

# *Jesuit & Missions*

**DUKE STREET IN RUINS  
FROM A NANKING CELLAR  
ONLY A CHAMAR  
SHANGHAI SHAMBLES  
THE MONTH AT J. M.  
FROM AFRICAN KRAALS  
ICE JAMS ON THE YUKON**

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**VOL. XII, No. 1**

**JANUARY, 1938**

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# EXTRA!

Jamaica, B.W.I.—October 23—“Convent of the Franciscan Nuns, their Chapel, Infant School, Elementary School, High School and Training College were completely demolished by a devouring fire.”

Belize, British Honduras—November 15—“Church at Benque Viejo almost entirely destroyed by fire. Total loss—vessels, vestments, ornaments.”

Shanghai, China—November 16—“We have eleven thousand refugees here. Can you help?”

Three terse messages from three different missions, the one from Jamaica, B.W.I., where New England Jesuits are laboring, the other from British Honduras where eighty year old Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., and his fellow Jesuits of the Missouri Province are winning souls to God, the last from war torn Shanghai where Californian Jesuits now are asked to heal bodies as well as souls of pagan Chinese.

Disasters win sympathy for the suffering and prompt generous Catholics to still greater generosity. But these disasters serve only to heighten the ever growing financial needs in all the missions entrusted to the American Jesuits. Not one, or two, or three of these missions call for help. All plead with you for financial assistance.

Here at home we would pay five cents for an Extra, only to find it's ordinary news. But this is an extra. Please send your gift—may it be generous—for the American Jesuit Missionaries to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below. Just mark it—PAYING FOR AN EXTRA. May God bless you for your charity.

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

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

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

REV. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.  
55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

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

REV. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.  
6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

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

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

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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

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

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.  
45 East Newton St., Boston, Mass.

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

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

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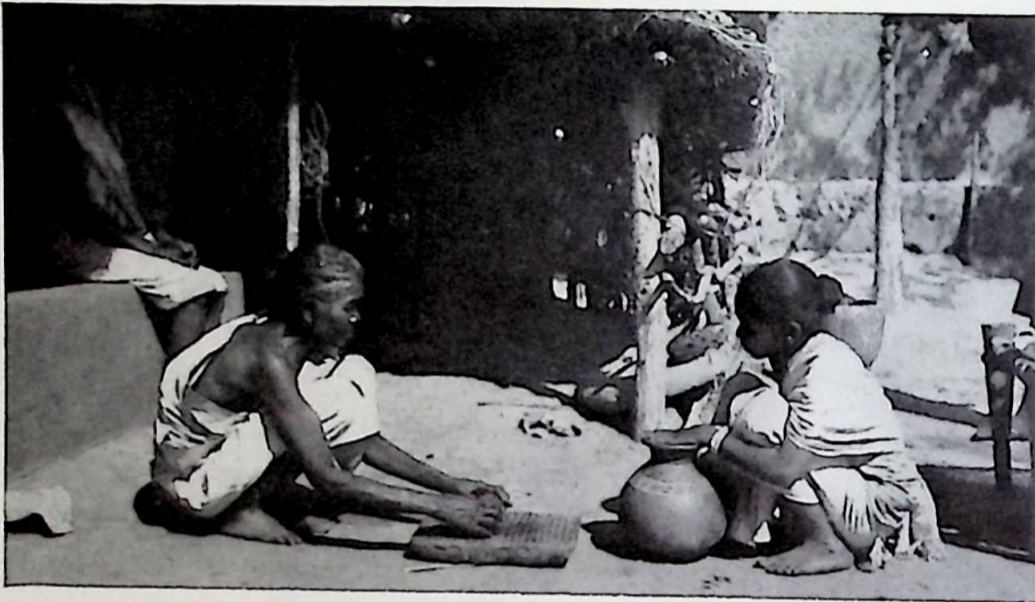
Patna is the foreign mission in Northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

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

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



The Santals are an aboriginal race, many of whom reside in Patna Mission, India. Missionary work among them there is cared for by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, assisted by European and Native Nuns. We introduce you to some of the Santal ladies. Upper left: 1. The Santal formal but most courteous welcome to a visitor (in this case, Sister Anselma). 2. Using the grinding stone in preparing the meal. 3. Dinner time a la Santal. Cleverly and dexterously done with fingers only—no forks or spoons. 4. The girls of St. Mary's School do their share of threshing rice. Upper right: a happy, much bejewelled Santal mother. Lower right: A familiar scene at any spring or creek where Miss Santal fills her water jars.

# EDITORIALS

## THE FIRE IN KINGSTON

**K**INGSTON, capital of the British West Indies Island of Jamaica, is the headquarters of the American Jesuits who have care of the missions there. In that work they have been nobly seconded by the heroic labors of the good Sisters. One of the Sisters' largest establishments was the educational center in Duke Street. Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., Acting Superior of the Mission during October, writes to tell us of the devastating fire which destroyed the work of eighty years in three hours.

"On Saturday, October 23, the Convent of the Franciscan Nuns, their Chapel, Infant School, Elementary School, High School and Training College were completely demolished by a devouring fire which started in a nearby hair-dresser's parlor. Today the Convent and the adjoining buildings are a mass of ruins. The charred remains give silent testimony to a loss of approximately two hundred thousand dollars, and eloquently appeal to all who are interested in the work of the Sisters."

Only a relatively small portion of the great loss is covered by insurance, for the simple reason that the good Nuns could afford no more, since they needed money to cover the daily overhead of maintaining a central convent for a staff of Nuns who are conducting seven schools in Jamaica, besides meeting the expenses of a boarding academy for one hundred girls, a training school for future teachers and two elementary schools. All this rendered it financially impossible for the poor Sisters to meet the regular expenses of an increased policy on their property.

What a tragedy this, for a mission center that was caring for twelve hundred children! May the good Lord send the Sisters courage to carry on bravely, and may He send them also many benefactors to assist in the necessary work of rebuilding!

Our American Jesuit missions down in the Caribbean countries surely have been hard hit by fires this last fall. Good Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras, sent word just as we were going to press that on November 15 a fire almost entirely destroyed the church at Benque Viejo. "Absolutely no knowledge of origin," he writes. "Total loss—vessels, vestments, ornaments." Disheartening, surely, were the aged Bishop to look at things merely from a human viewpoint. For him, too, we pray for courage even as we hope that many friends will come to his assistance. Missions, always hard put to it to meet their ordinary expenses, face a most disheartening uphill fight after a disaster.

## VICTIMS OF WAR IN CHINA

**J**UST recently we received a radiogram from China which read: "We have eleven thousand refugees here. Can you help?" The message was signed by Father James F. Kearney, S.J., of the California Province of the Society of Jesus, who is engaged in refugee work at Zi-ka-wei in the establishment of the French Jesuits on the outskirts of Shanghai. Elsewhere in this issue we have printed missionary accounts of war-torn China. These accounts, direct from the front, make it most evident that the real victims of bomb and shell are not merely nor principally the soldiers, but in many instances they are the families of poor non-combatants, helpless before destruction that rains down on them.

Under these circumstances there is evidently only one attitude for the missionary to take. He must combine his "Spiritual Works of Mercy" with the "Corporal Works of Mercy" as he labors for both body and soul of the wounded and the afflicted refugee. In this spirit of Catholic charity His Excellency, Bishop Auguste Haouisée, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Shanghai, sent out word to his missionaries to open their schools and mission grounds to homeless refugees. That explains the eleven thousand refugees in whose cause Father Kearney pleads over the radio from China's ruined city.

Zi-ka-wei, a mile and a half square, is one of the greatest Catholic centers in the missionary world. There, in time of peace, are college, observatory, seminaries, cathedral, orphanages, novitiate, convents, work shops, printing press. While all of these try to carry on their work at the present time, they are also called upon to take their share in the care of the thousands of wounded, sick and homeless who crowd the buildings, the courtyards and the playgrounds. Aurora University, in charge of the French Jesuits, while not in Zi-ka-wei, is, in its buildings and on its grounds, sheltering several thousand homeless victims.

We search not here into the causes of this destructive war nor into its justification. Ours is a pleading prayer that all this carnage may soon come to an end, that our missionaries may have all the necessary spirit and physical courage and strength needed, and that people, especially our Catholic people, may come to the assistance of the stricken thousands. We who have not had to face war with its horrible slaughter nor famine nor destruction of our homes, surely we ought to thank God daily for having so protected us. And then we ought not to be slow in helping those who have been the innocent victims of bomb and shell.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# Duke Street in Ruins

James M.  
Harney, S.J.

SOME eighty years of labor gone up in smoke and flames! Yes, it was eighty years ago the Franciscan Sisters began to build their famous academy at Duke Street in Kingston, and as the years went by and Duke Street became a byword among Jamaicans, the good Sisters kept adding to their institution so that for some years now the buildings of Duke Street occupied a Kingston block. There was the Immaculate Conception High School or Academy, the Convent, the Training College for Teachers, St. Joseph's Girls School, the Kindergarten, and most beautiful of all, the Chapel.

Though perennially young in its spirit, Duke Street possessed the charm of age. It was a beautiful antique which endeared itself to all who had the happiness or good fortune to make its acquaintance. You waited in its spacious convent parlor, fascinated by the quaintness of your surroundings, and felt Victorian; you moved across the courtyard from school to school, heard the "pickneys" sing and watched them frolic at their play, and then you knew it was the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven. And yet, the spirit of antiquity hovered about you, it gripped you, and you couldn't shake it off, for Duke Street, I tell you, was



*The northwest corner of the Immaculate Conception High School at the height of the fire.*

an antique, which had the beauty and traditions that only antiquity can give. It took some eighty years to build that beauty; it took one hundred and seventy-five minutes for fire to destroy it.

AND how did this catastrophe come about? Just a block away a fire started in a beauty parlor and the wind carried the sparks over the intervening space and dropped them on the roof of St. Joseph's School. Soon the building was in flames which scorned the vain efforts that were made to extinguish them, and began their devastating march up Duke Street. They did not halt in their journey of destruction until they had reduced to smouldering ruins St. Joseph's School, the Kindergarten, the Teachers' College, the Convent, the



*Duke Street Convent Chapel before the fire. A beautiful antique, its spiritual warmth was typical of the Franciscan charity that will ever be associated with the Sisters of Duke Street.*

Chapel and the Academy. Some eighty years of labor reduced to nothingness almost as quickly as it takes to tell it. Pioneering years that had produced an institution that was valued at two hundred thousand dollars, but with an insurance to cover only twelve thousand and five hundred dollars of the loss. One heroic fireman had sacrificed his life; thirty-five Sisters had lost their Convent,—their Superioress, Mother Alacoque, O.S.F., had been carried from a bed of sickness to safety—and nearly thirteen hundred children were without their school. Such was the disaster that swept the historic Duke Street Academy on Saturday, October 23, 1937.

Franciscans are poor by profession and the heroic Franciscan Sisters of Duke Street, far from being disheartened by their great loss, recognized the Hand of God behind it all and rather rejoiced in their new-born poverty. The sweet "Poor Little Man of Assisi" must have looked down from his heavenly throne with a smile of complacency and of paternal love as he watched his children on the Jamaica Mission, so nobly exemplifying his teachings. Out of the reach of the flames they stood and saw the labor of years at the mercy of the fire; and men and women stood by and watched and marvelled at the self-control and resignation of these Sisters. Now they have their home on the outskirts of the city. A week had not elapsed when all their schools had reopened in temporary quarters.

**T**WO hundred thousand dollars of destruction; only twelve thousand and five hundred dollars of insurance! These good Nuns have brought the Kingdom of Christ to thousands of Jamaica's little ones. They have labored valiantly to lead all to Christ, their King. The



*Chapel of Duke Street Convent just before destruction, and to left of the Chapel is the Immaculate Conception High School in flames.*

highest Government officials in the Island have greatly admired their achievements and time and time again have paid them well-merited praise; the poorest peasants have felt the sweetness of their kindness and have heaped upon them their humble benedictions. This work cannot be at an end, it must go on, it cannot be allowed to falter. A new and greater Duke Street Convent must arise on the ruins of the old.

**C**ENTURIES ago St. Francis of Assisi made the first Crib. For the past labor laden years his faithful children have followed his example and have built a Manger Throne at Duke Street. This year they will again build a Throne for the new-born King, but it cannot be at Duke Street. Still, they will build their Crib with the same tender love as their Father Francis built the first Crib. They will place the little Infant on His bed of straw and, rejoicing in the richness of their poverty, they will kneel near Mary and Joseph and will appeal to the all-powerful Infant to send them funds for

their new Convent and schools. Surely in His sweet tender way the Babe of Bethlehem will answer their appeal and will move the hearts of many to send them aid. May He anticipate their prayer and move the hearts of those who read these lines to assist the Sisters in need.

As the ships travel the sea to Jamaica with their cargo of Christmas mail, may many a mail bag be filled with this address: Mother M. Alacoque, O.S.F., Crossroads P. O., Jamaica, British West Indies.



*Interior of Duke Street Convent Chapel after the fire.*

# From a Nanking Cellar

Francis A.  
Rouleau, S.J.

**M**Y fragile Chinese wooden bed shakes as though it would tumble down any second. I wake up. Pitch dark. Midnight . . . maybe two o'clock. It is Father James F. Kearney, S.J., again, vigorously prodding me out of my sleep. His staccato warning, as cryptic as a telegraph message, slowly sinks in:

"Air raid. Down in the cellar!"

What a cursed time for an air raid! Will we ever get any sleep in this place? Drowsily, I clutch at a mental straw: it takes at least fifteen minutes, after the siren begins wailing, for the Japanese bombers to plow over the Nanking skyline. What a delicious revelation! Lots of time . . . and so I fall back smugly on the pillow for a brief snooze. Only a snooze . . . and then, all of a sudden, a crash at my window like the ear-splitting reverberation of tropical thunder; the air crackles with machine gun fire; colored trailers, like brilliant illumination rockets, shoot up into the blackness from a score of anti-aircraft nests in the neighborhood.

Bouncing out of bed with the agility of a sprinter at the gun signal, I grab my flashlight and Chinese robe and shamle downstairs, jumping three steps at a time . . . down into the stone basement, where squeezed in between luggage and the other stored up valuables of the house, we fidget and listen and doze and utter fervent ejaculations. I vow that never again will I snooze after the morning bell rings or the night air raid siren hoots.

**A**NYWAY, I'm safe and sound for this time. A regular Gibraltar, this cellar of ours. Unless a bomb drops squarely on the roof of the house—an eventuality to be reckoned with, since our little Nanking residence lies snugly ensconced next door to the imposing Administration *Yuan*; and government centers, whether military or civil, appear to be the marked targets of those death-dealing Nipponese engines. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Grown callous with a steady month of aerial bombardment, we recklessly poke our heads out the cellar wicket and watch the spectacular combat in a firmament that is suffused with the opalescence of a full harvest moon. Circling in from the east on their mission of destruction, the Japanese planes, like a row of tiny stars, glimmer nearer and nearer. Leaping out of the black earth, powerful searchlights fasten their glare on that ominous incoming fleet of steel and explosives, invisible except for the minute tail-lights. Guns bark at them in all directions; the one next door booms until our windows rattle as though slapped by showers of hailstones. Then crash . . . crash . . . crash . . . and the series of stars swerves around and sails back into the darkness and flickers out. Reddened smoke billows upward. Another hour of breathless expectancy. The sirens mourn out a dismal end. Back to bed . . . for a time, at least.

