting man" it was "natural that he should go into the army." He is a soldier, however, not for the shedding of blood but for the good

of the nation, his country, Spain. Because his loyalty was so evident he was banished to the Canary Islands by a disloyal government, and when the people needed a leader to save them and their country, by a curious intuition they sought and found him in banishment. Georges Rotvand gives us a picture of a man young in years but old in experience; a man known too, and loved by his soldiers and to whom his soldiers are not mere machines but men with souls; a man loyal to family, country, God, and unalterably opposed to Marxism and Communism whose creed is hatred, tyranny and oppression. So well is Franco characterized that one can almost hear him say: "Neither now nor in the future is the Government of national Spain prepared to hand over to anybody a single square yard of Spain's national territory, her possessions, or her zones of influence. . . . We are determined to free our Spain from the deadly influences of those Marxist principles, which are not only false and anti-Christian, but are also entirely foreign to all our traditions and culture." This close-up of Generalissimo Francisco Franco merits close scrutiny.

The Devin-Adair Company, New York, \$1.25.

De Matrimonio in Missionibus Ac Potissimum in Sinis (Three Volumes)

P. G. Payen, S.J.

The value of these three volumes for missionaries is incomparable. Though Father Payen has written in the light of the problems presented especially by life in China, nevertheless, the general principles and the universal similarity of the vast majority of the cases here discussed and solved make these treatises truly catholic in their appeal and of benefit to missionaries around the world. Volumes I and II contain both treatises and cases of conscience. Volume III is a summary of Volumes I and II, not however, a mere repetition. It treats the question omitted in Volume II, *De processu matrimoniali*, and likewise has an excellent commentary on the encyclical, "*Casti Connubii*," applying the same to modern life.

Orphelinat de T'ou-sè-wè, près Zi-ka-wei Shanghai, China, each volume, \$3.50 apiece.

Jesus Teach Me to Pray Rev. Charles S. Hoff, C.S.S.R.

An attractive prayer book for children, with colored illustrations and simple prayers compiled from approved sources.

The Redemptorist Press, Brooklyn, N. Y., fifty-five cents.

Education in India in 1934-35

This official publication of the Central Government of British India makes informative if depressing reading. Apart from the fact that the country's 256,263 schools enrolled 13,506,869 pupils (an in-

crease of 383,979 in twelve months and about double the enrollment of twelve years earlier), there is, in the words of the Report, the "frankly appalling" fact that 74% of these students "fail to reach Class IV where they may be said to reach permanent literacy." One of the chief reasons for this "wastage" is found in India's "one-teacher schools" which constitute 57.5% of its educational institutions. This reviewer has known them by the hundreds—little, one-room, bamboo and grass huts under huge *pipul* trees, with their noisy classes squatting on the earthen floor and vociferously memorizing their lessons with the not infrequent help of "Master Saheb's" stick. "These inefficient small schools," the Report remarks severely but justly, "are obviously useless schools from the point of view of literacy—but they are worse than useless because they definitely prevent the spread of literacy by deflecting the bulk of school funds from schools which do make a proper return. Little will be done to increase literacy until amalgamation and consolidation of schools and the elimination of the one-teacher schools increase the money available to be spent on schools capable of making a fair return."

Delhi: Manager of Publications, Rs. 2 or 3s. 6d.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED Religion and The Social Revolution

Joseph F. MacDonnell, S.J.

America Press, New York, five cents.

Catholic Extremism

Paul Hanly Furfey

The Preservation of the Faith, Silver Spring, Md., ten cents.

The Best Gift

Rev. L. A. Gales

Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn., ten cents.

Peter: Someone Has Got to Carry On.

When at the age of ten, Peter lay dying, he asked his father to read him a "thriller" to take his mind off his pain. The tale of adventure he then listened to could not have been more thrilling than this absorbing story of the little English lad whose one ambition was to be a missionary in Africa.

The Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions, St. Louis, ten cents.

