

Jesuit & Missions

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MISS YOUNG AMERICA

OUR TRAGIC THOUSANDS

BOUNCING BABIES

THE MONTH AT J. M.

THEY ALSO SERVE

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THIS MONTH

	Page		Page
Frontispiece	58	The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS	
Graduation in Belize.		Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.	69
Editorials	59	Town of The Shoulder Baskets	
Sioux Shoes.....	60	John R. O'Connell, S.J.	70
Apostle of the Shoe.		The history of Tangub Parish, Oriental Misamis, P. I.	
"Dear Saint Francis Xavier" ..	61	They Also Serve.....	72
The tale that the sea shell told.		The miracle of conversion.	
Saint Joseph's Coolie.....	62	Seminaries for China.....	73
The St. Vincent de Paul of the Orient.		The Mission Intention for March.	
Miss Young America.....	64	Afield with American Jesuits.....	74
America comes to Honduras.		Communications	79
Save Stamps! Save Souls! ..	65	Heap Big Music Makers.....	80
Missionary philatelists.		Indian brass bands.	
Our Tragic Thousands.....	66	De Nobili College, Poona.....	81
War's aftermath in Shanghai.		India's second Jesuit Theologate.	
Bouncing Babies.....	68	New Books.....	82
The mothers of Alaska.		Grateful Acknowledgments.....	84

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SACKCLOTH AND ASHES

Ashes, distributed on the first day of Lent, remind us all that unto dust we shall return. They usher in the season during which reasonable penance is imposed by a thoughtful Mother, on all of us who have the physical strength to do that penance. And for all, these ashes are an invitation to offer some sacrifice for the good of our own souls and the souls of others.

In olden days both voluntary and obligatory penances often consisted in the wearing of sackcloth and ashes. Though to-day sackcloth and ashes are seldom used, there are those who in their daily lives are more penitential, who make greater sacrifices than the wearers of the sackcloth. Amongst our friends at home we find many a one who is constantly depriving self. In the foreign missions, we hesitate not to say, each missionary is living sacrifice. His sacrifice, which the Lord accepts as a penance, often wins grace for his dear ones at home; it wins grace for those for whose salvation he is toiling in the missions.

In that the missionaries really are doing work which has been assigned by Christ to all of us; in that, in their sacrifice, they are willing to share with us the reward that God will give to their missionary labors, shouldn't we make ourselves more worthy of that reward? Sacrifice will prove that worthiness. Will you make a sacrifice during Lent for the American Jesuit missionaries? Please send the money gift, that your sacrifice will provide, for the American Jesuit missionaries to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below.

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

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

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

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

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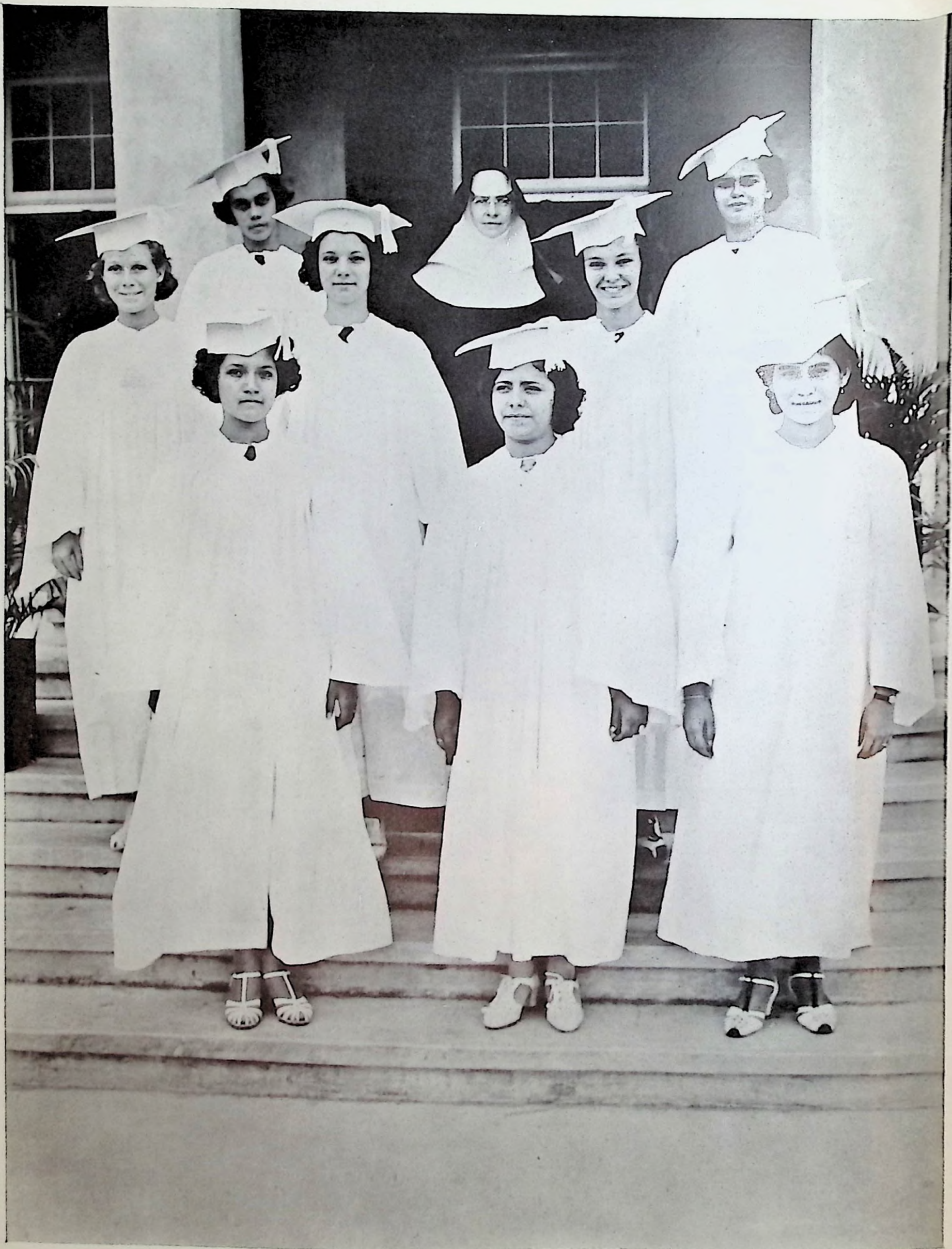
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In the Jesuit Mission of Belize, British Honduras, the Sisters of Mercy of Providence, Rhode Island, conduct a flourishing high school: St. Catherine's Academy. . . . Pictured above is the graduating class of 1937, with Sister M. Rosella, R.S.M., who came to Belize as a volunteer from Providence in the summer of 1933.

