

Jesuit & Missions

INDIAN BURIAL

SHANGHAI LAMENTATION

DESOLATE BENQUE VIEJO

ALL PLANE AND NO WORK?

RETREATS BY THE TIGRIS

SPEAKING OF SNAKES

DUKE STREET REVISITED

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WOLF!

The constant appeal that the missionaries make for help may sound much like the old cry of "wolf." You know the story. The practical joker used to enjoy seeing the embarrassment of friends and neighbors who would rush to his aid, whenever he would cry "wolf," only to find that there was no beast of the forest within sight. So aggravated did they become that they resolved never again to offer their help. But on one occasion the wolf did attack, and the joker's cry went unanswered. He never again cried "wolf."

The American Jesuit Missionaries plead for financial help: in Patna, India, that they may win to the Faith the millions of "Untouchables" amongst the Hindus who are clamoring for the Light; in China, where thousands of helpless war refugees are utterly dependent on charity; in the Philippine Islands, where schools must be built and maintained, and churches repaired, to quicken the Faith of those who have been tainted with American Protestantism; in Jamaica, B.W.I., and British Honduras, where destruction by fire has added to the need and want of the Bush; in Alaska, where hearts warm to the Gospel in the midst of a frozen waste; amongst American Indians where there is not the distance from home to lend the enchantment of foreign missions.

The cry of the American Jesuit Missionaries is not the cry of "wolf." They need your help. They need it now. Your response to their appeal will not embarrass you. It will win blessings from Heaven for you, for them and for their charges. Please send your money gift—may God inspire you to 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 your gift — TO KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR — better still — TO PUT CHRIST IN SOULS!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.
Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash.

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.

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.

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.



"The Bad Lands" stretch over many miles of South Dakota. From a distance they appear at times like cathedral spires or castle towers. Sioux Indians live in these "Bad Lands," and their spiritual care is entrusted to the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. Journeys through these hills have their dangers, especially in winter.

EDITORIALS

FEBRUARY IS CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

“**A**NYTHING you do for the Catholic Press,” said the Holy Father, speaking to the Catholics of the entire world, “I will consider done for me personally.” On another occasion, addressing a group of Catholic journalists, Pope Pius XI said: “You are my voice.” The words of the aged Pontiff apply to every phase of the work of Catholic endeavor, for it is the work of the Catholic Press to interest itself in every field of thought that touches upon religion. As it is part of the work of the Supreme Pontiff to keep a watchful care over his flock in all things that affect their spiritual security even remotely, so the Catholic Press must sustain the same vigilant care. By right, then, its field is very wide and there is place for Catholic Press work in every phase of Catholic activity. And while we give full credit to Catholic publication work in philosophy, economics, history, science and literature, we feel that listed with these, Mission publication work should find its honorable place, for Missions, none will deny, are among the most important interests of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, not undeservedly, has been called the “Pope of the Missions.”

Time was when most Mission publications were, perhaps, little more than begging journals, but that time has passed. Today Mission magazines can take their place with the best publications. While it is true that one of their functions is to rouse Catholics to greater generosity towards the Missions, it is also true that they perform a genuinely Catholic task in educating the people in the great apostolic phase of the Church's work. Incidentally, too, this has the further value of increasing love for the Faith in the hearts of those who read well-edited Mission journals. Church history also is being recorded in the accounts coming from the Mission fields, and the source material for future writing lies between the covers of Mission magazines today, even as the missionary letters of Canada's heroic missionaries of the seventeenth century are today the sources of so much early North American history found nowhere else except in “The Jesuit Relations.”

Now February is “Catholic Press Month,”—and that means that every Catholic is urged during that month to make special efforts in taking up the matter of Catholic reading more vigorously and in spreading Catholic literature. Speaking for ourselves in the field of Mission literature, may we hope that you, good Reader, will enlist at least one new reader for **JESUIT MISSIONS** during

the month? We shall be more than grateful, for it will bring the Mission message into many more homes. Catholic editors everywhere are zealous in their desire to do good, but their effectiveness is limited, at least in part, by the number of their readers. Can you help to increase that number *now*? You will thus be helping to disseminate the Catholic printed word, and you will be doing something towards enlightening the ignorant, and especially towards establishing on earth a reign of justice and charity: the reign of Christ the King.

LOH PA-HONG IS DEAD!

ON December 30 a wireless message from Shanghai to *The New York Times* brought the distressing news of the murder of Mr. Loh Pa-hong. “Two Chinese pretending to be orange peddlers shot and fatally wounded Loh Pa-hong, China's most prominent Catholic leader, while he was sitting in his automobile in front of his house awaiting his chauffeur.” Sad indeed is the Catholic heart of China over the loss of this great lay apostle! And that sadness extends over all the Catholic world, for Loh Pa-hong was known and loved far beyond the boundaries of his native land.

Volumes could and probably will be written about China's “Apostle of Charity.” Not his wealth, nor his business or political prestige, but his Catholic Faith was his most cherished possession and Catholic Action was his most cherished work. The very titles which he merited show the character of the man and indicate something of his work of charity. “The Ozanam of Shanghai,” “Another Vincent de Paul,” “The Don Bosco of Nantao,”—all these descriptive titles have been applied to him, and with very good foundation. But he himself was most humble about it all. Once when asked for some details about his forty years of Catholic Action in China, he modestly replied: “All the charitable works we have accomplished are just so many gifts from the hands of God. Let us then join in giving thanks to Him for the splendid benefits He has thus far accorded to Catholic charity in China.”

Hospitals, schools, churches, to say nothing of many other works of charity, tell the story of Loh Pa-hong's generosity. And he has sent thousands to Heaven through Baptism. And now he is gone, gone to meet them, and to see his great Patron, St. Joseph, and the Mother of God, and above all, the Master He served so well. May he become a powerful intercessor for China.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.

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Indian Burial

Gerald Kernan, S.J.



"The Columbia swirled and foamed below us; perpendicular banks hung above us."

THERE were periods during that ride when I toyed with the idea that the phrase "the mail must go through," was a bit of playful hyperbole. The phrase had foundation in fact. Granted. I found fault that its object was unworthy of its rhetorical gusto. It should have been reserved for a nobler occasion,—the priest, for example. "The services must go on" would epitomize the situation.

For here we were, breasting our way through the early morning mists (the radiator, of course, was bearing the brunt of it), hurrying from one mission station in northeastern Washington to another, so that a recently deceased Indian might be buried with due reverence,—and on time. The Columbia swirled and foamed below us; perpendicular banks hung above us. But the dominant note of the scenery were the ruts in the road. Yet I was informed that this was the "good" season of the year. Every time we snaked our way across a haphazardly filled washout, I shuddered to think of the "bad" season along this converted pack-saddle trail.

However, we arrived more or less on schedule, only to find the church perched on a bluff some sixty feet above us. Such a situation presents difficulties, especially when no means of access are visible. But I suppose that an Indian missionary develops instincts for hidden trails. At least, the one I was with, Father Patrick Savage, S.J., ferreted out a way, and up we went at a perilous angle.

THE scene that greeted our arrival would have been invaluable if filmed or barnumized under the "big top." In a clearing overrun with dun-colored cheat grass, stood the weather-beaten church, outlined against a background of bullpines. Hitched to every available tree and fence post were cayuses, gay with gaudy blankets. And everywhere, blanketed, moccasined Indians were gathered in small groups or slumped in the shade of trees.

By carefully threading through the numerous squaws (all gravely grunting their native language at each other) squatted on the porch, we made our way into the sacristy. The bell tolled out over the tree tops and the unperturbed roll of the Columbia. The Requiem Mass was ready to begin. The small church was filled to capacity, men (as is the Indian custom) on the right, women on the left.

To unaccustomed eyes it was a strange sight, this church full of bronze visages, devoutly assisting at the obituary sacrifice's sad solemn beauty. To one used to

thinking of Indians in terms of boyhood novels, it came as a surprise and a revelation to see them as an integral part of Christ's Mystical Body. Such results make one dwell with reverence on the memory of that original band who gave up home and country to dedicate their lives to these children of the forest.

AFTER Mass came the first of those customs peculiar to Indian funerals. The whole congregation arose, and led by the women and children, filed past the simple bier. After a silent glance and a contribution left at the head of the coffin (that further Masses might be said for the departed soul), each turned and slowly left the church. Witnessing this, I could not but help remember how, as a boy, I had filed past the bier of Cardinal Gibbons. Contrasting the thousands who surged past his coffin with the present handful, the majestic cathedral with the present walls of galvanized tin and pews of bare planks,—I mused. And musing, I glanced out over the swift-flowing Columbia, over the undulous miles of forests, to the mountains blue-hazed in the distance. I thought of the Indian cabins scattered throughout this expanse, sheltering lives unknown and unimportant to the world. I thought of Christ dying upon the cross for each individual soul of all ages. My gaze returned to the Columbia. There was left nothing more to muse upon. The contrast was dissolved. There remained only wonder that such love should have been.

Having shrunken back within the shell of space and time, there came to my ears the low keening of the Indian women gathered around the truck that was to serve as hearse. Sorrowful, slow, staccato, the keen surged through the group as a winter wind will mourn in the pine tops. Close to the pulse of nature, these children of the forest have translated the sough of the wind through the trees into a final threnody for a departed friend.

As the pitifully poor box was placed upon the truck, a procession formed, women and children leading, and set out for the not distant burial ground. By now, the keening had turned to hymns, poignantly chanted in Colville dialect, without benefit of accompaniment or unison or harmony. Moccasined feet slowly patted the dusty way to the open grave. There, human silence was complete. The lamentation of the (Turn to page 55)

Shanghai Lamentation

John A.
Lennon, S.J.

The Author is Pastor of Sacred Heart Church in the Hongkew District of Shanghai. This district was one of the hardest hit during the war and had to be abandoned.—*Editor.*

ARTICLES in the December and January issues of JESUIT MISSIONS gave you something of the tragic story of Shanghai during the months since early August. The following additions to those graphic accounts will be of interest to your Readers. Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J., and I are most eager to get back to our own Sacred Heart Church in Hongkew, but in the meantime we are making St. Joseph's Church our headquarters for the "duration of the war," as closer to our scene of action. At the last status Brother

James E. Finnegan, S.J., was transferred to Gonzaga college. Father F. B. Tsang, S.J., the fourth member of our Hongkew community "before the war," is residing temporarily at St. Theresa's Church, Tatung Road. That accounts for our Community, but as for our parishioners, they are anywhere between here and Manila. Forced to evacuate from the districts, many, both foreign and Chinese, are living in the safer parts of the International Settlement and French Concession, many others have gone to Hong Kong, Macao and Manila. About one-third of our parish, the part lying between Hongkew Creek and Wayside, and practically all of Our Lady's parish in the Yangtsepoo District to the north of Wayside, are in ruins; the homes of thousands of the former residents of these thickly populated areas of Shanghai have been burned to the ground, some by incendiary bombs, others by looters who started the fires to cover up their systematic process of stealing whatever had been left behind in homes and shops when the owners had to flee.

THE part of our parish between Hongkew Creek and Soochow Creek, in which the church and most of our major parochial activities are situated, has not been subjected to the harsh treatment the northern portion received. Most of the Japanese residents of Shanghai have always lived in this section, and just now it is firmly controlled by the Japanese military forces. The church and residence show comparatively little signs of damage. A small shell went through the roof of the church and landed in the choir loft, and several windows at the rear and in the sacristy were broken by the explosion of a shell on the wall that separates the inner garden from the girls' parochial school. Apart from broken windows, the residence is unscarred. A couple of shells left their marks on the Marist Brothers St. Francis Xavier's College across the street from the



The fire in Chapei the day the Chinese withdrew from Shanghai. The picture was taken from the Jesuit Mission at Zi-ka-wei, four miles distant from the fire which covered a mile and a half of the city.

church. The Brothers are now conducting classes for their foreign students in Ste. Jeanne d'Arc College.

Twelve shells fell on the buildings or in the compound of Holy Family Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls in Quinsan Road, doing considerable damage, but, thank God, injuring no one. Most of the Community are now living in St. Joseph's Convent or in Seng-mouyeu in Zi-ka-wei. The Loretto Sisters have been enjoying the hospitality of the Sisters of Charity at "Maison Centrale" in Avenue Dubail, and last week succeeded in renting a house in Route Ferguson for the Community and school. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, having been forced to evacuate the General Hospital, have finally been housed with their patients in the Lester Medical Research Institute in Avenue Road.

OUR one desire is to get back to Hongkew and to continue our work that has been so rudely interrupted and disorganized by this undeclared war. Everything looked so bright and promising at the end of June when we could write down 6,880 as the total number of parishioners, 67,108 confessions heard, and 214,007 Communions received during the year, 4,785 children of whom 1,205 were Catholics, and 3,580 pagans, in all our schools.

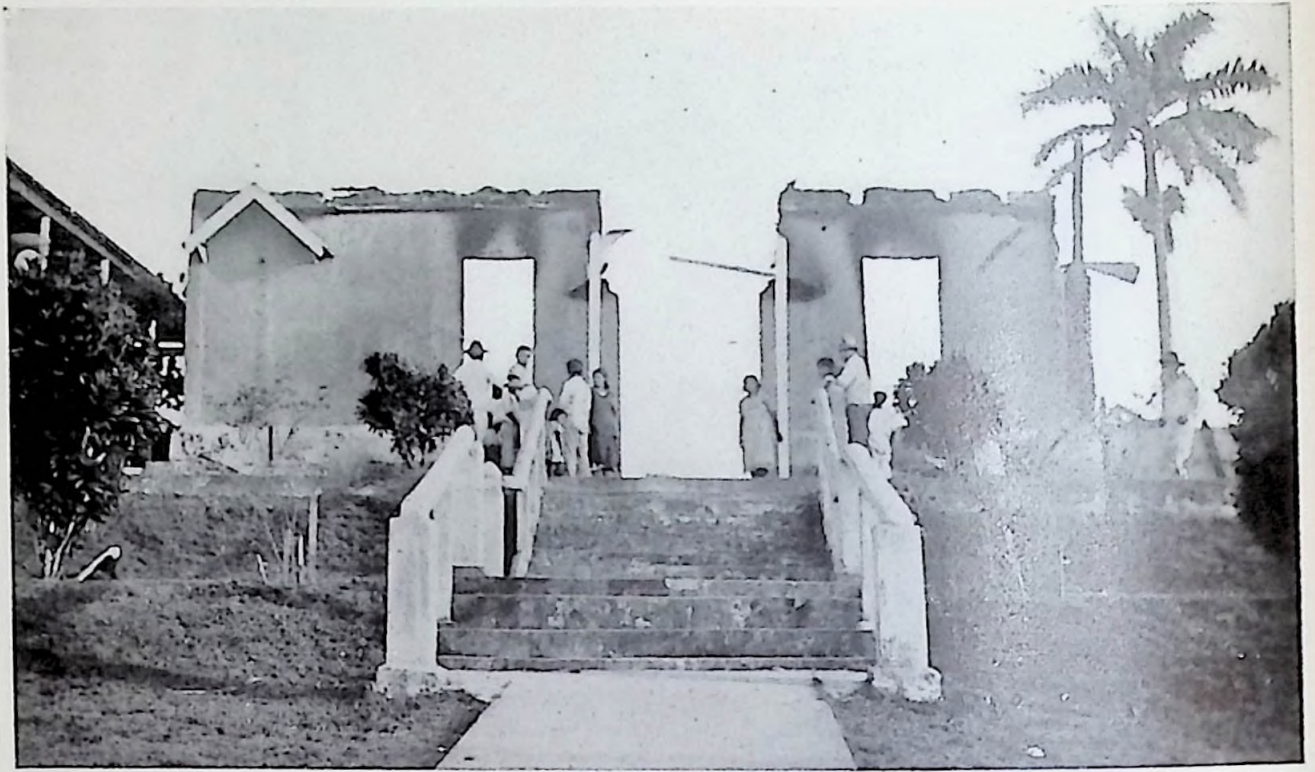
The silent churches, silent in the midst of all this bombing and useless destruction of life and property, mute reminders of their devoted flocks long since dispersed, their crosses still rising above the ruin that surrounds them, these silent churches stand there from Hongkew to Woosung, and back through the countryside in such flourishing Catholic communities as Dazang, Kading and Nanziang; on the Pootung side, we see them, Loh-ka-tse, Mongtsie, Tsang-ka-leu, battle-scarred, still calling to the faithful who had thronged them to offer up their prayers that peace may descend upon this stricken land. May that peace come very soon!