Du Sang Chretien sur le Fleuve Jaune, actes des martyrs dans la Chine contemporaine

Pierre-Xavier Mertens, S.J.

The modern martyrs of the Boxer Rebellion suffered cruelties just as horrible as any practiced by the pagan Roman Emperors. The battle for Shanghai offers timely background for this book.

Editions Spes, 17, Rue Soufflot, Paris V., nine francs.

CATHOLICISM AND ISLAM (Continued from page 229)

finally force the vast multitude of Indian Moslems to take sides with the Catholic and Christian elements in India in a battle for their own existence so that there may eventuate a world-wide front of Islam and the Church against the common foe, Communism, the deadliest enemy of God that this world has so far seen. A new order is appearing in the world and it is time that old antagonisms died a proper death. Either Islam or the Catholic Church is from God. There are no other serious rivals for that honor. In the words of Gamaliel when the Apostles were on trial before him and the rest of the Sanhedrim: If either of these works "be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it." It is God Who counts, and those who attack Him attack every sincere Protestant, Catholic, Mohammedan and Jew. Against atheism and paganism, old and new, these four powerful forces must wage relentless battle,—intellectual and spiritual always, but if the gauge be thrown across their path, physical and material as well. A religion which will not take part in this battle is bound to perish, but the religion that is from God will go from victory to victory. Paganism is fighting at death grips. A new religious era is at hand.

"ANG PAMUHAT"

(Continued from page 233)

ferred on chairs of different height set side by side in gradation.

These two special feasts are offered not only as propitiations but also as feasts of thanksgiving for benefits received, as for example, success in a hunting expedition, etc.

Sacrifices to the spirits are offered not alone within the house. Sometimes people find upon the rivers floating cages wherein plates of food and different gifts are placed. These are offerings of the mountain people to the spirits of the rivers. The Christians taboo these sacrifices and no one even so much as dares to touch the cages.

The adherents of spirit worship are not aggressive, yet they are adamant in their belief. Once a Christian Bukidnon rebuked his neighbors for performing a pagan cult to the spirits. His neighbors calmly answered that they had to do it to prevent epidemics, drought, famine and other calamities from visiting the village at the instance of the offended spirits.

These spirit worshippers are at great pains to procure the proper kind of sacrifice. If the offerings demanded is a pair of white chickens, the interested party travels from one village to another just to get the white chickens required and even pays double the price of chickens of the same size but of different colors.

This belief in spirits is not confined to the pagan Bukidnons. Even people in the towns along the coast and in outlying mountain villages, though Christians for many generations, still have some notion

and dread of the power of the spirits. When these people pass beneath shadowy groves and along huge boulders or other places where the spirits are supposed to take up their abode, they render to these deities the reverent salutation, "Tábe Apo," ("By your leave, O Venerable One.")

This primitive belief is one of the numerous obstacles and often the hardest obstacle which blocks missionary endeavors in mission lands. The strength of this barrier is proportional to the influence of the cult of Satan among people who have sat in the shadow of darkness for ages. The belief of the pagan Bukidnons, a peace-loving people who inhabit the central plateau of Mindanao, though lacking in the horrible orgies and human sacrifices of other pagan cults, nevertheless offers passive resistance to the advance of the Gospel.

The Bukidnons were evangelized towards the end of the last century, but the Mission was abandoned at the outbreak of the Philippine Revolution of 1896. At the early part of this century the work was resumed by the Spanish Jesuits, and when the Philippine Mission passed into the hands of the American Jesuits, Father Joseph J. McGowan, S.J., was assigned to Sumilao, the headquarters of the Bukidnon Missions. He was succeeded by Father Frederick W. Henfling, S.J., the "Little Missionary of the Mountains." A few years afterwards Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., took charge of the other half of the Bukidnon Missions, and when he left for the States, Father Austin V. Dowd, S.J., stepped in his place. Both "Missionaries of the Mountains" are combating the primitive belief of the people by means of the Parochial School System and the catechetical centers. The influence of the missionaries and their works are gradually dispersing the mist of religious ignorance.

