

Jesuit & Missions

SHANGHAI SOJOURN

TALAKAG

WAR? YES

MEXICAN BABIES

HAGLEY GAP

THE MONTH AT J. M.

OLD ALASKA CUSTOMS

Text Continues

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MASSES FOR THE DEAD

"ETERNAL rest grant unto them O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them." With these words the priest begins the *Requiem* Mass which he offers for a soul departed, or the many souls in Purgatory. During the month of November, dedicated to the Holy Souls, when so many of us will be mindful of our dear ones laid to rest, how many will think to provide for Masses to be offered for their souls? And yet some soul's release from God's prison house may be dependent on our charity, on our full realization of the Communion of Saints which unites the Church Triumphant, the Church Militant and the Church Suffering. Surely you will be charitable to those who can no longer help themselves and provide for Masses for the Faithful Departed!

So often generous Catholics would provide for Masses if they but knew where to send their offerings, if they but knew of some priests in need. May we suggest that

missionary priests are among the neediest of the needy? They have stripped themselves of reasonable pleasures and are shorn of comforts, being at times in need of the necessities of life as they strive to bring souls to God. In most instances the offerings they receive for Masses are their sole means of support. If every missionary were given an offering for every Mass he celebrates, many of his material needs would be provided for, and greater spiritual good for his people would be accomplished. At the same time his benefactors would be made to share in the reward of his labors. Will you become a benefactor?

Let the missionaries say your Masses for your dear departed. Please send your offerings for Masses to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below. You may be certain that you will receive an acknowledgment and thanks for your generosity.

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

REV. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
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.
Holy Cross, Alaska

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.

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

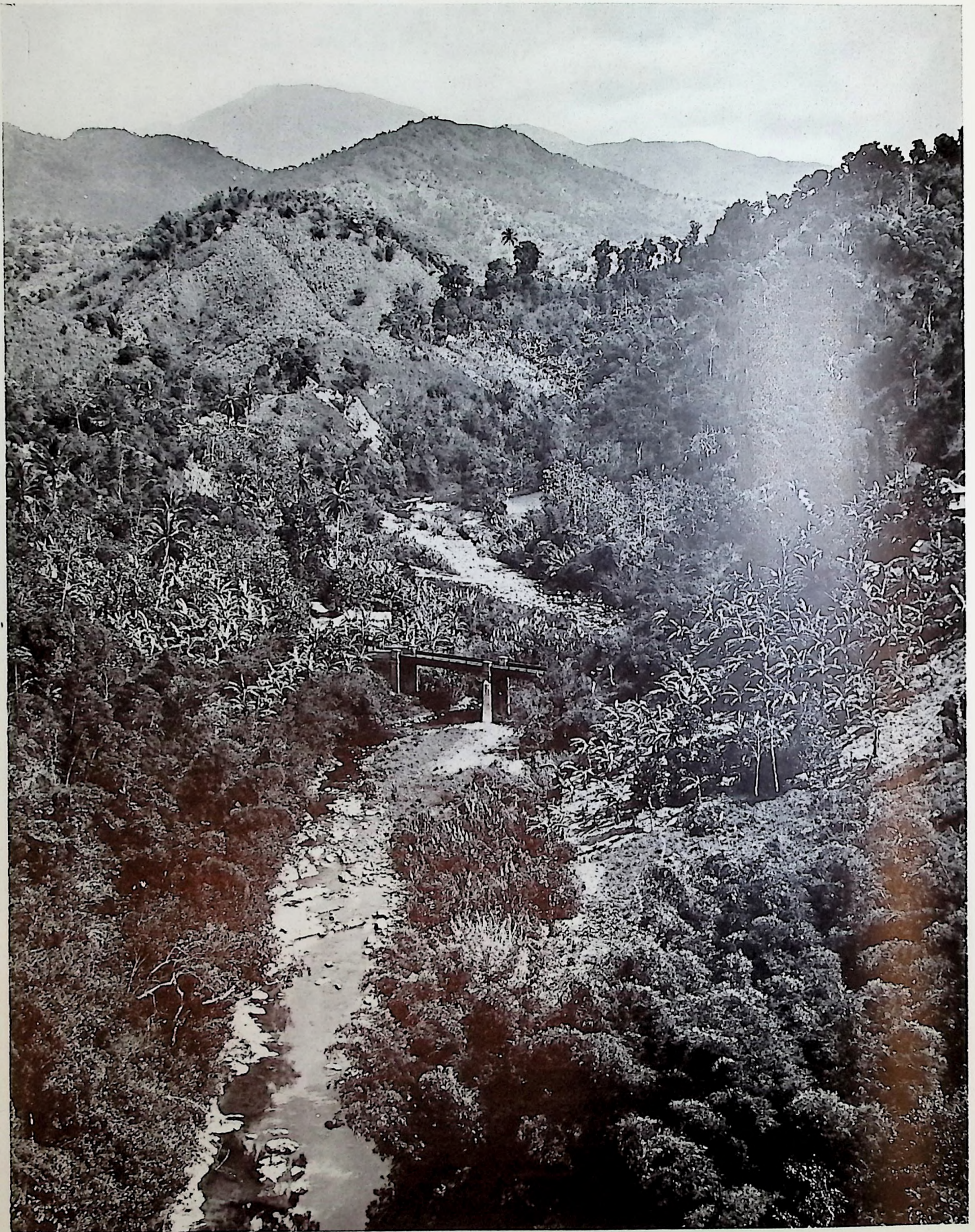
REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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

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

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

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



A close study of the uneven and rugged terrain of this hill country will enable the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to gather in some degree the difficulties of travel either on foot, in car, or on donkey that beset the missionaries of Jamaica, B. W. I., as they fare forth on their apostolic journeys for souls.

EDITORIALS

WHEN WE GAVE TILL IT HURT

HE was old and gray, a veteran of many years in the foreign missions. I had met him at the pier when he landed and even the Custom's officer would not allow his claim to being a resident of the U. S. A.,—so many years had he been away from his native land. He was back now just for a few months rest, which he would take in true missionary fashion by begging for his Mission. But I'm not going on to tell his story. I want only to mention one little incident of his days with me. He didn't wax eloquent over our big buildings nor over the rolling wealth that sped up and down the Avenues, but he told me he wanted to visit the lowly headquarters of a certain work among the poor. He went once and then he went again,—and he told me later he had left a little donation there. It surprised me for a moment, but not for long, because I realized his motive. Though his own mission needs were great—many thousands of times greater than the dollars he gave to the cause of the poor in New York—he felt that charity demanded of him that he be generous where he saw there was want. I knew something of the poverty in which he had lived on the missions and I understood the Christlike charity that he had fostered in dealing with the millions of poor in his Mission. And so his heart went out in sympathy to the poor wherever he met them. He *realized* their needs.

Now it is just that *realization* that all of us need in reference to the poor in the missions; that includes the missionaries and their flocks. If we only *realized*, then we would give even at a sacrifice. Some of our good Catholic people who have had the pleasure of a visit to one or more foreign or home missions have come away with just that realization of the needs of the missionaries which sent them on their way as apostles for the mission cause. The trouble is that they are all too few. We want to increase the number of those who have a real consciousness of mission needs and their own obligation to help where they can. We cannot, of course, all take a Canadian Pacific liner to the Orient to get first hand information,—nor is that necessary. There are individuals and groups who have grown to have a real insight into mission work and needs. They have really come to *know*, and then they have made sacrifices of time, energy and what money they could give,—and note that it is often at the cost of *sacrifice*. Recall how the slogan prevailed at home during the World War: "Give till it hurts!" That meant that we were heart and soul with our boys at the front.

Well, to speak familiarly though not irreverently, "our boys" are at the front and they need our help. Our priests and Sisters are at the front of the battleline of Christ's army. They need our support; not that they seek it for their personal needs, which they keep down to a minimum that perhaps you and I would shudder at, but they need it above all for the advance of their work. They need church supplies, funds to keep lowly chapels and schools in repair and to build more permanent ones, catechist and teacher salaries, money for personal sustenance and travel, to say nothing of a thousand and one smaller needs that bob up in the course of the year.

People sometimes wonder whether the missionary gets any support from his new Christians. He does, and often in a way that shows real self-sacrificing charity. But most of the early converts are poor, "the poor have the Gospel preached to them." They help and the missionaries train them to help in giving of their free time, possibly to level off the ground or to build a thatch hut or school or chapel. But their poverty keeps them from giving more, for of this world's goods they have little or none, and their actual poverty would shock most of us if we saw and realized it.

May we then hope for a greater consciousness of mission needs among our Readers? We are most grateful for all that has been given in the past, but the ever-increasing calls from our missionaries make us send our appeal to you again. We try in these pages to give you a *realization* of the work of our Jesuit missionaries and we let them tell the story of their progress. Thrilling and wonderful that story is. It points to astounding advances, more souls brought into the Church of Christ. But that also increases the budget—and you know, we can send our brother Jesuits only what we receive. Larger gifts are, to be sure, most welcome, but they are not frequent. Mission support comes largely in one and five and ten dollar gifts. No gift is too small. Our missionaries are always grateful and we try, too, to have them send their word of thanks directly.

May we then count on your gift soon? Why not join those who make it a regular practice to lay aside a dollar a week or a dollar a month for the missions? It may mean a real sacrifice, but does not everything that is really worth achieving call for just that? And let us never forget that a sacrifice for the missions is a sacrifice made for Christ, our Lord and King, Whose whole life was one of sacrifice because He loved us. Are we ready to do the same for Him in His cause, the cause of the missions?

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Shanghai

Sojourn

Edgar Dowd, S.J.



"With the guns at his heels, Mr. Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., . . . drew rein at Alma College, Alma, California, on September 6."

"DON'T take off your shoes until you come to the river." The wisdom of this Chinese proverb is more apparent after one has seen a pair of Chinese shoes.

With the guns at his heels, Mr. Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., a Jesuit Scholastic in Shanghai, China, for the past five years, drew rein at Alma College, Alma, California, on September 6, to complete his course in Theology; and afterward to take a degree in Oriental Studies at the University of California.

Mr. O'Brien wore Chinese shoes. So interesting was Mr. O'Brien's footwear that we began the interview from the ground up.

Shortly before bombs fell on Shanghai, a China boy pitter-pattered across the cobbles to the Zi-ka-wei Theologate, placed a newspaper upon the floor, and requested Mr. O'Brien to place his worthy foot upon the newspaper.

"I desire the big-small of your foot." The word, "size" is too abstract for the realistic Chinese mind.

Mr. O'Brien complied with the lad's request. All the newspaper not under foot pressure was torn away. Since the shoes must be absolutely mosquito-proof, ankles were also measured; segments of the paper were placed here and there in appropriate spots, with a minimum of overlapping.

THE finished product, as exhibited by Mr. O'Brien's bootees, testified that the big-small of it was an exact description of size-getting west of the Whangpoo! The shoes seemed to bear a universal character, with a considerable amount of pioneering facing the foot until comfortable living quarters could be established. With the

foot once firmly settled and irrevocably shoe-laced into place, one can understand why an orthodox Chinese should wait until he reaches the river before bending to the arduous task of unlacing his shoes and extricating his feet.

An American would not take off his shoes at all. Mr. O'Brien's shoes cost seventy-five cents.

SORREL-TOPPED, affable, bubbling-over Mr. O'Brien—or, if you prefer his Chinese moniker, Mr. Yin—spoke highly of China, the Chinese, and of all things pertaining to the Celestial Empire, including his Buddhist brogans. Five years in the Middle Kingdom had not changed his galloping outlook upon life. He talked rapidly, gestured often, laughed frequently, and, without a word of warning, zig-zagged occasionally from intelligible English into unintelligible Chinese.

"I'm forgetting my English," sighed Mr. O'Brien, who knows Chinese so well that he can write a beautiful letter in that language, a letter that if read in one tone means blessings and pats on the back; if read in another tone means vituperations and pats on the chin.

Clinging to a straight-backed chair, half turned from a flat-topped desk—standard equipment in the Alma Theologate—Mr. O'Brien's quick blue eyes rested upon large panels of green lawn, oblong beds of purple petunias, determined oaks, and battalions of redwoods marching everlastingly across the low, rolling Santa Cruz hills. California is beautiful; but Mr. O'Brien is anxious to return to the flat, damp plains of Shanghai along the Whangpoo.

Upon his arrival (*Turn to page 279*)

Chinese students of the Jesuit Aurora University in Shanghai. The younger generation of China is determined on "going to town."



Father Miguel Augustin Pro, S.J., a Mexican Jesuit priest, shot for the Faith in Mexico City, November 23, 1927.



"Prepare to send me your petitions when I am in Heaven!" wrote Father Pro to a friend in a letter expressing his wish to die for Christ.

OUTLAW OF CHRIST

LA VERNE WILHELM, S.J.

Dear Padre Pro,
 It is ten years ago
 That you were outlaw for your God.
 Disguised you visited
 Your dear ones huddled in their darkened homes
 As Christians in the early Catacombs,
 And brought them peace and Bread.
 You played the part,
 A price upon your head,
 With jests and daring bonhomie
 And, Christ pyxed on your heart,
 You whistling strolled your way
 To trysting places for the *Agape*.
 Heaven smiled each day to see
 You fix your tie just so,
 Twirl your cane like any beau,
 And with a cigarette
 Disarm your trailing spy—
 You with oils still fresh upon your thumb,
 Or hurrying with Viaticum!
 Ah, sweet it was to live, and play
 That role from day to day,
 But, oh, in it to die!

* * * * *

Dear Padre Pro,
 It is ten years ago
 Your prayer was heard by God,

And calm and brave
 You walked before the firing squad,
 The *Introibo* of your final Mass.
 And kneeling for
 Your life's *Confiteor*,
 You rose and blessed, forgave
 Each one and all,
 And arms outstretched against the wall,
 Priest unto the very last
 You changed the scene into a vast
 Cathedral Heaven-arched and mercy-spired!
 All who saw
 Felt hush-at-Consecration awe
 Descend upon them, and they bowed
 Adorers as you hold your soul on high,
 Pronouncing sacredly each word aloud—
 "*Viva Cristo Rey!*"
 And swift a single volley fired
 Rang in salute.
 "*Ecce Agnus Dei*"—
 Upon the ground your body lay
 Haloed in the flow
 Of blood; your heart, bejewelled with bullet-holes
 Live pearls inlaid in gold,
 A chalice for your Mexico
 To lift and hold
 To God for souls.

Talakag

J. Edward
Haggerty, S.J.

OF all the mission stations attached to Cagayan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, the little town of Talakag is my favorite; perhaps because it was the first one I sallied out "to conquer." Once a month, on the fourth Sunday, the five thousand Catholics that live in the municipality of Talakag have a priest. Today is the fourth Sunday.