EDITORIALS

SHANGHAI'S GREAT PROBLEM

ELSEWHERE in this issue, two of Shanghai's missionaries tell the distressing story of China's helpless refugees. What we wish to emphasize here is the fact that the missionaries in Shanghai and elsewhere in China need every prayerful and financial support we can give them during these winter months. Opportunities for our missionaries to exercise the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy towards the Chinese have never been more plentiful nor more pressing. And the effect of all this unselfish and unbounded charity is that it is bringing many closer to the Church, and many, at the portals of death, are receiving the priceless gift of Baptism.

Rehabilitation for the present is blotted out of the picture and is left for future consideration because of the staggering duty of warding off immediate hunger and disease. From present indications, the need is going to exist for many months, for there seems to be no great hurry to allow the Chinese to return to their districts from which they were driven by military operations since last August. Writing from Shanghai, Father John J. Farrell, S.J., gives a brief account of the astounding numbers to be cared for.

"As we write this in the damp, cold days of November, Shanghai's population has increased by almost a million people. Of these, 120,000 are literally choking the alleys of the 'Jacquinot Neutral Zone'—a mile long and half a mile wide that already contained 130,000 normal inhabitants—15,000 are sheltered against the cold wind and rain in temporary mat-sheds and hovels in and around Zi-ka-wei, tens of thousands are fleeing from Soochow, Nanking and other devastated cities and towns, dragging a few belongings through the mud out into the wintry countryside. Hundreds are dying daily of starvation and disease."

Towards all these thousands must the missionaries hold helping hands in the name of humanity, and more than that, in the name of Christ. For this they need your assistance. May the Catholics of America be prompt and generous in their help given now in China's hour of need!

And as the missionaries go about their tasks of charity, they have occasion, at least in part, to take stock of their own losses. For Shanghai alone these are enormous. While the Mission establishments in the Settlement and Concession and at Zi-ka-wei have not been touched, nor

those of the Little Sisters, nor the two churches nor St. Joseph's Hospice in Nantao, practically all the houses in the last named place outside the "Safety Zone" have been burned, including a great amount of Mission property. This loss, together with that sustained in Yangsteepoo and Chapei, will probably deprive the once flourishing Mission of Shanghai of two thirds of its income. May the Father in Heaven grant the missionaries the courage to push on the work of rebuilding, and may He inspire many Catholics the world over to assist the work in every way they can—by prayer and by generous offerings of financial help!