GUADALUPE SUMMER SCHOOL (Continued from page 236)

in their ordinary classroom. Yet these children were all from the public schools, many of them had never come to church, many did not even know how to bless themselves. Several of them had not even been baptized. To look at them filled one with pity and satisfaction at the same time. With pity, because of their poverty; with satisfaction, because they responded so well to the cares of the Sisters and their helpers. And, of course, the observer would say:

"Ah! if there was a big school at Guadalupe there would be no more Protestants or Communists or any other of these things around here!"

The Summer School lasted only six weeks. On June 18 there was the first Holy Communion. About two hundred children participated. It was a scene never to be forgotten. All clean, well prepared, they, by their looks and attention, told of their happiness, and of the real happiness which has been forgotten long ago by many adults. They prayed aloud, and sang beautifully and

prayed again for their parents, their teachers and their benefactors.

How did we run the Summer School? In a very simple way. Sacrifice and good will. It took six Sisters and no less than a staff of fifteen girls to take care of the children. These Sisters sacrificed their vacation to do the work. The girls, mostly pupils of our school, generously volunteered. I am almost ashamed to state here that for the support of the Sisters, all belonging to the Order of the Incarnate Word, the Church paid the "sumptuous" sum of eight dollars per week! Father Balderrama was in charge of the school. All of them, the Father, the Sisters and the teachers, worked so well and so harmoniously that we may well say that this Summer School was a model. The school was entirely free.

And here let me say that while the object of this school was to instruct the public school children in their Religion, we kept them from the street for six weeks at least, taught them how to behave, and we exemplified the way of combatting Communism. In the streets these children would have learned how to hate people of means and Religion. Here they learned that there are persons who are willing to make sacrifices for them and who love them, the lowly, the outcasts, the poor. . . . Those children will never forget that. And again, if we could afford a big school and a free school, a school for poor children, we could surely help the country in solving the pressing problems of dealing with the present social unrest.

So you see, my dear Readers, it has not been for lack of material that we have been silent in these pages for so long a time. We have had plenty to tell, but our work and our troubles have engrossed our attention. Will you pray that God may send us the help we need very soon?

GIVING AN OLD MAN AWAY (Continued from page 240)

reconnoitering on the part of catechists I am sure I would meet with failure. What the people hear about me is usually not in my favor to say the least. I will take their children away to schools or put them in the army, not to mention filthy lies which would be an insult to good people even to read."

The Old Man accepts people of any caste if he can get them, but thus far he has only Chamars, leather-workers, Dosads, who are laborers, cultivators or servants, and Barhis, carpenters.

Women are hard to convert because of the difficulty of instructing them properly. But the men assure the Old Man that they'll get their women folk for him if he'll but give them the necessary time to do it, for women seem to be "Boss" in not a few homes.

"Is it true that the headmen of villages have great influences on their people either for bringing them into the Church or for keeping them out of it?" I asked.

The Old Man smiled and said:

"The Chamars like to brag of their power, and the headmen of villages that

their word is law. Certain it is that I can make but little headway in my work if they hold out against me. Several headmen have brought in their entire households, no mean achievement here in India where Granny's word often throws a wrench in the family machinery. One headman stood up in the presence of a crowd of heckling Arya Samajis and ably defended himself for becoming a Catholic."

"Well how do your people stand up in the face of the persecution they are subjected to?" was my next question.

With a voice full of feeling the Old Man answered:

"It is really inspiring to see the steadfastness of our new Catholics in the face of harrowing persecution. Thus far only a very few have apostatized. They look upon conversion as a very definite step in their lives and once they have taken the step there is no turning back upon it. At times they have said they were not Catholics when particularly hard pushed. They told me that this was their way of telling others that their religion was a personal affair and not the business of others."