Next day we hike out to the scenes of the night's havoc. Ghastly spectacle of what war really means! Enormous holes in the earth as though instantaneously

scooped up by some monstrous excavation shovel; square blocks of houses caved in by the explosion, the brick ones smashed into heaps of debris, wooden homes chopped up into mounds of kindling; coffins lined up on the street, while grieving and bewildered families poke like ants through the ruins to dig out several babies buried under the crushed stone and mortar. How many innocent men and women and children, cowering frantic-stricken in the corner of their flimsy huts, are thus blown into eternity when those fearful monsters drone overhead and let drop their cargoes of dynamite!

**A** PRAYER for the unfortunate victims—and then there is just time to shuffle back home. It's that fateful siren screaming weirdly again. Everybody on the streets scrambles for cover, pressing into public dugouts if there is one handy or dodging into any open gateway or shop door; storekeepers hurriedly board up their windows; auto-buses race down from the military camps and unload companies of snappy soldiers who, with fixed bayonets, hustle to take up their positions at every street corner. Fever and bustle on the surface, but in reality everything working out with neat military precision; and within ten minutes the sprawling old capital, in its silence and barrenness, seems like one of those lost sand-buried cities of the Mongolian steppes. By this time Chinese defense planes are already wheeling around high overhead. Then out of the east again, those black vultures begin swooping in—not lumbering bombers this time, but swift craft thundering down with muzzlers wide open, terrifying the populace with their cataclysmic roar, power-driving all over the place in the most fantastic fashion. Dog fights in the sky. A plane puffs out long spirals of smoke, somersaults crazily two or three times; comes hurtling down. Gunning. Bombing. Deafening detonations . . .

And so on, through all the maddened tactics of human cunning and vast mechanized wreckage that make aerial warfare the scourge of the stricken multitudes. Pity the thousands who find no dugouts to burrow into!

**Y**ES, these poor countless thousands of the children of Han, winsomely sociable and peaceful at heart, but now, cruelly lashed about here and there by a tempest that seems to have no limits to its ferocity. Where are their protecting gods hiding now—those crude creations of the shadowy past, encrusted over with colorful superstitions, eerie figures of the imagination before whose dumpy little idols joss sticks sputter day and night? Out of the corner of my eye, as I say Mass in our little upstairs chapel, I can see the distraught inhabitants jogging past in families and clans. Down through the great city gates they tramp, shambling along in endless caravans and cluttering up the railway stations (key marks for enemy shelling) and the river front . . . driven on desperately by one common instinct, to get out of the wake of bombardment and carnage . . . out into the

country, anywhere. More than half of Nanking's million population, the Chinese estimate, have long ago evacuated the city, and every new raid swells the hosts of escaping refugees. Those who remain behind are grimly digging themselves in for a long siege. Trenches and dugouts in every vacant lot and backyard and city parking strip; formidable sandbag fortifications piled high around many of the business blocks; rifle pits along all the main thoroughfares, gaping open and ready to spit fire at any foe battering down the massive wall that, like some enormous saurian of fiction, stretches for twenty-two miles around the ancient capital.

AND here in this picturesque old capital, the life-spring of China's political and military power, we are sticking shoulder to shoulder with the die-hards. In doing so we are openly disobeying, it is true, the urgent injunctions of our good friend the American Consul here, a seasoned career diplomat in the Orient, genial and hardworking, but harassed these troublous days by the responsibility of shunting his nationals out of the war zone. We belong to that group recently labelled by Secretary of State Hull, "stubborn missionaries," that is, those who think their stake in China, carved out of years of missionary sacrifice, is more costly than commercial enterprises and hence worth clinging to in spite of danger. But the Consul is thinking of human life, not of spiritual and educational investments. Wondrously friendly to us, he telephones frequently.

"What! Still here!" he queries, seemingly surprised at our obstinacy. "I repeat my warning of yesterday: Get out of the city as quickly as possible. There's no telling when the blow-up will come." (We wonder, though, whether at heart, and of official responsibilities aside, he isn't quite proud of our staying. As much was hinted, indeed, when he invited us to come up to the Embassy and make ourselves at home, either in the house itself or in their labyrinthine dugout, during the absence of the staff on the American gunboats.)

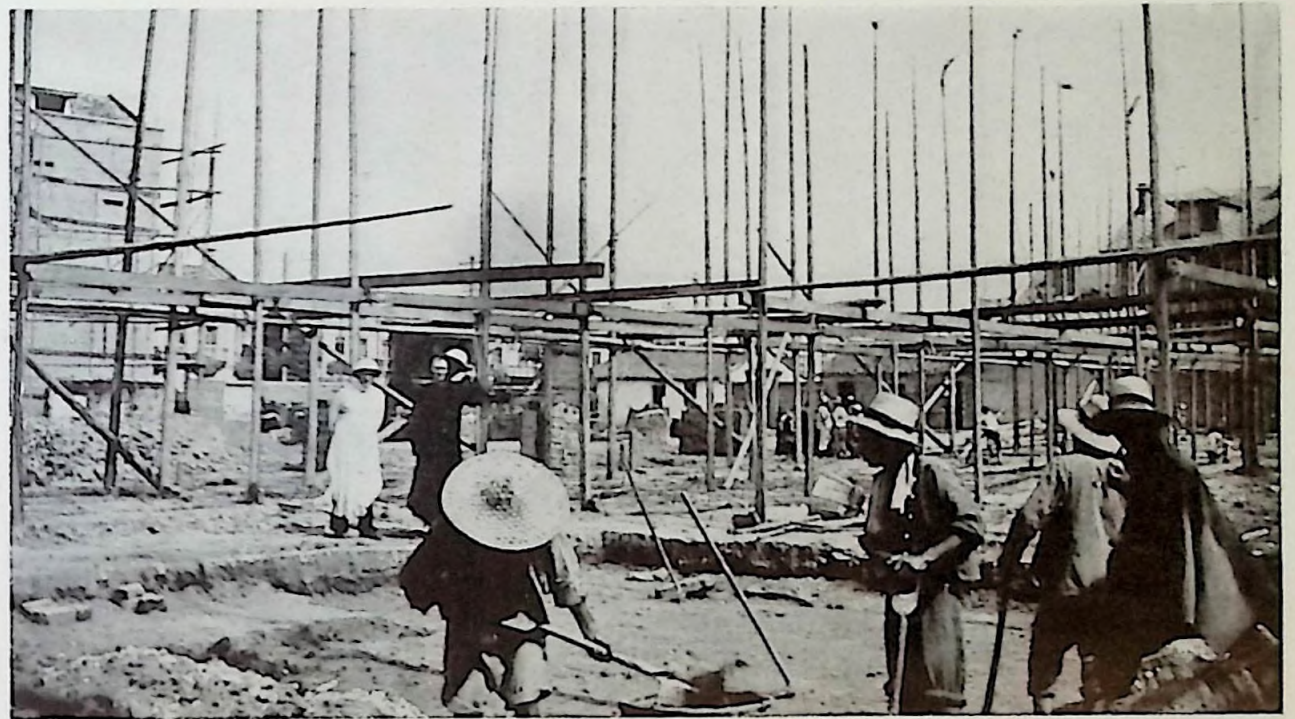
WE parry for time, make up excuses, finally blurt out the truth: Our religious Superior has instructed us to stick to our guns, morally and physically, as long as it is humanly possible to do so, notwithstanding the social disorder and the consequent temporary interruption of our educational plans. "*Pour l'honneur de l'Eglise et de la Compagnie*," he writes us. Moral support for the two Chinese priests whose pastoral charge obliges them to remain, first of all, and, secondly, a healthy example for the Protestant missionaries. As always in mission country upheavals, these latter have their eyes fixed on us. Only a handful now left,

mostly medical workers. When the Consul recently urged an Episcopalian veteran to scoot, he was simply asked: "What are the Jesuit Fathers going to do?"

The Consul admitted they weren't budging yet.

"Then, I'm not going either," the good missionary rejoined. And he calls us up and asks us over for tea. He has one of the best dugouts in the city, they say, so if we are caught at his place when the siren wails out its dread warning, we can stoop down into his trench and there, with our backs bolstering up the dirt walls and steaming teacups in our hands, mutually bemoan a world gone giddy with human slaughter and hate.

THANK God, our substantial building program, initiated some three months back, has reached no higher than the foundation stage. A few bombs tumbling over shacks in the neighborhood started our work crew scampering for dear life; and like everybody else in this



*Work on the new American Jesuit "Nanking Institute" was just getting under way when war broke out. Father James F. Kearney, S.J., (left) and Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., are inspecting the foundation work. At present all building operations are at a standstill.*

stricken land, we are satisfied with hanging on stubbornly to what we have and awaiting less bellicose days before achieving our goal of a Jesuit cultural renaissance in China's fabled capital. Sheer nonsense to fret and get discouraged. Local history that stretches back into the mist of twenty-three centuries, to say nothing of our own personal experience of less comprehensive reckoning, gives only a lesson of buoyant optimism. Those embattled old Emperors and their legendary captains of war, buried over there on the wooded slopes of Pei Tai Ho, could tell us a tale or two of war in the Nanking of long-vanished dynasties that would make our flesh creep. Invariably the same story over again, however: Internecine strife ended, the ancient seat of empire comes back to life with phoenix-like youthfulness, shakes itself of its ugly war phantoms, and settles down to mellowed growth and enterprise. War is merely a passing "incident" here. And so, though under the shadow of black bombers, we look at the future with as roseate a view as ever. *Man-man-tee*, say the Chinese—bye and bye. . . .

# Only a Chamar

John A. Morrison, S.J

“COME over to the septic ward with me,” said my host at dinner, “and see a little low caste Chamar girl, an Untouchable. She is a leper and I’m afraid that she won’t live long.”

My work had taken me to Ramnagar, one of the largest stations in Patna Mission, India, and I was glad of the opportunity to spend a few days with the missionary posted there, as he was an old friend of mine.

It was not a long walk to the hospital and we were soon there. The Indian nurse led us to the bedside. Julia’s eyes lit up with pleasure and recognition when she saw her friend, and a twisted little brown hand went up to her forehead in a salaam of welcome.

“How are you today?” asked the missionary in Hindi, putting a couple of oranges by her pillow and smoothing out the little girl’s tousled black hair.

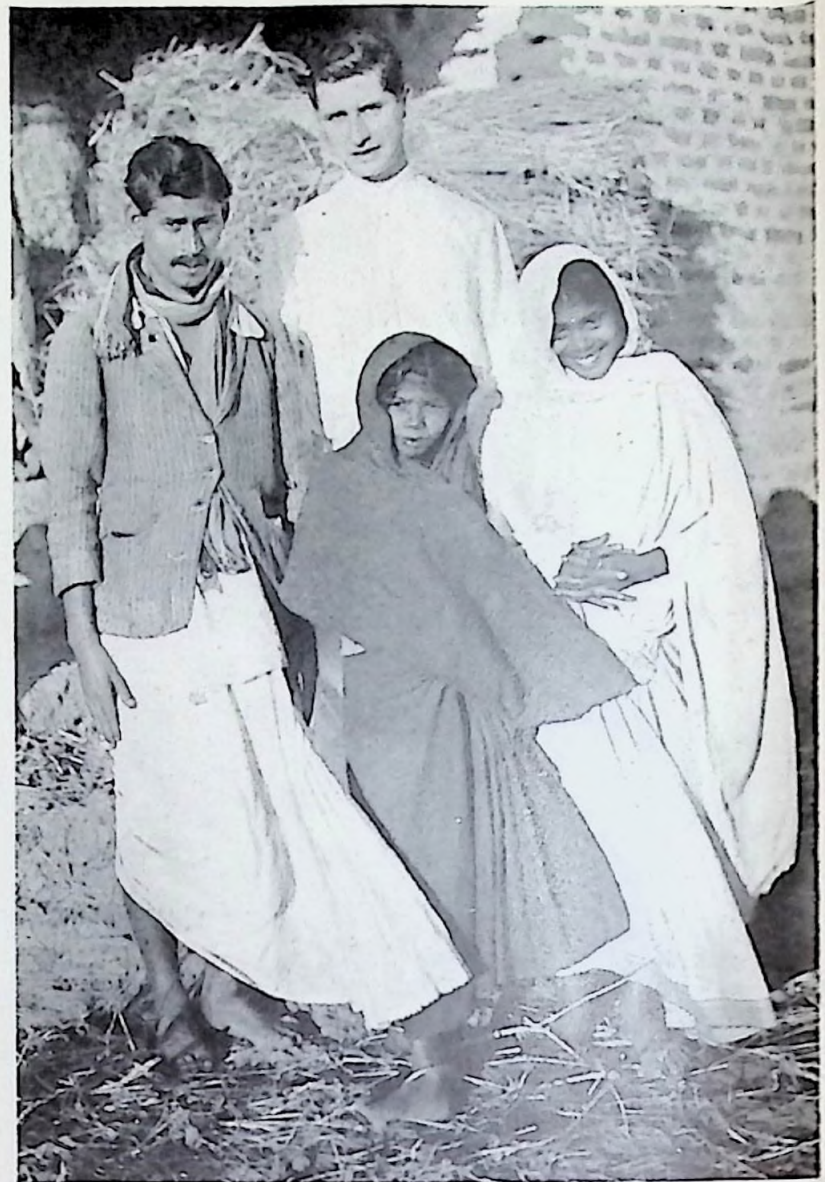
Julia smiled.

“See the chart, Father,” said the nurse in English, a language that Julia was entirely innocent of, “I’m afraid she will not be with us much longer.”

THE missionary looked. The temperature line was high and had been so for more than a week. The pulse was rapid and increasing. The priest stroked the little girl’s hot brow and pondered. A wistful look came into his eye.

“Julia, I’m going away now. But I’ll be back this evening and I’ll bring Holy Communion, our Lord with me.”

“That’s a sad case,” said my companion as we picked our way through bullock carts, coolies, Hindustani gigs and the sweating, crowded mass of humanity and traffic that almost blocked our way through the narrow bazaar lane. “I don’t know all of it, but when the Old Timer



Father Francis J. Welzmler, S.J., with a catechist and his wife and a little girl of the Untouchable Class.

sent that youngster to us she was apparently a perfectly well little girl. The disease must have attacked her internally, because it appeared externally only about three months ago, and she has very little resistance.”

“How was she affected?” I asked finally.

“WELL,” said my companion, “the Old Timer can tell you the whole story. I only know parts that Julia has told me herself. And what she tells me is hard to believe, even out in this part of the world.”

We reached home, but there were catechists in from the district who had first claim on my host’s time and I didn’t see him again until supper.

“By the way,” he said, when the meal was finished, “you have just been ordained priest. Would you like to give Julia the last sacraments?”

“Of course.”

“You can go at once. The oils and pyx are in my room, and here is the tabernacle key.”



Father Michael D. Lyons, S.J., stops to give a word of encouragement to an Untouchable Class girl whose heavy work is that of breaking stones.

In a few minutes I was retracing my steps through the crowded bazaar, lit now by smoky oil wicks for the most part, while here and there a petrol gas lamp in front of a more prosperous shop gave a whiter and brighter glare. I had the Blessed Sacrament with me, but He received no sign of recognition from the turbaned and fezzed Hindus and Mohammedans in the way.

PAGAN eyes in the ward looked on curiously while Julia made her confession and was anointed. That little girl understood what the last sacraments were.

"And now Julia," I said, when the anointing was finished, "I shall give you Communion."

"No Father, I can't go to Communion."

I was surprised. "Why not?"

"The nurse gave me an orange to eat before you came."

"But this is different. You need not fast to receive Communion now."

She hesitated, apparently weighing my word against the word of the missionary nun who had instructed her,—and well.

"If Sister were here now she would tell you what I am telling you."

Julia believed me and received in Communion the Companion and Guide of her last great journey, the Friend of little children and a Man of the working classes Himself.

As I made my way home I determined to corner my friend and get all of Julia's story that he knew. But on reaching the house I learned that he had received an urgent call from some villages to the south and he had gone, leaving behind a hurried note not to expect him for four or five days.