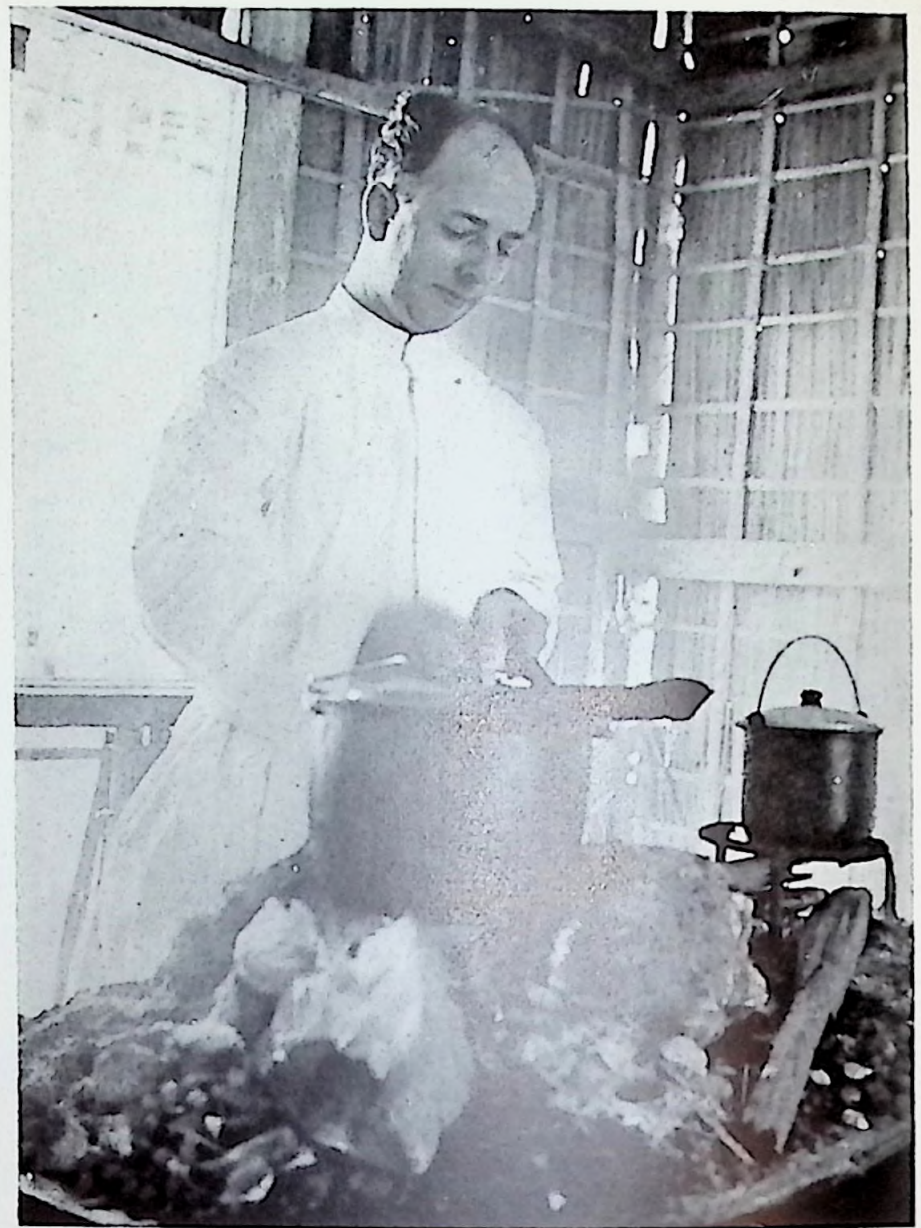
Talakag is about twenty-two miles away. The road climbs and climbs, each turn taking your breath away with its dizziness, and its constant bumps are far better for exercise than any electric horse invented. In stretches it is strictly one-way traffic and only good St. Christopher knows what is to happen when cars meet. Since it is now the dry season we shall go today in our 1929 Ford. In the rainy season we would have to leave the day before by bus, for the trip would take over three hours.

At five A.M. the big bells of our church ring out for the first Mass, just as I climb into the Ford, brace myself well, and turn a resolute face towards the peaks which stand out jagged in the dawn. The little *barrios* along the route have already been awakened, loaded carabaos are coming down the trails to the Sunday market. Children are pushing home long hollow bamboo poles on wheels taking home river water for the day. Men with their favorite roosters on their arms and a few *centavos* in their pockets are jogging ten or twelve miles to the Sunday cockpit. A barber clad only in his underwear is cutting the hair of a friend clad only in short trousers, getting him ready for some gala occasion. Dogs wake up lazily in our path as we sound the horn, and we dodge crazily, trying to miss hens scratching for their families in the middle of the road.

IT is now full daylight and the fields of corn stretch over the mountain plateau, very green in the fresh dew. Palm trees line the sides of the road, bunches of bananas hang head-down among their giant leaves, and a few huge oranges weight down their frail-looking branches. How prosperous it all looks, but there is fear in the heart of the farmer as he looks out over his work. As our car bounces along, it runs into dense masses of hopping insects—the hoppers that will soon be the devastating locusts. For five years now they have destroyed nearly every blade of the harvest, but they seem to be growing less numerous.

The children along the road come out to wave and shout "*Pari, Pari*" ("Father, Father"), but their shout brings little joy to my heart. That one word is about all they know of our religion. Once a year, at fiesta time, there will be one Mass in these twenty-two miles between Cagayan and Talakag, and parents will bring their babies to be baptized. Then God drops out of their lives, and the only glimpse they have of religion is once a month when the priest goes hurrying by in the old Ford.

Talakag is still half asleep when we roll in about seven o'clock, but the nights are cool in the mountains and people sleep late. We park at the little tin chapel, and



Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., caught in the process of frying an egg for his dinner in Aloran, Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

one old man is there praying beside the candle he has lighted on the floor in honor of the patron, St. Joseph. He looks up shyly from his prayers and begins to pull vigorously on the bell to tell the people that the priest has come. Out of my Mass kit the server arranges the altar while the old bell ringer at half-minute intervals keeps up his appeal to Talakag. A few children come in and beg for a holy card, for they explain they have come faithfully to catechism during the vacation. I feel a little proud, for their teachers have been a girl and a boy from our high schools in Cagayan, home for the holidays.

IT is the feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, and I read the Rogation Day Prayer for aid, thinking of those green fields and of the threatening hoards of locusts. "Help them, dear Lord," I think, "they want to build a little wooden rectory here for the priest—and if the locusts come, they cannot." Every time I come it is the same old question: "Can we not have a resident priest?" Out in the plaza I hear the shouts of men and women bartering in the market during Mass; as I preach, I can see through the open door Bukidnons (mountaineers) coming in from great distances to the "liveliness" of Sunday in town. Poor people, they are baptized, but that is all they know of their Faith. Their parents were pagans, and they differ from them only in their Baptism. These hundreds stay from Mass (Turn to page 279)

"Hostel?"

John M.
Cosgrove, S.J.

BEFORE coming to Patna Mission, India, I had a vague idea of what was meant by "Hostel." One of the Scholastics there had written that he was one of those in charge of the hostel at Khrist Raja High School. I did not even take time to look up the word in a dictionary, for I had never heard it used in America. But then Very Reverend Father Provincial told me to sail for India, and shortly after arriving at Khrist Raja I was appointed as assistant superintendent,—we would call it second prefect in America,—of the hostel boys.

At first I was not taken with the appointment, for to be second *ma-bap* (mother-father) to about sixty boys appealed, naturally, to me not at all. But soon after I moved, rather had coolies move, my trunk and belongings from the Father's bungalow to the little second story room, and got acquainted with the boys at a picnic, I realized the possibilities of such a job and I was very much pleased with it. Among other things, it gives me a chance to use my limited amount of the adopted tongue, Hindi, as well as a splendid opportunity to study the Indian boy with his traits and viewpoint of life or lack of viewpoint depending on the individual. Later on, when with God's grace I am a priest, the information gathered here will be invaluable in handling the people with their troubles and problems.

HERE at Khrist Raja in the hostel we have mostly Santal boys sent in by the Fathers in the Santal field to be educated and trained to be future Catholic leaders as teachers or catechists among their own people. Yearly a number of the more promising lads are sent up from the grade or Middle English School near

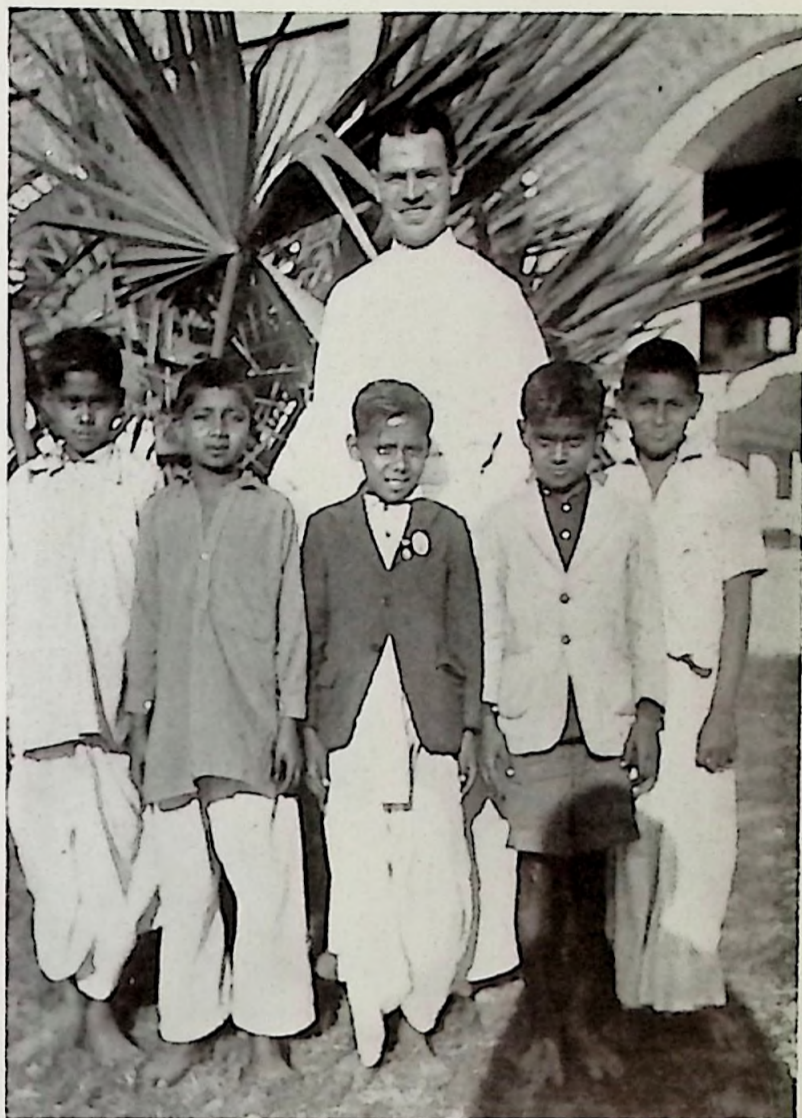
Bhagalpur. Besides these Santal boys we have a number of the Bihar boys from nearby towns and one from Nepal. The latter we as well as all missionaries are forbidden to enter. This year (I am writing of the 1936 school year) we have two high caste Hindu boys, three other Hindus, and one Mohammedan. One of the Hindus will receive Baptism on Holy Saturday. He came here of his own accord and asked for

extra instruction in the Faith besides the regular moral instruction which all boys, Catholic, Hindus, and Mohammedans receive.

The boarders here have a long day: they rise at 5:30 in the morning and retire about 9:30 at night. After washing face and hands at the pump outside and polishing their teeth with a twig off a nearby tree, they are ready for Mass and Holy Communion. Pump outside? Yes, very few use a basin. One pumps a little water while the other bathes. At home they would either go to the village open well or to a nearby stream of chilly spring water. And why should we change their customs, since all will return home one day? Study, class, recreation or work are the order of the day with Rosary and night prayers to close the day.

THE boys sleep in several large and small rooms in a separate building in dormitory style. Each one has his steel frame bed with several blankets to keep him warm. As some one has said, keep the Indian's head warm and he will be all right. In the cooler months the boys roll up in the blankets, covering head and all. During the summer they do the same with a light *chader* to keep the mosquitoes away. An interesting scene is *dal-bat* time when each one lines up with his enamel plate for his share of rice and *dal*. Then he squats close by on the large pavilion-like dining floor to mix the two and eat them with the fingers of the right hand. A mystery to me is how these boys captivate that little roll of rice and *dal* without smearing their whole face.

Last year, in order to make our education more practical for these boys, we set aside (Turn to page 279)



John M. Cosgrove, S.J., and some of his young hopefuls at Khrist Raja High School, at Bettiah in Patna Mission, India.



Chandra Pal, the little lad from Nepal, a country from which all missionaries are excluded.

War? Yes

Cornelius A. Murphy, S.J.

IT happened in the smoking room of the Army Club. The Colonel came in with some papers in his hand and a smile on his face. That at once caught the attention of the officers gathered there. The Colonel did not often smile, so all were attentive, but it was a rather queer smile, somewhat rueful, and it quickly died out. Several of the group in the room moved toward him and one, looking at the letter in his hand, asked:

"Bad news, Colonel?"

"Hard to say. Did you ever have a letter blow up in your face? I mean real high explosive?"

"No. But it sounds interesting."

"It is interesting and there is no reason why I should not let you in on it. Some of you know my brother Peter. He is a priest."

"Off on the foreign missions, isn't he?"

"Yes. I haven't seen him for years. Well—he writes articles for publication once in a while and they are pretty good. He sends them to me for criticism and that is how I got this one. You have all seen plenty of service, so you can form your own judgment about it."

He read:

"Dear John:

"As a soldier you will be able to criticize what I have written. I intend to publish it to try to get some money for my Mission here. It is short, but, such as it is, I want your frank opinion on it from a soldier's view point. Here it is.

ONE CARTRIDGE MORE

"IT makes no difference what caused the war nor what countries were in it, for my story tells me of the things that I know to have happened over and over again and the heroic calmness of its actors is not a thing of this place nor that, for, as I have said, it happened over and over again.

"The fighting in the front line had pushed one part into a very advanced position and our boys were on the watch for the attack that the enemy seemed sure to make to recover some of the lost ground. But they were not worried, for behind them were endless stores of ammunition. A party made its way into the trenches and reported. Word went down the line that they were sharpshooters and this was the cause of high good feeling.

"Days passed with the nerve-racking, continuous fighting of the trenches, but the fighters carried on cheerfully.

"Then that cheerfulness lessened. Something was wrong—ammunition had run low. This was reported to the huge depot in the rear and a small supply was sent out. Being small, this supply had to be used with the utmost care and the enemy, to whom expense and amounts of ammunition were nothing, saw that something was wrong and launched attack after attack. Still the trenches were held, but now by sadly worried men. Why were supplies not sent to them! Let one be hit and his small supply of ammunition had to be distributed. Officers were appealed to in vain. They could not

pick the much needed cartridges out of the air. Urged to send back for some of the immense supplies known to be in the rear, they could only reply that every appeal that could be made was being made. Then men were taken out of the trenches and sent wherever they could go to see if even a few precious cartridges could not be got somewhere, somehow.

"It was horrible and the minds of the men were being embittered by the thought of the supplies that were being held back. It was not right! Their business was to fight and they ought not to be left helpless this way and have to spend precious time hunting for what should be supplied.

"THEN came the word so often heard, but now heard with dread, 'They are coming!' No charge followed but it was clear that something was being done on the enemy front. A new position was being pushed forward and an occasional shot was all that could be taken—all too little to stop the work. It would never do to be caught with empty rifles. The new position grew into a mound upon which was set a machine gun with a parapet protecting it. As soon as it was guessed what the thing would be, a tunnel was pushed out beyond the mound and an opening made to the surface. Here the best marksman of the sharpshooters was placed where it was hoped that he might be able to command the machine gun from the rear, and as much ammunition as could be spared was given to him.

"Calmly the enemy finished his work and the machine gun in its elevated position began its attack against the abandoned, desperate men in the trenches who, now, could not even retreat. This was awful. Those supplies! Why were they kept back?

"The lone sharpshooter at the end of the tunnel used clip after clip of cartridges but could not pick off the gunner who was taking off the poor fellows in the trenches. Finally his last clip went into the rifle. He kept no count of how often he fired. Then came the chance so long and patiently waited for, as the cautious gunner at last showed himself and offered a fair target. No chance of missing at that distance! Up went the rifle, only to give a sickening 'Click.' The last clip was empty. Oh for a cartridge! Only one! But there was not even one. The last man in the trench died."

WHEN the reading was ended a buzz of comment broke out. One said:

"What is the object of writing about the slaughter of helpless men? I can't see why such a thing should be published, even if it is true."

"Right," chimed in another, "but it isn't true. Can you imagine such a situation? Plenty of ammunition in the depot and none or too little served out! It is nonsense."