Schools are one of the most important factors in consolidating the Faith among new Catholics, so my next inquiry was:

"Have you any schools yet for the children of your new Catholics among the Depressed Classes?"

The Old Man sighed and said:

"The people clamor for schools and yet when the time comes to send the children they find countless excuses even though we demand no fees from them. Why should they send their children to school when they can work and thus help balance the family budget? Still I have started a few schools, for I want the boys to be taught reading, writing and simple sums in arithmetic and principally their religion. The first three subjects are intended to be safeguards for themselves so that they'll not be putting their thumb prints to any documents or statements they don't understand, something which they frequently do and for which they then suffer the rest of their lives."

It was evident that the Old Man was beginning to dislike being pumped. However, I ventured another question:

"And what are your hopes for the future?"

His reply, though prompt, was well weighed.

"I will not venture to prophesy about the future which is in God's keeping. But possibilities and opportunities are unparalleled in the history of Patna Mission. It is no exaggeration whatever to say that at present we can get as many converts as we can take care of. All depends on the number of laborers and the extent of funds at the disposal of our Superiors.

"One thing is remarkably striking and that is the effects of God's grace, at times so evident in our work as to make one really marvel. Few are the days which pass without someone receiving the white robe of Baptism. Many whom I have

been unable to get to, seek me out themselves to get instruction. The steadfastness and devotion of those so young in the Faith and the marvelous expansion of our work in the very face of obstacles humanly speaking insurmountable, leave no trace of a doubt that we are but the channels through which God pours out the richest treasures of His grace. The bitter opposition we face could be organized so as to make any notable progress impossible, but prayer and God's Infinite Goodness take care of that. At times I am tempted to think that the prayers offered for Patna since we took it over in 1921 are now in a special manner bearing fruit."

I didn't have a chance to get out into the villages with the Old Man so there was still another item that I wanted to know about.

"What, if I dare ask, do you have in the way of accommodations when you are out on tour?"

"God's fresh air," answered the Old Man. "Since floods have subsided I can get fairly good water but I usually carry a canteen with me. As for shelter and food, well, our poor Chamars have so little to offer that you can hardly call it by the dignified term of 'accommodations.' My good mother, God rest her soul, would, I think, if she saw me eat what I am offered, turn in her grave. I carry cheap crackers, cheese, hard-boiled eggs, nuts, raisins, etc., to come to the rescue when nothing is offered to me to eat."

There is an end to everything even to the patience of a tried and seasoned missionary like the Old Man. But he had given me plenty to think about and plenty to pray for. What he had told me made a profound impression upon me and I have tried to pass along that impression to you. When bitter opposition is encountered on all sides, when failure leers at him in divers shapes and places, when his purse is empty and discouragement would hoist the flag of victory, your prayers, your encouraging letters, your generous sacrifices to help him in his work brace up the missionary and strengthen him.

MARQUETTE IN CANADA

(Continued from page 249)

every week of almost the entire year, from thirty to forty boys come to spend three days in recollection and prayer, many of them to determine on a career for themselves not unlike that of Marquette. In one year as many as two hundred of the retreatants determined on a priestly vocation. At the close of the present school year alone exactly two thousand retreatants had made the Spiritual Exercises under this roof. One can hardly imagine a more appropriate monument to the zealous missionary. It was in a certain sense begun by himself when he came to spend a little triduum here exercising his charity, zeal and devotion. At least, it owes to him its present dedication to a work which must be specially dear to Marquette. No monument could

better perpetuate the memory of this great man than one which engenders in the hearts of hundreds of our own generation the same generous spirit of Christianity and apostolic zeal as inflamed the soul of Marquette.