THE NOVENA OF GRACE

FROM March 4 to 12 the Novena of Grace devotions in honor of St. Francis Xavier will be held in many churches throughout the country. Elsewhere in these pages we again print the prayers usual to this Novena in honor of the "Patron Saint of the Missions," and we urge all of our Readers to join in this nine day prayer. We should like to suggest one additional intention to be added to the personal intentions of those making the Novena, and that is to ask the great Missionary Saint to obtain more and more vocations for the Missions. Never perhaps, was the need greater, not because there are fewer generous young men and women eager to become Priests and Sisters than there were formerly, but because the opportunities in the Missions are greater. From all sides come calls for more missionaries to carry on the work of spreading the Gospel or of intensifying Catholic life where it has already taken root. Particularly is this true in the vast territories of Africa, China and India, where the Church has made such consoling advances during the last quarter of a century. With regard to India, the last two or three years have seen a most striking change in missionary possibilities. This is due to the unrest of the Depressed Classes, who have, after centuries of repression, finally determined to break from Hinduism and search for a religion that would give them a more hopeful outlook both here and hereafter. A number of these so-called "Untouchables" have already embraced the Catholic Faith, and many more would "come in" if only there were missionaries enough to evangelize them and catechists to help on the work of the missionaries. Here is a worthy intention for our fervent prayers during the Novena of Grace in honor of Saint Francis Xavier.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Associate Editors: THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.; JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; WALTER BURKE-GAFFNEY, S.J.; HENRI BÉCHARD, S.J.

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Sioux Shoes

William J. Moore, S. J.

OUT on the bleak, brown prairie of Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota there is a unique institution. It is the shoe shop at St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians, and its noteworthy features are three: it enjoys a monopoly of the shoe repair trade on the Reservation, but is not run for profit; it is conducted by a remarkable little lay Brother and six big Indian lads; and, finally, it succeeds in keeping four hundred active boys and girls at the Mission School from poking their toes into the clear South Dakota air, and freezing them in the cold.

If you don't think this last feat is newsworthy, you don't know the Reservation country. Shoes certainly wear out quickly at St. Francis. Belying its gentle name, the Rosebud land is harsh and gritty, swept by frequent sand storms. Bitter winds in winter drive the snow in deep embankments over the unpaved roads. To cap these hazards of nature, the Indians must walk more than formerly. Never were the Sioux so poor. Their ponies and horses to a great extent are gone, their cars soon become unreliable on the rough prairie trails. So many must walk, and shoes must bear the brunt of the journey and the rigors of the road.

And do their shoes show hard use? Ask Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., seventy-seven years old, and better known to the five thousand five hundred Sioux of the Reservation as "Shoemaker." For forty years, "Shoemaker" has done Trojan work on the Mission. Despite his age, he is a tiny dynamo of energy, five feet four inches in height, the despair of the six big Indian boys who work with him at the bench. They can't understand how he can do so much and talk so volubly.

"**O**H, yes; oh, yes; oh, yes!" cries Brother Hinderhofer. And he jumps up from the bench and runs to the door of the shop, where he points out to the visitor some little first-grade Sioux boys running and sliding over the sandy playground and rubbing good leather soles into destruction.

"Oh, yes! They wear out their shoes quickly. Oh, yes! Quickly!" And, as if worried by the familiar thought, "Shoemaker" runs off to get a piece of leather and starts using a sharp knife on it.

Shoes do go quickly here at the Mission. Running after footballs, engaging in mock battles, working in the



Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., (left) began as an apprentice in Germany. Now he teaches his trade to six Indian lads. (Left to right) Nick Crazy Thunder, Ben Turgeon, Ray Bordeaux, Norman Portwood, Adolph Richards, and George Brush Breaker.

fields, hauling coal to the big stoves, these are occupations hard on boys' shoes. And from the girls' department come shoes which have done duty in the kitchen and laundry. The Mission supplies work shoes to the boys at the beginning of the year, and then, it seems to Brother Hinderhofer, the shoe shop spends the rest of the year trying to keep them in repair.

SIX Indian boys from the high school department are apprenticed to Brother Hinderhofer to learn the shoemaker's trade. Of these, two typical full-blood Sioux boys are George Brush Breaker and Nick Crazy Thunder, high school juniors, who work half a day with "Shoemaker" and spend the other half day studying English, business mathematics, history, typewriting and shorthand.

"Shoemaker" and his six assistants have plenty to do. There is a steady knocking at the door of the little shop. I watched and listened to some young customers one morning.

"'Shoemaker'," said ten year old Melvin Thin Elk, "There's a hole in my shoe." Melvin raised a foot and pointed to a patch of brown skin peeping through the leather sole.

"'Shoemaker', I need a pair of shoes," cried Louie Little Sack, a husky third-grader, exhibiting a dark brown toe where no toe should be seen.

"'Shoemaker,' look! I've lost a heel and a shoe string." Ross Red Feather ruffled his black hair and was the picture of dismay. Both of his shoes required attention.

"All right, all right, all right," replied "Shoemaker" with nervous energy. Mentally, he was figuring how much more leather he should buy at this rate, and how much higher the price of leather would be next time.

"All right, all right." Back came Brother Hinderhofer, running—yes, at seventy-seven, running—with a shoe-string.

St. Francis Mission shoe shop (Turn to page 83)

"Dear Saint Francis Xavier"

Frank B.