The Colonel smiled at the critics and said:

"See what you think of my answer then."

"Yes. Read it" came in chorus and the Colonel read:

"Dear Peter:

"I hate to hurt your feelings, but of all the short stories of yours that I have seen this is in a class by itself. You ask me to be frank and I shall be. It is awful stuff

and no publisher would bother about it longer than is needed to send, 'We regret.' Granting that you describe the situation well, the facts remain that, first, it is a mere description of the slaughter of good men and no object can be gained by publishing it even if, as you claim, it is true; but, secondly, it is not true to modern warfare.

"IT is absurd from a military point of view to place an unlimited supply of ammunition close behind these men and yet, day after day, in spite of the fullest information sent back as you describe, have a continued shortage in the trenches. A temporary shortage occurs at times but it is promptly remedied. If your supply had been held up by enemy fire controlling the approach or if treachery in the rear had stopped it, the thing could be understood, but you have neither of these things, so I repeat that it is unintelligible and absurd.

"I am sorry that you have asked me to play the critic but, since you have, I cannot in honesty say anything but what I have set down.

"With best wishes, and so forth—

"Jack"

Again silence followed the reading and after a few moments someone said:

"I suppose that there was no other answer possible."

"But," persisted the Colonel, "He was not hurt. On the contrary, he was very much pleased and said so. Listen to this:

"Dear John:

"Your opinion of my 'One Cartridge More' pleased me very much. You say that from a military point of view the whole thing is sheer rubbish and I agree that it is. War is not carried on that way—'

A GENERAL movement among his hearers made the Colonel pause and he had an odd smile on his face as he asked:

"What do you think of that?" His answer came promptly.

"One thing that strikes me is that he was very easily pleased—"

"Struck me, too," said the Colonel, "but listen to the rest of it and take hold of something because you are going to get a blast of high explosive close up—hm!—let me see—'War is not carried on that way, but when you say that my skit is not true to life, you are away off the road—'

A murmur of disapproval greeted this but the Colonel went on reading:

"How do I know that? *Because I lead that life.* You naturally enough failed to see that what I wrote is a *parable.* Do you see it now? *That is not the war of your profession but of mine.*

"Here we are at the front carrying on a heartbreaking struggle with the deadliest of enemies. *Often—just as a good thing offers—Clip empty.* Not true to life! It is true that in your kind of war there are many kinds of ammunition and it is the same in ours. There are the prayers, Masses, Communion and varied good works and sacrifices that bring God's blessing upon our work, but the particular ammunition that I wrote about in the depot behind the lines is the wealth, a small part of which would make us able to keep to our proper work for the good of souls and not have to spend good time and energy to get the means of carrying on our fight. Those boys searching for cartridges and even leaving the



A bush chapel in Jamaica in the mission territory of Father William McHale, S.J. If this is the mission "front" one can imagine the back.

trenches to do it *are* true to life. Believe me. How much more we could do for souls if begging letters, fairs, plays, garden parties and the like did not use up time and energy better spent on our real work! It is, of course, necessary to have these things for the social part of the work, but there is a great difference between a swimmer swimming for exercise and one who is struggling to keep his nose above water. Get that?—'

"MURDER!" almost laughed a hearer, "I feel as if I had been spanked. High explosive! I should say so."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "that is about how I felt and you see now what I meant a while ago when you asked me if I had bad news and I said it was hard to tell, and when I asked if you ever had a letter explode in your face. And Peter, so mild and gentle. Trapped, if ever a man was! How he must have laughed at my condemnation of his stuff when he thought of how he was going to throw it back at me like a grenade to explode at my feet. Just what he wanted. (Turn to page 279)

Mexican Babies

Quirinus P.
Leonard, S.J.

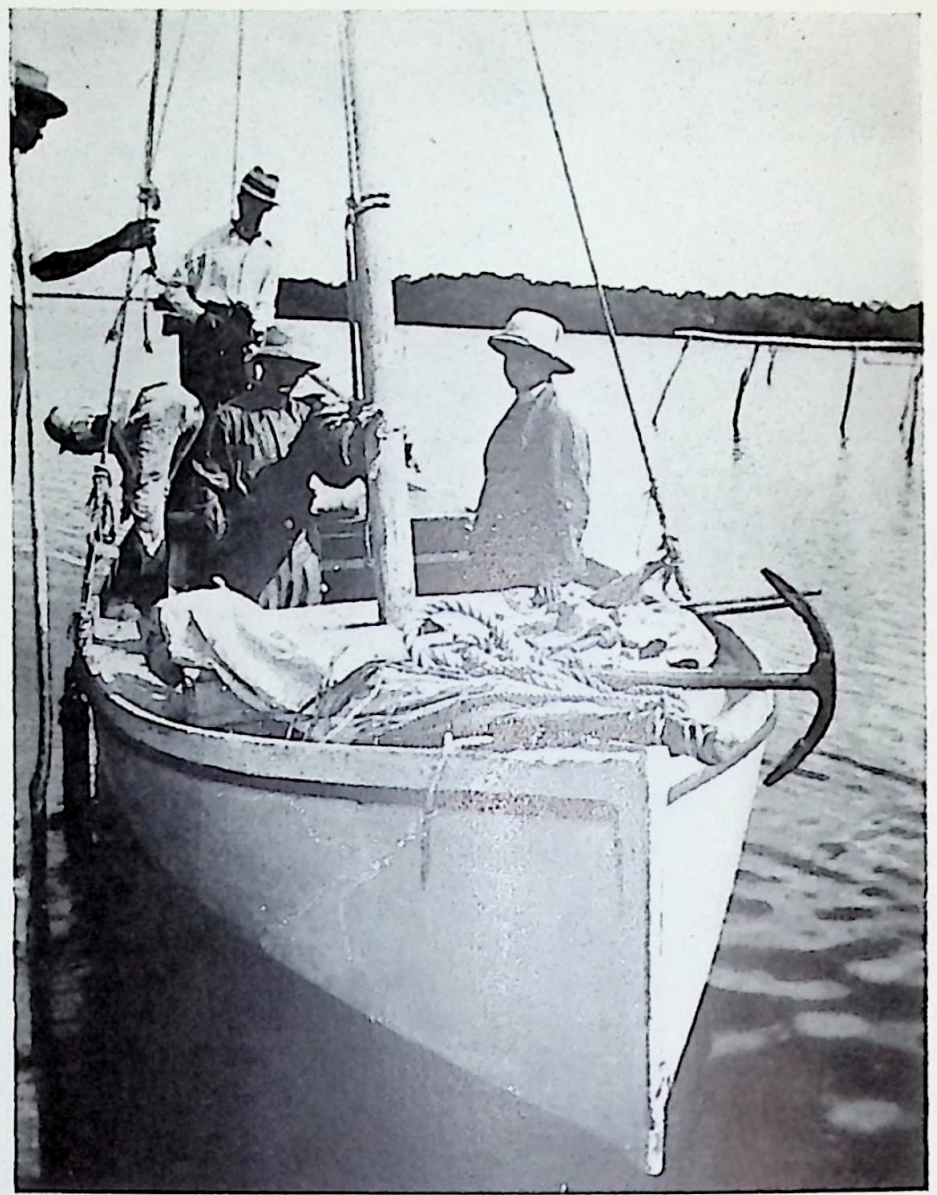
THE Holy Redeemer School Boy Scouts (Belize, British Honduras), under the direction of Brother John M. Jacoby, S.J., went to San Pedro, Ambergris Cay, for their summer camp, and I was sent with them as chaplain, and to work amongst the inhabitants of the village. Ambergris Cay is a beautiful coral island some thirty miles long, situated at the northernmost tip of British Honduras, and San Pedro is located near its center on the sea side. Its beach consists of the purest white coral sand, in places ground almost to a powder by the action of wind and wave.

About a mile from the shore there runs a protecting coral reef, part of the same long system that extends from the coast of Mexico to Spanish Honduras. All day and night you can hear the booming of the surf as it rolls over the reef. The water between it and the shore is comparatively shallow, affording a safe anchorage for coastal boats, fine sea-bathing and good fishing. San Pedro is the only village on the Cay, and its inhabitants are almost exclusively engaged in raising and exporting coconuts.

THE Boy Scouts' camp lasted two weeks. One day a man who had heard that a *Padre* was in San Pedro came a journey of twenty-three miles to report that there were about ten babies in his pueblo who had not been baptized. He volunteered to get the *padrinos* together and bring them over to the British Honduran side at a point sixteen miles northwest of San Pedro, if I could go there to perform the Baptisms. There was no priest on the Mexican side within two hundred miles of his pueblo, he said. So I agreed to go.

Owing to rainy and stormy weather our departure had to be delayed two days beyond the date agreed upon—in true *mañana*-land style. Finally the bad weather let up and I set out in a small motor-and-sail boat, accompanied by a Scholastic, Mr. Robert L. Hodapp, S.J., who was helping at the camp. For the greater part of the trip we remained in the calm waters behind the reef, but for a mile or so we had to pass through a *quebrado* and allow our little craft to be rocked on the swells of the deep. It was not very rough, and no one got seasick. The catching of a fine Spanish mackerel on a troll-line by one of the men on board somewhat broke the monotony of the three and a half hour ride.

We reached our destination early in the afternoon, and while our boatmen crossed to the Mexican side to hail the people, we settled down in the fairly large but rickety house near the seashore in a setting of huge coconut palms. By 6:00 P.M., the people began to arrive, five large sailing dories loaded with some sixty men, women and children. They were making an excursion of the trip! I had planned that they should remain over



Preparing to set sail from San Pedro on their way to baptize the Mexican babies.

night so as to attend Mass and receive the sacraments in the morning, but as there was no place to accommodate such a crowd, we decided to perform the Baptism at once so that all could return home.

THE big room of the house soon presented a scene of great activity. At one end we had erected a small altar, where by the light of lanterns and candles, Mr. Hodapp and I took down the data necessary for the baptismal register and performed the Baptisms. Mothers and *madrinas* rushed into an inner room to put on baby's good clothes, and *padrinos* milled around trying to keep close to their constantly disappearing godchildren. Little black-eyed boys and girls peeped around the improvised altar to watch their little brothers and sisters being baptized. All the babies were several months old, and one of them had already reached the age of two years.

By 9:30 P.M., all the children had been baptized and the occasion was celebrated by the distribution of a little wine at the *padrinos'* expense. As the happily chatting group set out by the light of a tropical moon for the return trip to Mexico, snatches of Spanish songs and the lilt of guitars reached us on the shore, while the silhouetted sails glided over the Caribbean. I could not help rejoicing that ten more little Mexicans had been enrolled in the Church of Christ, but at the same time my joy was mingled with sadness at the thought that within a few years these same children would probably have to march into atheistic schools to the tune of: "*Uno, dos; no hay Dios!*" ("One, two; God is taboo!")

Hagley Gap

Francis X. Downey, S.J.

I RETURNED last evening from a day with Father Arthur Tribble at the far famed beauty spot in the mountains called Hagley Gap. If the feet that preach the Gospel are thereby holy, I might say that those that preach and walk Hagley Gap are at least equally tired. Starting out in the early morning in the trusty Chevrolet we traveled as far as the wattle-work church perched perilously on a hill. The auto road ends there. There are nothing but hills up those three thousand and five hundred feet above the Caribbean. The valleys are so narrow that when standing in one and looking upwards we are reminded of the Park Avenue cliff-dwellers. The hills are sheer upright walls of emerald verdure, and green-freckled with bushy mango trees. Sad to say, this delicious "number 'leben" is not at present in season.

FATHER Tribble was on an errand of mercy to bring Holy Communion to six people—all sick and some bed-ridden. Prosaic? Possibly it might be within the limits of a city parish. But quite romantic in the bush, where the literary surprise is inevitable and where anything can happen, and always does. The six sick calls evolved into a day of good business for the quiet unassuming Christopher. Can you imagine baptizing a man of ninety odd years—some of which were possibly very odd, being spent in the Army? He was mustered out of the English in 1885 after the Ashanti War in Africa. To two good, faithful souls standing on the threshold of Heaven, Father Tribble gave Viaticum. This is the rich chance for the priest to send telegrams direct to Christ and His Holy Mother and be assured that these messages will infallibly be delivered, and very often as infallibly answered; sometimes, even on the same day. It is a pleasant and easy contact with Heaven. What else could these poor souls do but go directly to God? And the Fader's message, when they tell "Gud marnin' to de Lawd," looms as the most important



Father Arthur Tribble, S.J., en route to Whitehall, Jamaica, assists a driver whose cart is holding up traffic. Such is the democracy of the law in this island mission.

element in their transit. De Fader mus cum first.

To accomplish this errand of mercy the Father must needs mount a mule. When Aaron came leading the mule he looked so clean and trim that I remarked what a nice mule he was. Aaron looked at me with an admixture of fun and pity, and slyly said:

"Dere ain't no sech ting as a nice mule, Fader. Dey is all bad."

And when Father Tribble was absent on his journey into the clouds and peaks, I began to worry a bit and wonder about the behavior of that particular mule. But the Father returned safe and more or less sound.

THE physical contour of Hagley Gap is strikingly awe-inspiring. In these vastnesses the poor human eye loses all sense of proportion. The women washing clothes in the Yallahs River below us looked like fair sized ants, and their sheets like ladies' kerchiefs.

Hagley Gap is only one mission under the direction of Father Tribble. He has six others. A week ago I accompanied him to Whitehall and Toll Gate and spent some time learning a great deal. What would these missions be and what would the Father do were it not for the remarkable Christ-like work of the native Sisters! These are God's heroines, doing constantly the laborious work of rounding up the ought-to-be Catholics, instructing, teaching, encouraging, advising one and all, and praying always!

Is it too much for one man? Why! it is (Turn to page 280)



Father Tribble with some of his lambs and sheep at St. Anthony's Mission Church, Hagley Gap.

Lola-The Filipina Grandmother

Joseph I.
Stoffel, S. J.

“O-O-O-H!!”
A sudden cry of pain broke the lazy stillness of the hot siesta hour.

The Jesuit Scholastic in charge of the Boy Scout camp, known in official scouting circles as the Reverend E. J. Dunne, S.J., Boy Scout Field Commissioner and Vice President of the Central Council, stirred uneasily on his cot in the Director's tent. Why must those youngsters always get themselves hurt during the siesta time?

Just a turned ankle—nothing serious—a hot poultice would do the trick. But the mid-day camp fire had been scattered already, so the Reverend Field Commissioner and a willing Scout companion betook themselves to the farmhouse across the river where there would surely be a pot of boiling water on the earthenware stove.

And there, of course, was *Lola*.

A term of endearment for “grandmother,” the word *Lola* embodies all of the Filipino's reverence for parents and elders, tender fondness and respect for the aged, and the queenly dignity of the grandmother in the matriarchal system of the Filipino household. For *Lola* is queen of the homestead where married sons have settled with their families to work the farm and care for their aged parents till death scatters them to the four winds to establish their own homesteads; and in her own matriarchy *Lola* reigns supreme.

IT is evidence of the good influence of Catholicism on civilization that nowhere in the East does woman hold the high place in society that she holds in the Catholic Philippines. While the husband goes to and from Manila on city business or the affairs of politics, the wife runs the farm and household. She is the business head of the house, and the bundle of keys she carries on her girdle is the symbol of her authority. She keeps the budget, directs the buying and selling, and raises, meanwhile, her multitudinous family. In pagan China, however, the woman is a beast of burden. She sculls the sampans and carries the loads. And even in the Philippines, among the pagan Igorots, the woman is an inferior being, who carries her baby strapped to her back as she goes about the market place to pick up her husband's purchases. And after the marketing is over, long lines of women, homeward bound in single file, may be seen carrying on their backs heavily laden baskets slung by a strap from the forehead, while their men folk strut ahead in all their glory, unburdened save for a murderous-looking knife slung from the elaborately ornate gee-string.