Desolate Benque Viejo

Anthony R.
Kuenzel, S.J.

LAST Monday night, November 15, here at Benque Viejo, British Honduras, we lost our church, altars, beautiful *santos*, namely, the Virgen del Carmen, San Antonio, San Ignacio, Sagrado Corazon de Jesus, San Jose, etc., for the loss of which our people are grieving and weeping more than over the death of their dearest friends on earth. In the hot ashes two days after the unforgettable disaster, my people hoped to find a small *recuerdo* of their loved *santos*, but in vain.

The fire commenced suddenly at 10:05 P.M. with several unexplainable explosions, and in a few minutes swept with hurricane speed from sacristy to choir loft and towers, even though the walls were of stone, the floors of cement and the roof of zinc sheets. There was a minimum of lumber, namely, the altars, windows, doors, pews, choir loft and the necessary beams supporting the bell tower and the large, wide roof. I had locked the sacristy door myself at 7:00 P.M. after returning from a sick call. There were no indications to arouse my suspicions then nor later at 8:30 P.M., 9:00 P.M., nor even at 9:30 P.M., when for the last time I looked from my residence which is only five or six yards away on the north side of the church. From the convent, which is to the rear and on the south side of the church, Sister M. Dosithea, the Superior of our



The entrance to the church at Benque Viejo is now a place of sorrow for the Petenero Indians.

Pallotine Community here, had looked in the direction of the church and sacristy even as late as 9:45 P.M., but noticed nothing out of the ordinary,—all dark.

LESS than twenty minutes later, suddenly several small explosions like those of an automobile exhaust were heard and promptly it was as if the fires of hell itself had been let loose in the sanctuary end of the church. Within less than five minutes the whole interior of the church was a Bessemer furnace, which melted even our three bronze church bells like wax. Thanks be to God, an almost full moon lighted the streets as men, women and children, amidst tears and lamentations for their beloved Church del Carmen, rushed to the scene of the fire. But the heat that issued from the burning interior withered everything within a distance of fifty yards in all directions as hardly a breeze was stirring. Owing to the sudden inception and spread of the fire, together with the terrific heat, we could save nothing without loss of human lives. Our church vestments, sodality banners, chalices, ciboria, two ostensoria (one



The house of the Padre is just outside the ruins of the church. Fortunately there was no wind the night of the fire, for if there had been, the house, too, would have been destroyed.

of which was last year donated by the Little Flower Circle of New York City), our Way of the Cross, church organ, bells, etc., all were swallowed up by Demon Fire. Our Reverend Pallotine Sisters had washed and ironed some recently used purificators, corporals, etc., and had nicely put everything away in the sacristy that very day, only to have them burned that same night.

AT present we have nothing except an old set of vestments which I had intended for an outlying station at Arenal, nothing, not even a baptismal font, nor a holy oils stocks, so completely all is lost. With Holy Job, however, we still can say and do say: "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken and blessed be His Holy Name!" Indeed, we are poor in a material sense with only the borrowed censer, monstrance and other necessary articles generously loaned us by Father Joseph L. Kemper, S.J., the genial *Padre* of El Cayo station.

However, in a spiritual sense our Petenero Indians are great! You will hear no final word breaking through their agonizing tears and sobs more often than: "*Pero, Padre, Dios sabe lo que hace!*" as they have resolved on every sacrifice to rebuild the House of God here as soon as possible. My poor people's unaided efforts cannot rebuild the church, which regularly accommodated three hundred at the Sunday

Mass, in less than ten or more years, but somehow in their high opinion of their priests, these good Indians imagine that their *Padre* has somehow an intercessory power that is omnipotent with God. How little and less than nothing this makes me feel! My people are manifesting a wonderful spirit of sacrifice in that those who have something bring me various things as in the early days of the Faith, for example, a pig, chickens, earrings, turkeys, pillows or dresses as handsomely made as they are able to do them, etc., all to be raffled at a few cents per chance with which they confidently hope to rebuild their *Templo de la Virgen del Carmen*.

TODAY a number of Benque *chicleros* offered to bleed chicle for the Chicle Contractors, Espot and Brothers, who have offered to allow our *chicleros* to bleed one quintal and donate the proceeds to the same end of rebuilding the church. Many men have already declared to me their willingness to work gratis and in whatever way I can use them, if only they may soon see their beloved *Iglesia del Carmen* arise from her ashes, but I told them that in the first place, God wants them to make their salvation sure by the avoidance of

mortal and venial sin, that thus they may expect help from God in an extraordinary way, that God, then, will move the hearts of people with means to send such financial help as we now need for cement, steel, lumber, etc., to rebuild a larger and more solid House for our God and the Virgen del Carmen, as is surely needed, shown beyond cavil by the regularly packed attendance at the Sunday Mass.

BENQUE VIEJO is about ninety-five per cent Catholic. The two great devotions of my people are devotion to *Maria, Madre de Dios, Madre Mia*, and also under the invocation of the Immaculate Conception; secondly, their devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Every First Friday, I may count on two hundred or more confessions and Holy Communions in this settlement of



To the rear of the ruins of the church are the high hills on which stand the ruins of the ancient famous Maya pagan temple, Xunantunich.

about eight hundred. Spiritual work aplenty for one lone missionary, especially if he has one or more villages besides! And now, this lone missionary must find funds to rebuild and entirely equip anew the principal church of this district. We are not in the least way discouraged because we believe that the Hand of God is not shortened and we have a great faith in the good spirit of our people, poor though they are, and we feel certain that in spite of the general world-wide depression, there still remain many noble souls who are willing to bring sacrifices for Christ, the King. Your lone missionary at Benque Viejo confidently invokes the intercession of St. Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, to find the necessary funds very, very soon, to rebuild a House for Jesus and His Petenero Indians. You ask how much I would need to rebuild? Well, barring unforeseen difficulties, I calculate that we would be able to accomplish the labor of love for ten thousand dollars. The structure, in my humble opinion, should be of reinforced concrete and made as lasting and fireproof as possible. How often something cheap in the beginning shows up more costly in the end! We are praying that the good Lord may inspire our friends to help us build a fitting House of God at Benque Viejo.

All Plane and No Work?

Peter Nash, S.J.

“I SUPPOSE, Father, that you find the plane a great help; no more dog sleighs, no more long canoe trips?”

“Well,” answered Father Joseph Couture, S.J., the “Flying Priest” of Ontario who looks after a tiny parish the size of the Mediterranean, “it does help me to see my missions more often. I do the twenty miles from one mission to another in one small hop of twelve minutes. With canoe and portage that used to take over a day. I used to be physically tired out when I arrived. I would feel like doing nothing but sleep. Of course, I have not that tiredness now, but you cannot imagine how much harder it is for me in another way. When you are with the Indians you have to be an Indian, and forget that you are a White man. Now that the trips between my missions are so short I am alone with the Indians nearly all the time.”

“Do you do all the flying yourself?”

“No, I have a young man helping me, Marcel Caouette. He got his private pilot’s license last May, and wants to put in the hundred hours’ flying needed for a commercial license. Of course, I do not really need him. I know all my missions just like my hand. But it is a good way for him to get experience. My old pilot, Louis Bisson, is getting new experiences flying for Bishop Breynat in the Arctic. Landing my plane on one ski, after the other had broken on the take-off, was not enough excitement for him!”

FROM the window we could see the bright November sun flooding the yard and revealing not a trace of winter. It almost seemed foolish to ask whether there was winter in his district. But, he told me, already there were eight to ten inches of snow on the ground, and the smaller lakes were covered with ice.

“I took the pontoons off the plane early in October. It is safer to be early. You never know in the fall whether or not the lakes will freeze over before you can get back from a trip. The skis are already on the plane, but I do not expect to start the winter’s flying before December 20. I will leave Longlac on that day, and be in Gull Bay on Lake Nipigon for Christmas.”

“I hear that there is a lot of gold mining up around Longlac. How is that affecting the Indians?”

“For one thing it has stopped their trapping. There are so many miners and prospectors coming in that the Indian’s life will soon be entirely changed. And that will be dangerous for him. If we do not look after him and fit him in properly into the mining business, the mines will eat him up just as they did in South America



Ontario’s “Flying Padre,” Father Joseph Couture, S.J., Apostle of the Ojibway Indians.

and Mexico. You have no idea how the ordinary mine boss looks down on the Indian. They think it right to pay him much less than a White man.”

“IS it true that some of the Ojibways are still pagans?”

“Yes. I have nearly twelve hundred pagans in my district. I have not much time myself to try converting them. But this is how I have to go about it when I get the opportunity. I drop down near a pagan village, and tell the men that we shall have a meeting tonight. ‘*Ki ga Sagaswaidimin*’ means literally, ‘We will smoke the pipe together.’ They have no other word for ‘meeting.’ In the evening when they are sitting around in a circle I pass out corn-cob pipes and tobacco. The Indians love these ‘pipe-smokes’ during which each one takes turns in giving speeches. I start out. I talk for a long time, until I see that one of them wants to speak. I know that if I ever give him a chance I am through for the night. So I turn around quickly, pretending not to see, and say to the others, ‘Nobody wants to talk?’ And, of course, I take another turn! This way I can tell them about the Faith for three or four hours. But it is very hard work. You cannot tell what effect your words are having. Indian pride will not let them show any sign of sentiment or emotion. They just squat there with their eyes fixed hard on the ground. And then, like all Indians, they will never give you a definite answer. If you ask them whether or not they would like to become Catholics, they will say, ‘maybe,’ but never ‘yes’ or ‘no.’ We can only be patient with them.”

Retreats by the Tigris

Joseph P.
Merrick, S. J.

“WHEN St. Ignatius moved into his cave in Manresa he certainly started something. It was all unknowingly the first volley of the Counter-Reformation, for not only did he reform his own life there by a series of retreats, but he learned how to take the retreat and forge it into a weapon for the spiritual regeneration of Europe. Bishops and priests, monks and nuns and laity were not only personally reformed and kept reformed by annual retreats, but many of them were transformed into some of

the most ardent and successful apostles in Church history. It is said that St. Ignatius learned the secret of making and giving a good retreat from Our Blessed Mother herself, and if we consider the unique efficacy of retreats, we may well believe it. Even the Popes make their annual retreats.”

Thus, dear Reader, did I begin my retreat to the British airman who was the first layman in all probability, to make a closed retreat in the land of the Tigris and Euphrates. It was his own request that he should make it and he made it in the infernal heat of early July, 1936, with all the fervor of a novice. It was an excellent beginning and I gave him “the works,” for I felt it would be a shame to let such good material escape. One who likes high temperatures wouldn’t mind the terrific heat of an unabridged “Hell,” “Kingdom,” “Two Standards,” and “Three Degrees of Humility.”

IT was a prophecy of more, but nothing further happened until in late April of this year Father O’Connell, the new chaplain to the British Air Force in Iraq, asked if we could accommodate some of his men for a retreat during the Pentecost week-end. Hesitatingly we agreed, for our accommodations are wretched and we didn’t want to get off to a bad start. Fifteen was to be the limit although forty of his one hundred or more Catholic aircraftsmen applied to come. Actually, twelve arrived, for one got sick abed, another had to remain on duty, while the third just got cold feet.

Because of the splendid arrangements of Father Francis Anderson, S.J., everything went off very smoothly and the men went away from our tumble-down home to their institutional cantonment with real regret. We had



Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., and Father Francis W. Anderson, S.J., of the Province of New England, with a group of British air men, in all probability the first to make a closed retreat in the land of the Tigris and Euphrates.

tried to make it a mixture of living quietly together in a deeply Catholic family and living altogether alone in Christ, an approximation to Nazareth with Our Blessed Mother in the place of honor, a truly holy home. The way these soldiers of the air kept silence and read the various spiritual books and drank in even the driest talks would have put many nuns to the blush. It was a real education and a great grace to be giving them a retreat. They are the very salt of the British military establishment and they hailed from all corners of the Empire.

OUR next retreat was to our own graduates, that is to the five out of seven who were Catholics. Once more our accommodations were most primitive, for we lived all alone in a little isolated house which the Carmelite Fathers very kindly permitted us to use gratis. We set up our own little chapel, did much of our own cooking, served table, washed our own dishes, swept and cleaned house and made our own beds. And if you find nothing remarkable in that then you haven’t the slightest concept of the Near Orient. We were very near the west bank of the Tigris and by a stroke of good fortune, the families of three of the boys lived in Karradah, on the east bank, about twenty-five minutes away by row boat. On successive days each family prepared a hot dinner which two of the boys would fetch for us as well as the drinking water which we also had to bring from the east side. Altogether, including the hiring of the rowboat, the retreat cost us three dollars and fifty cents for the six of us for three days, or at the rate of less than twenty cents a day for each of us, board and lodging. And we ate very well.

Never had I begun anything with (Turn to page 55)

Speaking of Snakes

Richard A.
Welfle, S.J.

The Author, at the time this article was written was Superior of Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, one of the largest stations in Patna Diocese, India, where the Jesuits of the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus have a flourishing Mission. Let us add just one note to the Author's story, and that is: cobras are deadly poisonous; karaits are deadlier.
—Editor.