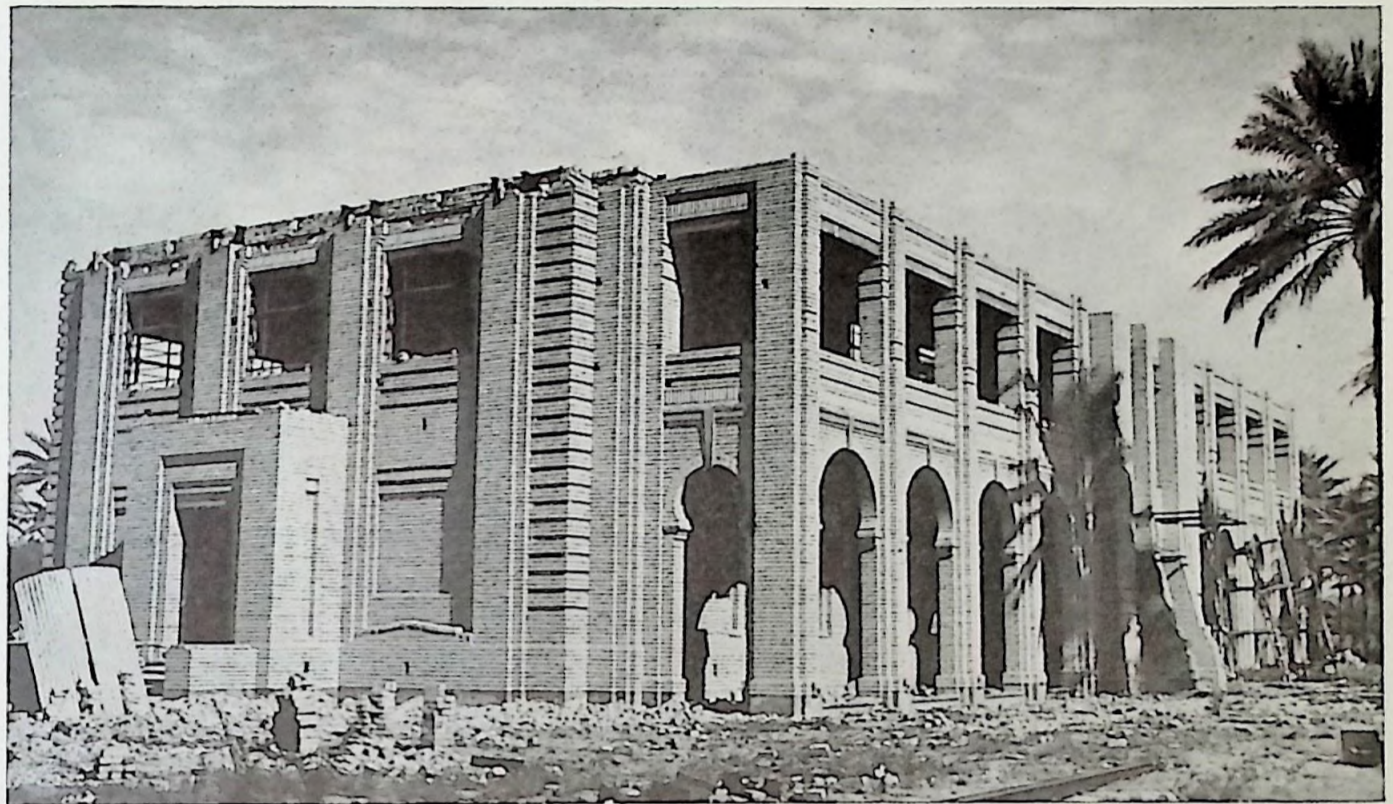
Sarjeant, S. J.

DEAR Saint Francis Xavier:

This morning I had the blues—and that is why I am writing to you. They were of a deep, dark hue, like the bluing paddles I used to sell for premiums before I knew much about you. It came about this way. After Mass this morning I was reading my breviary, and there I saw your picture, a picture I treasure. The artist has painted you barefooted on the seashore. Behind you are the great cliffs; before you, the vast ocean. One hand points out to sea as if nothing less than its immensity could satisfy your zeal. Your eyes are lifted in prayer—not with that silly, sentimental look that so many devil's advocates paint on our saints—but with an intense, virile, holy love such as only God's saints know. The cape hangs loosely on your shoulders, and your soutane is opened at the breast, as if to let the fire of your love escape to kindle the world. And behind you on the rocks is a shell—a baptismal shell. It was that shell that gave me the blues, I think.

A FEW weeks after ordination I used a shell like that. I had been asked to baptize an infant. When I arrived at the church there were seven of them clamoring to be made temples of the Holy Ghost. As I poured on the water, I thrilled to think of how many thousands I would start in like manner on the road to salvation—especially since I was to go on the missions. There were still millions and millions in the Far East and in other mission lands waiting for those saving waters. And I was young and strong and willing. From the day when first I read your life, and disappointment fell on me because I had been named after that other Francis of Assisi and not after you (may he forgive me), that baptismal shell had haunted me. And when the boat pulled away from the shore where I left my dear ones, the sorrows of separation were sweetened by thoughts of that shell. Yes, it was that shell that gave me the blues.