The next day Julia died and the following morning I said Mass for her pure young soul that our Lord must surely have taken to Himself.

TWO days later my own work brought me to the Old Timer's district, located in another part of our Mission. He had been "in the game" for years, and knew his adopted country and its people as few of us did. I reached his shack in the evening, after ten miles of walking and bullock carting across country, and wading through shallow rivers. Julia and her unfinished story had been on my mind all day and I looked forward to a quiet evening with the Old Timer, only to find him in the midst of catechumens waiting for instruction and Baptism. I was tired after the trip and turned in early.

But I did get the story, all of it, the following morning, riding on the pillion seat of the Old Timer's motor cycle, a sturdy little one-lunger that chugged up hills, forded streams and churned through sand and gravel

beds on the path at a speed that enabled us to carry on an interrupted conversation.

"You see that cone-shaped hill over to the left," said the Old Timer, taking his hand off the handle-bar of the bouncing cycle long enough to point, "Golia's village lies at the foot of that hill."

"But how did she happen to come to you?" I encouraged.

"I HAD been to her house several times and had spoken to the people there," he went on, "and although I didn't remember her among the crowd of village children that crowded around, she remembered me. And it is remarkable how she did remember me, too, because when she came to me, I hadn't been to her village for a long time."



*Squalid homes of Untouchables in a village of Patna Mission, India. Hundreds of these poor people have, within the last few years, embraced the Catholic Faith.*

"Why was that?"

"Because I couldn't."

"That village is certainly close enough for you to reach fairly often."

My driver laughed.

"It is not the distance that makes that village difficult," he said, as he put out both legs and eased our mount through a deep rut, "but I can't enter the village."

"Why not?"

"You know how some of these *zemindars* (landlords) are practically feudal lords on their own estates, and all-powerful. That village belongs to a rich *zemindar* who doesn't want his tenants to become Christians. He owns the whole village. Those people are head over heels in debt to him and he doesn't want me to help them out of it. If he wants them to work in his fields they must do it, and for absolutely no pay. If he wants them to carry loads for him they must do it. Heaven help them if they don't. For all practical purposes they are his slaves."

That word "slave" had a nasty ring to it that I didn't like, but the Old Timer went on. (Turn to page 27)

# Shanghai Shambles

Maurice  
Belhumeur, S.J.

**I**T was Father Jacquinot, S.J., who turned the trick. The well known scientist had written to the Japanese Admiral, requesting a cessation of hostilities and authorization to penetrate into the war zone. For there, in the Hongkew district in the northeastern part of Shanghai, there were many families who, unable to flee at the beginning of the war, had remained in hiding.

That morning—it was the twenty-fifth of August, if I remember rightly—Father Rector granted twelve of us missionaries the permission to go into Shanghai's No Man's Land. I was one of the lucky men. For efficiency's sake, we split into groups of three, each one having a large truck, and, as chauffeur, a Chinese volunteer, who knew the city as well as the palm of his hand. To each band an area was assigned, and off we went without further preliminaries or dramatic preludes.

I shall never forget that day's work, earmarked with tragedy from beginning to end. As the truck rolled out of the University grounds, I glanced at my wrist-watch—eleven o'clock. Four hours had been allotted us for our work.

**A**S we drove through the desolate, havoc-stricken thoroughfares, so crowded and active but a few short weeks before, nobody said a word. During the first half hour up one street, or rather what was left of it, our machine slid and lurched and bumped, and down the next one without any of us seeing aught but mile upon mile of smoking ruins. Flying cinders blinded us, and at times, the heat was so intense, I had to hide my face in my hands. I still recall—funny how those little details stick!—how the chauffeur struggling at the wheel, began coughing.

That was the moment we turned into a smaller street . . . and into the unbearable stench of burnt flesh—human flesh. Physically and mentally I felt nauseated. It seemed to me that I was living one of Baudelaire's sonnets or one of Poe's more gruesome short stories. Corpses, hundreds of them, corpses of little tots, of youngsters in their teens, of adults of all ages, lined the road three or four deep. Yes, the air raids had certainly been effective: headless bodies, bodies completely burnt, bodies ripped open by fragments of flying shells—there was ample witness.

In some instances, nothing remained of a person save

a few charred bones. In one such case, all that was left to tell its owner's profession was an upturned helmet a few feet away with an inch or so of coagulated blood at the bottom.

**A** FINAL touch of horror was added to that ghastly nightmare by the swarms of yellow-green flies buzzing continually about. As we slowly drove along, they would rise up in clouds and settle down upon us. All the time we spent in the Hongkew district, they favored us with their ghoulish company.

It was a few minutes after having passed the charred remains of the soldier I have just mentioned, that we discovered a group of houses still standing. We all jumped down, and ran to knock at the door. Nobody answered, but as one of us thought we had heard cautious whispering, I yelled out:

"Don't be afraid! . . . We belong to the Catholic Church and to the Red Cross! . . . We are Catholic clergymen!"

Children's voices first broke the silence. Then the men of the family came forward and began peering at us through the cracks of the rather dilapidated door. After much hesitation they finally decided to open, but as soon as we entered, the whole family fell on their knees and with arms outstretched begged of us not to kill them!

"We have done no harm, we have killed no one!" they sobbed, "Have pity on us!"

Several minutes passed before we succeeded in calming

and in persuading them that we had come to save them. As they gathered up a few belongings, I could hear them whispering among themselves:

"The Catholic Church is good; the Fathers are always kind to people. We had best follow them."

**F**ROM then on, there was work aplenty. As soon as a family recognized us as Catholic priests, off someone would go bearing the good news to their friends and neighbors. Before long a couple of hundred would-be-refugees were clustered about us.

With a good deal of care and precaution those who had been hurt were lifted into the truck, while relatives and friends trailed along behind just about delirious with joy at the prospect of safety. A dozen trucks would not have sufficed and we had only one. As a matter



"It was Father Jacquinot, S.J., who turned the trick."

of fact, not very many had been injured, but all were starving, as they had not had a bite to eat for over a week. Back through the corpse-strewn streets we proceeded, heartened though, at the thought that our efforts had not been in vain.

**E**NTRUSTING the wounded to the care of the good Sisters, we hurried back immediately to our rescue work. This time an apparently deserted market place provided us with our first refugee. Behind a pile of corpses, something had stirred. The Father next to me nudged me:

"Look! . . . over there!" he exclaimed.

A young mother with a baby in her arms was keeping faithful watch beside the dead bodies of her dear ones. I don't remember having seen a more heart-rending spectacle.

Once again, only this time in greater numbers, a crowd of fear-worn, starving civilians thronged about the truck. The injured were more numerous, far more so than on the first trip, and many in so critical a condition that we found it necessary to divide the crowd in two groups, with a promise to return immediately for the second of them. Slowly, very slowly we wended our way back to the French Concession, for the slightest jolt occasioned intense pain to our miserable passengers.

An hour later while preparing to go back for the rest of the folk, I heard the roar of many motors. I looked up, apprehensively. High in the cloudless sky, a squadron of Japanese planes were flying in V-shape. The hands of my watch marked four-thirty. The time conceded to Father Jacquinot by the Japanese Admiral was up.

It was my unpleasant lot to break the news to the batch of refugees we had just saved. Several families had been divided, preference, as I have already mentioned, having been given to those who were more grievously wounded. One mother made a terrible scene, begging to be taken back to her dear ones. She wanted to die with them. I did my best to console her, and then left the ward, for my jangled, over-wrought nerves had nearly got the best of me.

**N**ONE of us spoke as we returned to the University. I felt my companions were thanking our Lord for the opportunity he had given us of doing a little good.

And that night, as I knelt down for the traditional Litanies of the Saints, I prayed for war-torn China, and for all civilized nations with more than usual fervor:

"*A peste, fame et bello, libera nos, Domine,*" ("From pestilence, famine and war, deliver us, O Lord!")

After the wounded, those who suffer most and thereby are most to be pitied, were those forced out of their

homes, leaving their lands or stores before the enemy's approach. In their hasty departure, they carried away only what was strictly necessary in matter of clothing, and whatever money they had. Some made their way to the home of some relatives farther inland or perhaps in the foreign quarters, others fled aimlessly, leaving their destination to chance. The hope of securing safety brought many to the French Concession, whose population doubled and even tripled in a few days; soon, however, the refugees were refused admission and directed to the open country. Many had no other place to go except the road or the street or the waste land on the outskirts of the city.

Emergency associations were soon organized for the refugees with concentration camps in the schoolyards. His Excellency, Bishop Auguste Haouisée, S.J., Vicar



*Catholic institutions of Shanghai are caring for thousands of wounded and refugees.*

Apostolic of Shanghai, committed the homeless to his missionaries and bade them open their schools and mission grounds to all. Aurora University has received more than three thousand persons, gathered in large shelters built of straw-mats piled one on top of the other. At St. Ignatius College, two thousand are crowded in the pupils' courtyard and playgrounds. In addition to the rice handed out by the public committees, the missionaries distribute vegetables; they also take care of the children, bring aid to the sick, and some religious instruction which is welcomed by the refugees. The poor suffer most; driven out of their homes, they live on public relief alone, for they have not even the slightest hope of recovering what they have left behind. Fire has claimed all they own. They will have to start life over again; from scratch, so to speak. I was myself the witness of these poor folk's wretchedness. One is moved to pity at sight of it all, but one can do so little. We hope and pray that Catholics the world over will aid us in helping the stricken Chinese in their dire need.

# Manobo Music and Dancing

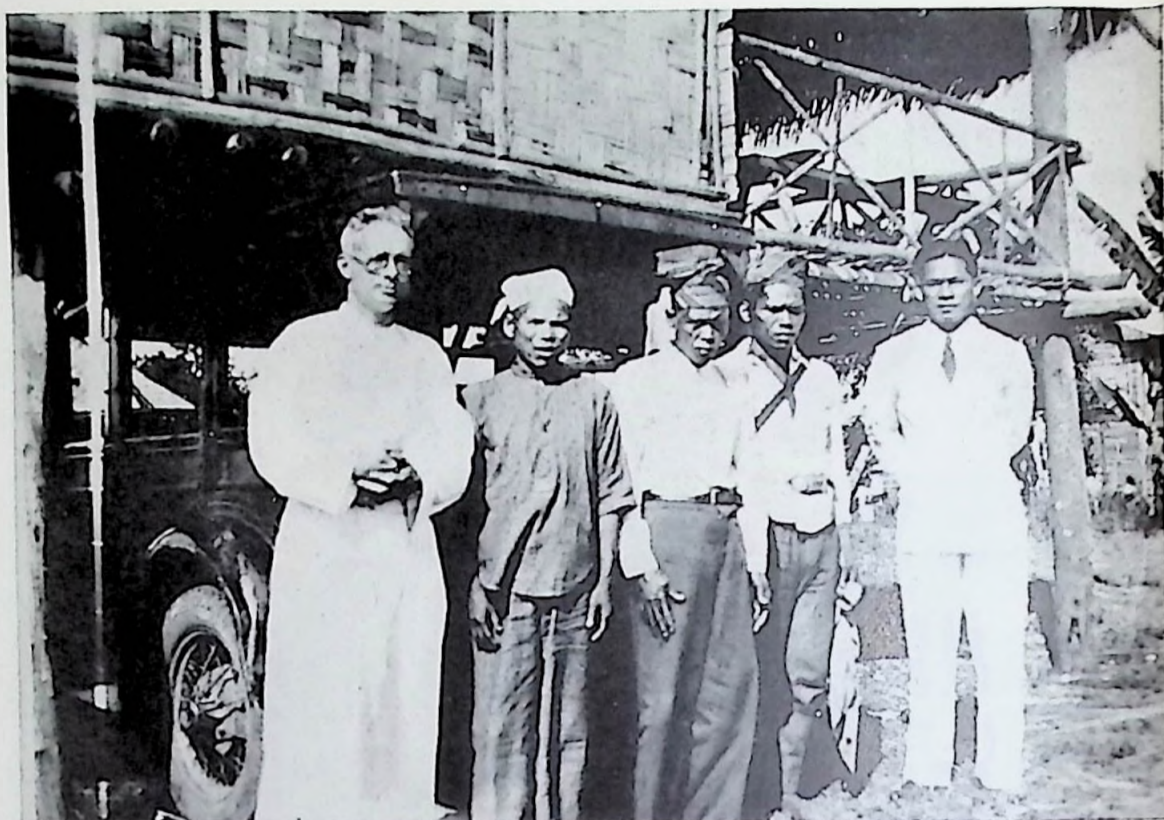
Austin V.P. Dowd, S.J.

WE have our ideas of music and dancing; but so do others. Recently I had a chance to witness a more primitive variety of both, in one of the outposts of my extensive mission. The performers were some Manoboes, once a warlike tribe and still primitive. The spectators were four professors from the State University who were making a tour of Mindanao, P. I., among the non-Christian tribes. The purpose of this tour was to learn and preserve some of the ancient arts which are fast disappearing.

In fact, the setting was all wrong, though it was the best that could be provided for the occasion. It was in a town where there are more non-Manoboes than Manoboes. The native dress has here to a great extent given way to the cheaper store clothing. Instead of seeing these people dance and play their weird instruments in their picturesque native costumes around a camp fire off in their own villages, here we were watching people dressed like anyone else you might see anywhere in the Philippines, dancing it is true to their own music and played on their own instruments, but in front of the little city hall where I was staying. It took some of the poetry away from it.

BE that as it may, they performed for about an hour, and it was interesting enough. The first dance seemed to be a courtship set to music. The music was furnished by an *agong*, a huge kettle-like affair, of hammered brass. It is really, I am told, a Moro invention, and it is used in many of the towns of Bukidnon to summon the people, as its "bong, bong, bong" can be heard at a great distance. The man, turning and waving his arms about his body, starts to dance in a circle around the woman. The steps of the man are a combined running to music, mixed with some intricate steps, somewhat like jiggling, but more pronounced and vigorous. The woman holds a gayly colored cloth at arms' length in front of her, and very slowly rotates in a smaller circle, always keeping the cloth in front of her as she moves it gracefully back and forth across her body. This is called *Inagong*. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these names; I merely wrote down what I thought was the proper spelling of what was told to me.

The next dance was called *Caligat* or *Dokanti*, and appeared to be a sacrificial dance. Four women join hands and dance slowly in a circle. In the center of the circle is supposed to be the sacrificial victim. They first take short steps up and down, without moving their



Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., Pastor at Malaybalay, poses before the convento of Maramag, Bukidnon, with native Manoboes and Mr. Cruz, his faithful chauffeur.

position, and then the next movement was like marking time for two steps and then side-stepping to the left. They keep this up until they have gone around the circle several times. Then they all stopped and taking the cloths from their heads, held them so as almost to cover their faces, and began to sing. It sounded like a dismal wail to me.

Then there were two vocal solos, by the same artist. His first venture was called *Oracan*. The manner of the singing was unusual. He stood very stiff, one knee slightly bent, the other straight. He held his left hand out in front of him, grasped it with his right, and in this position slowly rotating his right hand in the palm of his left, he began to sing. Again, all I could distinguish was an almost monotonous wail. The song was long and several times the singer paused for breath before he was finished. Then he was given a chair, sat down and commenced another theme. He cupped his hands megaphone fashion, took a deep breath, and let us have it. This was called *Masidatai* and was about an airplane.