SPEAKING of snakes, I cannot refrain from making mention of my cat. For, as you know or do not know, a cat is second only to the mongoose when it comes to putting snakes in their proper place.

The name of my cat is Baboo Lall. And I assert without fear of contradiction that the Baboo is by all odds the snorkiest Tom that ever stalked a cobra. He is striped like a tiger, of a prevailing reddish tawny color by inheritance, a magnificent large Persian by lineage, and a hill-billy by circumstance. Leaving his mother at a tender age, the Baboo migrated from the cool heights of the Himalayas about a year ago, and since then his handsome coat of fur has caused him considerable discomfort because of the terrific heat of the plains.

From this arises the unfortunate fact that some who have not had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with the Baboo have taken him to be lazy. But nothing could be farther from the truth. Indeed, to brand the Baboo as lazy were grievously to malign his good name. True, during the stifling heat of the day, he seeks the coolest spot available, stretches out his full length to catch any stray breeze, and sleeps. And once sleep descends upon the Baboo, not even Shaitan, my big black hill-dog, can rouse him from his dreams. But when the sun is low and cool evening breezes stir, Baboo rises, arches his beautiful back, yawns, very gracefully indeed, and after that no snake, rat, or lizzard can consider itself safe about the premises.

THE other evening at about ten o'clock I was going over to the chapel to make a visit, and I saw Baboo Lall sitting on the steps just outside the door. He was watching something very intently. But, thinking that the Baboo had merely cornered another frog, I passed into the chapel, giving him no further attention.

I had been busy with my prayers for only a short time, however, when I suddenly heard loud hissing outside. At first I was somewhat alarmed. But then I reflected that this must be the Baboo spitting at Shaitan, whom he cordially dislikes, and so remained on my knees in prayer. Then, five or ten minutes later, I got up and was just about to leave the chapel when the night watchman began yelling frantically in Hindi:

"Don't come out, Father! Don't come out! There's a snake. A cobra! A big fellow!"

Well now, you will have to admit that a greeting like that at ten o'clock at night is very apt to give one a rather nasty jar. That's precisely what it gave me. I immediately lost all my wonted dignity, jumped straight

up in the air, and on the way down began yelling back at the watchman:

"Where is it? Am I close to it? Don't stand there braying like an ass! Show me where it is!"

THOUGH the watchman did his best to obey this very undignified command, at first I could not see the son of Satan. But presently, with the aid of the watchman's lantern, I spied the deadly cuss coiled up in a corner just beneath the step where Baboo Lall was calmly keeping watch. And I noticed at a glance that that cobra was plenty riled. For, as I learned later from the watchman, the Baboo had been taking vicious swipes at it with its paw from the step above, and you cannot expect even a cobra to take such treatment lying down. It wasn't. It's head was erect, waving back and forth, hood spread, tongue darting menacingly.

Lively action soon followed. Some of the boys were still up. They had heard the yelling and came running with bamboo sticks. Brother Anthony Ugarte, S.J., a Spaniard, charged up to the scene of battle with his cannon, a .22 rifle, as though he were making an attack on Madrid. His very first shot plunked the cobra squarely midships, breaking its back. The boys then finished it off with their bamboo sticks.

Later, when I recalled how close I had passed by that deadly thing, I must confess that I felt a bit funny, and I was moved to say an extra prayer of thanksgiving to my Guardian Angel. And next morning, Baboo Lall got an extra dish of milk and three imaginary gold fish, for excellent services rendered. In addition he was awarded a brand new pair of shorts with a red and green color scheme, and embroidered with beautiful cloth of gold. Proud of this gorgeous garment, the Baboo presently stretched himself out for another day of peaceful repose, but in the evening he was stalking about again in search of bigger and meaner cobras.

BUT speaking of snakes, a short time before the incident just related, Father George Dertinger, S.J., also had a rather uncomfortable experience. He had gone to another mission station to make his annual retreat, and in the evening of the second day he was kneeling by the open door, absorbed in meditation. The evening was so hot and sultry that he had allowed himself the luxury of removing his shoes. They were on the floor next to him. Having finished his meditation, Father Dertinger arose, and was just about to reach down for his number elevens when a nice healthy karait raised its head, grinned, and began crawling out of one of his shoes. Father Dertinger says it was uncanny; absolutely uncanny. And I know exactly what he means. He told me confidentially that he has taken a holy and wholesome resolution never, never again to indulge in such luxuries as removing his shoes during time of meditation.

But speaking of sna——! Hold everything! Hold

everything! Speak of snakes and one of the devils is sure to appear. Yes sir, believe it or not, but as I live, this very minute the boys brought in another karait. They were out in the compound saying their rosary (about 8:00 P.M.) when one of the boys felt something gliding across his foot. He kicked it off, and answered the Hail Mary that was then in progress by raising a loud cry. The rosary was immediately interrupted, and in a few minutes another karait was going through its last contortions on the ground. About a week ago, the boys killed two karait in the compound the same day, and the evening before, one of the servants did battle with a big fellow four feet long out in one of the sheds. This is big for a karait; they seldom attain to more than four or four and a half feet in length when full grown.

But speaking of snakes, Father Kevin Angelo, S.J., came in from his mission station recently, and he had some thrillers to relate that really clicked. One evening he had been sitting out in the compound, and as the clock struck ten he felt sleep coming on, so he got up to go inside. He was just about to mount the steps to the porch, when the thought occurred to him to get a light. He got the light, and its soft golden beams revealed a friendly little karait waiting for him right on the first step.

HAVING dispatched the little rascal, Father Angelo proceeded inside, and with thoughts of karait and cobras racing through his mind, went to bed. Shortly after midnight he was aroused from sleep by frantic screaming somewhere in the compound. At first he thought that the killing of that karait was having its effect in the form of a bad nightmare. But the yelling persisted. So he got up, went outside, and found a woman in the throes of hysteria. Presently the woman's husband came up and they managed to calm her enough to find out what had happened. She said she had been sleeping inside the house, and something fell from the bamboo ceiling right on her chest. She threw it off, and ran out of the house screaming. When asked what the thing was, she said she did not know, but thought it must have been a rat or a snake. Father Angelo and the woman's husband having armed themselves with sticks and a lantern, went over to the house to investigate. They were moving cautiously about the room when suddenly frightful hissing greeted their ears. A glance behind a box in the corner revealed a big cobra, and it was plainly in a fighting mood. Fortunately, they were able to give it a blow which at once prevented it from making for the opposite corner of the room where two small children were sound asleep.

Father Angelo also effected a cure recently which has

gained for him considerable prestige as a medical magician. A young Mohammedan, while walking across a field happened to come upon a karait, and was foolhardy enough to try to pick it up by the tail. The snake quickly snapped back its head and bit the would-be playmate on the thumb.

Then, not to be outdone in generosity, the fellow seized the snake, and bit it,—because he had heard that when bitten by a snake, the first thing to do to counteract the poison is to bite the snake.

WELL, the poor fellow managed to get to his house and tell what had happened, but soon fell into a swoon. Neighbors quickly gathered; help was not wanting. Those who claimed to know how to treat snake-



Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., "playing" with a python, gives another proof that there really are snakes in Patna Mission, India.

bite said that the man must by all means be prevented from becoming unconscious. He was already unconscious, so they proceeded to beat him viciously with bamboo sticks. But all their beating failed to revive the victim.

He was then taken to a small hospital. But the doctor, after a hasty examination, pronounced the man already too far gone; he could do nothing for him. The bereaved relatives and friends pleaded with the doctor at least to try some remedy. He responded by suggesting that they take the man to the Father over at the mission.

When Father Angelo saw the man, he was at first inclined to agree with the doctor. The fellow had already been unconscious for almost an hour, and appeared to be as good as dead.

But then Father Angelo recalled a snake-bite remedy, called Lexin, which he had recently acquired. This is a reddish colored medicine which is taken by inhaling. He decided to try it, and, although after almost half an hour of inhaling, the patient showed (Turn to page 55)

Duke Street

Revisited Gladstone O Wilson, S.T.D.

IT was Saturday night, October 23rd. I had just arrived from Washington, D. C., to preach a sermon in Jamaica, Long Island, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Colored Mission of St. Benedict the Moor. I had been on the train a good part of the night and had not listened in on the radio news broadcast. As I entered the Rectory, the good Pastor, Father James McCabe, asked me:

"Did you hear the news? One of the convents in 'your' Jamaica has been destroyed by a terrible fire."

A little inquiry as to details of the shocking news bulletin assured me that it was the Convent of the Immaculate Conception at 76 Duke Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., where our good Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis reside and conduct a High School with boarders, a Training College, an Elementary School for Girls, and a Kindergarten . . . Terrible fire . . . Raged for hours . . . Buildings completely destroyed . . .

A cluster of memories rushed to my mind. The block of buildings was one of the last places I had visited before sailing for the United States early in September. I was in charge of the catechetical instruction in the Elementary School and had given my last talk to the children just a few days prior to my departure. They were happy and attentive. The Sisters and lay teachers gathered together to wish me *bon voyage* and a speedy return.

I have returned. But the scene is changed. I meet once again the old familiar faces. There is a peaceful calm on the countenances of all—Sisters, lay teachers, pupils. But they are no longer in the old familiar surroundings.

I RETURN to visit the old site. Only bare, gaping walls and formless ruins meet my gaze. Terrible fire it must have been, indeed. Completely destroyed. What a contrast to the happy surroundings of a few months ago! I step into the ruins of the Infant Department where not so long ago a little boy had given me a most original version of Jacob's dream. Sister had asked me to warn the little ones about running across the street and the danger of being hit by automobiles. The children had evidently been greatly impressed, as the following incident goes to show. Between the warning about running or playing on the streets and my next visit, Sister has told them the story of Jacob's visit to his uncle. So I asked one little boy to tell me the story. He got along splendidly until he reached the point where Jacob lay down on the road to sleep with a stone for his pillow. Then he stuttered and hesitated for a minute. "What happened next, Johnnie?" I asked. His imagination worked quickly and he answered promptly: "Motor car mash him, Fader."



A northwest corner of the Immaculate Conception High School at the height of the conflagration during the recent destruction of Duke Street Convent.

Another day, Sister was giving a lesson during the science period and was telling her class about the habits of the alligator. She explained that it laid its eggs in the sun. Immediately came a query from a bright little girl: "How did he get up there, please, Sister?"

BUT the fire has smothered all the laughter that has penetrated these walls . . . I turn around . . . Across the courtyard four gaunt, black walls face me. That used to be the Sisters' chapel . . . It was a beautiful structure with majestic simplicity . . . For many a long year in the early hours of the morning, the good Sisters had gathered there to feast their souls on the Bread of Angels before starting their strenuous day of toil; and again in the evening, as the night breezes temper the tropical heat, they would return once more to salute their Eucharistic King. Only five years ago, surging crowds swelled the capacity of that chapel to join with the Sisters in giving thanks to Almighty God for the blessings He had bestowed on their work of seventy-five years. Only six months ago, I had attended in that same chapel the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Religious Profession of Sister Mary Conception; and I listened with wrapt attention later in the day as she recalled the history of the past—of the growth of the Community, of the development of their work, of the difficulties, the struggles, the successes, the consolations . . . Indeed, how many memories lay buried in those ruins . . . And of the Convent proper, the High School, the Training College? . . . Nothing remains but ruins . . . saddening ruins.

I turn to go. As I climb over debris and reach the exit, I pause to look back on the site of the former Duke Street Convent and then again in front of me. Facing me, too, is an empty lot. I have (Turn to page 55)

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Inspiration oozed from almost every word and action of Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., from the Patna Mission, India, as he sat in at lunch with the office staff recently and deftly peeled a

A VISITOR FROM INDIA

banana, descanting as he did so on the general topic of fruits, both of the soil and of the soul. It seems, according to the dissertation of the good Father, that India is rich in both species. His technique in cultivating the latter type intrigued us. By a little preliminary spade work, Father cleared away all misconception of his purpose in dealing with the Untouchables. They find out very quickly that they are not to expect money or material advantages. They are informed quite simply that the missionary has none, at least in any great quantity. While he might erect a ten dollar house for "Mahabir," he could not do the same for three thousand "Mahabirs." He assures them, however, that they may depend on him to protect them against exploitation by their landlords and for this they are intensely grateful. The love story of the Incarnation does the rest. For, in comparison to the meaningless, hopeless series of transmigrations which is the essence of Hinduism, the Catholic concept of a Redeemer-God, of a Heaven with its portals ajar, and of a divine family life waiting after death, draws from his catechumens, affection, love, and finally, a faith that incorporates them as active members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Reports of missionaries slain by roving Reds in China, naturally suggests the question: "Are these missionaries martyrs?" Briefly, here is the answer. Martyrdom primarily means the

MISSIONARY MARTYRS

endurance of death for the Faith or Christian virtue, any Christian virtue, as, for example, charity, obedience, or the desire to imitate Christ. On condition that death is inflicted from hatred of the Faith, even children before the use of reason can suffer martyrdom and are honored by the Church as true martyrs, though by it they do not exercise any virtue on their part nor do they gain any merit except, as Saint Thomas teaches, by a special privilege and through the merits of Christ. For these infants, martyrdom supplies the place of Baptism if it has not been received.

Father Henry Davis, S.J., in his excellent series on "Moral and Pastoral Theology" (volume 1, page 266), states the conditions necessary in order that adults may be acknowledged as

MARTYRDOM OF ADULTS

martyrs. They are: "(1) Death, or its sufficient cause, must have been actually inflicted. Those who sacrifice their lives in the service of the plague-stricken are called martyrs of charity, but they are not martyrs in the technical sense; (2) Death, or its sufficient cause, must have been inflicted out of hatred of the Faith; by the Faith is understood not only every truth of Faith but every Christian virtue; (3) Death, or its sufficient cause, must have been endured patiently and unresistingly, though fighting in the cause of Christ or virtue or to protect a Christian people would not preclude true martyrdom. Even when all these conditions are verified, the privilege of martyrdom cannot be won by one in the state of grievous sin unless sorrow for sin has been elicited; but imperfect sorrow or attrition is sufficient. The privileges of martyrdom are that it bestows sanctifying grace and remits all punishment in one who is duly disposed. This is the unanimous opinion of the Fathers. It also adds to the essential reward of salvation an accidental one, namely, the aureole of martyrs."