There are no shells in my life. Were it not for that breviary and my Mass, I would scarce know I was a priest. Were it not for my reading I might almost forget the number of the sacraments. Sacraments? No. There are notebooks and red pencils and green ink; there are themes and maps and chalk; there are late notes and



A view of the progress being made on the construction of the new Baghdad College of the American Jesuits in Iraq. Father Frank B. Sarjeant, S.J., Author of the present article, is the Dean of Studies at this College.

reports and lunch tickets. Millions crying for Baptism? No. There are a handful who defy me to teach them where Asia Minor is; and a mob who defy me to put order in their lines. Burning sands and a vast ocean? No. There is a small classroom with a cold stone floor and a cubbyhole for a room. Barefeet and a body worn with seeking lost sheep? No. There are shoes that do not fit, and a head aching from a stuffy room. No wonder I had the blues. Help me not to bother about that shell.

DEAR Francis, we are fools. We are ignorant, stubborn, stupid. It is well that God is omnipotent. For it would tax even His Omnipotence to teach us a lesson. Why do we think that there is only one way to save men? Why do we think that our blood is necessary, when we know that the Blood of Christ is more than sufficient? Why do we think that Divine grace must come through a shell, when our theology teaches us otherwise? After all, it is He that counts. He can save thousands without us. It is He that counts—and for us, love of Him. All the rest is nothing. Themes and maps and chalk and shells don't count. What are they all? What are they but bluing paddles for children. If He wants us to do so, why should we not save souls with chalk as well as with shells? There is really so little difference between the missionary with a shell and the one with chalk, if they are both on fire with love of Christ. I made a mistake in looking at that shell, Francis. I should rather have looked in your eyes and seen there a missionary's secret. Kindle in me that flame. Breathe on it and fan it until it burns like the hot wind that sweeps across our desert. And then when I am on fire, there will be no blues—for then shells and themes and chalk will all be the same. Only He will count.

Saint Joseph's Coolie

Edgar Dowd, S. J.

LOH PA-HONG is dead.

Grim war clouds, lowering so long above China's commercial capital, have now deepened, descended, and diffused sorrow into the lives of Shanghai's millions, into the hearts of Christians and pagans, coolies and celebrities. The war, indeed, goes on. Sirens scream. Planes roar above the Bund and "the billion-dollar sky-line,"—but, Shanghai, more than ever, is sorely sad; for Loh Pa-hong is dead.

Mr. Joseph Loh Pa-hong was a man of wealth and influence, a Chinese who loved his people and a Catholic who loved his Faith. A rather tall, stout man was Loh, garbed neatly in Chinese attire. His face was oval and oriental, his chin generally squared in determination, and, when he removed his dark glasses, one could see his black eyes deep in understanding, eyes that had often penetrated "triumph and disaster." He walked with a swinging stride and noticed everything. Though robust, energetic, untiring, ardent, and, at times, actually stubborn in the face of difficulties, Loh was simple, and his affability and wit carried him gracefully into the confidences of both Christians and pagans, the influential and the disgraced. He knew what it meant to address a board of directors and what it meant to rescue children from Shanghai's blood-stained streets of death.

HE was married, blessed with a large family, and proudly maintained a strictly Catholic atmosphere in his home. Entering the house of a pagan, one finds many shrines and assorted examples of deified dummies. Loh, not having a pinch of human respect, adorned his home with a shrine to the Blessed Virgin and an altar to the Sacred Heart, before which were kneelers for his family and household. When Mass was celebrated there, Loh always served it; and if someone had forgotten to decorate the altar properly or had forgotten to light the candles, the household trembled, as Loh inhaled for a moment before calling for Francois, Michel, Joseph, or any of his six sons. Generally, they all came on the run.

For uncounted years, according to Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., one of Loh's best friends, this devout Chinese served six o'clock Mass every morning in his parish church. Returning from Europe in 1926, Loh arrived in San Francisco one morning, and immediately rushed up to St. Ignatius Church, headed for the sacristy, and, though donned in his celestial kingdom's outfit, said he wanted to serve Mass. After the sacristan had gulped down his fright to a state of recovery, he satisfied Loh's desire. Loh liked to serve Mass.

Mr. Loh Pa-hong had always been a Catholic, his ancestors being converted by the early Jesuits who founded the Shanghai Mission in 1608. He received his education from members of the Society of Jesus, and asked that American Jesuits be sent to Shanghai. When

they arrived, Loh was down at the pier with his family, household, and a fleet of cars. He was so elated that he shook hands with the Fathers before members of the hierarchy could do so.

AN astute business man, Mr. Loh Pa-hong was president of Shanghai's Chamber of Commerce (1933), Director of the Shanghai Electrical Company, owner of a coastal shipping company, and president of the Catholic Chinese War Relief Association.