Incidentally, the Igorots, men and women, are inveterate smokers, and are never without their little brass pipe or roll-your-own cigar. The picture of an Igorot grandmother, barefooted despite the display of wealth

in the brass rings adorning the forearm, lighting her cigar from a crony's pipe, is not an uncommon sight.

BT the Filipina is not the inferior creature that woman is among pagan peoples. The unexpected visitors found *Lola*, the Filipina grandmother, in complete command of the household; and she welcomed them with all the gracious hospitality which is characteristic of the Filipinos and which helps make them so lovable a people.

With all the dignity of a queen she directed the dressing of the twisted ankle, and offered the frugal resources of her household, not as something given in kindly charity, but, more delicately, with the air of one who expected her services to be called upon as a matter of course.

Lola was delighted to find that there was a priest in the camp and that there would be Mass. The town is so far away, you see. And sometimes the priest is not there; he has so many villages to care for in his scattered parish. The Boy Scouts did their good turn by punting *Lola* across the river on the bamboo raft. Besides, there was a pretty granddaughter, and what Scout could forget the Scout's law of courtesy under the circumstances?

Lola came to camp on other occasions, too, with little gifts of corn or vegetables garnered from the choicest fruits of her garden. And at all times she accepted the homage of the boys with a simple grace while frankly enjoying their familiar pleasantries, with the confidence of one whose dignity rests in nature and not on artificial externals.



Lola in person. "Lola embodies all the Filipino's reverence for the grandmother in the matriarchal system of the Filipino household. In her own matriarchy Lola reigns supreme."

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

On Tuesday, September 21, 1937, ten divisions of the American Legion paraded up Fifth Avenue in New York City for eighteen hours "taking the city" under its protective custody. Their presence spelled a rebirth of the spirit of Americanism of which in recent years we have heard much too little. The avenue itself, so frequently desecrated lately by Red riots and subversive elements, was rededicated to nobler purposes by real Americans on parade. From the windows of JESUIT MISSIONS we could see the detachments swinging up side streets to take position in the line of march and as we watched, our thoughts jumped to another American legion, our own American Jesuit missionaries who for years have been demonstrating daily in mission lands the privileges and the divine rights guaranteed by the constitution of the Catholic Church as expressed in the Catholic Creed and realized in the Catholic sacramental system.

THE AMERICAN LEGION AND JESUIT MISSIONS

Twenty years ago the men who on September 21 went marching up the avenue gallantly tossed their lives on to the altar of American freedom ready for the supreme sacrifice if God and their country so willed. It was the full significance of this act which gave the demonstration of September 21 its deepest meaning, for these Legionaries were a guarantee in the flesh that the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights would be preserved and protected unto death. This man power of the nation was a sanction for the free and inalienable exercise of these rights without which the very existence of JESUIT MISSIONS or, for that matter, the Catholic Church itself, would be an impossibility. It is because the American Legion guarantees the right of religious worship and will countenance no proscription of the same, together with freedom of speech and of the press, that our Editors and readers may continue their propaganda in behalf of another American legion, composed of more than five hundred American Jesuit missionaries on duty in mission posts around the world. It is reported that fifty per cent of the American Legion is composed of Catholics. If these were so successful in making non-Catholic New York American-minded, they should be equally able to make at least American Catholics mission-minded.

THE TWO LEGIONS

While dictatorships still try to arrogate to themselves rights which God has granted to His Church alone, it is encouraging to note the spirit of tolerance and cooperation which served as the basis for the *modus vivendi* recently concluded between the Holy See and the Government of Ecuador. We quote merely the Articles that pertain to religion and the missions.

ECUADOR AND THE MISSIONS

"Article 1: The Ecuador Government guarantees the Catholic Church in Ecuador the free exercise of the activities pertaining to it within its proper sphere."

"Article 3: The State and the Catholic Church shall combine their efforts to encourage missions in the Orient. At the same time they shall endeavor to improve materially and morally the Ecuadorean Indian, to incorporate him within the national culture and to maintain peace and social justice."

Such cooperation goes one step beyond even the Constitution of our own United States.

"I get more real pleasure out of paying this dollar for a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS than I ever got during all the years of my life from the millions of dollars that I have handled in the course of my business career." This is the kind of tribute we like to hear, because we know it is true. It came forth spontaneously one day last week from Mr. Edward Manning, associated with the Bank of Manhattan,

A COMPARISON THAT COUNTS

Mr. Edward Manning, associated with the Bank of Manhattan,

New York, who had dropped in to settle for his subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. During his reminiscences, for he was in a reminiscent mood, he revealed his relationship with Father George A. Pettit of the Society of Jesus, the Novice Master of the writer and the first Jesuit to introduce him to a knowledge of JESUIT MISSIONS. Readers and their friends are always welcome at the Press, whether they come bound on paying up for subscriptions in arrears or merely to appraise our stock of pamphlets and the mission literature or to browse far above the gadding crowds in our JESUIT MISSIONS Museum.

Years of life and sacrifice by Catholic missionaries in behalf of the Chinese of Inner Mongolia brought forth recently from the Governor of Kweisui, capital of Suiyuan Province, this tribute to the Catholic Church, addressed to Archbishop Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate, on the occasion of the latter's recent visit to Suiyuan. The Governor testified that the Catholic Church as represented by her missionaries had done much good on behalf of the settlers, had helped them develop the country, to defend themselves against a lawless element, to survive famine and other natural calamities; in fact, he remarked that not even the Government had shown such deep interest in the people. Secondly, the Catholic element, one in twenty-six, has drawn forth a popular appreciation of the Church's contribution to the happiness of the people. Thirdly, the Church is regarded as always the surest support of good government and, in the opinion of the Governor, the Church and the State working together harmoniously will be able to bring about progress and prosperity much more effectively than by their separate efforts.

A TRIBUTE OUT OF MONGOLIA

The science of missiology, though honored with a place in the curriculum of many European universities, is almost unknown in American college life. Yet Catholic missionaries are daily contributing real knowledge towards a solution of age-old problems in history and the exact sciences, and these conclusions ought to be made known to Americans no less than to Europeans. Thus, a Spanish Jesuit, Father Heras, who is at the head of the Indian Historical Research Institute, attached to St. Xavier's College in Bombay, has deciphered all the inscriptions, eighteen hundred and ninety in number, published by Sir John Marshall in the third volume of his work, "Mohenjo Daro and the Indus Civilization." Likewise, in collaboration with another missionary scholar, highly esteemed by Catholics, Protestant and pagan professors and famous in his native Island of Ceylon, namely, Father Gnana Prakasar, O.M.I., Father Heras has come to the conclusion that the date of the famous inscriptions deciphered at Monhejaro-Daro must be about 5,000 B.C. Their correct interpretation is expected to do much to clear up the problem as to what were the original races which inhabited India.

MISSIOLOGY

"We are simply doing our duty. And now we hope that God may put an end to this scourge." This was the answer given to an American newspaper man as he attempted to interview Mother Charles Helen, a Franciscan Missionary of Mary and Head of the Sacred Heart Hospital in the Yangtse-poo district of Shanghai, as she was directing the evacuation of the sick and dying after they had been struck with bombs from enemy planes. This sense of duty and trust in God is rarely understood by a world that specializes in neither. Both qualities are the result of a life of regular religious discipline whose practical value captures the public's attention only when war correspondents visit the front line trenches and see under fire these Angels of Mercy ministering to humanity broken both in soul and in body. As of old, God still demands mercy, God still demands sacrifice.

HEROISM IN SHANGHAI

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Old Alaskan Cu



A young happy family of the icy North. They are members of Father O'Connor's "parish."

RUSSIA is just a stone's throw from the Seward Peninsula but there is a wide breach between Red and Eskimo Communism. There is no dread OGPU here to wreak vengeance on an innocent people, no grim Stalin to steal the humble produce of the poor, no ugly prisons spread over Arctic wastes to inspire terror. Community of interests so boldly preached but never practised by the Soviet Republic actually flourishes in my lowly tundra parish. American thrift and husbandry stand aghast at the prodigality of the indigent Eskimo. No worry up here. The day is lived and enjoyed or suffered with no thought of the morrow. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that grey hairs are practically unknown except in persons of advanced age.

Up here on the Yukon Delta, if a whale is caught a feast is automatically declared for the entire village. Work is forgotten—rich and poor, young and old, one and all are invited to have their fill, to partake of the feast. The whole community comes and rejoices. That lean and hungry days are ahead matters

little. God will provide somehow or other for the future as He has provided for the past. The feast at hand absorbs the interest and appetites of all. It matters not that the whale was frightened into shallow water by the genius and daring of a few hardy hunters. To save and to hoard are unknown in the Eskimo code of living. Let all come to the feast, the hungry and the lazy,—yes, all indiscriminately. People from other villages may come, too, but, they must come in time, for the feast is to be had in the taking.

ON another occasion a big Brown Bear may be killed by a fearless and successful hunter. News of the killing spreads in the twinkling of an eye. All are welcome to come and feast. The hunter's house is crowded to the brim. Fat and bouncing Eskimo children crawl in somehow. Even *Agayulerta* (the Father) is not forgotten. A heart, or some other choice morsel is brought in triumph to his dwelling. Come one, come all,—the feast is on!

Never would a host tell a guest to leave. Flour and tea may be down to the last ounce. It doesn't matter. When these bare essentials of life are gone the diet may be reduced to one scant dish—black fish or dry salmon,—but this causes no concern. Hunger is stoically endured like any other suffering. I have known men to hunt all day on an empty stomach and return empty handed. Better luck tomorrow! When I miss a meal, or a lunch is unseasonably delayed on the trail, my guide as well as the dogs know that something is wrong. I need not say why! The Eskimo, however, is built differently. Missing a meal hardly bothers him.

Recently I visited a little village close to the Bering Sea on the Kipneak River. Here all the huts are dug-outs. They are completely buried in the snow with only the smokestacks peeking out. The man I stayed with had only caught one mink and one fox during the first month of winter. Yet, he smilingly invited to supper all the young men who had been attracted to his cabin by the presence of the priest. He gave out his last cup of tea with perfect and unwavering hospitality. He hardly remarked the disappearance of the last crumb of bread. The Father is here—take liberally of all I have. More will come somehow, sometime. This was his attitude, if not expressed in words. It was immediately acted on with relish. Maybe a fox would be caught or shot on the morrow. And the strangest thing about it all is that God usually takes care of these emergencies in this very manner. Less than a week ago I was in another small village on the Yukon. One of my best boys told me quite confidently:

"Well, Father, you are here at last. Today I shall be lucky."

He was. That night he came home with a fox. Some may call this an accident, or mere chance. I call it Providence. Moreover, the entire affair was taken for granted, for in northern Alaska the unusual generally prevails. It is the unexpected that happens. Barometer needles swing back and forth like a pendulum,—often with no apparent reason. As the climate, so the people.

I WOULD introduce you here to a peculiar law of contradiction in Eskimo family life.



The Author, Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., on the Yukon Trail near Akulurak.

Paul C. O'Connor, S. J.

Educational psychologists please take notice! Spoiled babies up here do not become spoiled children. The Innuite family life has little in common with White standards of training. In this it is not to be blamed. The family code of the White race does not necessarily spell perfection. It is the result that counts after all. The Eskimo is not strictly logical, but believes that sometimes the end *does* justify the means.

The adult Eskimo manifest little affection to one another. Husband and wife in their mutual relations are very matter of fact. Men will come home after a week on their trap line and greet their anxious wives with nothing more than a nod and a smile. Rarely is there a courtship in our sense of word before marriage. Even on the day of the wedding the couple will not walk home together.

Personally, I believe that the Eskimo is not fundamentally a stoic, but rather that he has taught himself to hide his affections on account of a complete lack of privacy. His house is a one-room affair. Every act is exposed to the scrutiny of the numerous inmates. The result is a strict code of modesty and general good deportment. I have dozens of opportunities of witnessing their home life every winter on the trail and I am universally edified by their good behavior.

If the grown-ups waste no affection among themselves, they certainly make up for it in the attention and solicitude they lavish on their children. The latest arrival is the uncrowned king of the household. The babies' slightest whim is gratified. At times these whims are expensive and destructive. I have known trappers noted for their common sense, coming from a hard day's mushing and patiently lighting match after match simply because this tickles the fancy of a darling baby. No matter what a baby wants it will be given to him. The range of wishes runs all the way from flashlights to scissors. The flashlight will eventually be broken to bits. The scissors will soon be laid aside. Discretion is taught speedily by the latter. The baby finds out that scissors cut just as he finds out that stoves burn. Sad experiences also teach him that puppy malemutes bite and are to be handled gingerly.

I marvel at the patience of the Eskimo fathers buying dishes. An unbreakable dish would be a real boon up here on the tundra. I have often gone into the homes of my people on the trail and found there the luxury of a single cup and a lone spoon. The father will tell me with a smile that he had more cups, but then the baby wanted them! Wooden bowls soon replace the White man's dishes.

The baby is a constant annoyance to a new missionary in the field. They can reduce a serious catechetical instruction to just one hopeless effort. I have tried many devices in



The boys of Akulurak Mission in Alaska enjoy skating as early as mid-October.

trying to silence these little tyrants. The best one I can find is to begin an Innuite hymn as soon as the infant tenors begin. Generally the mighty voice of the congregation will still them. Sometimes even this stratagem will fail and an instruction which began auspiciously ends ingloriously. One can hardly send the culprit home. This would involve the departure of both father and mother to a lonely house. The coming of a priest to a silent igloo village two or three times a year is an event long looked forward to.

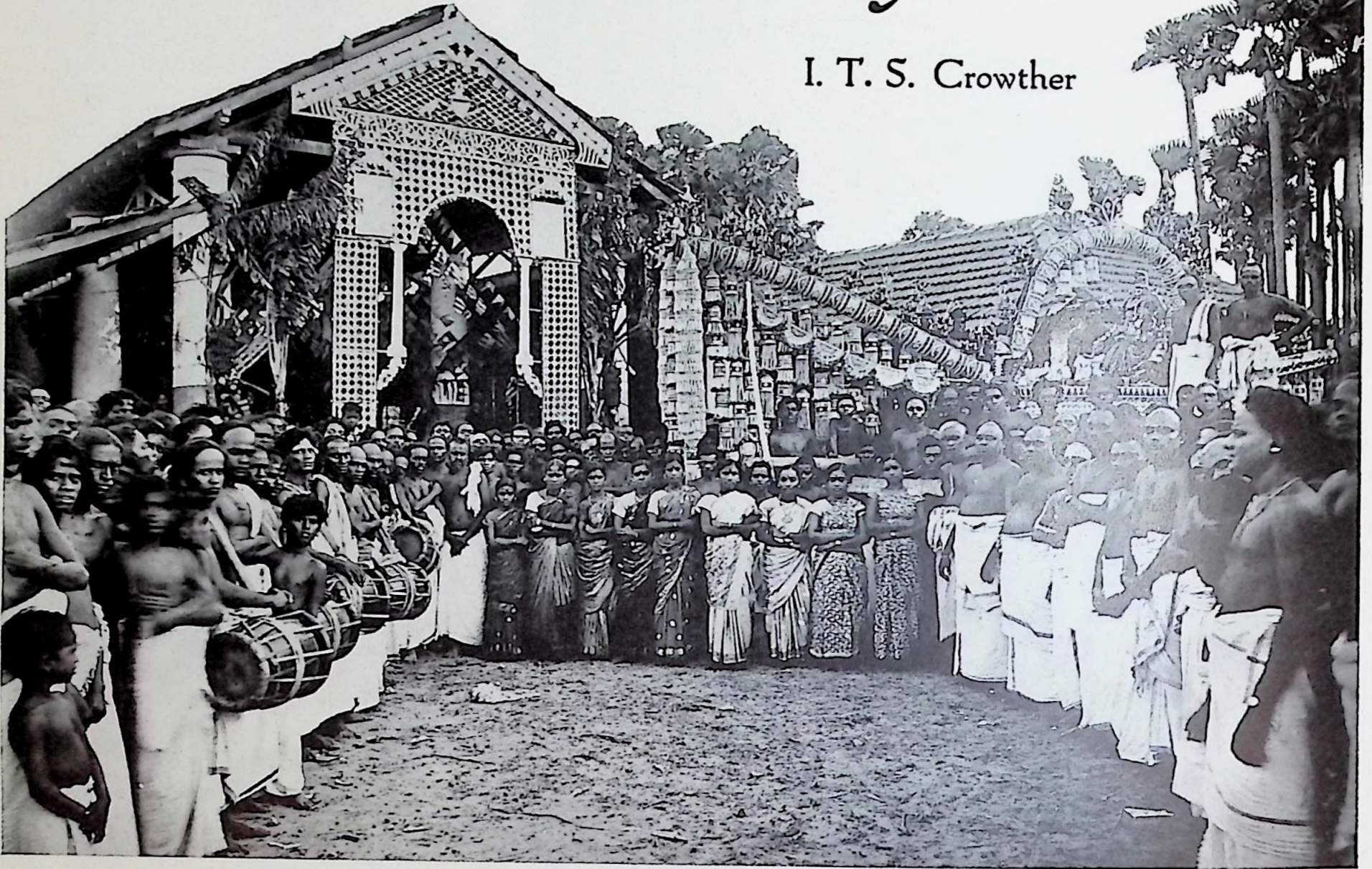
WHEN all the conditions are carefully weighed, the only solution appears to be to grin and bear it. The work here on the Yukon Delta seems to be a major apostolate for the infants anyway. Most of these bland faced tots will never reach the use of reason. For how many have not the hands of the priest opened the golden gates of the Beatific Vision! I am not distressed, therefore, if the baby does have his way. I might add, too, that for all their spoiling in infancy they are model children afterwards—reverent and obedient to their parents. In Alaska one may see many a spoiled baby, but hardly ever sees a spoiled child.