In "China: The March Towards Unity" a recent publication of the Communist Party of New York City, the relations of Communism to the current Sino-Japanese struggle are stated

COMMUNISM AND THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR

in unmistakable terms. To quote merely three such testimonies: (1) "The Communists who are the true initiators and supporters of the United Anti-Japanese National Front of all parties and troops of the Chinese people . . ." (p. 17); (2) "We hope that this influential force (of Communist sympathizers of the Kuomintang) will restore the three-fold policy; alliance with the U. S. S. R., alliance with the Communist Party, and support of the workers and peasants movement" (p. 29); (3) "The Communist Party of China is for a real democratic re-

public in which the people enjoy democratic rights and liberties—the right to work and education, the inviolability of person, property and dwelling and the freedom of speech, press, organization, strikes, demonstrations, religious belief and anti-religious propaganda, etc." (p. 114). These extracts from the Red propaganda now flooding China should convince American Catholics of Russia's sinister designs on China and the imminent danger to Catholic missions. By pretending to desire only the good of the working classes, Communism continues to gain adherents. Nevertheless, "It is the old alluring promise of heaven upon earth, a materialistic paradise which in a world of irreligion and economic disorders is still potent enough to exercise its deception upon men."

It is consoling to record instances of Christian fortitude as seen under fire on the mission field. According to Catholic teaching, the cardinal virtue of fortitude helps one to face the

REAL CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE

desolations of war, of private hostility, of persecution for conscience sake, of death, exile, sickness and imprisonment. Not only that, but this virtue even makes death desirable in circumstances where natural fortitude would fail, as in the case of martyrs. *And it moderates the influence of natural terror in the case of Christian peoples enslaved, tortured and mutilated.* An example of this latter truth is now daily witnessed by missionaries in the war area of China. A missionary in Shantung writes as follows: "Retreating soldiers have pillaged a good deal in this district. In their flight southwards they have carried off with them a number of girls and young women. Rich and poor are obsessed with the idea of effecting their escape—where to they do not exactly know. People are haunted by the idea that they must get away from the place where they are now, even though the place they move to may in point of fact be more exposed to danger. The whole crowd is dominated by one fixed idea: that of getting away as quickly as possible. One such crowd of fugitives was interrupted in its headlong flight in the neighborhood of Tingchow by the Cha Ho or Sandy River, which blocked their passage. When the rumor got abroad that the Japanese were approaching, hundreds of women and children who attempted to swim across the river were caught by the currents and sucked under. "The missionaries and the local Christians did their best to calm these panic-stricken human beings and finally succeeded in persuading some three thousand persons to come to the missionary residence. The sensible conduct of the missionaries and of the Chinese Christians contrasts markedly with the complete lack of restraint shown by these terror-stricken crowds of pagans. In the three parishes in this district not a single Christian has fled from the villages. As the civil authorities have cleared out, during their absence the missionaries have assumed charge. When the Japanese eventually arrived they were surprised to find everything in perfect working order."

From time to time visitors to JESUIT MISSIONS ask for a working norm which will assist them in determining what part of their salary or income they ought to devote to almsgiving. St.

ALMSGIVING AND THE MISSIONS

Thomas offered the following points as norms to follow: (1) It is only when a man has provided for himself and his family that distributions are to be made; (2) He must then, out of what is superfluous, come to the aid of individuals in extreme necessity and to the aid of the community in grave necessity; (3) The obligation is one of charity, not of justice, and consequently what is superfluous remains our own. Otherwise, it would have to be said that it is common property; (4) It is a *part* of our superfluity that we must give, not all our superfluity. A very reasonable viewpoint is this of Father Vermeersch, S.J., who states that the greater the income, the greater should be the proportion set aside for alms. Nowadays, the needs of the indigent, whether on the home or foreign mission fields, are undeniably multiplied. Since the state attaches a graduated income tax, it appears right that almsgiving should be graduated also in direct proportion to wealth. In this view a good deal more than two per cent would sometimes have to be given in alms, if the two per cent is from superfluous wealth. But it must be added that if this percentage would reach a very high figure, as it would do in cases of great wealth, not so much need be given.

"Buot Ako:- I Will!"

"ALPINIANO, what dost thou ask of the Church of God?" "Rufino; Jose; Lourdes; Assumpcion?" The line stretched out across the whole back of the church. Twenty boys without shoes, in khaki pants and rainbow shirts; twenty girls with veils on their heads (or handkerchiefs, instead) and white dresses gleaming fresh from the river laundry.

The priest went down the line reading the strange, yet musical names, adding an "Jose" here or a "Maria" there: for "Rizalina" (after the Filipino hero) is not quite yet in the "Almanaque." Behind the long row of forty neophytes waited another row, and still another. It was Children's Day at Cagayan's Eucharistic Congress, and the catechist schools, hidden away in little villages, were rolling in their offerings of golden innocence. Over two thousand youths were to pack the Cagayan Cathedral on Children's Day, and the *barrios* (or villages) vied with the capital city in filling up the aisles.

For some years, in districts made barren to Christ by the Aglipayan schism, the little schools, with their faithful catechists, have been preparing the soil for Catholicity to flourish again. This Children's Day showed that the second spring is not far off. Chanting the Lourdes hymn in Visayan, and the Manila Congress hymn in Spanish, and throwing in an English one for variety, the little groups poured into Cagayan on the big red trucks we here call "buses." Only those could come who could

receive Holy Communion. But many of these had first be baptized, out of Aglipayanism into the Faith that every Filipino once knew.

ONE *barrio* school sent in twenty-five to be baptized another forty. Perhaps, in all, the priest asked a hundred times that question: "Wilt thou be baptized?" One hundred boys and girls replied: "*Buot ako:-I will!*" And behind, in the villages, little broken-hearted boys dressed only in long shirts, and sobbing little girls in their drab school dress, had watched their carefully scrubbed schoolmates on their way out to Cagayan. Left behind, they sat dumfounded under the coconut trees, or wandered, unconsolable, along the coral-beached sea. Why had their parents been so careless as to refuse them permission to be baptized, to shut them out from that happy comradeship with Christ which other children would enjoy tomorrow?

But the fortunate ones in Cagayan, they doubtless never thought of the poor little waifs left behind. A new world was theirs: a church where they sat on real benches; they did not have to squat on the earthen floor; the sound of beautiful music for their singing from a strange box came from an organ; and gleaming lights burning high near the ceiling without even smoking! And around them were hundreds of other children like themselves; surely the Aglipayan *pari-pari* (minister) had not been speaking truth when he warned their parents not to let them be baptized because Filipinos should not be *Romanistas*—members of a foreign religion.

IN ways such as this the *barrio* schools show their way to the Church in Northern Mindanao. Slowly, a group of young people are gathering around the little chapel Aglipayan centers. As the old folk die away, or are led away—often by the hands of their children—a brighter future opens up for the missionaries in those sections which their themselves cannot often visit. So whenever he can

visit, the missionary priest, one of these schools uses a faithful catechist who works most of the five days a week, on Sunday. The catechist salaries are five dollars a month, but when a place like Cagayan has twenty places where a catechist should be, he can readily be seen

Members of the Catholic Youth Organization in Cagayan between rounds. Filipinos love boxing and are intensely proud of the fame which came to their fellow countryman Pancho Villa, who by his death had won the world weight championship of the world. Only one out of fifteen of these Catholic boys, aged thirteen to twenty-one, had made their First Communion



Father James E. Haggerty, S.J., Director and Dean of Studies and Discipline of the High School at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, as well as Moderator of the Catholic Youth Organization and Diocesan Director of Boy Scouts.



James E. Haggerty, S.J.

the missionary, already struggling for existence, cannot support a catechist in many a strategic place. However, the diocesan high schools,—Ateneo for the boys, and Lourdes for the girls,—send out their students in numbers every Sunday to catechetical centers. They instruct hundreds every year.

CAGAYAN, since 1925, about the time American Jesuits first invaded the old rectory, has had a marvelous religious history. In 1925, yearly Communion did not number one thousand. Ten years later, they numbered sixty-five thousand. Then, not two hundred people came regularly to Mass on Sunday; now, at three Masses, about two thousand people fill the crumbling old Cathedral. And when we ask ourselves: "What, chiefly, caused this change?" the answer is quite plain: "Schools and catechism; schools and catechism; again, schools and catechism."

But in the municipality of Cagayan some ten thousand children whom we have not yet reached, look up at us with dark, questioning eyes: "We are not in your schools yet, we are not in your catechism classes, we do not know how to say even one little prayer—and we love religion. Where are the other priests to help you teach us, where are the other catechists?" We'd like to put our hands on the head of each, explain about God to them, about Communion,—and about Baptism to some,—so that we might ask them as we did that other hundred: "Wilt thou love the Lord thy God with thy whole mind?" Sooner or later, the answer would come back: "*Buot ako:—I will!*"

However, of one thing I am now certain. I alone can never hope to capture all these children for the Faith. It is physically impossible for one man even to cover now and then all the area that is assigned to me. Moreover, even though I am director of a high school, I also shall continue to assist at the Cathedral, as well as to visit outlying *barrios*, keep up my big club for the boys, The Catholic Youth Organization, and to continue the catechism centers in the villages. If, therefore, my letters to readers of JESUIT MISSIONS in America should become a little scarce, please try to bear with me. Sometimes, I think how splendid it

For over a score of years this heroic good Samaritan, Father Francis X. Rello, S.J., has been pouring the oils of medicinal and spiritual antidotes in the wounds of these Filipino leper children in the desolate Island of Culion, Palawan, P. I.



On the banks of the Cagayan River by whose shores is situated St. Augustine's Cathedral, the episcopal see of Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J.

would be not to be faced with a pile of correspondence, but then I remember the pleasure that letters from friends bring me—and I know I would be very lonely without your letters. And I know, too, that without your help in prayers and material aid, my work would be very seriously hampered. And so, letters, I hope, will always be a bond between us; and if some little spark of my interest in the missions is enkindled in you by these letters—they will then be part of my mission work. Missionaries alone in the field will never win all the world for Christ. You who are missionaries at home must help in the conquest. You, too, staying at home, will then travel in spirit over tropic seas, sail in *vintas*, walk under the palms by coral-blue waters, climb the mountains, help me also to teach the clean-limbed, brown-skinned youth of Mindanao how to take Christ for their Hero. The youth of Mindanao are the prize for which the followers of Christ and followers of anti-Christ are contending. There can be no compromise. With your prayers there will be victory both here and hereafter.



In the Street of the Stone Tiger

Robert H. Dailey, S.J.

MAISON CHABANEL is its name. A trace of grim humor can be detected in the title, "Chabanel!" As if whoever named our Chinese home was aware that it was St. Noel Chabanel, missionary to be among the Huron Indians of North America, who found it impossible to learn the native tongue. Long experience with the efforts of foreigners to learn the Chinese language induced him, perhaps, thus to christen the new Jesuit Language School in Peiping.

For Maison Chabanel is the language school of the Jesuit Missions of northern and central China. To this house in the Street of the Stone Tiger come all Jesuit missionaries with the exception of the Irish and Portuguese Jesuits whose field of apostolic endeavor is in the south, for an intensive two year course in the written and spoken language of China. Last year, by a temporary arrangement, it was in central China at Anking. This year Peiping was decided upon as the permanent location for the obvious reason that Peiping, ancient capital of the Flowery Kingdom, remains to this day the cultural center of China.

OUR house is Chinese. For that reason one should rather say, "our houses," for a Chinese house is plural. Here a dwelling is made up of several small buildings, the number depending upon the size of the family. These buildings are arranged in groups of three around a small courtyard, the place of honor facing south, the other two, east and west. The whole group of houses is surrounded by a high wall whose only aperture is usually in the center of the southern wall.

Maison Chabanel is a large establishment. Formerly it was the dwelling of a Manchu Prince of some means. The building in which he lived has been converted into a recreation room for the priests while the other larger buildings have become classrooms, a chapel, refectory and a recreation room for the Scholastics; the smaller places, replastered and repainted, for the house was built at least a century ago, serve as living rooms for the Community. Two large open spaces, which traditions say were drill grounds for the Prince's soldiers, will be used for recreation grounds.

A polyglot group, indeed, is the Community. Bystanders at the Tower of Babel would find Maison Chabanel a place peculiarly like the plain in the land of Sennaar were they to listen in during the recreation



Near the west wall of Peiping is the famous cemetery at Chola where stands this tomb of Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., seventeenth century missionary, whose fame will forever be associated with the missions of China.

periods. There are Americans from California, Spaniards from Leon and Castile, Frenchmen from Paris and Champagne, Italians from Turin, Austrians, Mexicans, Canadians and Colombians. And when the Babel is at its height one's aching ears can hear the reassuring phrase of the universal language of the Church, "*Dic latine, frater.*"

SO finally, after many a setback and in the teeth of grave difficulties that threaten its future, the Jesuit Language School in Peiping has become a reality. But it has entered upon its course in the severest poverty. The chaotic state of affairs in China makes it impossible to depend on the Missions for financial help now, but we must look to America and Europe for aid to carry on this most important work for the Chinese Missions.

Some of us here are destined for missionary work in rural districts and some will do educational work. We Californians will also be divided. Some of us will work in Haichow Mission, recently entrusted to our American Jesuits, while others will work at Gonzaga College in Shanghai, or at the new University Hall we are building in Nanking. There is great need of Catholic educational work out here. So please pray that peace may soon be restored to this vast and thickly populated land which is so rich in opportunities for the salvation of souls. The fields are white unto the harvest.

The Sixty Million Untouchables of India

The Mission Intention for February

INDIA, with its crowded millions, is in the melting pot. Apart even from its great political movement, it is definitely passing through a period of transition. The new surge of social unrest among the world's proletariat, which in the Far East and in the West has helped to nurture Communism and so many other baneful isms, has not left India untouched.

True, the more conservative masses of India have not yet acquired the terrific momentum of social upheaval displayed in other lands, nor does it seem likely that this will be achieved in the very near future. But the situation is pregnant with possibilities and—what is of supreme importance to us—with most extraordinary opportunities for bringing the Faith to uncounted thousands and even millions of India's poor.

India's poor! Poverty, in India, has a meaning which those who have not lived in India simply cannot realize. This is particularly true among the Depressed Classes, usually designated in Hindu society as the Untouchables. Of the more than two hundred and twenty millions of Indians professing Hinduism, some sixty or so millions belonging to the classes of menial workers have, by the cunning and cruelty of the better situated castes, been branded as inferior and polluted. Since by very reason of their birth in one of these castes they are "unclean," they are prohibited, among many other social and religious restrictions, from touching the food or drink of the upper castes. Hence, then, to a foreigner, the misleading term of "Untouchable." The name tends to obscure beneath a barrage of religious hypocrisy the hideous fact that the cunning of the upper castes has reduced these millions to a condition far more pitiful, in general, than was that of the Colored people in America, before the emancipation.

From time immemorial up to very recently, these poor down-trodden millions simply took for granted that so it had to be—"so it was written"—whether in retribution for sins committed in a previous life or otherwise; it was their fate.

Without entering into an analysis of the growth of the present social awakening, the fact is that for the first time in centuries these Untouchables are beginning in appreciable numbers, to lift up their faces and are daring to ask: "Why?" They are daring to think, and their thinking has become vocal in educated leaders like Nikaljay and Ambedkar, that after all it is possibly not an inexorable necessity that they and their charming children and children's children must all be slaves *in aeternum*. They are asking themselves: "Is there a way out?"