THEN we had a violin solo. The violin was a one-string instrument. Its construction was very simple. An old sardine can covered with snake skin into which was inserted a thin piece of bamboo, about a foot and a half long, held the string which extended down over the box, and under the string was a crude sort of violin bridge. The bow which was scraped across this string looked like it would serve better for shooting arrows; it was about a foot long, the string of it arched to an arc, about eight inches in diameter. A woman sat down, and resting the sardine can on her knee, took the bow in her right hand, grasped the other end of the violin with the other, somewhat after the way (Turn to page 27)

# The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Controversy has never featured the editorial policy of JESUIT MISSIONS. However, there are times when it is necessary in the interest of truth to expose falsehood, refute calumny, and unmask dishonest insinuation. "Protestantism in the Philippines" by E. K. Higdon, in a recent issue of *The Christian Century*, abounds in all these. We will consider only the most gross and grotesque. Mr. Higdon's article was written in answer to a Yale professor who challenged the need for Protestantism in the Philippines. The answer is illuminating as much for its assumption of superiority as for its ignorance of Catholicism.

"None of these three factors has had a vital place in the worldwide missionary policy of the Roman Catholic Church until quite recently," so writes E. K. Higdon. The three factors are:

## "AN EDUCATED ELITE INDIGENOUS TO THE SOIL"

1. "Speedy and intensive training of a native elite, capable of assuming responsibility and authority as soon as possible."
2. "The appeal to the educated class."
3. "Increasingly giving authority into the hands of the indigenous church." If this altogether extraordinary charge were true, how would Mr. Higdon explain the fact that before Protestantism ever existed, entire nations with their kings and rulers and their educated elite gloried in native hierarchies and a Catholic Church that was indigenous in exactly the three-fold sense desiderated by the author. Again, if these three factors had not "a vital place in the missionary policy of the Roman Catholic Church until quite recently," whence arose that educated elite indigenous to the soil that made of Ireland an isle of saints and scholars from the fourth and ninth centuries and enabled her to keep alight the fire of Faith upon the mainland of Europe? How else account for a Japanese Church which, in the early seventeenth century before the persecution of Daifusama and Taicosama, numbered 300,000 Japanese Christians with native priests? Indeed, the present Protestant policy in Japan is merely imitating the approach of the great apostle of the Indies.

To charge, as the author does, that not one of these three factors "had been seriously considered by the Catholic Church in the Islands (Philippine) until a few years ago" when Protestant

## A GRATUITOUS INDICTMENT

stimulus forced the issue, is a gratuitous indictment which reveals a hopelessly circumscribed historical background and an equally abbreviated capacity for statesmanlike judgment. Undoubtedly, Mr. Higdon will remember that in four years from December 1, 1898, to December 1, 1902, non-native priests to the number of 767 were removed from the Islands. Of this number, 40 had been killed either in the Spanish American war in 1898, or in the struggle of the Philippines against America which lasted officially from December 10, 1898, to July 4, 1902. The remainder of these foreign priests either died, returned to Spain, or emigrated to other fields of labor in China or South America. In the wake of this exodus, who preserved the Faith in the Philippines, especially against the proselytizing efforts of Mr. Higdon's American Protestant friends, if it were not a native clergy indigenous to the soil? That a larger percentage might have been prepared is a speculative question which the author raises indeed but refrains from attempting to prove.

An inept use of facts is oftentimes responsible for a dangerous back-fire effect which does more damage to the assailant than to the intended victim. An example of this is the following confession made by Mr. Higdon. We quote it in the hope of converting that "large, influential body of well-educated, liberal, nominal Roman Catholics" among whom Mr. Higdon envisions "a fine opportunity" for Protestant endeavor. His statement runs thus: "There are elements in the situation which definitely favor Protestantism. For one thing, for more than a third of a century the public schools have spread a general culture which tends to undermine the influence of the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church and to challenge its methods of work and worship." Under the circumstances, what does this mean, if not that teachers have been using the schools of the Philippines as centers of Protestant propaganda?

## THE TRUTH AT LAST

Propaganda in the schools, however, is not confined to the Protestant missionaries in the Philippines. Perhaps the arch propagandist today is that enemy of all Christian missionary work, Russian Communism. According to B. Mandelzweig of the State Planning Commission, writing in *The New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial* for April 26, 1937, the U.S.S.R. has published during the past four years, 1933 to 1936, in 105 different languages, nearly 2,000,000,000 books, each averaging between 110 and 120 pages. In 1936 alone, 500,000,000 were published. Over 150,000,000 texts were published in this same year, editions of 500,000 copies being quite common, with some mathematical texts running into the millions. Twenty per cent of all books are novels and other literary forms; 85,000,000 copies of the former having been printed in 1936. Children's books mounted from 10,000,000 in 1933 to 20,000,000 in 1935, and to 37,000,000 in 1936. Eighty thousand public libraries, most of them free, with a total of 300,000,000 books or two library books per inhabitant, act as a circulatory system in the body politic by which these books reach their readers, 30,000,000 of whom are regular library patrons. The greatest field for distribution is, of course, the enormous educational system of the U.S.S.R., where, according to figures offered by I. A. Abinder, Assistant Director of the Intermediate School Department of the People's Commissariat of Education, there are 126,000 primary schools in the U.S.S.R. with 11,100,000 pupils, 31,500 incomplete secondary schools with 10,000,000 pupils, 6,000 complete secondary schools with 4,500,000 students or a total of 164,100 schools and 25,600,000 pupils. By the end of 1937, on the basis of universal education, the number of children in the primary and secondary schools is expected to reach 30,000,000. Since Russia now produces twenty per cent of the total gold supply of the world, she is in a position to realize this goal by increasing her educational budget which for 1937 reached the figure of 5,900,000,000 rubles or \$1,174,000,000.

On the eve of Thanksgiving, JESUIT MISSIONS was honored by a visit from His Excellency, Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, and his acting secretary, Father Augustine J. Coudeyre, S.J., both returning from a visit to the Holy Father.

## LITTLE "RED" SCHOOL HOUSES

With surprising intimacy of detail, His Holiness had discussed for thirty-five minutes problems connected with the isolation, upkeep and cold of the Alaskan mission field, together with personalities already noted on page 302 of JESUIT MISSIONS for December. No stenographic report could be more faithful than the oral recital as dramatized by His Excellency and his priest assistant. What one missed, the other dutifully supplied. Bishop Crimont's first visit to Alaska took place in 1894, and from that time until this the mere mention of salted salmon is still able to evoke an expression of pleased content. As His Excellency was leaving the office he added to our ethnographic lore by informing us that in Alaska, at least, the proper etiquette upon departure demands not the kissing of the Bishop's ring, but the touching of the same with one's nose no less.

In spite of the havoc wrought in Shanghai by the Sino-Japanese fighting, the great Jesuit missionary center at Zi-ka-wei continues to carry on. While the cannon boom only a few miles away, regular lectures in philosophy and theology continue. The Observatory still makes its observations and signals the coming of typhoons. The school year has re-opened at Aurora University and St. Ignatius College. The "Morning Star" hostel for pagan girls and the Christian hostel managed by the Helpers of the Holy Souls are also open as is the College at Yangchow. Most impressive, however, is the fact that every available spot in Zi-ka-wei is being used by charitable organizations engaged in relief of the suffering. Refugees themselves crowd every bit of space. The kitchens function continually. There is danger of cholera because of lack of serum. A temporary hospital has been installed at Aurora University and another has been opened by the Chinese Red Cross at Songkiang, forty miles to the west of Shanghai. The staff of doctors is recruited from Aurora University.

## BISHOP JOSEPH R. CRIMONT S.J. AND FATHER AUGUSTINE J. COUDEYRE S.J.

IN SHANGHAI

IN SHANGHAI

## IN SHANGHAI

IN SHANGHAI

# an Kraals

First let me barricade the door, for a lion has just roared out its defiance not fifty yards away. Out goes the candle. I don't think I'll go hunting tonight.

**D**ECEMBER, 1931. Just back from a difficult trek to give the last sacraments to a dying boy. His father, an old heathen, tramped fifty miles through the rain to fetch me. He said his son would give him no peace till he consented to come for me.

We started off at eight in the morning and it rained steadily all the way. A mile from the kraal the car was badly bogged up to the axles so I completed the short distance on foot whilst the people were summoned to inspan their oxen and drag the car to safer ground.

The patient seemed far gone with dysentery and after giving him what medical aid I could, I turned his numerous relatives out into the rain whilst I heard his confession. They reassembled for the anointing, and all, both Christian and heathen, knelt reverently and joined in the prayers.

The poor boy then begged me to go and see his uncle who also lay dying in the same kraal. He turned out to be a renegade of long standing with three wives. But all my pleadings and threats of eternal punishment were in vain. His only reply to my exhortations was:

"No, Father, what's the good. If I make my confession it will be a bad one. I can deceive you but I cannot deceive God. I am not sorry and if I get better I shall keep my wives."

I returned home with a heavy heart. A week later he died unrepentant, as far as man can judge, but his nephew recovered.

**S**EPTEMBER, 1934. Last night I was disturbed by a loud hammering at my door. On opening to ascertain who might be the disturber of my rest, I found a Christian woman standing there with swollen eyes

*"Music hath charms . . ."  
Choir practice is an interesting but serious business for these songsters.*



*Mammy puts the finishing touches on some pottery work while the younger members of the family look on.*

and blood streaming down her face. Clinging to her in terror was one of our older school girls.

"Why, what's the matter?" I exclaimed, expecting the usual tale of drunken violence.

"My husband is mad with rage," she sobbed. "He pledged Cecilia to the Chief years ago, without my knowledge; this evening he told us, and ordered Cecilia to go to him tonight, for he was demanding his rights. I refused to consent to such a wicked thing and so did Cecilia. Then he flew into a passion and struck me several times. When he rushed out of the hut shouting that . . . (Turn to page 27)



# Ice Jams on the Yukon

Paul C. O'Connor, S. J.



**H**EROISM among the Whites is widely recognized. Papers make much of such tests of courage and endurance. A single outstanding deed may bring hero-worship for a lifetime. What to us is an act of heroism is only an incident in the life of an Eskimo. Grim necessity, a severe country, and idiotic climatic conditions bring out wonderful deeds of daring and resourcefulness in the sons of the Northland. Permit me for the present to recount just one incident that accidentally came to my attention last summer.

The ice on the Lower Yukon was gutted out this year by the sweep of onrushing ice from above. There were ice jams piled cathedral high at almost every bend of the river. A jam, incidentally, is a stoppage of ice at some narrow channel of the river. The blockage of the channel causes the river to back-flood for miles. When the jam breaks there is a terrific rush of ice and water down river. Nothing can withstand the mighty impact. Huge trees are either torn up by the roots or snapped like matches.

Unfortunately, this year we had a jam and flood at the site of our fish camp. At this point the Akulurak River breaks off from the Yukon and meanders to the Bering Sea. I had sent Vincent, a vigilant Eskimo, to keep an eye on our fishing outfit during the break-up. We little dreamed of the events that were to follow.

**O**LD timers say that the flood waters of the Lower Yukon were this year higher than ever before. Fish camps were swept away by the dozens. At Holy Cross the water rose three feet in the village cabins. Usually, flood waters from a jam subside after a day or two. This year the water remained, covering the country around about for three solid weeks. Fur bearing animals by the thousands were

drowned. Here at Akulurak many of our boys after a kayak trip would describe rabbits and foxes vainly jumping from bush to bush only to perish finally from lack of food and exhaustion. Arctic mice, a plentiful supply of which generally indicate a good fur year, seem to be completely obliterated. *(Turn to page 28)*



*These Catholic Eskimos of Akulurak can tell you from experience what it means to fight the dangers of ice jams on the Yukon.*

# Reunion of Ethiopian Christians with Rome

## The Mission Intention for January

DU E chiefly to the Italian conquest, world attention has been concentrated during recent months upon the fate of the ancient land and people of Abyssinia whose official name in English is Ethiopia, situated in the east of Africa. Approximately 11,000,000 inhabitants live scattered over its area of 350,000 square miles. In accordance with the mind of His Holiness as expressed in the Mission Intention for January, our interest in Ethiopia is directly concerned with the present condition and future spiritual prospects of its people, both Christian and non-Christian.

To improve these prospects His Holiness on March 25, 1937, as reported in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* of October 7, 1937, page 394, saw fit to create the new Apostolic Delegation of Italian East Africa. This will henceforth include Italian Somaliland as well as Eritrea and Ethiopia, both of these latter districts having now been withdrawn and separated from the Apostolic Delegation of Egypt. The site of the new Delegation is the capital of Ethiopia, namely, Addis Ababa. His Excellency, Monsignor Giovanni Maria Castellani, Archbishop of Rhodes, has been appointed not only Vicar Apostolic of the Catholics of the Latin rite in the new Vicariate of Addis Ababa, but also Apostolic Delegate for the whole of Italian East Africa. Moreover, by five decrees of the Sacred Congregation of the Eastern Churches and by eight decrees of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, all dated March 25, 1937, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Ethiopia has been completely reorganized.

The name "Abyssinia" itself is derived from the Arabian *habech* which means "a crowd" or "a heap of sweepings." Neighboring Arab tribes always use the word *habech* to describe this people who, to them, are as the sweepings or remnants of all the diversified types left over from innumerable invasions.

Ancient Ethiopia was evangelized in apostolic times by the Eunuch of Queen Candace, baptized by Philip the Deacon, and was finally and completely won to Christianity in 341 by St. Frumentius. Due to the baneful Monophysite heresy, contact with Rome became less and less through the ensuing centuries and disappeared entirely from the end of the eleventh to the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. Then Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits, in that chronological order, re-established a contact which led to persecution and martyrdom at the end of the sixteenth century. The silence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was shattered in the nineteenth by a vigorous missionary effort promoted especially by the Lazarists and Capuchins. This resulted in 1839 in the establishment of a Vicariate Apostolic. However, it was not until 1889 that real tranquility was restored to Catholic missions in Ethiopia with the accession as Negus of Menelik, King of Shoa.

Religiously there are in Ethiopia today, 6,000,000 heretical Christians called Monophysites, so-styled because they profess to believe that in Christ there is but

one Nature. The correct Catholic teaching, of course, holds that in Christ there is one Person and two Natures, a human Nature and a Divine Nature which is not merely specifically but numerically one with the Divine Nature of the Father and of the Holy Ghost. Catholics in union with the Holy See must reject the teaching of the Monophysites because it logically leads to a conclusion which is theologically false and untenable, namely, that the whole Divine Nature became man and suffered and died, or else that each of the three Persons had a Divine Nature of His own.

In addition to the Monophysites there are about 3,000,000 Mohammedans and 1,500,000 pagans. Catholics in union with Rome, though not all of the Latin rite, number about 50,000. Despite the fact that Mohammedan influence penetrates the daily life of the Ethiopian, Islamism has been unable to subjugate the people as a whole. Chief credit for this resistance to the doctrines of Mohammed must be given to the Christian non-Catholics, the Monophysite followers of Eutyches, who though not in complete doctrinal agreement with Rome, nevertheless, will have nothing in common with the Prophet of Mecca. Ignorance of the true nature of Roman Catholicism rather than any positive insistence upon their heretical beliefs is the principal barrier that separates the Monophysites from the Roman Catholics. The program that is best able to cope with this problem and to meet the emergency of the moment, calls for an increase in the number of Catholic schools, a more numerous and zealous clergy and, thirdly, an increase in the number of Coptic monasteries in union with the Church of Rome.

It is only reasonable to expect that Rome, having already taken steps to reorganize the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Ethiopia, will insist upon stabilizing from a spiritual point of view this ancient people who have once again been brought to the attention of the Vicar of Christ through their recent relations with the Italian State. In the opinion of His Holiness, speaking after consultation with a Commission whom he especially delegated to investigate conditions in the newly conquered territory of Ethiopia, Catholic missionaries may now expect a greater and a richer harvest of souls from their apostolic labors.