He was a Knight of St. Gregory, a Knight of St. Sylvester, Knight-Commander of the Holy Sepulchre, a member of the Permanent Commission for Eucharistic Congresses, and Founder of the Catholic Action Society of China.

Called "The Vincent de Paul of the Orient," Mr. Loh Pa-hong generously gave his time and money to alleviate the sufferings and to promote the intellectual and moral growth of his people. Angered because the civic association headed by Loh Pa-hong had agreed to co-operate with Japanese in rehabilitating war-wrecked areas around Shanghai, two "patriotic terrorists," disguised as orange peddlers, assassinated China's Apostle of Charity, December 30, as he stood before his home awaiting his car.

Loh, once wealthy, died bankrupt. Frequent warfare destroyed his industries, sank his ships, and blasted his electric car line. Still, as did others, Loh could have stood aloof of Shanghai's vortex of human misery; and, with the two hundred thousand dollars yearly given to charity, Loh could have rested securely in his mansion, comfortable and affluent for the rest of his days. But Christ had once counseled "A Certain Rich Man," centuries ago, "to sell what he had and give to the poor," and Loh heard the same words, but did not turn sorrowfully away. Instead he has worked tirelessly for the past twenty-six years for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his neighbor.

LOH PA-HONG supported sixteen charitable institutions. Though a good business man, Loh was clever enough to realize that alone he would be unequal to this gigantic undertaking. He looked for help and called upon St. Joseph. "I am a great believer in St. Joseph," said Loh. "He has never failed us yet. If money runs low and a crisis looms, we take up our problem with our heavenly business manager; and, somehow or other, the needed operating funds turn up. Big Chinese business men, pagans for the most part, come through regularly with substantial donations; and so we run along for another month or so. After all, it's the surest way, this letting St. Joseph handle the business end of the deal." Loh called himself the "Coolie of St. Joseph."

Included in these sixteen vital corporal works of mercy fostered by Mr. Loh Pa-hong were four enterprises

whose results project across the horizon of time into eternity. Sacred Heart Hospital, situated in the heartless factory district of Yangtzepoo, was opened by Loh and the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, in 1924, and yearly cared for five thousand patients, four-fifths of whom were charity cases; its adjoining dispensary yearly administered to one hundred and thirty thousand in pain and poverty; and upon the steps of the Foundling section nine hundred and thirty-three babies were abandoned by the Chinese last year.

IN the swirling heart of the native city of Shanghai is St. Joseph's Hospice, affectionately called by the Chinese, Pu-Yu-Dang, founded in 1913, by Loh Pa-hong and the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Its sixteen buildings house two thousand inmates, and care for five hundred dispensary cases daily. In this "City of the Poor" all outcasts of Chinese society find a haven of mercy: "deformed cripples and wasted consumptives, shrieking imbeciles and abandoned babies, palsied opium victims and blind girls tapping their way among the flowers."

"Nobody wants them, we take them," explained Loh.

An asylum for the insane was opened two years ago, in Pei Chiao, ten miles from Shanghai, by Mr. Loh Pa-hong and the Maryknoll Sisters. Two hundred women patients were cared for in this institution, the only one of its kind in China; while Loh cooperated with the Brothers of Mercy in establishing a similar hospital for men patients.

Government proclamations to the Chinese people end with these words: "Tremble and obey." In 1911, Mr. Loh Pa-hong founded the Catholic Action Society whose aim was: "Suffer and obey." The principal activities of the Society are: direct evangelization, works of charity, and teaching. Last January 6 (1936), the Society was twenty-five years old, and its ledgers showed more than three hundred thousand Baptisms, and millions of dollars spent to succor the afflicted.

SHANGHAI sorrows, for Loh Pa-hong is dead. The report of the assassin's gun echoes sadness along the Bund and the shoddy streets of the Yangtzepoo, into the palatial homes of the mandarins and the hovels of the poor. The wealthy in silken *shangs* stare pensively across black mahogany desks, somehow awaiting the "Coolie of St. Joseph" and to hear his promise that if they give to his charities, St. Joseph will surely give

them the blessings of a happy death. The thinly-clad, barefooted coolie, as never before, feels his burden, and knows that when he is worn out and ill there will be no Loh to lift him from the wet planks of a *sampan* and carry him into the warmth and whiteness of St. Joseph's Hospice.

Missionary Priests and Brothers, now that Loh has gone, find more difficult and hopeless their efforts to change China's skyline of pagodas to one of steeples and crosses. Communities of heroic Sisters with large institutions, filled with the poor and the piteous, have lost a friend and a counsellor. Catholic students and Sodalists, striving strenuously with weapons of knowledge and virtue against communism and materialism, miss the encouragement of Loh, who no longer occupies a seat in the front row of all their assemblies.



Picture taken some years ago when Loh Pa-hong and his son were visiting the California Jesuits in Shanghai. Left to right: Father Cornelius Lynch, S.J., Mr. Loh Pa-hong, Jr., Father John A. Lennon, S.J., Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., Father Thomas Phillips, S.J., Mr. Loh Pa-hong and Father Charles D. Simons, S.J.