An Alaskan mother with her five children. They all belong to the Mission of Akulurak, Alaska.

Hinduism in Ceylon

I. T. S. Crowther



"The Hindu does not seem to think there is any necessity to go to the temple except for the festivals. . . . When he does go to the temple for a festival, it is more in the light of a picnic than as an act of piety."

IN the Eastern Province of Ceylon, Hinduism is the religion of the majority of the population. This being so, it will be interesting to see how far their religion influences them. In the life of the average Hindu, religion scarcely plays any part for the simple reason that he has only a superficial knowledge of it, and hardly knows what it teaches. Taking life in the Hindu home, and I know it intimately, as most of my relatives are Hindus, I do not notice any sort of religious atmosphere as one does in a Catholic home.

Prayer in the home, either individually or by the family, is almost unknown. This seems to be kept as a special office to be performed in the temple, but the Hindu does not seem to think there is any necessity to go to the temple except for the festivals, so he does not pray often. When he does go to the temple for a festival, it is more in the light of a picnic than as an act of piety. Most of the men seem to think there is no need of religion for them. The women have some devotion to religion, and this is looked on with a certain amount of amusement by the men. Among the Hindus, there is no equality between the sexes, and this inequality is carried on even in the matter of worship, for women are not allowed free access to certain parts of the temple, women being looked upon as unclean.

In the home no religious objects are seen except pic-

tures of Lackshimi, the goddess of wealth and happiness, and of Sarasvati, the goddess of learning. These pictures appear to be mere ornaments of the home rather than objects of piety. When a festival such as the Hindu New Year comes along, there is a great deal of outward show in the matter of washing the floors, cleaning the walls of the house, and putting on of new clothes, but piety is remarkable by its absence.

THE standard of morality is a fair gauge of the influence of religion on a people. Morals, especially in regard to sexual life, are very lax among the Hindus. The man looks on woman as made for his pleasure, and whatever he desires of her must not be denied. Whether he is married or unmarried, any woman seems to him to be fair game. Love is only a secondary matter where a man desires a woman. There is no companionship between the man and his wife. The average Hindu does not appear to be aware of the fact that Hinduism preaches monogamy, and requires its followers to lead a chaste life. Infidelity is not only condoned by the wives, it is looked upon as a sort of special merit. Infidelity on the part of the woman is, of course, a terrible crime.

Most of the Hindus make no effort to learn what their religion teaches, and no one tries to tell him. They are like a sheep without a shepherd. (Turn to page 280)

The Conversion of Buddhists in China

The Mission Intention for November

THE penetration of China by Japan which at present writing is being carried forward on a warlike scale and by warlike measures, despite the preposterous quibble that no official declaration of war has been promulgated, is bound to have repercussions of great significance for the Catholic Church in China. We refer specifically to the recent resurgence of Buddhist influence which has taken place in Japan and which naturally may be expected to infiltrate China on the heels of a successful Japanese invasion.

Were it not for the political prestige which Buddhism holds today, a power which it will naturally utilize in order to protect its own prerogatives against the encroachments of Christianity, there would be little for the Catholic Church to fear from this ancient code of conduct. For as far as any active religious program is concerned, Buddhism exerts a negative influence on the minds of the people. So true is this, that the ordinary Chinese completely confuses Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism and is perfectly willing to align himself with whichever one of the three benefits him the most in material advantages.

Yet it would seem that now, if ever, when China is being decimated daily by murderous strafing from the skies, bombarded from the sea and assaulted on land, Buddhism might obtain a favorable hearing especially, since it was founded precisely to offer the world a solution to the problem of human suffering. Yet, Buddhism has already been tried and found wanting. The most serious condemnation of Buddhism is based on the fact that although it controlled the intellectual life of China for centuries, it was never able to generate a sense of the real value of human life or the real dignity of man. Wherefore, it might be argued, why try either to alleviate man's sufferings at all, or, for that matter, even to preserve him in life. Nay, to be ruthlessly logical, why not ruthlessly slay him, since as an individual, man in both China and in Japan is valueless. Such is the pagan philosophy which in the minds of the Japanese invaders justifies the bombing of non-combatants and the slaughter of thousands of innocent men and women. Buddhism must likewise bear its share of guilt for never having composed any practical social program for the control of famine and disease which for generation after generation have taken such a terrible toll of life. Its interest in the problem of human suffering, therefore, has been that merely of a detached philosopher impractical and tragically inefficient.

Buddha himself was a member of the family of Gautamas of the royal line of Cakyas in India, and died between the years 482 and 472 B.C. At the age of twenty-nine after having been reared in luxury, he left his parents, his wife and his only son, in order to meditate upon the cause of human suffering and to evolve, if possible, a solution to the same. In this, incidentally, he was far more reasonable than thousands of our Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic, who either refuse to study the question at all, or if they do, close their minds

tightly either to the knowledge of the Catholic solution or to the application of the same. Finding no answer in the teachings of the Brahmans, he continued to resist the natural temptation to return to his former life of ease, and then, we are assured that after a period of seven years he attained both truth and peace. For forty-four years after this, he lived to promulgate his doctrine, namely, that existence is always accompanied with suffering and that the source of this suffering is passion or unsatisfied desire. His conclusion was obvious: quench desire and one will automatically solve the problem of human suffering, for nothing will then remain, he argued, but a blessed Nirvana, a state of perfect peace, where all individualism is extinct. One will then have become an "Arahan," a perfect man or woman, truthful, pure, honest, self-controlled, abstemious, meditative and detached. Then only will the cycle of rebirths or reincarnations come to an end.

In opposition to this impractical and impossible antidote, Catholicism offers China a solution which is both practical and immediately possible of application. To the problem of moral suffering or the consciousness of moral guilt, it offers the divine consolation of sacramental absolution by a duly authorized priest of God, or, in lieu of this, the equally consoling doctrine of Perfect Contrition. To the problem of physical and mental suffering, it offers a two-fold solution, one material and the other spiritual. The material solution is working itself out even now in the battle fields of Shanghai and Nanking in our Catholic hospitals, dispensaries, social service work, through the Catholic program of social justice, of St. Vincent de Paul Societies, of Catholic Charities, of Catholic leper asylums and the innumerable applications of the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy. In addition to this material solution, Catholicism likewise offers China a spiritual solution for the problem of mental and physical suffering. For in such circumstances, the Catholic Church teaches man how he may accept his suffering as the permissive Will of God, how he may use it in satisfaction for the temporal punishment due to his sins, as a means of merit in this life and as a means of glory in the life to come.

Briefly, what both the Buddhist and the non-Buddhist needs in China today, is a three-fold conviction of the natural and supernatural dignity and destiny of the individual man, the conviction of the fact of sin, and the conviction of the need for redemption from sin. Add to this the blessed tidings that suffering can be used as a means for such redemption, even as it was so used by our Blessed Lord Himself, and China will be face to face with the only true solution for the problem of human suffering. Because Catholicism alone possesses this solution, it is to be hoped that under the influence of God's grace and much prayer, China may definitely disown the false program of Buddhism and take Catholicism to itself. Today, there are approximately three million Catholics in the midst of a vast Chinese population of four hundred and eighty-seven million souls.

Afield with American Jesuits

CANADIAN INDIANS

Monday, August 24, at the age of seventy years, after a few months' illness, there passed away to his reward at Maison Saint-Joseph, Sault-au-Recollet, Montreal, Canada, Father Theodore Desautels, S.J. In him disappears one of the most attractive figures among our Indian Missions in Ontario. For rarely did the "missionary soul" stand out in such bold relief as in him.

Born at Saint-Pie, March 8, 1867, the twenty-second child of an admirable country family, he lost his father at the age of three, and his mother when he was but eight. As a result, he had, early in life, to take his share in the domestic work, in the farmyard, in the garden, etc., and the day, begun at four in the morning, extended at times even till nine in the evening.

August 15, 1886, he entered the Novitiate, Sault-au-Recollet, Montreal. With the reading of the "Relations" of our early missionary Martyrs, his vocation became more defined. He, too, would go among these Indians of Ontario whom they had formerly evangelized. Ordained priest in Montreal, June 30, 1901, he returned to St. Boniface for a year, but finally in 1903 he realized his long-cherished dream and set forth a missionary among the Indians of Ontario.

From the very beginning, the purest of zeal illumined the apostolate he pursued throughout thirty years among his beloved Ojibway Indians. From Sudbury, Massey, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, etc., he radiated as far even as Georgian Bay, Lake Nipigon, Lake Nipissing, ever seeking out the far-scattered Indian groups. By train, canoe, or snowshoes, or on foot, regardless of weather, he made his unending, ceaseless rounds. Time and again he all but perished, as at Christmas, 1920, when, at Goulais Bay, the ice gave way twice beneath him. His shelter was the narrow, cold sacristy of a mission chapel, or an Indian shack; his food was their food. And catechism classes, marriages, Baptisms, confessions, prayers, general Communion, etc., filled to the full these days blessed by grace.

His fiftieth year had come and gone and more than one would have found too heavy the spiritual and material burdens he bore. But Father Desautels grew not old, and the call of Superiors found him ready for a new campaign, a campaign to bear the Gospel to Indians buried in northern Ontario. To reach them he had to ascend rivers and lakes for week upon week—long days of canoe travel, nights under the open sky, evenings of combat with relentless mosquitoes, and finally, all the risks of unexplored woods and rivers—such was the trip that led to these souls. Fifty-five years old, the

age of adventures was long past for Father Desautels. But still he set out, and set out six times more, first in the company of an Indian who deserted him in mid-forest, then with a then young, vigorous missionary, Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., now Ontario's "Flying Padre."

In the face of such trips, trips of more than a thousand miles where the missionary paddles, portages, sleeps, eats, prays, all by the grace of God, do we not seem to read once more an account taken from the lives of our holy Martyrs of three centuries ago?

And yet the hardest part, Father Desautels admitted, was not all that—the hardest part was not to be received, to be turned away, put out, threatened with death even, if he did not depart. But the following year he was back again, and the next, and the next, and finally one day came the opening of hearts, the waters of Baptism flowed, and the Longlac Mission existed. Today it stands a flourishing Mission.

But Father's zeal did not end there. To assure a lasting, profound work, he prepared in the midst of his trips, a collection of prayers and hymns in the Ojibway tongue, a collection that appeared first in 1924 and was reedited in 1931, containing more than five hundred pages.

It was only last spring that Father Desautels gave serious thought to his health. A sojourn in the hospital revealed three or four fatal maladies. At first he thought he would pull through—he still had so much to do—especially did he wish, more than ever, to write the history of the Indian Missions in Ontario of which he had cleared and lived in his thirty years of missionary toil every step, one might almost say. Was this long preparation to be in vain? Would he not live to finish the work?



Father Theodore Desautels, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, famous pioneering missionary of northern Ontario, died in Montreal on August 24.

Such was the final sacrifice demanded of him by death—death that came suddenly, while the workman, at the foot of his work so to speak, dreamed once more of building for God.

Joy begotten of victories for God, a spirit of enterprise youthful as the dawn, yet mature as the evening of life, that rare commixture of a wisdom that is youthful still, such is, it seems, the dominating trait that stands forth most prominently in this attractive portrait.

One prayer alone mounts to our lips as we stand by his tomb: "May God grant us and grant in abundance, missionaries like unto him!"

We are indebted to Father Cecil A. Primeau, S.J., for this splendid account of a noble missionary.—*Editor.*

SOUTHERN STATES

We are indebted to Richard J. Woolley, S.J., for the following account of rural mission work in Louisiana:

"Faced with the difficult problem of gathering the children of his widely scattered flock so that they might be given catechism instruction, Father Alfred Latiolais, S.J., Pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Grand Coteau, La., found a solution in the Public School at Sunset, a small neighboring town. Through the kindness of the St. Landry Parish School Board and the Principal of Sunset School, permission was granted Father Latiolais and five Jesuit Scholastics to hold their catechism classes there every Thursday morning. The Sunset School boasts an enrollment of four hundred pupils in high school and grammar grades. Of these four hundred pupils, probably half are Catholics. Every Thursday during the school year, Father takes five Jesuit Scholastics from St. Charles College to instruct the younger children in Christian Doctrine and prepare those who will make the First Communion and Solemn Communion. In the class, also, are those who have already made Private and Solemn Communion but continue receiving instruction up to and after Confirmation. Approximately one hundred boys and girls, ranging in age from eight to thirteen, are thus reached who would otherwise never be instructed in the fundamentals of their Faith.

"Our missionaries in far-off China and India delight in recounting their experiences with the young boys and girls in the classroom. Such experiences are indeed delightful, agree these five enthusiastic, young Jesuits, who have encountered perhaps the same experiences in their own limited missionary activities. The most remarkable phenomenon in the classroom is the marvelous tendency of a child's mind to wander. One boy, aged eleven,



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

of a particularly precocious cast of mind, having learned that the Holy Father was ill, became deeply interested in his welfare. He plied his teacher with continual questions concerning the progress of the Holy Father's recovery. Such kindness and consideration are traits of character consoling to the teachers of such youngsters, but a little disconcerting when, after a lengthy explanation of the Holy Trinity, a boyish voice is raised to query: 'How's the Pope, Mister?'

"In order to reduce this inattention to a minimum, all the tricks of the teacher's trade are employed. Stories are told, illustrated charts are used, emulation and competition are sharpened by awarding holy pictures and medals for industry.