How really potent the influence of Marquette has been was attested by the venerable old Archbishop himself on the occasion of the presentation of this monument to the Society of Jesus: "Prayer extends its influence beyond space and time. Who knows if that of Marquette has not been responsible for the call which has invited me to walk in his footsteps by evangelizing the savages of the far West? It is in this house, from which he set out for those distant countries, that I offered to God the hardest of sacrifices—that of my missionary vocation. It was from hearing his courage spoken of here in this house, that as a boy I felt myself strengthened in mine." May one not venture the statement, then, that Father Marquette from a high place in Heaven guides into paths of great adventure for the salvation of souls the destinies of many young men who come to "La Broquerie" to make their retreats of election?

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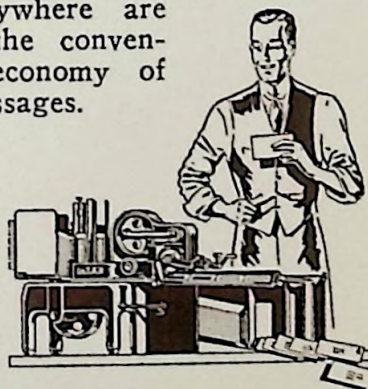
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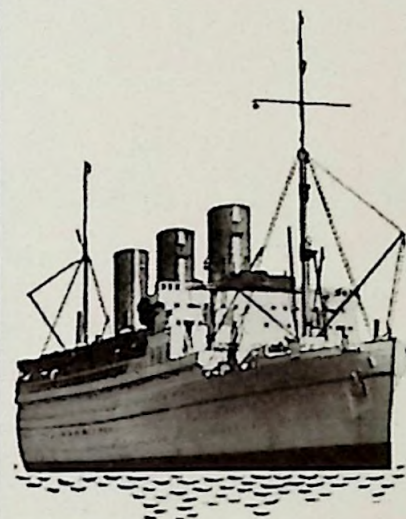
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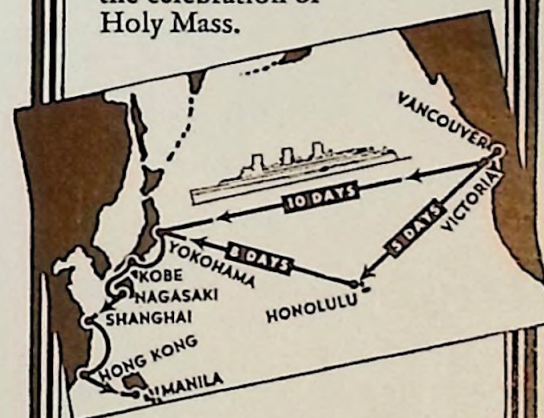
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THE BEGGAR'S APOLOGY

JESUIT MISSIONS, following the policy laid down by Superiors at the very beginning of its existence, has never been a begging sheet. Its stories and articles have sought to lay before its readers facts that would encourage and inspire, that would give a clear picture of the missions and missionary life. There has been confidence that the result would be gifts of spiritual and material alms. Nor has this confidence been misplaced.

Only on three occasions have we explicitly asked for money for any particular mission. Each time that has been done in the face of dread disaster which had befallen the particular mission in whose favor we have pleaded. We are happy to say that on each of the three occasions we have openly begged on this first page of JESUIT

MISSIONS the response has been most generous.

This is our only begging page and every month we do make a general appeal for the American Jesuit missions in general. We can never stress too much the fact that the missions and missionaries need money for seminaries and seminarians; for Sisters, and schools; for maintenance and necessary travel; for catechists and their converts; in a word for everything. So we ask you again: Will you help us help the missions? Please send your money gift, large or small, to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below. Just mark your gift "for everything." We'll surely acknowledge it, and thank you. We'll pray that God may bless you abundantly.

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.

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.

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

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1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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.
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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

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

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.

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.

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

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160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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

REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
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The beloved and zealous Bishop, His Excellency, Auguste Haouisée, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Shanghai, China. Your prayers are requested for him, for his missionaries and for his Catholic flock in the war-battered city which has seen so much destruction and loss of life in the present Sino-Japanese War.