Plump, round-faced children wearing warm *shangs* and comfortable *shieh*, secure and happy in Pu Yu-Dang, are asking the Sisters why Loh has forsaken them, why he does not tell them stories and give them medals and holy cards. Cripples and consumptives and opium-addicts have heard the assassin's gun echo through their hollow bodies and bitterly realize that they have lost their best friend in this friendless world. No longer will he be at hand to give his message of hope and encouragement.

Frightened eyes of condemned men freeze into despair when they look in vain for the "Chaplain of the Brigands" who will not be there to baptize them, before they kneel, their hands tied, awaiting the sword's stroke that will send their heads rolling upon the ground and their souls hurtling into eternity. Along Shanghai's streets of death the Chinese mother shields her dead child in her arms and tremblingly awaits her own death, for there will be no Loh to help her, no Loh to drag the wounded from the path of shell fire, to shelter the mangled in their last moments, to hear the pleadings of a dying heart—

For Loh Pa-hong is dead.

Miss Young America

By One
of Them

TUCKED away down here in the hills of southern British Honduras, in the Mission entrusted to the American Jesuits of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, is a place which has become an earthly paradise for six American girls and sixteen native Honduranian young women.

Perhaps some of the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* will recall reading, about seven years ago, a story about the founding of a native novitiate in Punta Gorda, by the Pallottine Missionary Sisters, and have wondered, at one time or another, what have been the consequences of this pioneer step.

Although it required really heroic sacrifices to establish this novitiate, Nazareth by name, God's blessing has always been on the endeavor. Real poverty was its chief characteristic and only four girls comprised the novitiate at its birth, but their sacrifices and those of the Sisters who made this dream come true, forced God's assistance, as it were, and today, while it is still a real missionary novitiate, material improvements of various kinds have been made and the spiritual development of its members goes steadily on.

IT is this same novitiate which spells happiness for these American missionaries in the making, who have chosen to start their religious lives in the very place



Miss Clara Reger and Miss Carmelita Mullen, as they landed in Belize on August 2, 1936. With them is Sister M. Romana, C.M.P., Mistress of Novices at Punta Gorda, British Honduras.

where they will afterward do their part as harvesters in God's vineyard.

One of the most enthusiastic boosters of the British Honduras Mission and of Nazareth especially, is Father Edgar J. Zurlinden, S.J., who, during the five years he spent in British Honduras, was instrumental in fostering many of the vocations which led their possessors to Nazareth. When he was transferred back to the States several years ago, he took back with him a half-formed plan to look for missionary vocations in the States and to send down young women for Nazareth. It was not until last year, 1936, however, that he was able to put this plan into execution. In August, his first prospects made the long trip—Miss Clara Reger from Toledo, Ohio, and Miss Carmelita Mullen from Council Bluffs, Iowa, via Toledo, where she joined Miss Reger.

QUITE naturally, this event made people sit up and take notice, and it was not surprising that the same thought struck several other girls, if not simultaneously, at least, consequently,—“If they can do this thing, why not I—it seems to me that this is what God has been saving me for.” So four more vocations were brought to light, and a long year of planning and training took place, during which the enthusiastic letters from the first two girls made the waiting more bearable, and then in May, the Misses Rita Reger (sister of Clara), Verna White, Virginia Dix and Rosemary Sparks, all of St. Mary's Parish, Toledo, Ohio, followed the other two, who had, meanwhile, become Postulants in the Congregation of Pallottine Missionaries.

At Nazareth, these six girls, along with eight native girls now in the novitiate, are preparing for a life's work as missionaries in British Honduras. The Pallottines have six schools in British Honduras: two in the north, at Corozal and Orange Walk; two in the west, at Cayo and Benque Viejo; one at Punta Gorda proper; and one on the property of the novitiate itself, which is about five miles inland. The (Turn to page 83)

Four American and one native novice, gathering oranges on the novitiate grounds at Punta Gorda, British Honduras.

Save Stamps! Save Souls!

Stanley E.

Kalamaja, S. J.

IT may seem a very strange thing to you, Friends of the Missions, to be told that the widespread hobby of stamp collecting has proved to be something of a "gold brick" to the missions. This "gold brick," however, is of a very real value and strange as it may seem, the truth remains that the hobby has been utilized as a means of raising money for the various missions of the Society of Jesus, because stamps have a value even after they have served their postal duty. As a matter of fact, this "gold brick" has proven itself so genuine that the missions are now receiving well over five thousand, and I might venture to say eight thousand dollars, of the philatelists' money every year.