It has not taken them long to realize the grim reality that shackled hand and foot. As they are there is no way out if they must rely only upon their own poor resources. But there are strong arms that could help. And what is of supreme practical importance, these arms are stretched toward them in persuasive welcome. Islam, seventy millions strong, Sikhism, small but compact, Protestantism, with no mean social advantages to offer,

are eager and eloquent competitors. And the Church, Christ's own, with its tremendous, eternal values? What are Catholic missionaries doing?

It is gratifying to know that the Catholic missions are meeting with a success unprecedented in the history of northern India as far as conversions directly from Hinduism are concerned. To cite only one example, to show what extraordinary opportunities are now open to us, we may refer to Patna Mission in Bihar where, with only two priests and a sadly inadequate corps of catechists in this new field, three thousand converts were won in little more than a twelve-month. And the missionaries assure us that given more workers,—catechists, Sisters, priests,—the number of converts could have been increased indefinitely. The three thousand are but a sad testimony of what might, what should have been accomplished.

Preparing illiterates,—for such practically all the Untouchables are,—for Baptism and Christian living, is a long and laborious task. All the instruction must be imparted orally. It is obvious that most of this labor should fall to the native catechist, and not to the Sisters or priests so few in number, so difficult to get. It is equally obvious that if we want to measure up to an opportunity that envisages millions, a veritable army of catechists will be required. We must then pray, but if our prayer comes from the heart it will prove its sincerity by leaping into action. For all of us can share of our abundance with those whose want is so distressing. What makes our sharing so surpassingly beautiful is the fact that we are sharing with our Lord. "You did it unto Me!"

Yet there is an additional fact that is of singular beauty in this, Christ's own work. We all, whether rich or poor, have an equal opportunity of *sharing with Christ* if only we will give, each according to his means. And here again we have Our Lord's own assurance: "She—the poor widow—hath given more than all these . . ."

But there may be a question in the minds of some. Is it desirable to accept converts who come to us with such material motives as do these Untouchables? For it is generally true that these people do not come to the missionary in order to examine his religion, imported by representatives of the "material-minded West." What they want is protection from the cruelty and exploitation of their oppressors. Religion may just have to be taken along with the rest as part of the bargain. Not very inspiring, is it? But it is the open door! And once you are able to get a hearing it is deeply touching to see the appeal which the Good Tidings make upon these souls, souls starved even more than the under-nourished bodies. Then to see these newlings in the Faith not only persevere in their profession of it in the face of constant and bitter persecution, but to continue besides to bring in other catechumens, seems a tangible proof of the workings of grace in their hearts. We may, then, well repeat: This is the acceptable time . . . Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest . . . !

Afield with American Jesuits

ALASKA

On December 15, Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., for years a missionary at Nulato, Alaska, was appointed Superior of the Missions of Northern Alaska. Father McElmeel brings to his work long years of experience and successful work in the arctic North. We wish him God's abundant blessings on his new work which will add even greater responsibilities to those he has already carried.

* * *

Father Francis B. Prange, S.J., who for some years has been stationed at Holy Cross, Alaska, but who has been acting Superior of the Alaskan Missions since October 10, 1936, is returning to the United States and will reside at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington. He will act as Mission Procurator for the Oregon Province and will be the new Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* for the same Province. We welcome Father Prange most heartily to our Mission Staff.

* * *

Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., is dead. That is the startling news that came out of Alaska in early December. November 30, 1937, saw him close his eyes in peace after nearly forty years of sacrificing labor for Eskimos, Indians, and invading White men on the frozen rivers, in the towns and villages of Alaska. He died in his eightieth year, the fifty-fifth of his priesthood, in his forty-sixth year in the Society of Jesus.

For an account of his life, we are indebted to the *Jesuit Seminary News* of the Oregon Province.

"John Luke Lucchesi was born in Genoa, Italy, on October 19, 1858, and there received his home training, his scholastic formation and other seminary studies. He never spoke much of himself or his family; but those who labored with him learned this item, that he was ordained priest before he completed his twenty-fifth year, and recent co-laborers got the further fact, from other sources, that he had some charge of seminarians, and his tact and fine qualities had marked him out for ecclesiastical advancement which he precluded by entering the Society of Jesus. He offered himself and was accepted in the Jesuit Novitiate at Chieri, Italy, July 19, 1891. At the time he was a priest and aged thirty-three.

"In 1892-93, he was stationed at the Jesuit Residence in Genoa, where he worked for two years giving Mission Exercises and directing Catholic Societies. He taught Christian Doctrine at the House of the Good Shepherd, and was Spiritual Director of the Congregation entitled, 'Handmaids of St. Ambrose.' The next year he was sent to the Jesuit House at Bastia, where he managed the household, was Spiritual

Director of the students of the Christian Brothers' School, taught Christian Doctrine and organized a Society for Catholic men as well as a Catholic Club for boys. It is evident enough he was cut out to be a man of Catholic Action.

"As the missions of the Rocky Mountain region and Alaska were then in charge of the Jesuit Province of Turin in Italy, Father Lucchesi was allowed to devote his life to our far-away missions. In autumn, 1897, he landed in the United States, but was sent to Frederick, Maryland, for the last year of his spiritual formation. In September, 1898, he was appointed to the Mission of Holy Cross on the Yukon, the great river-highway of Alaska. He studied the language of the Eskimos, the Indians, the Inuit, the T'na. His work as yet lay near home, and he was Spiritual Father to the Community of four Fathers and three Brothers.

"From that time until his death on November 30, 1937, a period of all but forty years, the land of Alaska, but especially the watershed and Delta of the Yukon was the home and the field where our sacrificing missionary spent his active life and was spent in complete immolation for souls. It mattered not what was the color or condition of the bodies that held these souls to earth, they were all redeemed by the Blood of Christ.

"He was not caught up in the Gold Rush that made for the Klondyke in 1898, where the hard life of a priest among the 'stampedeers' carried down Father William Judge, S.J., to an early,



Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., who died on November 30, 1937, after nearly forty years of missionary labor in Alaska.

though a glorious grave. Father Judge's name will live while Dawson City and Forty Miles Rapids, and Chilcoot Pass will be marked on maps and charts. Nor was Father Lucchesi very often near Nome, where the sands and the gravel were heaved up again and again to find the yellow 'pay dirt.'

"He was not out of reach of the wild events of the camps, for the backwash, the flotsam and jetsam of stranded, disappointed, human nature came in on his side of the Yukon, in wretched plight indeed, and our good Father, with all his strong trust in the strength of God, relieved suffering and destitution while he himself labored, prayed and suffered. A sketch, such as this page can give, will not do justice to the man, his God-like virtues, and his labors. It may lead us to a greater study of such Christian heroism, for there were giants in those days, spiritual giants.

"The annual appointments record him at Holy Cross for many years, only to be changed now and then to other missions in the same region, where there were boys or girls to be gathered into school or a school to be organized. Eighteen of his forty years of labor and hardship were spent at Holy Cross, eleven at St. Michael's near Akulurak, four at Yukon Delta, two at Mountain Village, a year at Hooper Bay, a year at Pilgrim Springs, a year at Nulato, and a year at Pimute. Where it was at all possible, he established a school and where he had young people he had sodalities. To him, Catholic education meant constancy in the Faith. His dog teams would make every village up from Yukon Delta over the frozen river, or over the tundra, or far inland over all the trail-crossed broken country up to St. Michael's. At every return he brought some pupils to the schools.

"He was indefatigable on the trail. Even when he was seventy, he could lead the huskies or the malemutes team and break the trail for them. Even at that age he made a four-day trip, the dogs packing all the necessaries for the poor of the villages and his own sleeping tent that gave him the luxury of a covering from the storms of the night. Three to six feet of snow in varying layers of hardness made his 'Beauty-rest' mattress. Some good moosehide or old blanket kept his body warm and his blood pumping while he slept.

"He is gone now, but he was a puzzle to the most hardened of the other White 'mushers.' He raced and he stopped, through blinding blizzard and intervals of light, digging into the snow at times, to park himself and his dogs,—always eager. He kept it up for six days on one trip, snatching some sleep at nights, but what was worse, he never once removed 'his native boots.' Every dog driver knew



Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., of Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, invites you to do some hunting with him next summer. You would find it too cold if you went there in winter.

what that meant. On that long, long trail a-winding, he kept his spirits buoyant by crying out repeatedly, 'See how God in His Providence provides tenderly for these souls.'

PATNA, INDIA

Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., sends this latest letter from his new station: Catholic Mission, Chainpatia P. O., Champaran Dt., India.

"Your letter of September 1 followed me here. I am sorry that I cannot succeed in keeping you up to date regarding my address! I find it a bit hard, too, in sorting out the different letterheads, lest I use the wrong ones. However, I think you will be safe in addressing your ever welcome letters to Chainpatia from now on. When the next earthquake comes I'll let you know quickly. For Indians, we move rather quickly. It is well that our goods are few. When I hear of the troubles of some of the officials over here in moving from place to place, I smile. In place of truck loads of furniture and clothing and whatnot, we pack a box or two, roll up our bedding, call a couple of coolies and are ready for the road. If we did not have

to carry a Mass outfit, we could travel lighter still. It is a sign that I feel rather safe here for the time that I have really unpacked; for the last year and more I have been living very much out of a quasi suitcase.

"Champaran District, over three thousand square miles, is my stamping ground. The Doms and Chamars and Dosadhs who were baptized within the past ten or fifteen years are my first charge—to minister to them will be a trick, I imagine, as they are scattered all over, a handful here, a handful there; some well disposed, some utterly careless; some good, some bad; all ignorant and still steeped in superstitions and customs from pagandom; children in mind though not in perception; trained by every imaginable hardship to trickery and deception; despised and detested except as necessary vassals; ready perhaps to take advantage of a kindness shown them; unaccustomed to act on their own initiative. With all this, however, they are lovable people. If we can only win their confidence we may be able to make a splendid race of Catholics out of them.

"In addition to them are their brothers of the same castes who have not yet become Christian, whose conversion will make it all the easier for these already converted to live up to their religion. They, too, are faced with tremendous economic difficulties, as are their Catholic brothers; with the social revolution that Christianity brings into Hindu practices; with a working, practical religious life after years of nothing but outward forms. Conversion is no small task!

"Could you in any way give me two favors—direct connection with a mint of money and with the Holy Spirit? Both it seems to me are needed for one who would dare attempt to lead Champaran's Depressed Classes along

the stony way of Calvary.

"Your check came safely. Thank you. I'll write to the donors gladly. Come again, often. The oftener you come the more we'll invest in this conversion work that has the devil up on his hind legs already."

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Very Reverend Frank N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, arrived in New York on December 22, en route to Chicago on business for the Mission. Patna Mission is entrusted to the Jesuits of the Chicago Province.

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From St. Mary's Mission, P. O. Bhagaya Via Pirpanti, Santal Parganas, Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., sends Christmas greetings and then goes on to say:

"Our three hundred Santal boys and girls and Catholic folk from nearby villages held a grand Corpus Christi procession on the mission grounds on the feast of Christ the King. His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., was celebrant at the benedictions. The same morning he had confirmed a class of seventy and had received four Protestants into the Church. One of these new converts is the head man of a village five miles distant from the Mission.

"Father James A. Creane, S.J., who has been on the sick list for quite some time, has not yet returned to St. Mary's Mission. I am spending part of my time with Father Leo P. Frank, S.J., in the school here and the other part with Father John J. Brennan, S.J., in the field. All of us here are well."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

In the form of a brief farewell note, Father David A. Daly, S.J., takes leave of JESUIT MISSIONS, but only, as he



Future native Jesuit missionaries for Patna Mission, India, are visited by their Superior, Very Rev. Frank N. Loesch, S.J., of the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus. The picture was taken at Shembaganur in the Madura District, where the young Scholastics are engaged in their studies. At the present time Very Rev. Father Loesch is in the United States on business connected with the missions.

hopes, for a time. Writing from St. Mary's Church, Tagoloan, Misamis, Father Daly notes:

"In this my latest, but I hope not my last letter from the mission field of Mindanao, let me thank you and through you all at JESUIT MISSIONS for your very many acts of charity towards me. Especially do I wish to thank you all for your exceeding Christ-like forbearance which urges you to continue to labor for us, and keep sending donations to me when so often not altogether culpably, I was greatly remiss in acknowledging and thanking you for the fruits of your labors. In the peaceful regulated atmosphere of the seminary at San Jose, Manila, I hope to be able to have more opportunity in which to recall all your benefactions and more time in which to pray to the great Missionary for you and for all who have been so good to us in the years past. My greatest regret at present is the fact that in going away from here, I am leaving Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., who is to succeed me, nothing but debts to pay off. They are not very big ones but there is nothing on hand for him to use. Recently I had to make very urgent repairs on the church. Eight of the *haligues* (these are big posts which hold up the roof) had to be replaced, some in part, some altogether. When we got through, all my money was spent and I had to borrow to pay the teachers for October. The people are willing to contribute but the necessary contributions will take time."

* * *

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writing from Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, offers us the result of what he calls "miscellaneous meditations."

"The housing problem is not acute in Mindanao mountainsides except on the occasion of the annual fiesta as in the case of the county fair when kith and kin for kilometers around gather. Fiesta day in this part of the world



Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Maryland-New York Jesuits in the Philippine Islands, who has just arrived in New York on business connected with the missions.

brings out the last fork and knife for extensive and intensive service over a period of twenty-four hours. The lodging situation is solved by the general practice of resting one's weary bones in comfort on mats which are spread out on the floor. We Occidentals are accustomed to an upper berth even when at home. The people of the Orient may look for an upper berth when out on the sea, but at home, for ninety per cent and more, a mat on the hard floor is no impediment to pleasant dreams and a restful night. However, even in the remotest settlements, the thoughtful country people always manage to fit out a bed for a missionary when he arrives for fiesta day. In many remote settlements there is no residence for the missionary and he must depend for his board and lodging on the hospitality of the town folk. If at times the kith and kin take possession of all the floor space the prudent missionary looks elsewhere for parking quarters. I frequently, with my boy

companions, take to a corn crib where I waste half the night trying to make up my mind as to whether I should leave the candle lit and incur the risk of falling asleep and setting the barn on fire, or, of blowing the candle out and running the risk of allowing the mice to nibble at my ears. All this is a practical problem which I have not yet solved to my entire satisfaction."

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Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., author of the interesting account of "A Missionary Mother" in JESUIT MISSIONS for December, 1937, reports from Tangub, Occidental Misamis. His letter is a mixed paean of gladness, confidence in God's providence and spiritual pugnacity.