EDITORIALS

THE CHURCH IN SHANGHAI

BOMBING planes roar over Shanghai; big guns and war fleets mass their fire on the shores of the Woo-sung and Yangtze Rivers; one fourth of the great commercial center of China is in flames and ruins; numbers of non-combatants have been killed or wounded during the bombardment. Such is the news which has come in the daily press reports from China but up to the present writing we have had no word of our Catholic missionaries and people in Shanghai. It will come as a surprise to many, no doubt, to find that in the great city there are some thirty-nine Catholic institutions. Of this number, thirteen are churches; the rest are schools, colleges, orphanages, convents and hospitals. In Shanghai, too, are the Mission Procures of the French, Canadian and Spanish Jesuits, of the Marists, the Augustinians, the Belgian Missions of Scheut, the Society of the Divine Word, the St. Columban's Missions, the Foreign Missions of Paris, the Recoletos, the Franciscans and the Lazarists. Though the American Jesuits of the California Province have as yet no Mission Procure, they have a flourishing school, Gonzaga College, in the northwestern section of Shanghai and American Jesuit Scholastics are theological students at Zi-ka-wei, just southwest of the French Concession.

Today there are 45,000 Catholics in Shanghai living in the midst of 3,500,000 inhabitants divided as follows: International Settlement 1,200,000; French Concession 500,000; Greater Shanghai 1,800,000. The foreigners are thus distributed: Japanese 19,000; English 10,747; Russians 9,600; Americans 3,667; Portuguese 1,750; French 1,565; Germans 1,540; and hundreds of practically every other nationality on the face of the earth.

Under the direction of the beloved Bishop of Shanghai, the Church is sheltering under her mantle of "Mother of all the miseries of soul and body" the afflicted of every class. She does this during time of war as she did during days of peace. You will find her in hospitals, in private and public refuges, in the foundling homes, orphanages and dispensaries where so much devotion is displayed and from which surge up so many acts of love: the sick and wounded surrounded with care, orphans welcomed and reanimated, the aged and dying assisted, repentant souls encouraged and protected. On a previous occasion, when the Pilgrims to the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress at Manila, February, 1937, stopped en route at Shanghai, zealous Bishop Haouisée, S.J., invited them to become, at least by their prayers,

the co-workers of the missionaries in "planting the Church solidly, powerfully, copiously in this city of Shanghai, this passionate city, this head and heart of China." If in time of peace such an appeal made a deep impression on all, how much more should the whole Catholic world be stirred to prayer now that the Catholic Church in Shanghai suffers the horrors of war and sees all about her the innocent victims whom she must help in every possible way.

SECOND LAST SUNDAY IN OCTOBER

IT is now ten years since our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, designated the second last Sunday in October as Mission Sunday. It was his intention that on this day especially the Faithful should be urged to membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and that they should be stirred to greater mission interest by informational and inspirational sermons. This has been accomplished to some extent, though the movement is not yet intense enough and wide enough to produce the results desired. Neither do all dioceses as yet celebrate Mission Sunday on the same day. It is hoped that those dioceses which still transfer the solemnity to another time of the year will soon be able to overcome local difficulties so that there may be a world-wide celebration of Mission Sunday on the second last Sunday in October.

Though membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith does not fully satisfy a Catholic's obligation towards the missions, still it is an excellent beginning and will increase the consciousness of the many needs of the missions throughout the world. Religious Orders, Congregations and Societies to whom missions in various parts of the world have been entrusted have an almost crushing burden to carry in the financing of the education of their future apostles and the support of their missionaries actually in foreign fields. They must rely for their support on our Catholics at home in their parishes. Let us remember that charity to the missions is not a luxury, but a serious responsibility that each Catholic should share with those who are giving their whole lives to the work. Let us see to it this year that Mission Sunday is celebrated in a most serious, generous and practical way. Let it bring us all into membership of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and secondly, let it stir in us a deeper, personal and helpful interest in mission appeals made to us in church and elsewhere in the course of the year.

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