"The amusing distortions of the catechism text by a child's ingenuousness, occasionally surpass the most ingenious and labored efforts of heretics. 'What are Angels?', was asked of a small boy of nine. Ready and swift was the answer: 'Angels are pure spirits and cannot be seen with bloody eyes.' After all, what is the changing around of a few vowels in a boy's young life? Very little, thought the teacher of one, when he received as the last Commandment: 'Thou shalt not cover thy nephew's goods.' Such replies are due to a certain youthful inattention to details; others, though amusing, exemplify the ability of a young mind to think well and logically in its own way. One Scholastic, endeavoring to see if the boy reciting the Commandments of the Church understood their meaning, asked him: 'Does "Not to solemnize marriage at

forbidden times" mean that one cannot get married during Lent?' The boy thought for a moment, then replied: 'No, but you can't have a big time.'"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Manila by way of the Philippine Mission Bureau, New York, comes the following earthquake report:

"An earthquake of intensity VI shook Manila on August 20. The center of the disturbance was fifteen kilometers from Manila. None of our Houses suffered serious damage. In San Ignacio Church a number of flower vases were knocked on the floor and broken. The students at the



Home again. Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., returning with "Dandy" from a barrio fiesta down on his mission range of Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

Ateneo behaved admirably. The quake occurred at one minute before eight when all the boarders were in their study halls. Much damage was done throughout the city, especially on the Escolta. The new Heacock Building will have to be reconstructed. Many churches, especially of the Lipa Diocese, were seriously damaged, probably due to the dilapidated condition. Father Michael Selga, S.J., has been very much in the news as a consequence of the earthquake. He made a special trip to Alabat Island which threatened to drop into the ocean. The

inhabitants were in a panic and Father Selga went with other Government officials to reassure them. Father Charles E. Deppermann, S.J., Vice-Director of the Observatory, also was prominently reported.

"On August 19, thieves tried to enter San Ignacio. They were arrested together with four of their companions who had used the Augustinian ruins nearby as a hangout. The Archbishop's Palace had been bombed a few days before, and as the nineteenth was Mr. Manuel Quezon's birthday, the police feared that the radicals might renew the attempt on that day. The result was that there were no fewer than six secret service men around the Archbishop's Palace (and its neighbor, San Ignacio) when the thieves made the attempt. The result was unfortunate for the thieves."

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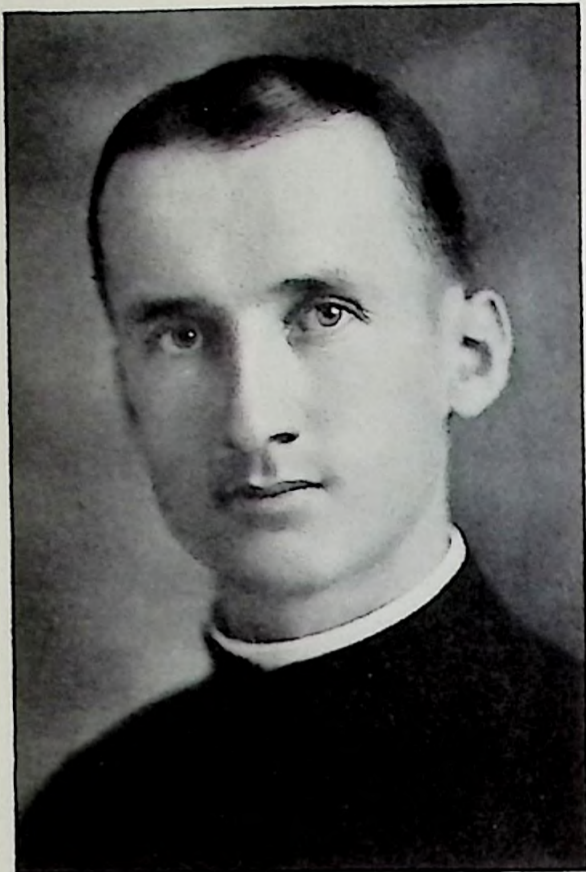
Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior at St. Augustine's Cathedral, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, notes:

"The school opening in June brought far more children than we could accommodate. St. Augustine's now has over 550 in seven grades and kindergarten. The total number of students at the Ateneo de Cagayan High School is 142; at Lourdes Academy, high school for girls, 224; at St. Augustine's Primary School, 303; Intermediary, 174; Kindergarten, 89; total, 566 and the grand total of our Catholic school enrollment in Cagayan for 1937-38 is, therefore, 932.

"All the other stations report proportionate increases. It puts a strain on the old exchequer to keep them



Vincent T. Sibila, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who studied last year at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana, sailed for his first missionary assignment early in October, en route to Patna, India.



Father Prosper Bernard, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who has just completed his Tertianship at Maison Saint-Ignace, Chicoutimi, P. Q., has been assigned to Süchow Mission in China.

going. It would be entirely foolhardy, if we didn't have the Holy Ghost with us and the insistent urging of the Church for Catholic schools, and the sad spectacle of what the public schools have not done for the youth of this country. So we keep the schools and expand on a 'shoestring' and go merrily on, with St. Joseph as the banker.

"After our big fire here in Cagayan, April 1, the turn of Misamis came on July 4, and almost the whole town was burnt out. In both Cagayan and Misamis the Angel Guardians of the schools seemed almost visibly on the job fanning off the threatening flames with their wings. Fire is a terrible thing in these towns, as practically all construction is wood, and even zinc roofs do not prevent the flames from shooting out to the sides for great distances. There is no fire protection in the way of apparatus either, no pump to put a little pressure in the hose, if there were any hose. When the fire gets under way about all the people do is to stand and look at it and pray that it won't take their home before it dies a natural death—as a matter of fact, as things are there isn't much else that they can do."

* * *

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes to our Business Editor, Father E. Paul Amy, S.J., from Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, giving a few more details in regard to the fire:

"It looked for a while as if the only thing Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., could save was the station wagon, which was freighted with the school books and church documents, with the chauffeur at the wheel waiting for the

zero hour. You remember what they call the business section in Misamis. Well, the fire started down that way and a hurricane wind carried it churchwards. Only the Plaza saved the church and *convento*. Not a building was left standing over an area of five blocks long and two blocks wide. The high wind carried burning cinders to the church roof. The fire did jump the corner of the Plaza to burn down three houses on the road in back of the church. There was a pretty new house behind the church. You will surely remember it. This house is almost a place of pilgrimage now, since the fire actually jumped this new house and burnt to the ground houses on either side only several yards away. Last year the family living in this new house, saved so remarkably, had the



Father Côme Cossette, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who has just completed his Tertianship at Maison Saint-Ignace, Chicoutimi, P.Q., has been assigned to Süchow Mission in China.

house consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary are now living in the Jimenez and Oroquieta rectories."

ALASKA

Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of Akulurak, Alaska, introduces the reader to some problems in high finance:

"Mission schools are a bit of a puzzle to outsiders. They have a hard time understanding how we keep going. Depression or no depression, the mighty work of the Church marches steadily on. The Alaskan missions are indeed tiny units in the Mystical Body of Christ. Perhaps it is because they are so tiny and unprepossessing that God still watches over them, and somehow or other they manage to keep going while other denominational

schools and missions are crumbling about them.

"To begin with, our schools can be run on a third, yes, even a fifth cheaper than similar governmental institutions. Fortunately, each mission is a complete unit in itself. The Church with all her so-called bureaucracy has comparatively little red tape, the besetting sin of governmental activities. Of course, the absence of a regular monthly payroll is in itself a big cut in the school budget. The Superior of the mission receives no handsome personal checks for his labors; neither do the Brothers and Sisters have a regular or even irregular monthly salary. They are clothed and fed as Superiors deem fit and trust and hope like all good Christians to receive their pay check in that happy country where chilling winds and endless nights are no longer.

"Missions also have a distinct advantage over the public school by their steady and permanent teaching staff. Religious come to the North with a pretty well rooted conviction that Alaska will be their home for a long and indefinite period. Naturally, they settle down and determine to make their work as agreeable and fruitful as possible. Many public school teachers are drawn up here by the magnetic lure of the Northland. The long, icy, silent winters, free from social and cultural contacts, visibly chill their enthusiasm. Disillusionment comes fast and insures a frequent turnover in the teaching personnel. Needless to say, the resultant is none too beneficial for the Eskimo pupil.

"But is it true that our schools require little for their up-keep? Here at



Father Arthur Dorval Monty, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who has just completed his Tertianship at Maison Saint-Ignace, Chicoutimi, P. Q., has been assigned to Süchow Mission in China.



Alfred Dansereau, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who has just completed his studies in philosophy and science at Montreal, has been assigned to Süchow Mission in China.

St. Mary's Mission at Akulurak we have one hundred full-blood Eskimo children. Two-thirds of these youngsters are orphans. To keep this bunch from getting cold and hungry requires plenty of food and clothing. To import all the food from the States would cost a fabulous amount, as Government institutions have found out to their sorrow. Luckily, we don't have to go so far for our two staple foods. Our basic diet is salmon and potatoes, so don't imagine that we are spoiling our children and rearing them along White man's ways. Potatoes are raised at Holy Cross, the salmon is taken from the Yukon. Flour, rice and beans, with a little tea thrown in, is the sum total of our food problem. In terms of money it is not so much. Five thousand dollars a year takes care of this entire Mission—including fuel and light and oil. In other words, counting the upkeep of the entire staff and children, this Mission costs just a little over forty dollars a year per person, or, say about three dollars and fifty cents a month per person. Anyone who knows at all living conditions in northern Alaska must admit that this is economy with a vengeance.

"Happily in the past, benefactors have been quite generous in sending us warm underwear, blankets, overalls, pants, caps, sweaters, etc. For the past six years we have been patching until even the patch is patched on goods received before the depression. We are trusting that we shall be again remembered as of yore. Our boys especially are in tatters. Strong pants and shirts for youngsters between ten and sixteen years are greatly in demand. Incidentally, I might here add that the Eskimo

lad has a real itch for music. Should one wish to be rid of some unused musical instruments, ranging from a mouth organ to an accordion or saxophone, it would be most welcome to us. It will dispel much of the gloom that sometimes gathers during these endless Arctic evenings."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father James M. Harney, S.J., writes from St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica:

"The Linstead missions are the hardest thing I have struck yet. They are a hard and very poor set of missions with work, work, work and any number of natural reasons for discouragement. One would be foolish to labor here with natural motives.



Pierre Laramée, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who has just completed his studies in philosophy and science at Montreal, has been assigned to Süchow Mission in China.

"Tonight I am sitting at a table in my combination sacristy and bedroom in the rear of the Donnington School. This afternoon I drove up the mountain from Linstead and wound down the road on the other side of the mountain right here to the heart of the bush. Tomorrow morning we are to have first Holy Communion and, sad to say, only three children will be receiving. There should be nearer thirty but the parents don't understand. And why don't they understand? Poverty, ignorance and a subtle pride, which keeps them away from church unless they have nice clothes, explain in part why they don't understand.

"I have the same problem at Linstead. The first Communion class there simply made me 'dizzy.' One day all the children in the class would attend, the next time some would

stay away, the next time others and so on. The time comes for first Holy Communion and the priest is at a loss to decide how many are suitably prepared. One great consolation at Linstead is the fidelity of the Sunday School teachers. They have done nobly.

"Last week I bought a new car, and am now about five hundred dollars in debt. I needed the car badly as the old one was in poor shape. May God direct some good soul to read these lines."

IRAQ

Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., lets us in on a few of his plans for making the devotion to the Sacred Heart known more widely in the Near East.

"What I would like most of all is this. Every June the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* prints a cover of the Sacred Heart. Now I wonder if they could run off about five thousand extra cover sheets of the same width and a bit longer so there would be a white blank space beneath the picture. Then I could have the Jesuits in Beirut print the Arabic text of the Consecration of Families to the Sacred Heart beneath the picture. I could have Armenian text also and Chaldean. This would be a feather in the hat of Beirut and also of the *American Messenger* besides doing a tremendous amount of good here. There are already official Arabic and Armenian translations but they are not attached to worthy pictures. The Catholics here are really very pious and love to see a priest and love the Sacred Heart, but they are not well taken care of. Visit them



Brother Edgar Gauvin, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who was formerly stationed at Collège des Jésuites, Quebec, has been assigned to Süchow Mission in China.

without any favoritism and they worship the priest. *Expertus loquor.*

* * *

Lest we think that the life of our American Jesuits in Baghdad is without its thrills, we call attention to the following insertion by Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., in the last issue of *Al Baghdadi*. He entitled the paragraph, "Death in the Desert." Here it is:

"Lest you think a trip across our desert is entirely without hazard, let us copy a little piece that appeared in the *Iraq Times* at the beginning of June:

"A car left Basrah on May 28 for Muntafiq carrying a driver and five passengers, all members of the Barakat family of Basrah. When six days had passed without news of them, relatives reported the matter to the authorities at Basrah. The Mutasarrif asked the Royal Air Force at Shaibah to cooperate in tracing the missing men, and aeroplanes were sent out to search over a wide area. The missing car was found next morning in the desert but its occupants were missing. A ground party was therefore sent out. After an all-day search they discovered the bodies of the missing men about thirty miles from the car. The Mutasarrif was informed, and an ambulance was sent out without delay to bring back the bodies. All the men had died of thirst and exhaustion after long exposure to the burning sun of the desert. It was found that the car had run out of fuel, and the men had evidently set out on foot to seek assistance."

"Such cases are not, of course, of common occurrence, but they happen just often enough to be a warning to those who might be tempted to venture out into the desert without taking proper precautions."

PATNA, INDIA

"Doff, please, to the ladies!" So writes Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., in a brief article in which he tells us why some of the women folk among the Depressed Classes of Patna Mission, India, have not as yet had the courage to follow the men in their conversion to Christianity.

"Doff, please, to the ladies! The men-folk of the village were all baptized. Their intellects had measured up to the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation without quail. 'Do you renounce Satan?' 'Sure we do!' was the hearty, whole-souled response, a hint of surprise in the tone that their answer should not have been taken for granted.

"The women-folk, however, are still clinging to what they admit to be even in their own case a doomed cause, the Hindu religion. They would be wary, however, not caught by something that has an outward sweetness but may be poison to old traditions and practices without anything to compensate.

Hence though they will overcome a shyness that is inbred in Hindu women in spite of their work taking them into view all day in the fields; and will come and sit at your feet to be instructed, they want to see their way clearly in three major matters. These are:

1. "If we give up our gods and goddesses and serve the only true God, will not our gods and goddesses be angry and visit us with all sorts of evil? Here, for instance, before our very door is the mark of Kali Ma. If we destroy it, will not Kali Ma send the smallpox upon our home?"

2. "If we become Christians our girls cannot marry till they are at least fourteen. They now marry at three. Who will assure us of a husband for them if we wait so long? (N.B. I baptized an old widower of five the other day.)

3. "Why must our bodies after death be put into the ground to rot instead of being burned by purifying fire, and what will our dead do if we do not feed the Brahmans in their honor?"

"Laugh if you will at these difficulties; but honor those who tread carefully when entering unknown paths.

"And, well, to answer is one thing; to make them have faith in the efficacy of the answer—that is another. *Veni, Sancte Spiritus!*"

* * *

Father Michael J. Lyons, S.J., who is in charge of the Depressed Class work in Ratna, writes:

"It is nearly two months now that the Police have been engaged in searching for our boy who was kidnapped publicly from a crowded railway train when it stopped at a station. It seems that the culprits have kept the boy with some powerful influential anti-Christian organization to prevent his return, and to show the poor low caste people what will happen to them if they entrust their children to us for education. We are still busy looking

for our boy, but with no success so far.

"Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., is getting on strong as ever and bringing large numbers into the Church. Our Patna City Bishop Hartmann Memorial Boarding School for Depressed Class boys has some fifty boys in it and the number is increasing daily.

"Our Gaya church is under construction and should be ready for services in about two months. It is the first Catholic church in the place where Buddha was said to have been enlightened, and it is near the railway station and will be seen by thousands of pilgrims who come every year to the large and ancient Buddhist temple on the spot from Japan and other distant lands. The Sacred Heart Chapel at Barh is finished."

* * *

Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., writes from St. Mary's Mission, P.O., Bagaya via Pirpainti, Santal Parganas, India:

"Father John J. Brennan, S.J., has joined us at St. Mary's Mission in Bachha sector. It takes the two of us to care for this sector during the illness of Father James A. Creane, S.J., in Prince of Wales Hospital, Calcutta.