The only adequate explanation for the Vatican's speedy adjustment to new conditions in Ethiopia is to be found in the Paternal interest which His Holiness feels in the preservation of the Faith of the Italian colonists, and in the missionary challenge offered to His zeal by the vision, before him by day and by night, of 6,000,000 Christian but non-Catholic Ethiopians. For these especially, our Readers are asked to pray during the Church Unity Octave in January, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." St. John xvii, 21. This unity will be speeded by the reunion of Ethiopian Christians with Rome.

# Afield with American Jesuits

## ALASKA

Catholic papers in various parts of the country carried reports of the unveiling of a magnificent statue on King Island on the feast of Christ the King. The following letter was written on October 26, just a few days before the great event. It comes from Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., the apostle of the King Islanders:

"As Your Reverence sees by the heading of this letter, there is something going on in King Island this winter, something more than the ordinary routine of missionary life. Father Bernard J. Hubbard S.J., and his party are here and one can hear the click of the camera at any hour. What is commonplace to me is wonderful to Father Hubbard. By the end of the winter he will have a mountain of material for lecturing. But the best gesture of all is what is going to take place next Sunday, the feast of Christ the King. A lady gave a statue (heroic size) of Christ the King. It weighs at least seven hundred pounds, is six feet tall. We hauled it up to the top of the Island within sight of the whole village and of all the boats anchoring in these savage waters. On the other side of the Straits, in Red Russia, the hammer and the sickle smash and mow down every vestige of Christian civilization. Here we will be living serenely under the protection of the Prince of Peace, Christ the King. Next Sunday, the statue will be unveiled and blessed. There will be consecration of the whole community to Christ the King. A volley of about sixty guns will close the ceremony. What do you think of that for King Island?"

## CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., after quite a long silence writes to let us know that in August he was transferred to Little Current, Ontario, from his former station at Spanish. There are eleven mission stations attached to Little Current, and hence Father has to be on the road a great deal of the time. He writes:

"I miss the boys' school at Spanish where I had my headquarters for the past three years. Here at my headquarters at Little Current I am entirely alone. I have a nice room at the back of the church which I call home, but I am home very little. My territory embraces nine-tenths of Manitoulin Island and also Cockburn Island and three missions of the mainland towards Espanola. On my other missions I used to have the nights free except while I was building, but here I have to be on the go night and day, since I have to attend all the sick calls myself. Often when I am at one mission I get a sick call to the other end of my line, sometimes over

one hundred miles. I have to do it at night and get back to the mission for Mass in the morning. Fortunately, we have very good roads through the Island and also a good phone system. In the winter, I understand, they keep the main roads open, so I will be able to use the car all winter.

"Sunday is a very busy day here as I try to take in two or three of the missions. Just to give you an example: there will be an 8:30 Mass and sermon at Little Current; then a drive of fifteen miles to Birch Island where I will have a High Mass at 10:30. I will take my dinner there and then drive another ten miles to Whitefish Falls and have catechism at 2:00 and beads and Benediction at 3:00. Then I hurry back the ten miles to Birch Island and have catechism there at 4:00 and beads and Benediction at 5:00, and then drive back fifteen miles to Little Current for beads and Benediction at 7:30. After that I go back to the mission of Birch Island for Mass on Monday morning. The following Sunday I take in two or three other missions. This may seem to be overdoing it, but it is necessary, because at all the missions there are Protestant Ministers at work who hold services on Sundays, and who use every means to draw the Catholics to their places. They say to them: 'Since you have no service in your church this Sunday, you are welcome to come



Old friends meet at Culdesac, Idaho, headquarters of St. Joseph's Mission among the Nez Perce Indians. Left: Father Conrad Brusten, S.J., who celebrated his golden jubilee as a Jesuit on April 18, 1937, and Father Emil Boll, S.J., Superior of St. Joseph's Mission.

to mine; and it doesn't matter what church we go to as long as we pray.'

"I am doing what my predecessors did, and from the work I see to have been done here in the past I realize that they must have had a hard, uphill climb. Not so long ago Manitoulin Island was solidly Protestant except for the few Indian missions. Today, there is quite a flourishing population of Catholics, small in number as yet, it is true, but good, devout Catholics."

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News from Father Thomas Moylan, S.J., missionary among the Indians of Ontario:

"Devotion to the North American Martyrs is very popular among the Indians, and has been strengthened by the reported restoration to sight of a blind girl, following application of the relics. The churches throughout Father Moylan's missions were packed when the feast of the Martyrs was celebrated with special sermon and veneration of the relics. The celebration, of course, had to be on different days as the missions are so scattered. On Canadian Thanksgiving Day, in spite of its being a Monday, over the half of the population at Cutler received Holy Communion. Cutler was invaded recently by the Holy Rollers. They arrived the same night as Father Moylan and managed to hold one seance before finding their efforts frustrated by the strong Catholicity of the Indians. The prayers of the children in the Indian Industrial School at Spanish, which were being offered up that no harm might come from this periodic invasion of a religious sect that makes a strong appeal to the emotional nature of the Indians, were successful; for, when the Holy Rollers made another attempt to return, they were firmly ordered out by the Chief. The population of Sagamok has been increased by nine families from Wikwemikong. The influx has greatly benefited the Reserve by bringing in a sawmill, a tractor and a threshing machine. It is hoped, too, that a further improvement in the shape of good roads will soon be added."

## IRAQ

Intimate data from the lives and labors of American Jesuits in Baghdad are offered in the last *Al Baghdadi* by Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J.

"Climbing an iron picket fence is no activity for a middle-aged man, but every now and then the Fathers who live over in our auxiliary residence find themselves faced with that necessity. It happens, in fact, whenever they forget the keys. You may recall that Father Frank Sarjeant, S.J., impaled himself last year in an attempt to get over the fence. Some months ago

Father William Sheehan, S.J., tried to get in by climbing up on the garage, but he came tumbling down in a shower of bricks. Recently he and Father John Mifsud, S.J., found themselves before the locked gate, each thinking that the keys were in the possession of the other. Father Sheehan climbed over successfully. When Father Mifsud was on top of the fence, he heard a clinking sound, and on investigation found that he had the keys in his pocket. According to Father Sheehan, it was some time before Father Mifsud was able to make up his mind in which direction he ought to jump. We don't know what decision he reached, but we know that he got in all right.

"Solving the problem of entry by jumping the fence supposes that the door of the house is unlocked. When that does not happen to be the case, there is nothing for it but to go back to the school to fetch the keys, or else wait until someone else brings them over—an almost vain hope, it seems to us. Sometimes it happens that the brethren, on leaving the house, lock one of the Fathers in. That, at least, was the explanation offered for Father Joseph Merrick's non-appearance at breakfast some time ago. Fortunately, Father Merrick is the one man who would not mind such a small thing as the loss of breakfast.

### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., Acting Superior of the Jamaica Mission while Very Reverend Francis J. Kelly, S.J., was absent in the States, sends the following note of the fire in the Duke Street Convent of the Franciscan Sisters at Kingston.

"On Saturday, October 23, the Convent of the Franciscan Nuns, their Chapel, Infant School, Elementary School, High School and Training College were completely demolished by a devouring fire which started in a nearby hair-dresser's parlor. Today, the Convent and the adjoining buildings are a mass of ruins. The charred remains give silent testimony to a loss of approximately two hundred thousand dollars, and eloquently appeal to all who are interested in the work of the Sisters.

"Thank God, the Sisters have a vacation home about two miles from the ruins where they took refuge as soon as it became evident that all was lost. Their personal discomfort has been greatly relieved, and now they are back to practically normal life. But their four schools for the one thousand and two hundred children under their care must be reconstructed at once. The old buildings were insured for twelve thousand five hundred dollars, which is only a small fraction of what will be required to replace them."

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From St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead

P. O., Jamaica, Father James M. Harney, S.J., lets us in on a few of his schemes for the future and his achievements to date.

"I have great hopes for Donnington. On Peacemakers' Day, November 9, we had a stone gathering picnic there. The people, the children and the priest spent the day gathering stones for the new building. A real bush lunch was served and we made a big day out of it. I have started a new mission at Guy's Hill, a town twenty-five hundred feet above sea level. We had twenty-five at the first Mass with twelve at Holy Communion. This was specially good considering that the Mass was at six-thirty and on a week-



*Dear old Duke Street Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., now in ashes and only a memory.*

day. I have also bought land for a church at Ewarton. The Government intends to make this town a model for a number of land schemes which the Government is developing throughout the Island. I worked quickly and bought a plot of land from the Government which I consider one of the best sites in the development."

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At Holy Cross the Novena in honor of the Little Flower closed on Sunday, October 3, 1937, with a pilgrimage by the men to the church, led by Father Charles Eberle, S.J., of the Church of the Little Flower at Annotto Bay.

The party numbering thirty-two men, including a crippled boy from Gordon Town, left Holy Cross Church

at 8:00 A.M., by motor bus, and arrived at Annotto Bay at 10:00 A.M. Along the way, the Rosary was recited, followed at the end of each mystery by a hymn to the Little Flower. At Annotto Bay a special Mass for the men of the pilgrimage was said by Father Eberle at 10:30 A.M. The sermon was preached by Father William Ott, S.J., priest in charge of the mission. Twenty-four of the thirty-two men received Holy Communion. At the end of the Mass the blessing of the relic of the Saint was given.

The party then went on to Robin's Bay for lunch, and passed the time there until the return to Annotto Bay at 3:00 P.M., for the afternoon service. This consisted of the Stations of the Cross, the Novena Prayers to the Little Flower, Benediction and a final blessing with the relic. The return journey started at 4:30 P.M., and Holy Cross was reached at 6:00 P.M.

This is a very brief account of the first pilgrimage, to what it is hoped will be recognized in time as the "Shrine of the Little Flower in Jamaica," as this church was dedicated to the Saint when it was built in 1927.

### CHINA

Father Joseph Courchesne, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, is stationed at Süchow, China. In a letter to his Father Provincial he writes to tell of the state of affairs there since the beginning of hostilities.

"August 30, six Japanese planes flew over the city. The bombarding of the two railway stations seemed to be their objective. Seven or eight bombs exploded nearby, but they missed their target. Thirty persons were killed and many houses were blown to pieces. I don't know how many were injured. It is said that about two-thirds of the population have fled from the city. Practically every day and often every night the raid alarm is given, but most of the time it turns out to be a false alarm. Each time men, women and children pour into our cellar where they imagine that they are safe. Death seems to reign over the city. All shops are closed. We are actually in need of money, for nobody wants to take our checks which are negotiable only at Shanghai."

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Father James F. Kearney, S.J., and Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., have been stationed in Nanking through all the Sino-Japanese war up to October 5. On that date Father Kearney sent us the following letter:

"Right after sending you a letter last week, your own letter with its welcome enclosure arrived, war or no war. So let me thank you kindly for it.

"What raid were we on when I wrote last time? At any rate, there goes the siren for the end of the forty-ninth. It's all in the day's work now, and we take them in stride, especially since the little men from the Land of

the Rising Sun have let us severely alone for almost a week because of a welcome and unusual September epidemic of clouds and rain. When the clouds hang low the planes must get close down before they can even dream of hitting any objective, and as we have some very fine anti-aircraft here it means exposing an eighty thousand dollar G. plane to disaster. Hence, the Japanese have been confining their activities recently to bombing undefended villages, apparently to spread terror among the population. I have personally examined twenty-five places where bombs ranging from two hundred to one thousand pounds have exploded. No bomb has landed within a mile of us yet, though we got two anti-aircraft shells, which at first we thought were bombs. However, since the threat of September 21 to destroy the headquarters of China's resistance didn't materialize, even with the sending of several groups of fifty planes each, there are new rumors of another attack in which the bombing is threatened to be even more indiscriminate, and in which the Chinese say gas may be used. Madrid has shown that it is almost impossible to wreck a big city with airplanes, and Nanking is another proof. It would take two years, five hundred planes, the whole military budget to wreck this city from the air alone.

"Father Superior apparently thinks we have had enough for the time being, though we are getting quite accustomed to being shot at; so yesterday we got a telegram ordering both of us to Shanghai. Perhaps there is some important work, but we are hoping to get back here again at the earliest possible moment. Any amount of funds will be needed for relief work

this winter, and so, as the Red Cross and Protestant organizations have already begun collecting in the States, it would be a wonderful thing if Catholics could help come to the rescue also. The priests and nuns in the war districts are doing splendid work already, but the winter is going to be a bad one even if the war should stop soon."

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Under date of October 3, Father John K. Lipman, S.J., writes to tell us that he is continuing his studies in Chinese at the Jesuit Scholasticate at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China. Then he reports on the American Jesuit College (Gonzaga College) in Shanghai:

"On September 20, classes began at the school, and after a week of school there were one hundred and ninety-two boys in attendance—which was very gratifying. Father Superior, Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., says that they are the cream of last year's crop. On the 19, the new force of U. S. Marines arrived in Shanghai from the States, and about one hundred of them came out to live at Gonzaga. Over half of the remainder are billeted over near the school and some six hundred of them came to our compound for meals. They have fitted up a kitchen in the boys' dining room and use the gymnasium for the mess hall, which is just about what it was when the British troops were there in 1932. Since we have only about twenty boarders, the soldiers moved out of the classrooms and took the dormitory, while the boarders moved in to a couple of the classrooms. This is a better arrangement for it keeps the soldiers more or less away from the school building. From the looks of things, I'd say they are parked for the winter at least, for the trouble here is going to last for

quite a few more months according to common opinion.

"Father John F. Magner, S.J., planned to leave for Tertianship on the 20, but when he went to get the train he found he was not allowed to leave Shanghai without a special passport for the interior, and when he went to get such a passport the next day they would not give it to him. So Father Superior told him to remain at Gonzaga for this year and go to Tertianship next year. After a week, just as Father Magner was getting settled at the school, the Superior informed him that he had obtained a Red Cross passport and that Father Magner should leave for Wuhu the next day, since the Long Retreat was to begin on October 1. Well, he left Shanghai on the 28, the day the Japanese bombed Wuhu, and since we have heard nothing about him and he has not returned to Shanghai, I suppose he made Tertianship safely."

### NORTH CAROLINA

From the Church of the Little Flower, Box 183—Route 3, Marshall, North Carolina, Father Andrew Vernon Graves, S.J., home missionary of the Maryland-New York Province, sends his first news to JESUIT MISSIONS.

"It is just three months since I received my appointment to the missions of the North Carolina Mountains. My church and residence were to be at Revere. But where on earth was Revere? I searched one map after another, even the road maps, but it was not until I came to my eighth map that I found it—seventeen miles north of the little town of Marshall, in Madison County, known to its neighbors as 'Bloody Madison.' This whole country of twenty thousand souls, and Yancey County of fourteen thousand, were to be mine, a territory of about a hundred miles from end to end in the heart of the mountains.

"Fifteen years ago there was hardly a single Catholic in this whole territory. Now there are just fifty-one names on our books, which include the names of babies. Since my arrival not more than fifteen have heard Mass, five at Hot Springs, three at Toledo, and the remainder at Revere. Yesterday, in spite of the fact that I rose at four-thirty to heat the church for Mass at nine-thirty, my congregation consisted of one woman and her son. At other times, the congregation has been little better. And yet we must not condemn these people. They have had little opportunity to imbibe the spirit of Catholicism. Until the last ten years, they had heard nothing but condemnation of the Catholic Church, and of the priesthood in particular. Even today the priest is a curiosity outside of Revere, which is little more than a spot in the road. Into this country I came for souls. It was not long before I was accepted as one of them. I have been invited to play baseball



*Jesuits Priests and Scholastics and many natives marched in the funeral procession at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India, when John J. O'Connor, S.J., was laid to rest. Mr. O'Connor died on April 16 of this year. He had already done noble work in Ceylon and gave great promise for the future.*

with the young men, and on one occasion played before five hundred grammar and high school boys and girls in a bigoted nearby town. I bought a football for them, and play with them regularly. This morning I gave the school children a lighter football and they have gone wild with happiness. In this way the children see the Catholic Church and the priest in a new light.