"*Convento* debt is no longer a worry to me, thanks to the kindness of JESUIT MISSIONS, of Fordham Prep and other benefactors. I bank any money that I can for safe keeping and make out checks as need requires. Just after the Eucharistic Congress I found that I had overdrawn twenty-five pesos and had to hock my reputation to get back to Tangub. Once again I am in deep water. However, I intend to leave financial worries to God while I go on with His work. I do not intend to put a front on my church until the land question is settled. A recent decision of the courts was given in my favor and according to it our church plaza will not be crossed by any municipal road in front of the church front. Too bad Aglipayanism was not stamped out in its birthplace! If it is bad here it must be worse there, namely, in the Province of Ilocos Norte. The work of salvaging is piece meal. Marriages of many years standing are being validated, with one or two of the parties coming from the Aglipayan heretical group. The founder of Aglipayanism visited Tangub not so long ago in company with a woman posing as a New Yorker but no doubt a Jewish Communist. However, I was ready despite the evidence of all the trouble he has caused, to give him the last sacraments if he was in need and if he should have been the victim of a stroke."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Henry B. Muollo, S.J., now Pastor of Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I., describes a trip to Cave Valley, twenty-four miles out from Savanna-la-Mar.

"It is twenty-four miles from Savanna-la-Mar. There are about twenty Catholics in this district and the only consolation of religion afforded them is monthly Holy Communion. There is no place of worship to celebrate Mass. But plans are in process to equip a two-room wooden structure for this purpose. The people of this district eke out their existence on the fruit of their labor in banana plantations.

"On a recent visit bringing them Holy Communion, the main country road in the district was flooded at the



Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior of the American Jesuits at Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I., with a group of his boy and girl first communicants.

natural fording. The people who came to receive Holy Communion had to wade knee-deep through the fording, because my Ford refused to cross this fording, fearing a shut-down of the engine under water.

"There was a sick man beyond who needed a priest. And so towering Bill Cunningham, who had just received Holy Communion, came to the priest's assistance in the role of a veritable St. Christopher. The dignity of the priest was in no way lessened by mounting 'St. Christopher's' shoulders 'piggy-back' fashion. If there were a camera handy, it would have told the story much more vividly than words. However, the priest attended the sick man who was deeply grateful for this timely and unexpected visit. It lasted about fifteen minutes—the while 'St. Christopher' waited to take the priest across the fording again to the waiting Ford which was to take me to another sick man about seventeen miles therefrom.

"Spiritually, it is quite consoling. Materially, there is a discordant sound in the tune of gasoline forty cents per gallon to feed 'the good old' Ford which plays well its part of 'Old Faithful.'

"Sound as it may like a sliding 'from the sublime to the ridiculous,' spiritual consolation to the poor depends largely upon things quite material at the disposal of their Shepherd in 'bush life.'"

* * *

Since Father Raymond Sullivan's departure for a well deserved holiday in the States, Father Thomas J. Hennessey, S.J., has been Acting Pastor at Brown's Town. He writes:

"Perhaps an account of this week's activities may be of interest to the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. Sunday morning I drove the twelve miles to Alva, stopping for some passengers en route, and arriving at the church before seven o'clock. Mass was scheduled for seven-thirty, but the people await the ring of the bell before they begin to gather. At first, I wondered what was the value of these church bells, which, standing apart from the church itself, are such a conspicuous feature of the mission groups. But I soon learned that a correct idea of the time of the day is very hard to find in the country, and I have seen a clock by which the school hours were regulated that was at least three-quarters of an hour fast.

"At Alva on Sunday morning there were over fifty confessions before Mass, and as there is no confessional in the church, each one has to come into the sacristy. Apparently the next penitent is not right outside the door, for there is usually an interval before the next leisurely enters. As a result, it was after nine o'clock before I began Mass and I had to omit the instruction in order to get to the next station. Where there are only two Masses in the month, this is a distinct loss. There were requests to bring Communion to

two sick people which I had to postpone until the following Wednesday when I was to visit Murray Mount about five miles away.

"I had promised Communion to a sick man beyond Somerton to whom I had been called a few days previously, so after taking my passengers back to their home, I had to circle around to visit him, and then continue on to Somerton for what should have been a ten o'clock Mass. I had a few confessions there so that it was eleven-twenty when I actually could begin Mass. Fortunately, the people in the country are used to such delays and await patiently the call of the bell, or if they arrive at the church, are glad to spend the time in social conversation.

"Monday morning I returned to Somerton for Mass at six-thirty in order to permit the reception of Holy Communion by about twenty communicants. On Sunday after Mass and breakfast I had a Baptism, also gathered the names of the candidates for Confirmation.

"Monday evening at Brown's Town, I gave a catechetical instruction, followed by catechism class for the candidates for Confirmation, which number now about twenty adults, besides the children who are instructed by the regular Sunday School teachers.

"Wednesday morning I arrived at Murray Mount a few minutes before six-thirty, the hour for Mass, and found the place deserted, as for once the sexton had not rung the bell before my arrival. There were twenty-six for confession and Communion and it was almost school time before Mass was finished. At present, the classes are held in the church building, but Father Sullivan hopes to be able to build a new school house, which will, of course, be much more suitable.

"After breakfast, which the teachers kindly furnished, I had a child and an adult Baptism, and then took Communion to the two sick women I re-

ferred to before. Returning to Murray Mount, I visited an eighty-seven year old man, a non-Catholic, who had asked for the priest. He was quite feeble, but conscious, and expressed his desire to become a Catholic, so I gave him conditional Baptism, heard his confession, as best I could, and administered Extreme Unction."

CHINA

Mr. Robert H. Dailey, S.J., of the California Province, who sailed for China last summer, describes his trip and his new home in Peiping:

"After three weeks in Tokyo, one week in Kobe, and four days on a Japanese coastal steamer, the *Nanrei Maru*, on the way from Kobe to Tientsin, I first touched Chinese soil at 11:35 P.M., Monday, September 21, 1937, by nearly stepping into the mud from a river boat to the French Bund at Tientsin, just six weeks and two days from San Francisco.

"Tokyo was very nice but it was hot. The German Fathers were very crowded and we knew that we were in the way. After a week and a half we commenced Chinese under Father John Magner, S.J., and learned about two hundred characters. It was interesting and I like Chinese. During our stay in Tokyo we were able to visit most of the city but we did not go out of town. After two weeks we received word from Father Henri, S.J., the new Superior of the Shanghai Mission, for us to split up. Mr. Philip Olinger, S.J., Mr. Ralph Moholy, S.J., and Father Magner went to Shanghai, and the rest of us, Mr. Edward Murphy, S.J., Mr. James Thornton, S.J., Mr. Thomas Carroll, S.J., and I, came on to Tientsin and then to the Language School at Peiping where we are now. We came on a Japanese coastal steamer. Coming up, we passed through the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan and the equally beautiful Korean Islands, clustered at the south end of the



Natives of the Mission of Father James Becker, S.J., holding a line of jackass rope, one of the cheapest tobaccos in Jamaica. This is cut in varied lengths and distributed to the natives at the Poor House, Montego Bay.

Korean Peninsula. We arrived at Tangku, the port of Tientsin, at five o'clock, were met by the Procurator of this Mission of the Champagne Province, and came up the Pei Ho River to Tientsin in a river boat. The boat was crowded with Japanese passengers from our steamer on their way to Tientsin. Everything was fine, but we were stopped and hailed once by Japanese sentries on the river bank. As soon as I saw that French Father and the Chinese coolies I felt at home.

"We got to the Hautes Etudes, the university of the French Fathers in Tientsin, swallowed a glass of wine, because that was the first thing in sight at one minute before twelve. That was all we had had to eat since dinner on the steamer twelve hours before. After a day in Tientsin we came to Peiping via railway, taking six hours for a trip which in normal times takes two. The train, in true Chinese fashion, was exactly one hour and a half late in pulling into the Tientsin station. This part of the country is very flat, but there are mountains visible to the west of Peiping. The weather is not hot but very pleasant. From now on for three months the weather here is very nice. Ice skating starts in November, and lasts for four months, but there is little snow.

"But now comes the real story. I have always wanted to start a place and to do some real pioneering. Well, now I am getting it with a vengeance. But I certainly like it. We dropped in here Wednesday noon at four o'clock. Only a couple of servants were here but they gave us our dinner. The house is a real Chinese affair at least a hundred years old. Before us it was a school, before that the house of a rich Manchu. A Chinese house is plural. It is not only one but many houses all enclosed by a wall. The floors are all brick, there is no running water except in a few remote

places; electric lights have been installed and I think stoves will be put in the rooms. We have straw mattresses and an open clothes press consisting of a shelf and three hooks. Most of the buildings have been newly whitewashed on the inside and painted. We have to drink boiled water. The food is good and the house will be fine when we get a Community together, which I fear will be some job during this present disturbed condition. The Father here did not expect us and, of course, nothing was ready. When we got home that night we arrived, the servants had to do everything, sweep the rooms, put in furniture, etc.

"Yesterday we all went over to Fu Jen, a beautiful school. It was formerly the home of a Manchu prince, and the old palace, in true Chinese fashion, still stands. The rest of the buildings are new. The Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word there told me that one convert from a university is worth ten in the bush or of the common people. That just peeps me up more for Nanking and college work. I have seen at close range two of our big universities in Japan and China, and the two colleges of the Madames of the Sacred Heart, and the more I see and talk with missionaries, both teachers and bush men, I become convinced of the necessity of education out here. And I don't believe that to do the required work one has to be a genius but only willing to work, or, in other words, a man who loves God enough to put up with a few inconveniences and is willing to use his opportunities."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father John Newell, S.J., writes under date of November 18, from El Cayo, British Honduras, to tell us of the destruction of the church at Benque Viejo, where Father Anthony R.

Kuenzel, S.J., is Pastor.

"With Thanksgiving a week away, a big calamity has descended here, but there is still much to be thankful for in that it was not worse. On the night of November 16, the church at Benque Viejo burned to the ground, with the total loss of all vestments, sacred utensils and church fixtures. All that remain now are the blackened stone walls and the sheets of roof zinc crumpled on the ground. A terrible blow to this religious people. Twenty-four years ago, under the direction of the Pastor, Father Arthur F. Versavel, S.J., they helped in the church's construction, the men, women and children carrying the stones by hand. In the course of the years, by means of periodic donations from the States, the church was becoming more beautiful and better equipped, until at the time of the disaster it was as nice and devotional a church as you would want to see. But in the course of little over an hour, all the generosity, all the effort, all the devotion lavished on this church saw their combined product go up in flames.

"The people are harboring the idea that the fire was the act of an incendiary, and whilst that is a possibility, the thing can be explained quite naturally by the fact that there was an oil sanctuary lamp burning on the altar which might have fallen over or been overturned by a bird. Fortunately, there is a big basement under the Father's residence which can be used for Mass during the week days, while the school can be used on Sundays. Wherever the money may come from, the building of a new church must immediately get under way."

IRAQ

If America thinks it has a monopoly on labor troubles, let it listen to this solution from Baghdad, as noted by Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., in *Al Baghdadi*.

"We are reminded in this connection of a little story concerning the bricklayers of Baghdad. It seems that the men working on Government projects were enjoying an eight-hour day, whereas private builders clung to the immemorial custom of requiring their men to work from sunrise to sunset. Noting this fact, some of the bolder spirits decided that the lot of the private worker ought to be improved and they organized a strike to demand that all workers should enjoy the leisure which an eight-hour working day allows. At this the contractors went to the Government and complained that the latter was setting a bad example. Whereupon the Government decreed that its own workers should revert to the sunrise-sunset schedule, thus knocking the bottom out of the strikers' claim to an eight-hour day on the basis of equality with Government workers. If you think President Roosevelt will enjoy this story, you are at liberty to send it to him."



Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J. (rear), marching in procession with the children of this year's First Communion Class of Petenero Indian children at Benque Viejo, B.H.—and now their fine church is in ruins. See page 34.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Noble Missionary

To the Editor:

I am a subscriber of JESUIT MISSIONS and while reading your lovely magazine I thought you might like an item about the late Countess Maria Theresa Ledochowska whose brother is the Very Reverend Father General of the Jesuit Order. Her uncle was Cardinal Ledochowski.

"The most divine among divine things is to co-operate in the salvation of souls,"—was the motto of Maria Theresa Ledochowska. That she put it into effect is confirmed by the work she founded, namely, The Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions.

Countess Maria Theresa Ledochowska was born on April 29, 1863, of a noble Polish family. She received a fine education and many and varied were her talents and accomplishments. While still a young girl, after reading of the noble deeds of God's servants, she expressed the practical desire—"I, too, want to do something for God." It proved the inspiration of her useful and magnificent life work.

At the age of twenty-one years she became lady-in-waiting at the court of the Grand Duchess, Alice of Tuscany. There, her talents were fully appreciated and it may be truly said of Maria Theresa that she adorned her position. Therefore, a brilliant future lay before her. However, God had special designs in her regard. She soon heard the "small still voice" calling her to a wonderful service. She accepted God's invitation taking as her motto—"The most divine among divine things is to co-operate in the salvation of souls."

After reading Cardinal Lavigerie's conference on slavery and the sad plight of the people in the dark continent, she began to write for the African missions. In spite of the disapproval of relatives and friends, she left the court to devote her full time and talents to help the missions and missionaries of Africa. Soon, others imbued with the spirit of courage and self-sacrifice joined her. In consequence, she founded in 1894 the Sodality of St. Peter Claver. In order to make the African missions known widely and helped extensively, she published in nine European languages two magazines "Echo from Africa," for adults and "The Negro Child," for children. She also wrote many articles, appeals and pamphlets to awaken the missionary spirit in others. Moreover, she held hundreds of conferences in different languages and in different countries. As a result of her untiring zeal, she was able to send to the African missions more than \$1,300,000, besides many gifts of all kinds, namely, books printed in the African languages for the use of the missionaries and their converts, also sacred utensils and vestments.

The missionaries had great confidence in Maria Theresa and she proved worthy of their esteem and trust. She never refused an appeal. Even when the missionary hardly expected help, after receiving a donation shortly before, her response was always affirmative. After Maria Ledochowska's death, July 6, 1922, the missionaries invoked her and attributed numerous favors to her intercession. She is dead. Yes, but her work "The Sodality of St. Peter Claver" continues to spread among the nations for God's glory and the salvation of souls.

Halifax, N. S.

Annie McNeil.

Brothers Helped by Brothers!

To the Editor:

Please accept our small but very devoted and sincere spiritual aid. Realizing the tremendous responsibility which the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine bears upon its shoulders, and knowing only too well how it is bearing up under it all, we feel that some extra prayers around this period of the year may help. All agreed most readily that your work, which includes all of the missionary activity of the Society, was indeed bringing forth fruit and it is remaining. Daily do we remember all of your intentions and those of the entire staff, for whom these prayers are intended. Masses, 76; Communions, 92; Rosaries, 94; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 237; Ejaculations, 31,200; Hours of Study, 275; Total, 31,974.