"During the course of the first few weeks after my arrival in India, Father Raymond Conway, S.J., the Superior of Khrist Raja High School, asked me to baptize two Santal lads in the primary grades; one Solomon, the other Barnabas. Solomon finished four years high school last December. This month he became our Head-Catechist in Bachha sector. Barnabas finished one year of high school and went back to his father's farm. A year later he became a teacher in one of our mission schools. On Sunday, Father Brennan married Barnabas to a girl educated by the Sisters. Without schools to educate and train future catechists and teachers and mothers of Catholic families the Church could hardly be firmly established as it should be."



Going up. Baghdad College rises brick by brick. Incidentally, each beam is raised from the ground by sheer muscle and brawn. Mechanical aids are not used.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Hope Rewarded

To the Editor:

I have before me your letter of July 2, 1937. Many thanks for the letter and also for the check from the Jesuit Mothers' Guild of Xavier. It came when I needed money, and will help to make matters a bit more pleasant, because I must confess I was worried. Perhaps worried is not the correct term. As the bank roll became more and more depleted, I think my faith and hope increased, and they have been rewarded. My chief concern was the school, but I think now we can manage.

I read your article in JESUIT MISSIONS ("At Home in Mindanao." July-August, 1937) with great interest. It is admirable, because you give a very good idea of our life, and manage to squeeze us all, so to speak, into the article. It must have taken a lot of time, because I tried to do that myself when I returned as a Scholastic, and could not compress it enough.

We are awaiting with interest to see some of the pictures you took, as we expect that they will be in the JESUIT MISSIONS from time to time. The radio will be a big help; it will mean getting information quickly and keep me in touch with what is going on in the world. Just now my eyes are not so good, and yet I have to do some reading.

Best regards to Father Gschwend, Father Feeney, and the Office Force. I hope that all the work you men do does not lay you low. Keep up your pep and we will await your next article with interest.

Malaybalay, P. I.

(Rev.) Austin V. Dowd, S.J.

The above letter, addressed to our Business Editor, is a sample of missionaries' appreciation of timely benefactions. *Editor*

A Small Gift!

To the Editor:

Thank you so much for your very lovely letter of September 27, and please rest assured that I "have not held it against you" because you hadn't written sooner. I realize that your duties are many and varied, and for this reason I greatly appreciate your letter.

I am so glad to know that my small gift will bring joy to the hearts of people so far away, and as the piano was rolled out of my apartment, I shed a few tears and said a tiny prayer that it would help some one perhaps forget a little heartache, or help some little child to sing joyously.

The piano has a little history. It belonged to an aunt of mine whom I loved very dearly. She was a singer and brought joy to many people by this God-given gift. She also taught me to sing, and for this I shall always be grateful. When she passed on to her reward, she left this piano to me. So you can easily understand why I was so attached to it. However, in these days of small apartments, and unions which charge so much to move furniture, it is a little difficult to keep things, and then it is time to send them where they will do the most good. If my aunt were here, she would wish it so.

And as you remember me in your prayers, may I ask you to say a prayer or two for my very dear friend? She has had so much to cope with of late, and I know your prayers will give her much help.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. L. P.

E. L. P. gave a "small gift" to the missions. That small gift was a Knabe upright piano. We, who should feel grateful for such generosity, were tardy in expressing our thanks for the gift. The above letter speaks volumes, and tells how much heart there was in the gift. Because of such friends are our missionaries successful in their quest for souls. *Editor*

From a Stay-at-Home Missionary

To the Editor:

Hope you will pardon delay in sending renewal subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. It is pure neglect on my part in not sending the card inserted in the September issue, as I certainly wanted my subscription renewed. I thank you, therefore, for your letter of September 13, and also want to thank you for your intention in your Mass of September 26, on the feast of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America. We spent two very delightful days at the shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs, Fort Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada, two years ago.

I hope it will not be amiss to mention a good word for JESUIT MISSIONS. It is very interesting as well as educational and the

illustrations splendid. Many of the articles read more like personal letters from one of the missionaries. We were particularly interested in the series of articles by good Bishop Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras. We had the pleasure of meeting the Bishop the first time, some years ago when on one of his visits to the States, and again on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, when we had the very great pleasure of attending his Jubilee Mass in Chicago. He is a very lovable character. His natural wit and very kind disposition make him a charming companion. We are also indebted to Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., of Belize, for an occasional letter as well as his interesting articles in JESUIT MISSIONS.

During the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held here last month, we had the good fortune to meet Father Dent, S.J., who had just returned from India. He is so enthusiastic and such a wonderful character that we could have listened to him for hours (and he probably would have been glad to talk if he had the time) about the grand and noble work they are doing to bring the Faith to those outside the fold. His mastery of the Hindi language is a marvel. We also were delighted to meet one whom we have heard much about in JESUIT MISSIONS, the well-known Father Sontag, S. J., who has made such a grand success in his work. After visiting with these good men and hearing of the many sacrifices and untiring zeal, one cannot help but realize how little we appreciate the many modern conveniences and the many opportunities we have for obtaining the benefits of our holy religion.

Please forgive me, Father, if I have taken too much of your time, but I have one more favor to ask. I am enclosing check for \$5.00 and would kindly ask that you divide the amount as follows: \$1.00 to one year's subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS; \$2.00 to Rev. Henry I. Westropp, S. J., Bankipore, Patna, India; \$2.00 to Rev. Edward J. O'Leary, S.J., Bishop's House, Bankipore, India. Am not quite sure I have the addresses correct, as it is some time since I have heard from either Father, but will leave it to your better judgment as to where to send the money.

With every good wish for your continued success and a prayer that God may send many blessings to all the good Fathers.

Cleveland, Ohio

R. W. Cavanaugh

Real Mission Helpers

To the Editor:

I would be glad to mail magazines to our missionaries if you would send some addresses to me. Have been mailing the *Saturday Boston Transcript* to a Father Fox in Alaska. I saw his appeal for mail in a copy of JESUIT MISSIONS but wonder about mailing it during the Winter—as I believe he said that they had no mail from October to April—Perhaps I am wrong for I have mislaid that copy of the JESUIT MISSIONS but seem to have all others. It really is a splendid magazine and most readable. It always makes me wish that we had a lot of money to send to each good missionary.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Miriam K. T. Fox

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a money order for one dollar which is the beginning of a dollar-a-month monthly payments for the support of foreign missions, which I hope to be able to send to you each month.

I would be interested to know where your missions are established, and to know if this dollar a month can be applied to needy missions where the conversion of souls is the chief aim. To me the bringing of the Faith to pagan peoples seems all important, and it is through my desire to assist in this work in some small way, that my decision to make this tiny contribution each month, was made. Will you pray for my intentions, Father?

San Rafael, Calif.

C. I. E.

Inspiration to a Vocation

To the Editor:

I think the change you made in the 1937 copies of JESUIT MISSIONS has been for the better, even though we who read JESUIT MISSIONS would have thought it impossible before.

I have enjoyed JESUIT MISSIONS more than any other magazine and from the way the different missionaries tell their stories it seems that most of your American Jesuits would have been writers if they hadn't become priests; it seems amazing to me that every one of a large group of men, each working in a separate portion of the globe, should be a good writer. I think the success of JESUIT MISSIONS is due to your editorial policy of not mentioning money in your articles but relying on the good will of the readers.

I practically owe my Religious vocation to JESUIT MISSIONS, for it was JESUIT MISSIONS that developed in me a love of the missions and a desire to participate in the work of redemption.

Staten Island, N. Y.

J. A. B.

Storm and Sunshine

Julius
Delvaux, S.J.

THE Palamau is a rich mineral district of northern India with a large coal basin not yet tapped. The extensive forests supply timber and bamboo to Bengal and to the coal mines of Jharia. The Palamau shelters a rather thin population of Hindus, Moslems and aboriginal races. Among the latter, the Ouraon race is predominant. They emigrated from the Chota Nagpur Plateau whose ridges form the southern border. The Ouraon race on the Plateau has given to the Belgian Jesuit Mission the bulk of its three hundred thousand Catholics. It was, therefore, natural to try to net in this colony of some sixty thousand pagan Ouraons.

Chandwa was selected as a new mission section two years ago. For eighteen months the missionary's *pied-a-terre* (temporary lodging) was a large rented Indian house, a deserted distillery. The Mission made a glorious start. In a few months hundreds of neophytes were registered. Then old Nick got alarmed.

A Hindu mission, called Arya-Samaj, with headquarters at Delhi, appeared in the district. Hindu preachers, all wearing Gandhi caps, and Congressites, visited the village and the neophytes. They tried to set the population against the Catholic Mission. "Do not become Christians; soon the British and the *Padre* will take the boats and be off. Soon the control of India will be in the hands of the Hindu Congress and Christians will fare badly under its rule. Moreover, a Christian is a foreigner, an alien, an outcaste, with no social standing in Hindustan. See! the *Padre* has no house of his own. He will pack up and go away." And a string of false fables meant to ridicule the Christians.

THIS campaign was financed by an All-India Fund. A daily Hindu paper seconded its doing, magnifying its slightest success. This movement was more political than religious. The Communal Award had allotted



The native porter of Ranchi Mission, who accompanies the missionary on his journeys.

the seats in the Legislatures under the coming Provincial autonomy on a basis of the numerical strength of each community (and communities in India are identified with religions). Hence, the rush of each Party after members! The Hindu Block apprehended that the Christians might be lost to its strength.

Another famous group, working hand and hand with the Arya-Samaj and the Hindu organizations, includes the landlords and the influential local mighties. They fear that the missionary will protect his Christians from oppression and that through education the people will become conscious of their rights and will resist bondage and oppression.

THIS combined anti-Christian campaign among illiterate and too credulous peasantry caused a setback to this young Mission. But, *violenta non durans*. While the storm was at its height, the *Padre* quietly acquired a nice nine acre plot of ground and forthwith building materials were gathered. The Mission bungalow soon rose. At the other end of the property a large shed was erected—the bungalow boarding school. A score of village children arrived as the first class of boarders. These achievements dishearten many an opponent. The *Padre* indeed had come to stay! (Turn to page 280)

Father Julius Delvaux, S.J., does some of his catechetical work under a banyan tree whose branches on reaching the ground have taken root.

God Made It So Beautiful!

Leo Paul

Bourassa, S.J.

TOKYO is a very magnificent city, with its fragile houses of rare woods, set in little patches of green; its immense parks of pines and cedars; its rocky prominences and its little lakes traversed by the familiar rustic bridges and clothed in the peaceful, silky whiteness of the lotus, the red and yellow of the water lily, and the green of the great floating water pads. Tokyo is a very Japanese city, but nowhere is this so evident as in the dress of its inhabitants.

First, there is the *kimono*, the national garb. For men, it may be either black or grey or brown. It is a sort of robe, falling to the ankles and brought together in the front somewhat like our suitcoats. Then there are stockings which, mittenlike, cover the feet, affording a compartment for the large toe and a partition for the loops of the sandals, which are called *getas*. These consist of a one-piece cork, leather, or wooden sole which is not attached to the heel but follows along anyhow, held only by the strap of the partition. On rainy days these *getas* become little stilts.

AS for the ladies, one would have to see them to appreciate their finery. They move along with mincing steps on their *getas*, wrapped in their masterpieces of multi-colored draperies, their parasols prudently tinted to protect them from the sun whose rays they diffuse in a myriad of colors which play like halos on their coiffures. No hats, no pancakes, no birds of paradise, no fruitbaskets! The women's hair is uniformly black and most often glides smoothly towards the back of the neck where it comes together in a perfect ball. There a single flower holds forth to relieve the jet blackness. On greater festivals the headdress becomes more complicated and is twisted about most elaborately. Whatever be its shape it is always a work of art and, to keep it such, the Japanese women are accustomed to sleep without pillows, using instead a little silken bolster which they place underneath their necks.

The *kimono*! Nothing more modest, nothing simpler!



"As for the ladies, one would have to see them to appreciate their finery. They move along with mincing steps on their 'getas', wrapped in their masterpieces of multi-colored draperies."

A few large strips of silk, carefully arranged over the shoulders and falling to within a few inches of the ground. The gracefully draped cloth is drawn in at the waist by still another strip which fastens at the back in a flourish of ribbons, in the case of young girls, and in what is called the *obi* for the ladies. The *obi* was formerly only a buckle, but has developed into a more artistic arrangement which makes one think of it as a pretty cushion fitted into the arch of the back.

In the hand is the *farushiki*, a big silken sash used to wrap up purchases. It matches the *kimono* and makes us scorn any kind of satchel or handbag. The ensemble itself is in step with the season and with the weather; there are gay and sombre colors, designs that are sober and designs that abound in flowers and birds.

THE Japanese woman has another ornament: over her shoulder there gleam, like fiery coals, two dark eyes set in a charming little face, and shooting out lightning-like glances of curiosity at the world about. Mother carries the little one everywhere with her. A ribbon—there seems to be no end of ribbons—passed like a brace over each shoulder and around about baby's legs, must make a comfortable cradle because the little Nipponese never cries. This explains why he is taken to the theatre, to the restaurant, even to formal gatherings. And if mother really hasn't the time, a little wisp of a sister shoulders the baby. That doesn't bother her in the least, since her burden doesn't prevent her from playing, running, and skipping rope with her (Turn to page 280)

NEW BOOKS

The Crisis of Civilization Hilaire Belloc

This volume contains the substance of a course of lectures given by the author at Fordham University, 1937. Perhaps there is no clearer indication of the change for the worse which Protestantism has foisted upon us than merely to mention the fact that the society of Christendom, especially of western Christendom, before the Reformation had been a society of owners and that all economic activities were referred to an eternal standard. "The production of wealth, its distribution and exchange, were regulated with a view to securing the Christian life of Christian man." Today, Mr. Belloc contends and proves with the merciless logic of facts, that society is composed of a restricted body of possessors and a main body of destitutes at the mercy of the possessors. According to the author, the crisis of civilization has been brought into being by the forces of the Reformation, of Capitalism and of Communism. He likewise contends that the only force in the world today that can avert the catastrophe which seems imminent is the Catholic Culture. While the first of these two contentions must be grasped in order that the reader may have an intelligent realization of our predicament, nevertheless, we feel that the more valuable contribution of this volume is the author's second contention and his presentation of the nature of the Catholic Culture. Rarely has this been unrolled on a canvas of such historical proportions. Too often, in fact, generally, in our own United States the Catholic Culture which alone was the basis of Christian civilization has either been completely ignored in our text books or grossly misrepresented by historians unworthy of the name. In these present pages against a background of the centuries we see it in its best achievements and in its possibilities for the future. Mr. Belloc's concrete solution resolves itself into two points which he calls Print and A Program. However, in his mind, any program that is impregnated with the Catholic spirit and will achieve a Catholic society is the program to be followed in any given exigency. He specifically stresses those social programs which will restore a well ordered distribution of property upon which the economic freedom and, therefore, the dignity and permanency of the family depend. The book is of high instructional and inspirational value for those in whose hands lie the religious, political, economic and social destinies of the world.

Fordham University Press, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

Africa and Christianity Diedrich Westermann

Proceeding from a soul "Naturaliter Christianus" these observations on the missions of Africa will be the source of

much fruitful speculation by Catholic and non-Catholic alike. They contain an exposition of the attitude of the African native towards the White man and Christianity, of the African's natural beliefs and his reaction to evangelical effort, of the problems to be faced by missionaries, of the comparative appeal of Christianity, Islam and other religions, of the achievements and aspirations of Christian missions, of missionary education and of native languages in relation to missionary enterprise. The fact that nowhere in the book does the author distinguish between the Christianity of the Roman Catholic Church and the contradictions of Protestantism which latter he admits are a scandal to the African, is a reflection not so much upon the author's knowledge of facts as, it seems, upon his sincerity as an historian. Nowhere does he explain the strange phenomenon that in a book dedicated to an appraisal of the missions in Africa, formal mention of the Roman Catholic Church, with more than five million adherents in Africa, is consistently avoided. On page 176, Professor Westermann writes: "The movement towards a common understanding and a uniting of the forces is most conspicuous in mission fields." This is, of course, true in some mission fields and absolutely false in others. However, it should be noted that the unity which the author desiderates will never be attained by leaving the impression on his readers that the doctrinal points of difference between the Christian sects as, for instance, those of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, are merely accidental and not worthy to be indicated specifically. Withal, the book offers much valuable material for the science of missiology which we hope will soon find its rightful place of honor in the curriculum of American institutions of learning.