"Many long hours I steal from my work to figure out ways of getting enough money to live and take care of my automobile and church property. If I had this time for my missionary work, I could do twice as much as I am now doing. So many non-Catholics have invited me to visit and talk with them, but I cannot do it, as I have so little time away from my desk."

### PATNA, INDIA

In these pages last month some of the statistics of the year ending in July were noted. Further information on the year's progress is now available. Patna's Catholic population has, during the year, increased by 2,668 to a total of 19,051. During the year the missionaries administered 4,321 Baptisms of which 1,385 were of the dying and 703, infant Baptisms.

The total population of Patna Mission is given as 27,573,291, of whom 24,674,054 are Hindus, 2,640,894 Mohammedans, 245,274 Animists and 13,069 Protestants.

The Mission Staff, not counting the 31 Indian, Anglo-Indian and American Jesuit Scholastics and Brothers, as well as 13 diocesan Seminarists, now in their period of training for the apostolate, includes 25 Jesuit and 6 diocesan Priests, 10 Jesuit Scholastics, 6 Jesuit Brothers and 94 Sisters, belonging to 4 Orders.

The fact that in a Catholic population of slightly over 19,000 there were 474,543 Holy Communions received, would seem to indicate a rather fine vigorous Catholic life in the Christians of Patna Mission.

When one compares the statistics of the Mission for the year ending July, 1937, with those of 1921, when the first band of American Jesuits reached Patna, and when the Catholic population scarcely reached 5,000, it becomes evident that wonderful missionary work has been going on during the past sixteen years. May the results of the missionary work for the coming year be even more consoling.

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For some time back Very Reverend Francis N. Loesch, S.J., the Superior of Patna Mission, has had his headquarters at Kurji, a suburb of Patna. At the beginning of August, he opened his new residence, St. Xavier's, on Exhibition Road, Bankipore. In connection with the residence is a Catholic hostel for the boys of Patna and Ranchi Missions, attending the classes of Patna University.

The November issue of the *Patna Mission Letter* carries a note about the establishment of a much needed resting place for the missionaries.

"The hot season in the Gangetic Plain of India, and Patna Mission is situated in the Gangetic Plain, is not exactly a matter of air-conditioned living. People say that things get warm in April, hot in May, stifling in June and steaming from July to the end of September. These months are quite trying on the vim, vigor and vitality of our missionaries. In order to give Patna's missionaries a chance to preserve their strength and energy, Very Reverend Francis N. Loesch, S.J., the Superior of the Mission, purchased, early this year, a villa house in the Himalayan foothills at Darjeeling where the Fathers could go for some days of invigorating mountain breezes and to make their annual retreat. Loyola Villa was formally opened in August by Fathers Raymond H. Mullen, S.J., Francis X. Scott, S.J., Francis I. Stoy, S.J., Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., P. Leo Frank, S.J., Henry P. Milet, S.J., Edward J. O'Leary, S.J., and Brother Natal D'Cruz, S.J. Four missionaries from Ranchi completed the first group in the new Villa. All returned to the plains with additional pounds and a renewed spirit. Yes, the mountain air is bracing!"

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., before leaving the Leper Colony at Culion for his new post at Manila, for-

warded this description of the interest which the lepers have in scapulars.

"Early in July, one of our little laughing leper boys ran up to me and asked me if I had any scapulars; and when I told him yes, he pushed his questions and urged: 'Have you any scapulars of Carmen?' He meant the Brown Scapular of Mount Carmen. Somebody had told him that the feast was coming on July 16, and he said with a winsome small-boy smile that he was going to be enrolled in the scapular. This set me thinking. Now, it happened that some good Sisters in the States had sent me a large box full of nice, common sense, ordinary Brown Scapulars. I had some few that were hand-painted and some few that were even embroidered, but when I looked at them and then looked out over my thousands of poor, deformed, destitute lepers, I began to wonder how I could use the very nice ones if I did not have them by the thousands. But I did not wonder at all how I was going to use the big box of common sense, practical Brown Scapulars. Father Joseph Rello, S.J., my good companion, and veteran chaplain of lepers, now seventeen years here, and I, made our plans for the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. We divided the non-hospital lepers, whom we might speak of as the great pueblo, so that they could meet us in the church and in three or four other centers at set hours on the feast day for enrollment in the *scapular*, if they had not been already enrolled.

"So on July 16, after I came back



Outgoing missionaries ready to sail on the *Ile de France* on October 3. They are from the Chicago Province en route to Patna, India. Left to right: Edward F. Mann, S.J., John J. Barrett, S.J., Father Leon A. Foster, S.J., Hubert F. Schmidt, S.J., Vincent T. Sibila, S.J., and Carmen De Christopher, S.J.

from my tour of Communion and we had finished breakfast, we started out bright and early with a satchel full of scapulars, stole and holy water and ritual, all ready for the ceremony of enrollment. Of course, we went separately. First we went from this hospital to that. And it took us almost till noon-time, and then early in the afternoon we went to the other appointed centers. In this way, on July 16, we enrolled twelve hundred lepers in the Brown Scapular. It was a very happy day for us. In two or three other hospital settings, for instance, last year in the tubercular camp outside of Manila, I had enrolled as many as one hundred and fifty patients in the Brown Scapular, and after it, I had felt as happy as a king. But here in Culion, our enrollment ran into the hundreds and even beyond the thousand mark—twelve hundred. So, imagine our happiness: we felt that the Blessed Virgin was smiling at our lepers and was going to take good care of them, because in all the Church of God there is probably no sacramental that has worked greater wonders than the Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel."

### AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J., after three years work at St. Louis University, has returned to the Sioux Indians of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. In a recent letter he tells of the joy of the Indians as well as of himself in his return to the missions.

"Perhaps you will remember me. After spending fifteen years among the Sioux I was called to St. Louis University. Now after three years Holy Obedience has returned me to the Indians.

"My Superior, Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J., has given me the same mission field that I had before I went to St. Louis. This covers some thou-

sand square miles and has six chapels and three stations where I say Mass; also there are ten Government Day Schools where I instruct the Catholic children.

"These grateful Indians gave me a royal welcome. Such hand shaking! Some came with tears in their eyes saying:

"*Wee-e-e! kitankci wana gli ye!*" ('My, at last he has returned!')

"*Hoo-o-o! hoo-o-o! he—e—e! Iyus-kin po Wanbli Wankatuya ake gli.*" ('Have a glad heart. High Eagle has again returned.')

"*Hoo-o-o, hoo-o-o, he! Tehan wan-ci yanke sni canter mawaste.*" ('My heart is glad to see you. Long time no see you.')

"Nick Black Elk, veteran catechist and subject of the book, "Black Elk Speaks," said: "Every day I saw you in my prayers. I knew you would come back. When I looked and saw you I could not believe my eyes, and tears rolled down." Old Silas Fills the Pipe, another valued catechist, seemed to have waited in his log hut, hidden among the Bad Lands, for me to pray over him. I found him at what seemed to be the point of death. I could not see how he could live the day out. While not able to receive food or drink he received the *Utapi Wakan* (Holy Communion) with great devotion; and he is still with us. And there fifty miles into the heart of that desolate Bad Land region where in places the only sign of life is the buzz of the rattler, or the sinister shadow of a buzzard, I found Agnes Red Cloud, of the blood royal, married to his grandson, Peter Fills the Pipe, radiantly happy to show me her little boy. But for the great grandfather of Agnes there might not be catechist nor even priest among the Oglala Sioux today, for it was Chief Red Cloud who with Chief Spotted Tail and several other chiefs, made the long trek to Washington to beg that the

Blackrobes and Sisters might be permitted to teach their tribes the true Faith. Today Red Cloud rests in the cemetery of Holy Rosary Mission in the midst of priests and Sisters who responded to his plea.

"This year was another year of drought in South Dakota, and the crops which sprouted during the fine spring were stunted by lack of rain, and then in nearly every place were ravished by the grasshoppers. The endurance of the Indian is a marvel even to a casual observer.

"People sometimes ask what is needed in our work here. The answer to that is that nearly everything is needed. A car is necessary and it takes money to keep a car running. I covered from three to four thousand miles on the mission field in the first four weeks after my return. What can we use? Almost anything. How I should like to reward my catechists with a coat and other warm clothing! I wish you could witness both men and women utilizing almost anything whatsoever—a piece of harness, a ball of string, small pieces of cloth, flour sacks, even gunny sacks and similar ordinary articles. They are very skillful in the use of native dyes prepared from prairie plants. And how they like good reading! Possibly there is an organ somewhere that would supply the urgent need of one of my chapels. Because of radio programs there may be a piano standing untouched. We have a helper who is eager to teach music, and how many talented children there are here who would avail themselves of such an opportunity! But what I need most of all is your prayers."

\* \* \*

Writing from St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, Father Louis Taelman, S.J., reports:

"Our missionary work is going on and I surely have my share of it. Since the first of the year we have had one hundred and one Baptisms up to date, and forty-five funerals. There are many sick calls and visits to the Indians. We have four mission churches to look after and these are attended regularly. Our Mission school has witnessed this year a considerable increase in the number of our Indian pupils. The attendance at present is over one hundred and eighty, and the prevailing spirit is fine. There are seven Public Schools in my parish district and we have to teach catechism to the Catholic children attending them. It means much work and traveling. I average over one thousand miles a month."

The above indicates tremendous activity for a man of Father Taelman's years. He is past his seventieth birthday and has been a Jesuit over fifty-two years. Two years ago, thousands of Indians came to St. Ignatius Mission to celebrate their beloved missionary's golden jubilee as a Jesuit.



Father James G. Daly, S.J., Superior at Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, P.I., and Father Harold A. Murphy, S.J., left, with workmen at end of a "pig roast," the Filipino "turkey dinner." The banquet was a gesture of Father Daly to the men who helped build his new residence at Jimenez.

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## The Church Unity Octave

To the Editor:

Will you be so good as to publish in your next issue the prayers prescribed for the Church Unity Octave, and the intentions for each day of the Octave? I have not at hand JESUIT MISSIONS for January of last year in which I believe you gave your readers the desired information. Will you tell us too, what indulgences can be gained?

New York, N. Y.

Agnes Gallagher.

The prayers for the Church Unity Octave are as follows:

Antiphon: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." St. John xvii, 21.  
V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;  
R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

### Prayer

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

The following are the intentions for each day of the Octave:

January 18: Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Return of the "other sheep."

January 19: Return of Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: Submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and other continental Protestants may return to Holy Church.

January 22: That all Christians in America may become one with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: Return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25: Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Missionary conquest of the world.

Under the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence is granted on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and a further grant of two hundred days is extended to those of the faithful who simply join in the devotions piously.

## "Communications" Draw Attention

To the Editor:

My attention is drawn, by one of your readers, to the few lines, at the bottom of JESUIT MISSIONS, October, Page 247, "A Friend" is willing to send his own copies of *Reader's Digest* to any missionary who would like to have them. I would be delighted to receive them, and also any other magazine or book of interest. Our big library here, French and English, and Chinese, will also appreciate any addition in every useful line. Of course we are first concerned with matters of theology and missiology, but also with books of piety—of history also—and science, etc. Having here so many schools—and also the Aurora University—anything will be welcome and of good use.

I may say also that an extra number of JESUIT MISSIONS from one of your readers will be readily accepted.

Jesuit Residence, Zi-ka-wei,  
Shanghai, China.

C. Baumert, S.J.,  
Librarian

To the Editor:

Under the head of Communications, in the JESUIT MISSIONS of November, page 275, there is a letter initialed E. L. P., in re—to the tendering to, and your acceptance of a used upright Knabe piano, for the use of the missions. It encourages me to write to you in similar strain to say that I happen to have a small size "Sohmer" upright which has outlived its usefulness to me, and which if acceptable, I would be pleased to donate to the missions. The instrument while not new is substantial, and the minor needs (bridle straps) are such as a piano tuner attends to as a matter of course.

New York, N. Y.

J. A. H.

Our readers will be interested in the knowledge that J. A. H. has provided for "the minor needs" and that his gift has been accepted for the missions in the Philippines.—Editor.

## A Worthy Suggestion

To the Editor:

Recently the *New York Times* had the following comment on the work of a Book Club which in the words of Brother Leo, F.C.S., is the most sorely needed organization. The *Times* said: "The Pro Parvulis Book Club, Empire State Building, New York City, is an organization designed to relieve parents of the task of choosing books for children. The subscription fee is \$10 a year, for which the subscriber receives six books and, with each book, a copy of *The Pro Parvulis Herald*, a magazine containing book reviews and other matter of interest to children."

Your readers may be interested to know that through the energetic zeal of one friend of the Pro Parvulis Book Club all of the Catholic Schools and Convents in Jamaica, B. W. I., have been the recipients of donated subscriptions. Anyone, realizing how priceless good books are on the missions, would strive mightily to enroll foreign mission schools in the Pro Parvulis. Membership for foreign countries costs twelve dollars. It is worth much more when you see the type of book that this Club is furnishing.

New York, N. Y.

D. J. Blanch.

## Mission Helpers All

To the Editor:

Reading the October number of JESUIT MISSIONS, I notice a letter written by a young man who has enjoyed corresponding with some of the missionary priests.

I think the life of a missionary is one of the most beautiful lives that can be bestowed on any single person—and would love to correspond with one or two in some far countries, because I know how lonely they must be and happy too in their life work.

Would it be asking too much to send me the names of one or two of them—perhaps I can help in some small way to cheer them in their lonely hours.

I pray daily for the missionary priests and Sisters, both living and dead, throughout the world, because I, too, would love to give my life for such a cause—but God I suppose had other plans for me, as I must remain at home and take care of "Mother Dear"—that is a pet name for my mother.

I hope I don't tire you with this letter. In closing I say, may God bless you and your noble work always.

Washington, D. C.

E. Ardigo.

To the Editor:

Kindly renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. While you do not receive any donations directly from me, I have been helping different Jesuit missionaries for the past ten years, as Father Riester, S.J., of St. Stephens, Wyoming, and others could tell you. Many receive many packages of magazines (Catholic) as I subscribe to and receive about twenty-five different kinds. Others receive boxes at Christmas and Easter and Mass offerings during the year. I pick out different ones from JESUIT MISSIONS when I read of different cases that interest me. Many grateful letters come in and this is my way of Catholic Action. Many calls from different branches of Franciscan Orders have come in of late. Do not know how they hear of me but all get answered. Have been out of work nine months and just recovering from serious illness. Please wish me luck.

New Haven, Conn.

C. A. C.

To the Editor:

I received your JESUIT MISSIONS and have noticed a very good writing headed, "Masses for the Dead." Enclosed you will find a money order for \$5.00 which you in turn may send to any of your mission priests for Masses to be said for our deceased parents.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

William Streif.

## Foreign Reception

To the Editor:

I send you by international check \$1.25 in order to renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS expiring with November issue.

In spite of the high dollar price, I have not hesitated to continue my subscription for another year, so great is my interest in your missionaries' work.

I should be pleased if you would tell me the exact post-paid price of Father Pro's life by Father Dragon, S.J. Foreign price was not indicated in the last number of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Moselle, France.

M. Labouré.

# Digmann Day

William J. Moore, S.J.