I suppose that Christmas is a season of greatest joy in all of our mission centers and that our Lord, perhaps for the first time, finds thousands of simple hearts ready to receive Him. From all of the letters from the missions this is more than evident. The temporal handicaps under which the missionaries are laboring, however, must be a great factor in slowing up their progress. Indeed, the Fathers in the Philippines, our own mission, realize this only too well.

Toronto, Ont. Canada,

Edward J. Klippert, S.J.

"May Their Tribe Increase"

To the Editor:

The message in your January issue from Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., reminded me of Father Murphy of other days who was a good friend of mine at Detroit College many years ago. Please send him the enclosed twenty-five dollars and I hope he will find a way to restore or rebuild the church at Benque Viejo. Detroit, Mich. J. S. D.

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading the January issue of the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine, and found some crying needs for the poor missions away from home. I've always had a spot in my heart for the missions, and therefore, Father, I trust you will accept this very small monetary gift for whatever you find it most in need, since you are in a better position to know.

I am only sorry I am unable to do more for you and the missions at present but a prayer will be said always for you.

The check for two dollars and fifty cents is enclosed, hoping it will be able to help out a bit. I know, it is just a drop in the bucket—so to speak—but may the drops become thick and fast. Detroit, Mich. C. McK.

A Grateful Old Missionary

To the Editor:

Allow an old *tawo* to say to you how perfectly charmed and amazed he is at the unusually fine results that he has been obtaining with that marvelous little Lafayette Radio set that you so generously and thoughtfully begged for him and then shipped to the above address. I never even heard of such a type of radio, and being everything but a scientist, and living in this deserted village, I had my doubtful moments about the successful operation and installation. Here again, luck was with me. In Cagayan I bought a Willard Auto Battery 21 plates, and a R C A No. 40 Antenna System, had the school boys fasten a bamboo pole on the bell tower, and another one outside the room where you spent a few days, and the lead in wire enters the dining room: read the directions, and tuned in and have been tuning in regularly ever since. What do I think? I think that it is a very fine machine in every way,—loud, clear, and a large range, thanks to the different wave lengths that it can carry. It certainly puts us right up to date, and gives us news from Manila a week before we see it in print. Quite a novelty to be listening to an English program from Hongkong; an excellent orchestra from what I believe is Berlin, Germany.

All in all, you have cheered and made brighter the declining years of this old fellow, and have given joy to him and to his fellow town-mates who gather under the window to listen to the various musical numbers. Concerning the Fountain Pen which you notified me about, viz., that it would arrive at Cagayan with some other cargo, I have no word to give right now, since I have not been near Cagayan for a long time. However, for the present, let me thank you in advance; a Million Thanks go to you for the Radio. Thank you, thank you.

Talisayan, Or. Misamis, P. I.

(Rev.) Alfred F. Kienle, S.J.

Praise from All Quarters

To the Editor:

I am enclosing herewith a money order in the amount of two dollars to ask you to please remember my father and mother in a Mass.

I read the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine regularly each month, and wish that they were printed more often.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Elizabeth Hickey.

To the Editor:

I am enclosing cashier's check for \$2.50 for two foreign subscriptions to the JESUIT MISSIONS, as per the enclosed slip with addresses.

I am sending this magazine to my two cousins for a Christmas present. Our family very much enjoys your fine magazine and I am sure that my Irish cousins will find it deeply interesting.

Omaha, Nebraska.

Julia V. Coffey.

To the Editor:

Just a line to give you a subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS. We think your magazine is well worth trying to get subscriptions for, because we have heard nothing but compliments for it. One boy wrote that the whole family enjoys JESUIT MISSIONS and I think that is the way with everyone. I am enclosing a subscription. I do not believe that she has already sent a subscription to you but if she has this will pay for another year.

Spokane, Wash.

M. J. Curran, S.J.

Old Wang-Kou

Gabriel La Rue, S.J.

THE newspapers and magazines bring us so much news about war in China! Are there still fields covered with green or golden wheat? Perhaps, in many regions, machine guns have done the work of the reapers. But let those who are tired of war reports listen to a story and glance over a picture of peaceful China. This tale was related to me by a Sūchow missionary, a few months before war broke out in eastern China.

An old man, Wang-Kou by name.

He is not the President of the Chinese Republic nor the General of an important army, nor the Prefect of a region; he is a humble Chinese countryman. They used to call him "Old Wang-Kou." As a matter of fact, he was not so very old; he was so known because, in all the region of Yentow, one could not find a wiser man. A broad and unlined forehead; around his mouth and chin, two deep furrows; bushy eyebrows shading a beautiful pair of smiling blue eyes. Many scenes of woe have those blue eyes witnessed; but they always smile: nothing can bother the peace and confidence of this old Christian peasant who goes calmly through his long life, ever clinging trustfully to the hand of the all-good God.

The afternoon is warm. Leaning on his spade, Wang-Kou, with a tired hand, raises the brim of his large straw hat to mop his forehead. On the road, up there a bicycle is coming down the slope. It is the missionary. Wang-Kou, tired though he is, hurries home. But this missionary is a new one; never has he met him before.

"The Father is very kind to stop at my home. He is always welcome here."

And turning back to the little room that serves as a kitchen, where Wang-Kou's wife stands, at her work:

"Prepare some tea and biscuits for the Father. He must be very tired."

"I am Father Yunnanfou, the new Curate from the Mission center. Father Superior has sent me to visit the parents of our pupils."

AND discovering in the rear part of the room, the three little Wang-Kou tots:

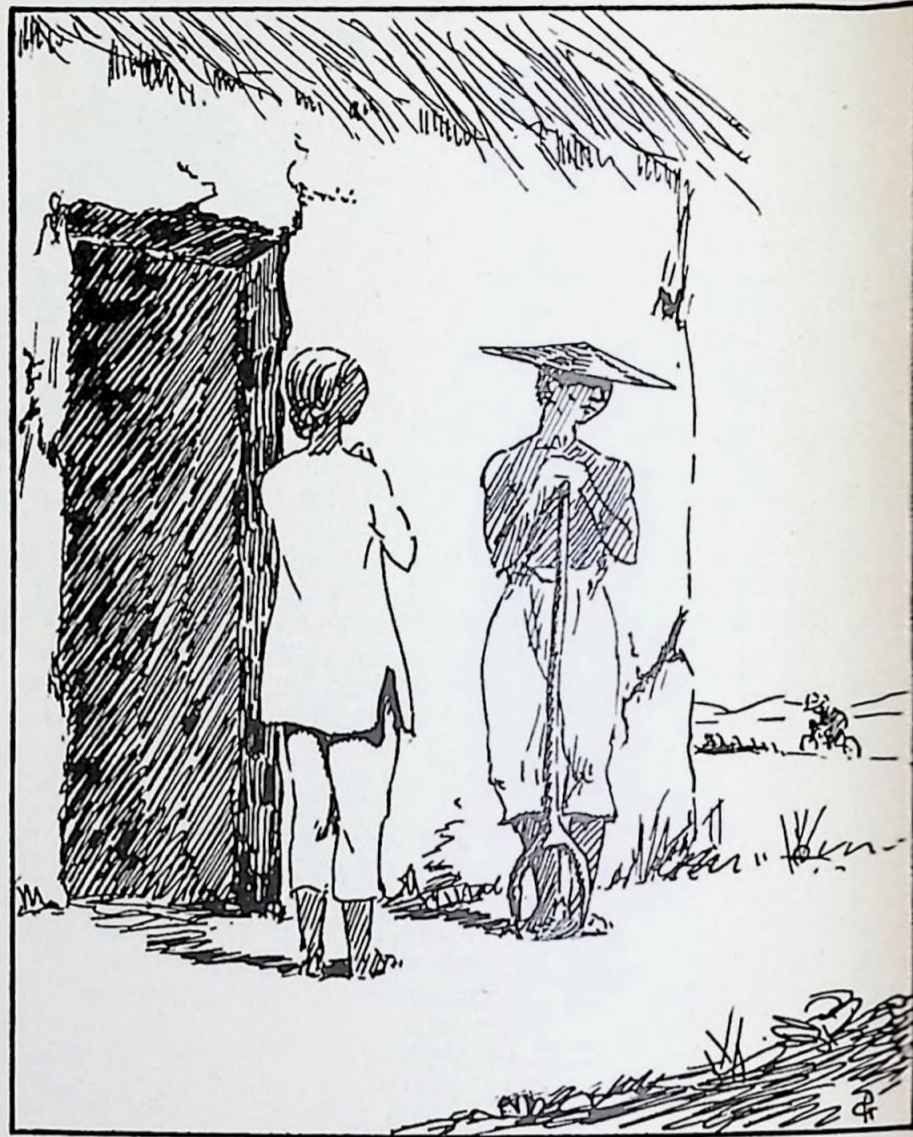
"These are your little girls, Wang-Kou? . . . Why are you so bashful, my children?"

"You are very kind, Father, to bring to us some news of our Lo. We have not forgotten him, you know; a fine lad, and so active. But anyway, he must learn, must he not?"

"A very nice boy, indeed," replies the missionary. "Father Superior is quite satisfied with him: a clever and generous boy, and so joyful."

Old Wang-Kou smiles with tender joy. He is so proud of his Lo! And the three little girls, whom the news has pleased very much, smile bravely at their father.

"Tell me," replies Wang-Kou, "are you from Canada, like the other missionaries?"



"Wang-Kou's wife looks at her husband: 'Perhaps our boy . . . ' Old Wang-Kou did not answer."

"Yes, Wang-Kou, I came to China two years ago. And I am trying to learn the Chinese language. Do you think I am making a success of it?"

Old Wang-Kou did not answer. But his eyes fixed upon the distant curve of bluish hills, he said slowly:

"Your father and mother are certainly good Christians. They must love God very much to be so generous as to give their son to distant China."

The Father has jumped on his bicycle. Over the hill, his white robed figure disappears.

Wang-Kou's wife looks at her husband: "Perhaps our boy . . ."

Old Wang-Kou did not answer.

FOUR years have passed. It is summer again. In the large field where the silky harvest seems to sleep under the heavy sunshine, two reapers open a trench. Heavy with warmth, bundle over bundle, falls the bright and golden wheat, with never a quiver. No noise except the rustle of the scythes on the wheat and the workers' labored breathing. Often Wang-Kou stops; at his age one cannot keep on as a youngster. He does not worry. Far ahead of him his boy, Lo, is wielding his scythe with a vigorous and regular motion of the body. Old Wang-Kou turns back to his work, humming. Wheat may grow for many years in his field, for his son and grandsons will take his place, and never shall this piece of ground which he received from his ancestors cease to produce sheaves of golden wheat.

That evening, Wang-Kou had a long talk with his boy. The three little girls did not dare to sleep, so nervous were they and so serious. (Turn to page 56)

The Tombstones Cry Out

Rt. Rev. John A. Ross, S.J.

OFTEN and often during the ten years I have been living here in Okayama, five o'clock in the evening found me ready to forget for the nonce all the worries and problems that seem to haunt my room, and to sally forth in search of fresh inspirations where I know from experience I can find them. I mean the wooded hills that surround Okayama on three sides, with a fine view of the Inland Sea of Japan on the fourth.

But whichever direction I may take, my way almost inevitably leads me through one or more of the ancient burial grounds that hold the ashes of past generations and create an atmosphere of Old Japan which it is impossible to evade.

Ah, these cemeteries! They occupy the lower slopes of the hills that seem to hug Okayama to their bosom as if they had given birth to it, and to welcome home any of its sons and daughters after a short span of existence away from their motherly embrace.

Yes, these cemeteries! They always set me thinking, as I slowly climb up through them on my solitary walks. And it is not exactly cheerful thoughts they conjure up. Their ancient tombstones, weatherworn and lichengrown, seem to raise a threatening finger at me and utter a silent reproach for trespassing on their peace of over a thousand years.

Not as if they minded the mere physical presence of an alien and outsider. It is not that. But they seem to feel, and to resent, the footmarks of an intruder, of one come to dispute their sway over the present day bearers of the names that are carved on them, as well as over the generations to come. They seem to sense that I am come to seal up forever the small cavities in them, where are deposited the ashes of member upon member of the family as they are gathered to their fathers.

AND, to be honest, they are right in their forebodings. That is just what I am come to Japan for, that and nothing else. And nowhere do I feel the superhuman difficulty of my avowed purpose, the sheer impossibility of the task, so keenly as among those silent and yet so eloquent witnesses to the fact that the soul of Japan has been for over a millennium, and still is, Buddhist to the innermost depths of its being. Who am I, and who are we Catholic missionaries, one and all, to cross swords with this mighty spirit of the past and to snatch from its grip the coming generations of a great nation? David and Goliath is hardly a fitting illustration of the utter disproportion between the opposing forces. It is simply beyond words.

But history repeats itself. With all the odds against him, David slew Goliath "in the name of the Lord of



"Their ancient tombstones, weatherworn and lichengrown, seem to raise a threatening finger at me and utter a silent reproach for trespassing on their peace of over a thousand years."

hosts." I, too, and with me all the Catholic missionaries in Japan, past, present and future, we are here for the sole reason that "God wills it." "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world"—these words of Our Savior are our credentials and our charter, and all the cemeteries of Japan with their hundreds of millions of tombstones shall not shake us in our determination to bring Christ to Japan, and with Christ the fulfillment of all those inarticulate yearnings, subconscious hopes and dimly outlined forebodings which somehow found their expression in the groping attempts and in the abortive ideas and ideals of Gautama Sakya Muni and the pioneers of Buddhism in Japan, to wit, the cry of the *anima humana naturaliter christiana*: "Our heart is restless, O God, until it rests in Thee."

Editor's Note.—Some information on the Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima, of which His Excellency, John Ross, S.J., is Bishop, may help the Reader to a more sympathetic understanding of the Author's article. The missionary problem in Japan is not an easy one. The number of Catholics in all of Japan is not much in excess of 100,000. In the Vicariate of Hiroshima there are 5,565,657 inhabitants, but only 2,018 Catholics and 136 catechumens preparing for Baptism. Sixteen Jesuit priests and two diocesan priests are working in the Mission. They are assisted by four Brothers of Mercy, 15 Notre Dame Nuns (of whom three are natives), 18 Native Nuns (Seishin Aishi Kai) and eight Helpers of the Holy Souls (of whom two are natives). There are also nine men and seven women catechists. The Mission has a few schools in addition to one orphanage. In two "Kitchens for the Poor," the Mission served 8,669 meals in the course of one year.

NEW BOOKS

God, Man and the Universe
Edited by Ivan Kologriwof, S.J.
English Translation Edited by
Aloysius Ambruzzi, S.J.