Oxford University Press, New York, N. Y., \$2.25.

Proceedings of The National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

A symposium of practical plans by practical minds for the spiritual salvation of the Catholic child in America.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.00 paper edition; \$1.50 cloth.

Joint Letter of The Spanish Bishops to the Bishops of the Whole World

With references for readings on Spain. The America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

The Rite of Baptism of Adults
Rt. Rev. Monsignor W. R. A. Marron
Understanding of the Church's rites and sacraments will produce a greater love of Christ and the supernatural life that is within us.

The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., ten cents.

The Social Problem, Book Three. Political Theories and Forms

The present manual deals with basic Christian concepts regarding the state, foundation, purpose and limitations of civil government, and applies them to the various forms of government now in existence. A splendid manual for study club work on the topic of Christian political theories and forms.

St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., thirty cents.

Could You Explain Catholic Practices?

Rev. Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.

Sixty-seven Catholic practices that are continually challenging the curiosity of non-Catholics and whose history and significance are often partially or completely unknown to Catholics themselves are here explained clearly and briefly. The book fulfills admirably a sore need for instruction.

Apostleship of Prayer, New York, N. Y., twenty-five cents.

Native Sisters in the Orient
Rev. Robert E. Sheridan, M.M.
Christ in the Philippines
Rev. Robert E. Sheridan, M.M.
Chinese Apostles
Rev. T. V. Kiernan, M.M.

Father Burns Among Manchu Bandits

Father Burns

Experiences of Maryknoll missionaries on the mission front.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y., each pamphlet five cents.

Marquette

Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J.

A scholarly epitome written for the Tercentenary Celebration.

America Press, New York, N. Y., ten cents.

Run Your Own Movies!

P. W. Harkins, S.J.

Meditation a la Hollywood.

America Press, New York, N. Y., ten cents.

Good St. Ann

Philip H. Burkett, S.J.

The mother of the Mother of the Lord. America Press, New York, N. Y., ten cents.

The Church in Spain, Rich or Poor?

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

"There has been such an insistent demand for it that I feel sure we will want a reprint before long."—John P. Boland, Secretary C.T.S.

America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

Communism's Threat to Democracy

John LaFarge, S.J.

Wanted: A new social and economical organism to create opportunity and to preserve democracy.

America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

SHANGHAI SOJOURN

(Continued from page 256)

in China, August, 1932, Mr. O'Brien imitated the earliest successful missionaries by studying the difficult Chinese language. Scholarship has always appealed to the Chinese; and academic attainments have, at times, been the only passport into Old China, so long blockaded to the world, so long stolid in her own culture and civilization.

Despite repeated requests that he refresh his memory, Mr. O'Brien at length sadly shook his head, and confessed that he had not been killed in this recent Sino-Japanese War. The fighting is along the Whangpoo River, approximately three and a half miles from Zi-ka-wei, and, at this writing, both the French Concession and the greater portion of the International Settlement have been spared. (Too bad. When I heard that Mr. O'Brien was coming out of the war zone, I saw him dodging bullets and hurdling barbed-wire entanglements, arriving in this country with a limp, a blood-stained handkerchief about his head, a flag in his hands, and a piccolo between his teeth.)

Our multiple and indiscreet inquiries about Oriental footwear steered the conversation from shoes to the recent Chinese scientific advance, and offered an interesting study of the New China.

Briefly, China is hit between the eyes with Western material progress. The Old China, the China of Confucianism, and Taoism, the Cathay of scholarship with its silken scrolls and religion with its poetic ancestral worship, is undoubtedly on the way out. The Chinese character, an alloy of Confucianism and Taoism—"Confucianism, a positive outlook upon life, that builds and strives; Taoism, a negative outlook upon life, that watches and smiles"—will, of course, not suffer a sudden and violent change. Their roots are centuries deep, their tendrils entwined around the heart of the world's oldest civilization. But a younger generation has arisen. It no longer binds its feet and peak-a-boos behind bamboo fans. It wears shorts, not kimonos; sports a marcel not a queue; sticks out its chest, flexes its biceps, and is determined upon "going to town." The Chinese of the old regime was satisfied with a house, a garden, a dinner, a lady, and a stroll beneath the jack-pines along the curving margin of a quiet lake; but this younger generation is leaping forward to keep abreast of the Western World, realizing that organization and energy are necessary to achieve national greatness. Old China faces the setting sun. In the city of Shanghai, remarks Mr. Lin Yutang, there is only one genuine Chinese garden, and it is owned by a Jew.

The reverberations of trip hammer and aeroplane motors echo into the spiritual realm. If New China gains even the whole world, is it worth the price of her soul? The change from banditry to babbitry has not facilitated the work of evangelization. The counterpoise to China's conversion, at the present time, is ignorance of religion. The Chinese are

curious and will discuss religion with either a priest or a minister. Many of the poor "heathen Chinese" are unable, at this early stage, to discriminate between a Western Religion that is true, and another Western religion that is false. While the eagerness of the Chinese to learn about religion, any religion, promises a golden future in the apostolic field, it is also, because of Protestantism, fraught with danger. When a Chinese opens his hand and looks upon the ashes that were once the golden apples of Protestantism he will naturally be wary of all Western religions. Such is the Mission front in China.

Backed by the mentors of education who realize the need of moral training for the young, the Catholic missionaries are intensely active. They are pioneering and bearing the brunt of the stupendous labor. Catechetical instructions, a Catholic press, multiple missions in the outlying districts and institutions of higher learning in the cities attest the wise zeal of the missionaries.

As in the time of our Lord, "the harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." More than four hundred million Chinese stand at the crossroads of truth and error, mutely awaiting a leader. The prayers of the world should storm Heaven that these millions be taught to follow Christ, Who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." We should pray that these millions be not led whimsically across the shifting sands of life's desert, following the ever-changing horizons of compromising doctrines, led astray in quest of the Communistic mirage, or pausing with a jug of wine and a loaf of bread beneath the bay tree of naturalism.

TALAKAG

(Continued from page 258)

because they know no better.

For years Talakag did not have Mass even on the fourth Sunday. Last November first, I said Mass in Talakag, and people dressed in mourning surrounded me after the Mass: "Father, will you bless our cemetery? For years our dear dead have lain in unholy ground. When they were dying there was no priest to lift his hand above them in absolution. In death, there was no priest to give them final absolution. We buried them like pagans, without chant, or book or bell." And so I went to the cemetery—and the dead of years sleep at last in hallowed ground. And the people with tears in their eyes, pressed gifts into my hands—oranges and coffee and alligator pears, and strange tropical fruits.

I have told you the story of Talakag. It is not a unique story. Every Father in Mindanao has a dozen Talakags, different only in setting. But wherever a priest comes to stay, attendance at Mass doubles and triples in a few months. Little churches of tin and bamboo become, with help from America, more worthy Houses of God. Little schools arise, catechism classes spring up in surrounding villages, and the new place becomes in turn a center for other Talakags.

"HOSTEL?"

(Continued from page 259)

a small plot of ground for gardening. Then each boy was given a small section to plant and cultivate as his own. Under the supervision of one of the Scholastics the plowing or spading, planting and care of this plot was carried on with a view to keeping the boys in touch with the practical things of life. Besides this, during the busy seasons of sugar cane planting and harvest, handling the oat crop, etc., they are called on regularly to work several hours daily. Regular work days come three times a week. But all is not outside work, for some help the sacristan, others arrange the study hall and dormitories, and others occasionally assist the cook. Work is good, for most of these boys must go back to farming or some other humble labor unspoiled by these years of education.

One high caste Hindu who has his two sons here in the hostel likes this work plan very well. And he has a very good position himself. While talking with one of the Fathers he said:

"I want my boys to work in your fields to learn how to use their hands. They have had ease thus far with many servants at their beck and call. Now I want them to learn manual labor, for they may not have such an opportunity as mine."

"But, Father, if we study and work all the time when shall we learn to play football?" queried one lad.

"Ah, my boy," was the answer, "You are not here to learn football but to learn the things of the mind, of practical life, and of God."

However, the boys' play is well taken care of, for we know well that old adage about all work, no play and a dull boy. With several handball courts (the boys take up American handball readily), a football field, an outdoor basketball court, and two volley ball courts, there is plenty of chance for games. Field hockey too is indulged in with much zest. Besides games, the whole student body of Khrist Raja has daily drill or calisthenics during the cooler months to keep them fit and growing. Then, too, a number of times during the year the boys go some distance for a jungle hike and picnic.

Many of these boys are supported by those who will read this article, for many, in fact, most of them are from poor families who could not afford to send them here or elsewhere. But we must train up an Indian clergy, as our Holy Father wishes, to carry on the Church in India. Thus they must have education and the fostering of a vocation in our school. I know that our generous benefactors will enjoy knowing about the way we train "their boys" towards knowing, loving, and serving God.

WAR? YES

(Continued from page 261)

When he first went away I used to send him a check once in a while, but I haven't sent him a penny in ages and *see what I get!*"

"You didn't get it all," was the next

remark. "I suppose that you are going to send a check now, but please hold it up until I can add mine to it. Can you let me have the whole thing for a few days? I know some people who hold their heads up high enough and I want to have some fun with them. This is too good to end here."

"Here they are," said the Colonel. "Good hunting!"

HAGLEY GAP

(Continued from page 263)

too much for a dozen men. But so is every missionary's work, and a priestly priest can work miracles in a quiet way and God still wants and loves immortal souls even though they are in the Jamaican bush.

As far as I can see there is only one thing that Father Tribble does not stand in need of. That one thing is zeal. He has that in the same superabundance as almost all other things are lacking.

The Roman collar and the priesthood are a great ticket of admission in the homes and the hearts of these poor people so dear to God, and so like Christ in their poverty and so Christ-like in their simplicity.

And so the work goes on from Kingston's Liguanea Plain and the lowlands of Whitehall to the higher lands of Toll Gate, Tom's River, Stony Hill, higher still and higher to Mount Friendship and on 'till the clouds are reached at Hagley Gap.

HINDUISM IN CEYLON

(Continued from page 268)

The idea of re-incarnation works in an extraordinary way with them. They figure they have to go through a number of births, and one more or less does not matter, so why worry to curb desires and inclinations. They may as well enjoy themselves in this life, and, if necessary, suffer for their sins in their next birth.

One day I said to a Hindu:

"If we have committed serious sins, and die without being truly sorry for them, we shall be damned for all eternity."

The Hindu could not grasp the idea of God being merciful and just. He said:

"You have Purgatory, and there you will expiate your sins, and eventually go to Heaven, so why speak of eternal punishment?"

When I explained that Purgatory is only for those who have committed venial sins, or for those who must expiate for the punishment due to mortal sins forgiven either in confession or by perfect contrition, he could not see where the mercy of God came in.

Knowing little of his own religion, the Hindu is often attracted to the teachings of the Catholic Church. One difficulty in his conversion is a false sense of nationalism. He thinks a Tamil must be a Hindu; otherwise he is a traitor to his race. A Hindu converted to Christianity, and especially to the Catholic Faith, has much to contend with. His family disowns him; he cannot inherit

any of the family property; and he is treated like an outcast by all the Hindus. The Hindu boys and girls in our Catholic schools know our teachings and relish them, but the difficulties mentioned hold them back.

STORM AND SUNSHINE

(Continued from page 276)

Moreover, the Ouraons, though highly credulous and easily led astray, began to realize that no good had come to them from their anti-Christian advisers and would-be protectors. The landlords and money lenders have for ages been and will remain their foes and their oppressors—whatever they may say or promise.

Many fallen away neophytes quickly came around again. Hundreds of new catechumens sought the Mission. The story is spending itself, the dark days are nearly over, the powers of hell have not prevailed even against this nascent church. Chandwa has again set on a march of progress. *Deo Gratias!* An All-India Fund had financed the opposition with no lasting results. A fraction of that amount in the missionary's hands would enable him to Christianize more quickly this beautiful corner of India.

GOD MADE IT SO BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 277)

companions who aren't carrying human ballast.

In Japan, respect for the child amounts almost to worship. He can play with all security in the very middle of the street. He may pilfer with impunity from the fruit merchant. For he is the soldier of tomorrow, and in Japan the noblest career is that of the soldier, defender of the Emperor and of the Fatherland.

And as for politeness, well now! Right in the middle of the street I drop my street car transfer. A young man hastens to pick it up for me. No one would think of smoking on the street. We musn't speak to the corner policeman without removing our hat. On the train the conductor tips his hat when asking us for our tickets and when announcing the next station. In the bus, a young girl collects the passengers' tickets, which occupation leaves her quite a bit of time to spare. Like a woman, she finds a way to occupy herself. She keeps up a running line of chatter which makes me wonder what it is that she is saying. The priest who accompanies me translates this intriguing little monologue as she delivers it: "Come in, please . . . you are very welcome. . . . We are on our way to—by such and such a route. Careful, everyone, we are approaching a rather sharp curve. Please excuse that bump! At your right, ladies and gentlemen, is a very famous building. Notice its graceful architecture. Please do not worry about this unfortunate delay; we shall increase speed and be on time all the same." And there is always this little speech to help us over the bumps and around the curves and to console us for the delays and inconveniences of traveling. And when we get off the

bus we are favored with a bow and a very sincere "Thank you!"

Japan! From my place on the rear deck of the ship that tomorrow will deposit me on the shores of China, my eyes for a long space rest dreamily on the enchanted isles fast becoming mere blurs on the horizon. Japan! With only a hundred thousand Catholics, and the hopes of conversions very small indeed. I hear an American telling his impressions: "It seems to take them a long time to become civilized." I long to answer him something like this: "And we ourselves, we are losing what civilization we have. In industry, medicine, agriculture, communications, sciences, commerce, we can teach them nothing, while they could give us lessons in politeness and in distinction and modesty of apparel."

Japan! One carries it with him in a corner of his heart . . . it is fading away now in the mists. God made it so beautiful! It can't be that He intends to deprive Himself of it forever!

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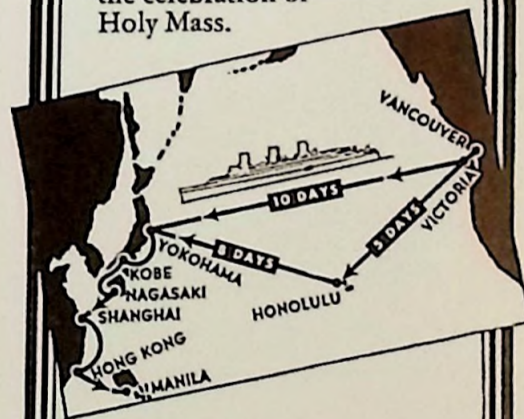
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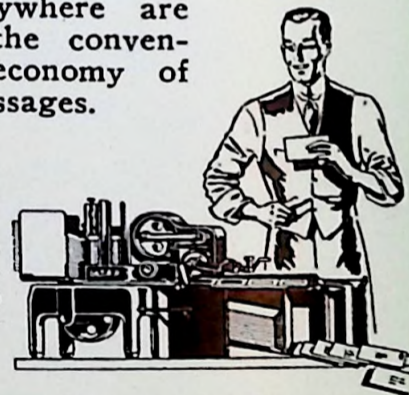
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