A LARGE band of Sioux Indians met on Sunday, October 3, 1937, at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, and marched from the church to the nearby cemetery. The Boys' Band of the mission school led the procession, followed by a group of old men with braided hair, then old squaws with bright blankets and beaded moccasins, and finally young men and women dressed in modern fashion. Into the graveyard they went, walked up the inclined pathway past the graves of hundreds of their own nation, till they reached the great crucifix which surmounts the rolling prairie for miles about. There they stopped by a small tombstone beneath the right arm of the cross, there to mourn and to pay honor—not to a great Sioux chief-tain—but to a White man, a blackrobe, their beloved *Putin Sapa*.

*Putin Sapa*, or Black Beard, was the name the Indians gave to Father Florentine Digmann, S.J., the founder of St. Francis Mission, when he came to the Sioux in 1886. When he died, just two days before Christmas, 1931, his beard was snowy white; but the familiar name clung to him, and with it went the undying love of thousands of Sioux.

THE Sioux were pagans to a great extent when Father Digmann began his apostolic labors on Rosebud Reservation. Medicine men still grew rich from the gifts of ponies and blankets which sick Indians gave them to perform superstitious rituals. The Sun Dance with its cruelties had been abolished some years before by the Government, but ghost-lodges, sweatbaths, prayers to red painted stones, fear of the thunder-god, who killed by lightning those who disobeyed injunctions given in dreams,—these and a host of other superstitions were in full vogue.

Patently, but firmly, Father Digmann strove to dissuade the medicine men from the quackery which they had mingled with their true knowledge of herbs and roots. With gentle vigor he urged parents not to permit the medicine men to sit around the walls of their cabins, beating drums and grimacing with their faces painted red and yellow. Parents were warned not to heed medi-



The St. Joseph Society of men and the St. Mary Society of women meet at the grave of Father Florentine Digmann, S.J. The priest nearest to the cross is Father Matthew A. Connell, S.J., Superior of St. Francis Mission. Further to the right, wearing a biretta, is Father James V. Fallon, S.J. At the extreme right is Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., who has been at the Mission nearly forty years.

cine men who lied about the Baptism of the blackrobe.

One of the wise measures of the blackrobes was to convert the Sioux tribal brotherhoods into Christian societies, potent weapons for establishing the true Faith. The old Omaha Brotherhood gave way to the St. Joseph Society for men. For women the blackrobes started the St. Mary Society. Benedictines in North Dakota had worked wonders with these two societies, and the Jesuits were glad to spread them on the Rosebud Reservation. The men and women who belong to these societies are practical Catholics who love their religion. Of their own accord they voted to have an annual Digmann Day, to honor the man who taught them of Christ.

The fathers and mothers of the old people had been pagans. They themselves were pagans till Father Digmann poured the waters of Baptism on their heads. The great-grandfathers of the boys in Brother Hartmann's band were fierce warriors and hunters of the buffalo. Now the ancestors slept beneath the cross, and their descendants played in honor of the man who erected the cross.

WHEN Father Matthew A. Connell, S.J., present Superior of the Mission, and Harry Iron Wing, Sioux Indian leader of the St. Joseph Society, spoke of Father Digmann's disinterested zeal, the Sioux mourned again, as they had done on that Christmas Day in 1931, when the whole reservation saw *Putin Sapa* laid to rest. But the St. Joseph men and the St. Mary women are practical Catholics. They knew that the best way to honor Father Digmann was not (Turn to page 28)

# Our Lady in Culion

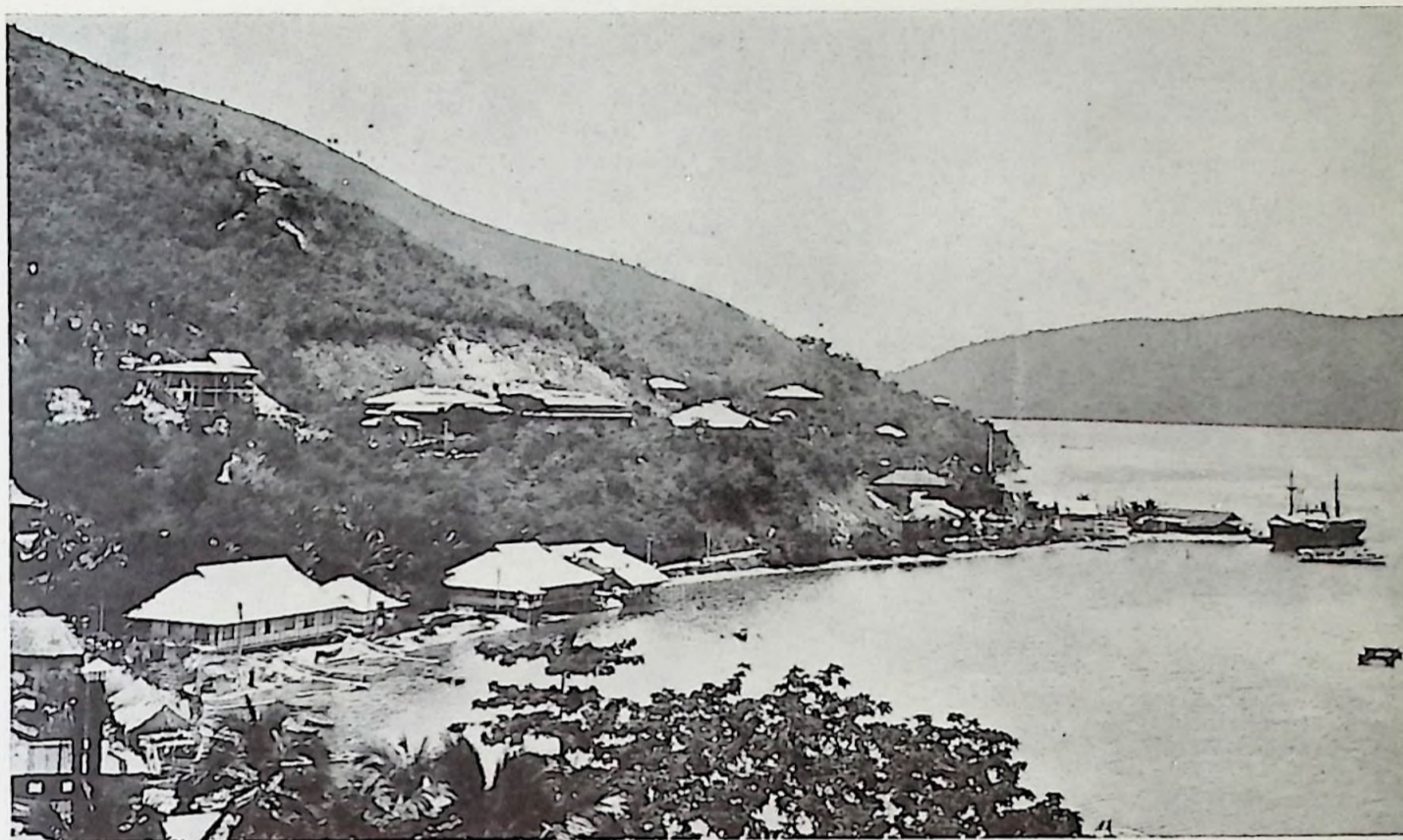
Hugh J.  
McNulty, S.J.

VICENTE is now fifteen years old.

I noticed him first one day when he assisted me in giving Viaticum to a dying man. I noticed him also more than once when he came with me while I distributed Communion in the hospital, and it did not take me long to see that Vicente had a big heart and a good soul and that he was already a man of faith. Though he is only fifteen years old now, every night, for three years, he has gone first to one ward of men and led the public recitation of the Rosary in his good, clear, ringing voice; and when he finished there, he has gone every night to another ward of men and again he has led the public recitation of the beads.

Every Filipino loves the Blessed Virgin and her Rosary, but not every Filipino is able, or willing, to lead in a public recitation of the beads. Vicente sensed this very early in his career, and so one afternoon, when the good French Sister who knew well Vicente's clear, ringing voice, asked him to say the beads out loud for her big ward of fifty men, Vicente was delighted. The Sister in another ward nearby who evidently believes in taxing good nature, asked Vicente if he would do the same for her ward.

THE other apostle of the Rosary is a blind man, old enough to be Vicente's father. Several evenings I have met him tapping his way down the sloping road of the hill, with his long walking stick. I met him so regularly that I was curious to know where he was going. Then I learned that for the greater part of Culion's history as a leprosarium, John, the blind man, has led the public recitation of the Rosary every evening, first in his own ward, and then down the hill he goes beating his stick to another ward to lead the Rosary there. John the blind man is a strong Catholic. He came here, with perfect eyes and good sight, many years ago. The leprosy, which sometimes does its damage on the surface in unsightly spots and terrible sores, sometimes works in quite a different way. It attacks things below the surface. It seems to tie up nerves and sinews, thus crippling the hands terribly. It can throw the features all out of shape, with a very sad effect, but it can also



*A view of the Leper Colony, Culion, Palawan, P. I., where Father Charles W. Hausmann, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, has recently succeeded Father Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., who, with Father Francis X. Rello, S.J., labored so zealously among the leper population which in 1937 totalled more than seven thousand.*

attack the nerves of the eyes and little by little steal away the sight and leave the poor patient in the terrible dark of utter blindness. This is what it has done with John the blind man. He used to be a reader of some little pretension; he is not an ignorant man by any means. But in the doom of his blindness, the one thing that he has clung to is our Blessed Mother's Rosary beads. He knows them well; has meditated on the mysteries so many times, and prayed them that they became a real comfort to him so that now, practically his only job is leading and loving the Rosary.

Loss of sight is not the only blindness in the world. There are many of us who become blind in our troubles and trials. At least, we don't see our way clearly, or we don't know what to do. If we could only follow John the blind man, and love our Rosary as he has learned to love it, our Rosary would cheer us up in every trouble and trial because the Blessed Mother never fails those who practise regularly her holy Rosary.

ONE of my first evenings in Culion, before I knew enough about the place to be able to do much work, I decided to take a leisurely walk through the Colony. I walked for about an hour in the cool of the evening. All along the way, in various places where there are several houses, I noticed a low rumble of voices as I passed from house to house. First it sounded like a school with the children saying a lesson in unison. Then I began to think that it was the children at home studying their lessons out loud as children sometimes do. So, when I got back to the house, I asked Father Joseph Rello, S.J.:

(Turn to page 28)

# NEW BOOKS

## The Priest's Way to God

Thomas Plassmann, O.F.M.

In surveying the field of asceticism for possible springs of inspiration, Father Plassmann happened upon an altogether neglected although inexhaustible source of sanctity when, with his divining rod, as it were, he selected for investigation the text of the Pontifical used for Sacred Orders, both minor and major. The Dedication of the book reveals the spirit that has been infused into this study. The Author tells us that on the campus of St. Bonaventure's Seminary underneath the statue of the Blessed Mother there may be seen the old seminary doorstep of 1859 with the inscription, "Where sacred feet have trod." To their memory and to their fellow priests of future years, this volume is dedicated. The Author is to be congratulated on his technical and devotional exposition of the text of the "Ordination Ordinal." So many spiritual writers content themselves with circumnavigating this subject, as it were, and never directly pausing to analyze the text itself, that Father Plassmann's scholarly treatise will be all the more appreciated. He has assuredly, as the Foreword of his book promises, pointed out "The Priest's Way to God." May he have the consolation of seeing many more of the Lord's anointed treading this newly beaten path of asceticism for priests.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$2.00.

## The Padre of the Plains

Padre Alfonso

Of late months more and more demands, both by word of mouth as well as through the medium of the press, are being broadcast for greater interest in the home mission field of our own United States. The present book gives a very clear-cut picture of mission life on location in the South and Southwest. Primitive conditions with people who are living almost in exile from their fellows, tales of spiritual ignorance that is all but abysmal, perils from the elements, grave inconveniences in food, clothing and lodging and travel, are some of the prosaic realities that fit into the life of toil of this "Padre of the Plains." It is a life that not even the most enthusiastic spiritual romanticist could make otherwise than drab, speaking, of course, merely from a material point of view. In spite of this, however, the natural optimism and divine sense of humor of the "Padre of the Plains," together with his unconquerable faith in the dignity that is his as a co-redeemer of forgotten souls, will fan faith in the supernatural and inspire readers not only to pray for but to bless those noble men of God who, like the "Padre of the Plains" are loyal to the dignity of the missionary priesthood and are content to spend their days and nights like their Master going about doing good

on the home missions of our own United States.

Walter W. Brown Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga., \$2.00.

## Selected Poems

T. A. Daly

A collection of one hundred and eighty selected poems, ten new, written over a period of thirty years, bringing to light again old-time favorites from "McAroni Ballads," "Canzoni," "Songs of Wedlock," "Madrigali," "Carmina," and "McAroni Medleys." The distinctive note in all this poetry is one that might be predicated about the poet himself, namely, that of a polished popularity. The popularity of the poems like that of the Author is due both to a perfection of form and to a dramatic quality which, had the poet chosen to capitalize it on the stage, would have gained distinction for him as an actor or a dramatic story teller of unquestionable merit. Christopher Morley, an intimate of T. A. Daly of many years standing, pays a beautiful and delicate tribute to the sensitive character of his poet friend when he praises him for having chosen to make vocal especially, the delights, hopes and humble loves of those who stood most in need of a spokesman for their thoughts. At this late date no new review is needed to protect or even to vindicate the affectionate popularity with which the poetry of T. A. Daly has been and always will be cherished by young and old. To the present generation, however, for whom the Author's name may be a name and nothing more, we recommend "The Blossomy Barrow," "To a Thrush," and the various problems of Giuseppe the Barber, Padre Angelo, the muscular Carlotta, and "Kitty's Graduation." The contents are divided along nationalistic lines under the headings, *Italice, Hibernice, A La Francaise, Anglice, and Songs of the Months.*

Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

## The Cross and The Beatitudes

Fulton J. Sheen

Only a captious critic would question the propriety of Monsignor Sheen in establishing a relation between the Seven Last Words and the Seven Beatitudes. That there is any strict correspondence between the two, the Author himself denies. On the other hand, the comparison, while an obvious rhetorical device, is entirely and completely justified by the many beautiful, instructive and devotional applications it draws forth. Following St. Thomas, Monsignor Sheen considers the eighth Beatitude as a summary of the other seven, and in this way vindicates his use of the phrase, "Seven Beatitudes." Most happy because most practical is the comparison instituted between the Third Word, "(Son) Behold thy Mother; Woman behold thy son,"

and the third Beatitude, "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God," in which the Author expatiates on the selfishness of the flesh and the escape from the same instituted by God in the sacrament of matrimony and the vow of chastity. The thoughts in this booklet are not merely pretty thoughts, so to speak, like wall paper designs, decorative in themselves but with no sustaining value. True, there are a few such, but the vast majority will be the cause of deep spiritual inspiration in regard to the inner meaning of Christ's Passion as they have been the effect of obvious prolonged meditation upon the same.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

## Fountains of Joy

Reverend Frederick A. Houck

Readers of "Godward" and "Our Palace Wonderful" will enjoy immensely this stimulating approach to one of the most beautiful of our popular devotions, namely, that to the Precious Blood. Unique in conception, original in development, it is soundly scientific and religiously orthodox in its thought content. Indeed we know few books which will be able to capture and sustain the interest of readers who may be eager to explore, if only superficially, the wonders of the world in which we live, as well as the more lasting beauties and mysteries of the higher spheres of grace. The cleverness with which we are led from a contemplation of water in Nature, to quote only one example, to water as a sacramental, or as essential matter of sacrament, and finally to its manifold relationship with the Precious Blood, is really not mere cleverness but rather a most versatile faculty of insight which those possess who have habituated themselves to see in every creature of God either a memento of the work of our creation, an instrument of redemption, or an occasion for sanctification like an actual grace.

B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo., \$2.00.