Three such concepts as those of God, Man and the Universe, considered either separately or in their mutual inter-relationship, demand encyclopedic treatment by an encyclopedic mind that is able to command encyclopedic sources of information. Such a mind is that of the Author, Father Ivan Kologriwof, S.J. Yet the book itself is not a mere encyclopedia, either scientific or theological. It very closely resembles a modern *Summa Contra Gentiles*, a compendium of moral, religious and Christian doctrine, drawn up as it were in battle array against the anti-religious heresies contained in the "Anti-Religious Manual" published by the Central Council of the Union of the Militant Godless of the U. S. S. R. According to this Manual of the new heathendom, one is taught how to struggle against religion as against "a residual mark imprinted by capitalism on the human conscience." "God, Man and the Universe" on the contrary, establishes a counter thesis that atheism itself, namely, the proletariat negation of all religion and every religious act is merely another instance of what Karl Marx styles, "The degrading and inhuman position held by the proletariat in the bourgeois society." In dealing with the questions in the Soviet Manual, the Author has kept the same order as the Manual itself. Following are the general topics he discussed: The Existence of God and the Proletarian Atheism, The Universe Around us and Religion, Problems of Ontogenesis, Evolution, The Existence of the Human Soul or An Analysis of Modern Psychology, The Origin of Religion, The Problem of Christ, Christianity, Political and Social Progress and Religion, Capitalism, Communism and Christianity, Dialectical Materialism or The Philosophy of the Proletariat, and The Godless Movement and Its Action in the World. The work should be an invaluable ally to priests and missionaries and educated Catholics who are searching for a ready answer to the godless errors of godless minds, as well as to the earnest questions of sincere investigators of the truth.

St. Joseph's College, Bangalore, India, \$1.00.

Saint Francois Xavier, Lettres Spirituelles
P. Brou, S.J.

Father Brou, S.J., authority on the bibliography and the biography of St. Francis Xavier, has given us, in this book written in easy French, a selection of forty of the letters and documents from the pen of the Apostle of the Indies. They are addressed to king and royalty, to brethren in religion, to inferiors and superiors, and all glow in the flame of the missionary zeal which prompts their writing. With the utmost of deference

and respect for authority the Saint does not hesitate to place before those who have the power to send new missionaries to the Orient, the needs of the missions and the obligation in conscience that superiors, lay and religious, have to supply those needs. Without mincing words, he outlines in master strokes the difficulties and hardships of missionary life, and though he invites all, who will, to join him he warns that only men of stout heart, physically and morally, need seek to work with him. And where rebuke or correction is necessary for an inferior, he administers it with all the kindness of a father, yet with the sternness that the need and the authority with which he has been entrusted require. Even such as have but a reading knowledge of French cannot fail to reap a rich harvest from the reading of this book. An introduction to the book by Father P. Poulrier, S.J., which skillfully analyses the contents of the forty letters contained therein, renders it easy for the reader to discover the virtues and qualities of the Saint who writes his own life in the letters he pens.

Editions Spes., 17 Rue Soufflot, Paris, Ve., fr. 20.

How to Give Sex Instructions
P. J. Bruckner, S.J.

If recent propaganda in favor of the dissemination of sex information among adolescents has proven how dangerously liberal are modern non-Catholic views on this subject, it has likewise proven with no less clarity the urgent need of a proper approach to the subject by Catholics and the relative lack of trustworthy and able guides. Fortunately, such a guide is now available in Father Bruckner's "Sex Instructions." It is a straightforward, modest presentation of the subject which should be read by parents, teachers and all responsible for the training of young people.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., twenty-five cents.

The Sex Problem!
Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., Ph.D.

Father Kirsch tells the sum and substance of Catholic training and chastity in this: "Give a solid religious training in general, especially in the use of the sacraments; begin early to instruct the mind as to self-control in general, with simple applications to the sex instinct, while replying frankly to sincere questions in private; and try fully to instruct the child individually whenever the occasion requires." The pamphlet offers practical remedies, insisting on the very valuable distinction that the sex urge in boys is physical and in girls is mostly psychical or emotional, some may call it romantic. The thesis emphasizes the need for frequent Communion and lists some sane and select Catholic literature on the sex problem.

The Paulist Press, New York, N. Y., 5 cents.

The Bravest of The Virginia Cavalry

Reverend Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.

With no intention of being at all the pedagogue or in any way didactic, Father Mullaly unfolds before his reader in this latest group of short stories much valuable Catholic philosophy of life. Running over a wide range of subjects, his lessons are drawn entertainingly in varied settings that easily capture attention. The narratives are both dramatic and rapid in their movement and promise much profitable pleasure. Like "The Priest Who Failed and Other Stories," "Spiritual Reflections for Sisters," and "Could You Explain Catholic Practices?" all successful publications of the Author, may "The Bravest of The Virginia Cavalry" have the widespread circulation it merits.

Apostleship of Prayer, New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

Thoughts on the Gentle Master
John E. Moffatt, S.J.

Our Divine Lord came down to us with the three-fold purpose of teaching, ruling and sanctifying men. This triple duty He Himself first exercised during His life on earth as a Model for His teaching Church. With the Gospels as text, Father Moffatt draws out for us many of the lessons taught by Jesus to the Apostles and the Jews, and with a gentle pedagogy not unlike the gentle urging of the Master Teacher Himself, he fills his little booklet with lessons for virtuous living of value for time and for eternity.

The Bruce Publishing Company, New York, N. Y., fifty cents.

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing
George Edward Sullivan

To many Catholic apologists in their attacks on Communism are handicapped either by lack of precise data with which to prove their charges or by a defense complex which renders their apologetics spineless. The Author of "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing," Mr. George Edward Sullivan, LL.D., who, incidentally, prepared this pamphlet gratis, cites the kind of testimony that will convince the most obtuse or most prejudiced jury. Moreover, he personally is laboring under no defeatist fixation but believes with Foch that the best defense of Catholic principles is a vigorous offensive against Communist tactics. Pithy questions and answers help the reader to digest a mass of factual data which will be startling to the uninitiated and illuminating to all.

The Sodality Union, Washington, D. C., ten cents.

The Cruise of A Soul
Albert Muthumalai, S.J.

From Anglicanism to Catholicism in India.

Editor, Light of The East; Rev. G. Dandoy, S.J., 30, Park St., Calcutta, India, one anna.

INDIAN BURIAL

(Continued from page 32)

piners and the swish-swish of the river only underscored the stillness of this mausoleum of memories. Such stillness was perfect accompaniment for the quiet of the church's graveside liturgy. In the amplitude of her august motherhood, her voice was composed, confident, not unmindful of human sorrow, not forgetful that this was no tearful end but a triumphant beginning. She was the universal Mother pleading with the Father of us all, white and red and yellow and black alike. She had stood by the graves of the Roman world and its young conquerors; she had witnessed the demise of monarchies and republics, of the old order and the new; and always she had emphasized that the transient trappings of time are but curtains hiding reality, drapes before our real destiny.

Mutely, implicitly, these poor, unlettered Indians realized this, knew that they were links in the unbroken chain of drama upon which the sun never sets. And glancing back as I departed, I saw the weather-grayed crosses that dotted the graveyard, weedy with neglect; I saw the foreground of cheat grass, the backdrop of somber pines; I heard the steady sweep of the rolling river; I saw the symbolic gesture of Indians, single file, sprinkling a handful of dirt upon the lowered coffin;—I saw a worldwide multitude of burial places, where bits of flesh and bone lie shallowly beneath the thin crust of a sphere that swings through unimaginable space; I saw an endless avenue along which marches a countless army towards eternity.

RETREATS BY THE TIGRIS

(Continued from page 37)

more misgivings, for during the previous two months nearly every preparatory arrangement went wrong, but from the moment of our arrival by row boat everything began to clear up and the unanimous verdict of this graduating class was that they must, if possible, make a closed retreat every year. It was their sixth retreat at Baghdad College and the second given to them by me, yet none of them had made anywhere nearly the same impression as this their first closed retreat, made with all the inconveniences and hardships of soldiers of fortune. For instance, the first night some of them could not sleep a wink from the mosquitos. They had, however, the ability to take it and it was grand to hear them chanting litanies of night prayers in sonorous Arabic (Arabic is not usually sonorous), a spontaneous innovation on their part.

Things were quiet for about a month when on the nineteenth of July the irrepressible Father O'Connell, who incidentally has completely captured the Catholic heart of Hinaidi, called up and asked if we could take twelve airmen on the week-end of August seventh. At the time most of the workmen were on vacation and there was only one room where any large group could possibly live and that would never take more than six.

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Again, with misgivings, we told him we could take six at one time and another six later in the month. From the twentieth of July on, the sun seemed to approach several million miles nearer to Iraq and gave it its greatest scorching on record. Soldiers at Hinaidi and elsewhere fell sick in throngs; several died, others were shipped to the northern mountains, and on August third, Father O'Connell threw up the sponge and called off the retreat. He had only three men on hand and he did not know how many he might have for Saturday. With the temperatures hitting one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade we were not too sorry, for there are other meditations in a retreat besides the one on hell.

However, we came here primarily for Iraqis and if we can begin on the elders and get the cream of them to make a retreat next year and every year, then will our work have borne great fruit and please God, His Holy Spirit will form them into Catholic leaders, steadfast, generous, unselfish, and utterly honest. Please pray for that.

SPEAKING OF SNAKES

(Continued from page 39)

no signs of recovery, still he continued to apply the remedy. Finally, when he was on the point of giving up the case as hopeless, the man stirred, opened his eyes, and was soon able to speak. Then, as the directions prescribed, Father Angelo immediately had two men walk the patient about, to prevent him from lapsing into unconsciousness again. He was then taken home, and about a week later, that young Mohammedan came to Father Angelo hale and hardy to thank him profusely for having saved his life. The news of this cure spread rapidly, and Father Angelo now has a reputation as a wonder worker to maintain.

But speaking of snakes, perhaps I now ought to confess that I have had an ulterior motive in speaking about so many of them here. Some time ago, a missionary who had returned to America happened to meet an old friend of mine. The friend said that he had just received a letter from me, in which I devoted a couple of paragraphs to the snake menace in India. The missionary smiled, and declared that during his ten years in that country he himself had never come across a single karait or a cobra. Well now, that left me in a rather bad light. Of course, as I found out later, the missionary was only having a bit of a joke. But anyway, it was at my expense. So I now take satisfaction in being able to show to all and sundry that snakes really are plentiful in India. If you still doubt, come over to India and see for yourself.

DUKE STREET REVISITED

(Continued from page 40)

passed by many a time and have heard the story told by many lips. The site of the old Holy Trinity Cathedral is also eloquent in its silence. But never before had the visitation by the earthquake of 1907 been so present and real to me as

today. I had never knelt in the "Old Trinity" nor seen the building except in pictures. But today I fully understand why older folks still return there in thoughts when they enter the new and more imposing "New Trinity." Early associations and childhood memories are hard to obliterate. And somehow, I feel that though a kindly Providence will eventually furnish a new and permanent home to replace the Convent, Schools, and Chapel which have been destroyed, like many others who have lived and worked or learnt their lessons of life within those walls, I shall often return in thought to the Old Duke Street Convent.

OLD WANG-KOU

(Continued from page 52)

was their father's countenance. And Wang-Kou's wife listened to everything said that night as if she already knew about it. At last Wang-Kou rose:

"And when does the seminary open?"

"Next Wednesday," said Lo.

"Well, I shall think about it, and tomorrow I will give you a final answer. Goodnight, my boy."

Old Wang-Kou did not sleep. His wife simulated sleep, but she wept silently; mournful tears, at first, but soon, tears of joy and peace; then came a restful sleep.

When she awoke, Wang-Kou was kneeling near his bed with his head in his hands. He looked up.

"Well?" asked his wife.

"Well, what?"

"Have you decided something?"

"It would seem to be the Will of God. His Will be done. I have nothing to say."

And, the following Wednesday, Lo entered the seminary.

* * *

Old Wang-Kou, once again. Very old. He, who used to walk straight as the sorgho-stalk, is bent with age, never leaving his home without his staff. He has endured so much since the departure of his only son. He had counted on this youngster's strength; but God has asked Lo for other harvests, and Wang-Kou did not refuse.

This morning everything is topsyturvy in the house. Flags and pennons flutter on the roof; banderoles and lanterns swing in the sweet Chinese breeze. In the kitchen, Wang-Kou's wife directs a turbulent crowd of maidens and gossiping neighbors. In the corner of the central room, the two younger Wang-Kou girls, now grown up, are laughing to their heart's content as they prepare the finest display of fireworks ever heard in Yentow.

Old Wang-Kou is now very old. But his face is serene. And his eyes, if they wept much, have not forgotten how to smile. For, this morning, in the village chapel, his oldest daughter is to marry a young peasant, Old Wang-Kou's heir, and the young couple will have their marriage blessed by a young priest, the Curate of the next village. His name is Father Lo Wang-Kou.

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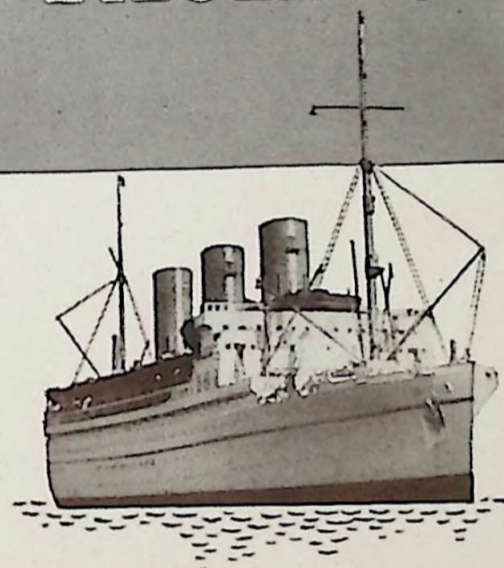
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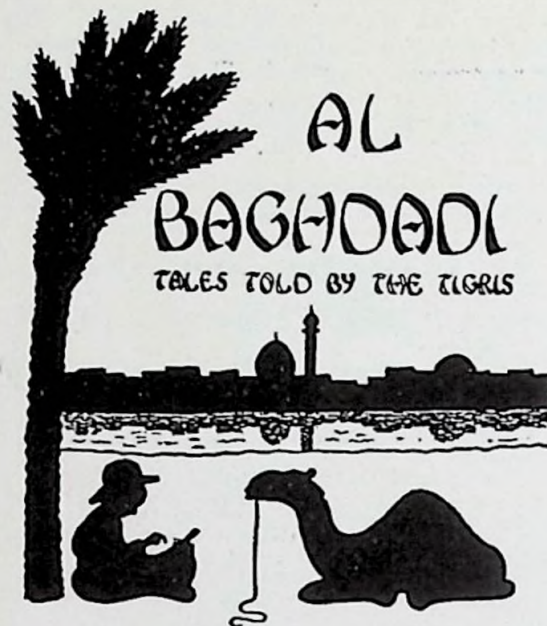
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