## A House, A Girl, and A Garden The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament

A great spiritual phenomenon like the institution of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament does not happen by chance. The cause is two-fold: God's grace and somebody's good will. In these pages we have the charming recital of Mother Katherine Drexel's earlier years and vocation with a summary of her tremendous achievements for God's glory in the Indian and Colored mission fields of our own United States. The writer has been very happy in her ability to capture and to embody in this little sketch much of the personal attractiveness that belongs to the character of this admirable woman of God. May the pamphlet attain its apostolic purpose one hundred fold.

Mary Guild Press, Cornwells Heights, Pa.

## ONLY A CHAMAR (Continued from page 9)

"The people of that village were very friendly and I had hopes of bringing them all in. Then their *zemindar* got wind of my work and warned me away. But I wasn't going to stop my work at a mere warning.

"The next time I went to the village the *zemindar* was there to meet me, and five of his men were with him with heavy *lathis* (clubs). He ordered me out of the village and almost had a fit of apoplexy doing it. That man was mad. I told him I was on Baldeo's premises, (yes, he is Golia's father) and would not go unless Baldeo asked me to go."

"And then what happened?"

"Baldeo thought that I would get a beating if I stayed, and he knew that he would. The poor fellow fell down at my feet and begged me please to go. It was the only thing I could do."

"But how did Golia get to your house?"

"I'm coming to that. The hot season came and went and then the monsoon broke and the Ganges started to rise. But, as you remember, the monsoon was unusually heavy and the river flooded. Baldeo's village was completely washed out. The people had to take to the hills. Their *zemindar's* land was higher and it wasn't touched. The result was that Baldeo lost practically everything he had, including his crop. He was badly enough off before, but now the only possible way he could get food for Golia was to hire her out to the *zemindar* to do chores in his house. So she went there to live and work."

"Why didn't Golia stay with the *zemindar*?"

The Old Timer snorted.

"No one would have stayed in Golia's place in that house!"

"Why not?"

"That *zemindar* has a brother who is a leper. Twice a day he must have an oil massage. Golia was only a little Chamar girl,—what difference did it make? What does a high caste man think of an Untouchable! So twice a day Golia was forced to massage that leper. That is why she contracted leprosy and that is why she is dead."

I clung to the pillion seat,—cold. And we chugged along in silence. Such things didn't happen!

"Why didn't her father do something?"

"He couldn't do anything. He was almost starving himself, and in the *zemindar's* house she was at least fed. Finally, though, the girl couldn't stand it any longer. She ran away to me. But the news would surely leak out; you know how fast news travels in these villages. So I took her away to the Sisters and they kept her. They were soon able to baptize her and change her name from Golia to Julia. And you know the rest of the story."

"Well," I said finally, "she is happy in Heaven now, and I hope she is praying for us. The good Lord let me help just a little bit in getting her there. And I know she will pray, too, for her Un-

touchable caste people."

"She will have a busy Heaven if she prays for all of them," said the Old Timer, "there are sixty million of them in all of India, and right here in our own Mission there are as many Untouchables as there are people in Chicago."

## MANOBO MUSIC AND DANCING (Continued from page 12)

one would play a small bull fiddle. She scraped industriously and with an air of confidence that the music would be good. I could distinguish about four tones.

Then there was a large flute-like instrument, called *pulalaa*. It was almost four feet long, of hollow bamboo about an inch in diameter, tapering to almost nothing at the other end. Little holes were cut in the side near the smaller end to open and to be shut to vary the tune. The larger end rested under the mouth, the other end on the ground, the player sitting to perform. The effect was really musical, but so low that it could hardly be heard a few feet away.

The program ended with a war dance. One gentleman attired in a mitre-like hat of bright red, which was all of a foot high and air-conditioned, as it had only a front but no back, looked the part of a Manobo warrior going to battle. His shirt, or coat or blouse, was red and black, the red and black stripes of which ran lengthwise. His trousers looked like black knickers. When he took the long spear in his right hand and grasped the long oblong shield in his left one was carried back to a more ancient day. Another man similarly armed faced him about six yards away. The *agong* began to bong. They began to prance in a graceful imitation of running, advancing, retreating, brandishing the spears all the time, and then they would swiftly charge each other with spears held aloft for a final thrust. Just as it looked as if murder was their intent, they would twist their bodies, so the two shields came together with a loud crash. Then they dug their feet into the ground, bent their knees, leaned heavily against each other, like two carabaos having a death argument, while their spears went back and forth like snakes waiting to strike. Then they would back off and begin again. To dance this war dance one should be in excellent condition, as a few minutes of it is equivalent to running a quarter of a mile.

One professor told me that nearly all the steps of these dances were like the tap dance steps, recently introduced into Manila from the United States. Who then is the originator? Some gentleman from below the Mason-Dixon line, or an old Manobo from the isolation of Bukidnon? It has all the proportions of a first-class ethnological problem. Your guess is as good as mine.

## FROM AFRICAN KRAALS (Continued from page 15)

he was going to find his axe with which to kill us, we escaped. He will murder

us. He is mad with *banji*," (a weed to the smoking of which many natives are addicted. Those who indulge in it to any extent often become very violent when under its influence.)

Whilst they were speaking I could hear the voice of the half demented husband shouting out threats and curses. So, hurriedly pushing the terrified pair into the house, I closed the door and took up my stand outside to await developments.

It was not long before I discerned the shadowy figures of two men struggling with a third who was armed with an axe. When he caught sight of me he broke away from the others and came staggering towards me, yelling at the top of his voice:

"Where is my daughter? You have hidden her. Give her back to me or I will kill you and take her over your dead body."

"Peter, is that the way to speak to your priest?" I replied as quietly as possible. "You had better go back home before you do something that you will regret for the rest of your life."

Before his two companions were able to interfere, he sprang forward, and swinging the axe he aimed a deadly blow at my head. I had no choice but to sidestep and deliver a left hook to the jaw. He went down like a log and was carried to his hut there to meditate on the iniquity of his ways.

I am taking the wife and daughter to a neighboring convent till I have interviewed the Native Commissioner.

March, 1934. Shortly before the late Mass this morning, I was informed that a great number of Christians had purchased a magic medicine from a wandering charlatan. He had told them that if they drank it and administered it to their children they would be immune from all poisons and incantations, would be protected against all the evil machinations of the witch doctor, and in fact, would never die. Poor dupes, they had paid large sums for a bottle of dirty water!

It does not need very much experience in native work to make one realize that real heroism is required of our Christians if they are to lead even a moderately good Catholic life.

Pagan superstitions and practices, spirit worship, witch doctors and charms connected with every circumstance and phase of existence play a large part in their lives. It is no unusual thing to find Christians of many years standing still wedded to these diabolical customs. They do not hesitate to have recourse to the usual pagan practices when a wife is with child or their relatives are lying sick. Before the child is brought to the priest for Baptism, it will often have been submitted to the pagan rites; a name will have been given with the attendant ceremonies intended to put him under the protection of ancestral spirits.

Fear looms very large in their lives; fear of disease, misfortune or death by magic; fear of revengeful evil spirits; fear of incantations and hidden poisons;

fear of hostile witches. In fact, in their minds no one dies a natural death; so when one of their number departs this life they hasten to consult the witch doctor who with the aid of his all-knowing "bones" (dice) will smell out the culprit provided the fee is adequate.

These Christians are not ignorant of their obligations or of their sin, but superstitious fear and environment are often too strong for them. They know and admit that they are doing wrong, yet they seem to think that all is well if they be not found out by the priest. They will give a stipend for a Mass for their departed relative, will all be present thereat and receive Holy Communion, and straightway secretly taking soil from the grave will make a small symbolic mound at their home and carry out all the ceremonies and orgies of the pagan rites.

I could go on giving out extracts galore, but on reading over what I have already written I made up my mind that you had probably more than enough. At present we are building a beautiful granite church in honor of St. Patrick, and if he doesn't find sufficient money to complete his own church I shall have to get leave to tour the States.

The Catholics of this Mission are good, really good, and I am blessed with the invaluable assistance of a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, the members of which are doing splendid work both among the pagans and the Christians.

I could tell you some gruesome stories about one of my duties. Whenever some unfortunate native has been indiscreet enough to murder a fellow man and in consequence is condemned to death, his spiritual welfare is placed in my care, and I assure you that the three weeks prior to the execution are often more nerve racking than the actual hanging.

I also have under my care the poor lepers who are all settled in a large institution about forty-seven miles from the Mission. Fort Victoria, which is ten miles from here, has its own little church where Mass is said twice a month, and I try to get to the various White Catholics dotted all over the map when I have time and enough money to pay for the petrol.

### ICE JAMS ON THE YUKON (Continued from page 16)

Well, to return to my Eskimo friend, Vincent. He apprehensively watched the water rise higher and higher. Fashioning a few gas drums into a crude float, he loaded on a little dry fish and his blankets. He had hardly finished when the jam broke. The water arose with a rush. Huge ice chunks crashed against his crude float. He and his wife poled for dear life to the shelter of the willows far inside the bank. Their little baby, whom I had recently baptized and given the name of Pius after Our Holy Father, was meanwhile nestling on a reindeer skin in the middle of the float. Its mother told me that during the entire time when they were frantic with fear the youngster was kicking up its heels, laughing and

having a general good time. They couldn't quite understand the complete absence of fear in their tiny little one. How they manoeuvred their wretched craft within the shelter of the bushes is a mystery. Anyway, the angels must have been around protecting their baby from danger.

For two days and a half they watched the water rise. They heard the crash and the roar of the ice. The weather was cold and dreary as it is invariably when the ice is running. The only thing that gave them comfort was the unflagging cheer and good disposition of their baby. He seemed to enjoy the whole show and shared not at all their constant dread and apprehension.

With the ice still running, I chugged up to our fish camp, dodging ice floes as I went. Vincent received me with a smile. I remarked the scene of devastation all around the camp. Vincent said nothing. He industriously set to work unloading the boat. While he and Brother Alfred Murphy, S.J., were engaged, I went up to see little Pius. The baby never looked so well or seemed so happy. Before I returned to the boat I had all the details of the last few days from Mrs. Vincent.

"Well, Vincent," I remarked on returning, "how did you make out the last few days?"

"Father," he said, "maybe I wouldn't have come if I knew what would happen."

"Were you scared?" I asked.

"Well, my wife he scared all the time. My baby—he laughing all the time. I watching all the time, but sometimes praying."

That was all I could get out of this good-natured Eskimo hero. I wonder how silent and unboastful we would be after successfully weathering two such days!

### DIGMANN DAY (Continued from page 24)

by mourning, but by strengthening their faith. So the rest of the day they spent in a common meeting where they discussed the chief truths and practices of the Church. Henry Horse Looking, Jesse Chasing Hawk, Mrs. Alfred Night Pipe, Mrs. Standing Bull, Clyde Leading Fighter—these and many others explained how to go to confession, how to receive Communion, the need of daily prayers, and the value of Catholic education. This was the greatest tribute paid to Father Digmann on the 1937 memorial day, the tribute of an earnest endeavor to live up to the obligations of the faith which *Putin Sapa* spread among them during forty-six years.

### OUR LADY IN CULION (Continued from page 25)

"Do they study their lessons out loud?" At first he did not quite catch my idea. When I told him what I had noticed, he smiled and exclaimed:

"That is the Rosary! All those people that you heard were reciting the Rosary in common."

And he told me that every evening, throughout the Colony, most of the people and all of the hospital wards say the Rosary in common. At some periods of the year, for example, all through May and in October they break the ordinary recitation of the beads by singing the "Hail Mary" on traditional very happy tunes, and when you remember that all Filipinos can sing, but that among the lepers we find strikingly good voices and a wonderful instinct for harmony, you will begin to realize that this special praying of the Rosary, which is helped by the singing of a "Hail Mary" every decade, is a very living thing and means not only wonderful comfort to those who are praying but wonderful graces and blessings.

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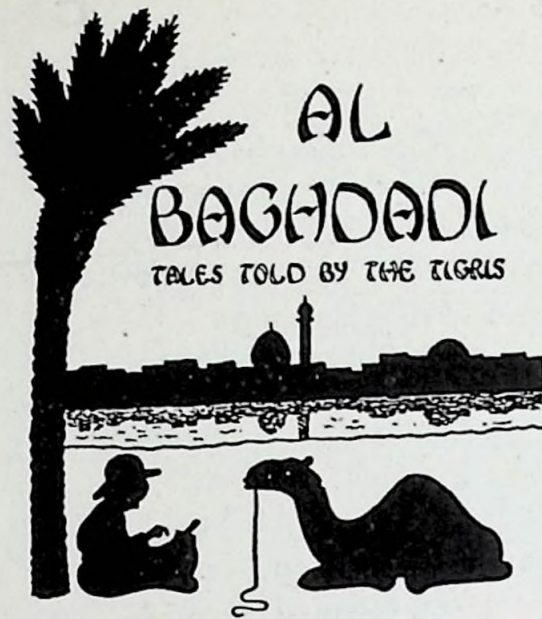
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# From Af

Francis Gits, S.J.



A typical kraal of South Rhodesia. The missionary making his rounds is Very Rev. Philip Beisly, S.J., Superior of the Mission.

ON account of the fewness of our missionaries here in our section of South Rhodesia, and on account of the poverty of our exchequer, and the vastness of our territory, many centers of Catholicism have been established in remote parts of the country which have no resident priest but which are conducted by one of the trained teachers and visited periodically by the Superior of the central mission station.

It is whilst on visits to these far-flung outposts that one frequently comes into contact with nature in the raw, but one is forced to confess that the further the native is removed from the influences of our highly rated civilization, the closer he answers to the description of a natural gentleman. Well, here goes for a lucky dip into my diary.

JUNE, 1931, 9:30 P.M. It is quiet now, but what a noisy, dusty time I have been having. For ten hours I have been rattling and bumping along in my doughty Ford light-delivery van, one hundred and sixty-five miles into the wilds.

As I approached my destination, the countryside became more and more tropical in appearance, and only the pen of a skilled writer could adequately describe the towering granite mountains, the deep gullies, the perilous drifts and high grasses through which the lions roamed at night in quest of their prey.



I arrived at the out-station just as the sun was dipping behind the distant mountain range. What a welcome I received! The news spread rapidly far and wide; I know not how; but soon I was surrounded by a shouting, laughing, gesticulating crowd. The native catechist was not long in getting the situation well in hand. The girls were hurried off to fetch clear river water in their calabashes; others brought porridge, eggs and wild honey whilst the men and boys set to work unloading the lorry and preparing my hut.

A fire was soon blazing and by the time I had washed and refreshed the inner man the hour had arrived for night prayers.

THE catechist beat lustily on his gong with an old plough disc, and we all gathered in the school-church, a large erection of pole and *daka* (mud). After prayer and instruction a hymn was sung to Our Blessed Lady, if not musically, at least with a fervor that must have rejoiced the heart of Mary.

The moon was shining brightly when we came out into the open again, and then followed the show of the evening. Men and women, boys and girls formed up in a circle round three drummers and the dancing began. With a gentle, swaying motion at first, they paced round and round, men and boys answering the chant of the women and girls. Louder and faster sounded the drums, wilder and quicker went the dance, the performers twisting and whirling till the dust rose in dense red clouds almost hiding the dancers and dimming the light of the moon.

The sweat glistened on their half-naked bodies; the drummers worked as though their lives depended on the volume of sound they produced; the men and women shouted and shrieked, till they were ready to drop from exhaustion.

MY head began to spin, my face and clothes were red with dust, my throat and nostrils full of it, but it would have hurt their sensitive feelings if I had called a halt. All good things, however, come to an end and at long last the leader gave the sign on his drum and all knelt down for my blessing and so to bed.

It is now 10:30. I think I shall turn in.

Men folks at work making the "duri" in which the women pound the maize.