Now to make ourselves clear—in every issue of JESUIT MISSIONS you have no doubt noticed the ad which this time graces page eighty-three; and at the same time you have wondered just what, "Save Stamps! Save Souls!" meant. Well, here is the story. Some years ago, in the year nineteen hundred and nineteen to be exact, several Jesuit Scholastics in their philosophic studies at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri, hit on the idea that if they could gather all the used postage stamps that their Jesuit brethren and friends received, they might be able to sell them to stamp collectors and dealers and send the proceeds to the missions. The idea proved to be an excellent one, and the other Scholastics in the house cooperated, not only by saving their stamps, but also by giving their recreation periods from time to time to the task of sorting the "goats from the sheep." As it was impossible for one house to make contacts with everybody interested in the missions, other Jesuit houses of study took up the idea in order not to lose many valuable stamps. Today there are eight such houses, each serving the missions of its own Province. Daily from ten to twenty-five Scholastics devote the hour of recreation after lunch and dinner to doing a little for their missionary brothers.

YOU are, perhaps, curious to know how this business is conducted, especially if you do not happen to be one of those affected with the hobby. In the United States alone there are two million stamp collectors besides, probably, five times that number outside our boundaries who are looking for perfect copies of the various postal issues. Large dealers know this, and know



Busy Jesuit Scholastics in the office of the Mission Stamp Bureau, 221 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

that the number is growing, and hence will buy wholesale mixtures of stamps so they can sort them out into the different issues and file them away to be sold as requests come in. Now here is where the Jesuit Scholastics enter the picture, for with the help of numerous mission-minded friends they handle *tons* of stamps each year. Most of these are sold by the pound, although the Scholastics also devote a good deal of their time in doing what the dealer does, namely, washing and filing a certain number of each issue.

It is really a worthwhile undertaking when viewed from the missionaries' standpoint, for an extra fifty or a hundred dollars at Christmas and Easter is indeed welcome.

NOW, dear Reader, you shall enter the picture. Perhaps, you cannot send even a single dollar to aid the mission Priests, Brothers and Sisters, but you cannot say that you are unable to help save souls by saving stamps. Every little bit counts, for many small, faithful sources of supply are as good as a few big ones. Remember, too, what Jesus said when He saw the widow drop her mite into the box. Every single stamp is as that mite, so put all you get into a box or bag and call on your friends to do the same and then send them to any of the eight Jesuit houses. In doing so you will become one of the vast number of friends of the missions who save stamps and save souls.

All stamps are worth saving for the purpose. Just clip off the stamps from your letters and packages, leaving about a quarter of an inch of paper around the stamp, and send them on. The stamps to be of any value must not be torn or damaged; the perforations around the stamps must be intact. Philatelists are very particular about the perforations.

Our Tragic Thousands

James F. Kearney, S. J.

WHEN God made the Chinese He added to the mixture an incredible amount of patience, because He knew they would need it.

After the war swept on from Shanghai, it left in its wake stark tragedy in the persons of thousands upon thousands of poor, frightened, homeless and temporarily hopeless refugees. One night in August they invaded Zi-ka-wei two thousand strong when hostilities suddenly blazed forth in Chapei and beyond. The number mounted quickly, till the four thousand mark was reached; then up it went to seven thousand where it remained till late October. The Chinese army's retreat from Chapei added another thousand to our population. And when news spread in the middle of a dark November night that a further withdrawal from the Shanghai region had been ordered, there was panic among the local villagers, and before morning new thousands came pouring into the church yard and college grounds for safety. Some estimated this fresh flood which swelled and eddied all day long as numbering seven or eight thousand, but by nightfall many of them had been persuaded to return to their nearby homes since the crisis was already over. When an official census was made of the whole camp next day, it was found that a total of eleven thousand were actually taking refuge at Zi-ka-wei.

EACH individual case is in many respects a tragedy. We have not the leisure to investigate all of them, or even to acquire more than the sketchiest outline of the worst specimens. Here we indicate only a few of the case studies that have been made of the various families fairly typical of our multitudes. There is the young farmer whose wife was killed at the outbreak of the hostilities, and whose four fine children look out wide-eyed upon a dreary future. Side by side on the straw-covered floor of their cold matshed lie four old ladies, the youngest fifty-seven, the oldest seventy-five. Their husbands are dead. They have no children and no relatives of any sort in Shanghai to whom they may turn. Their simple homes have gone up in smoke. All are now too old to think seriously of earning a living. They are henceforth dependent for their daily rice, their clothes and their lodging, entirely on charity. Again there is the case of the mother with six children, whose husband had died before the war, but who sturdily, courageously worked for her brood till the war came. Even now she does not offer, as some pagan mothers have done, to give some of her youngsters away. In one of the hangars are two of the finest children in the camp, a boy of nine and his eight-year old sister. They lost



In the refugee camp at the Jesuit Mission of Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, where the missionaries are caring for thousands of refugees,—victims of the cruel war between China and Japan.

their parents at Wusong during an air-raid. We are trying to find them in one of the many refugees camps in the city.

IN the infirmary lies a girl of fifteen slowly recovering from a bomb explosion which killed her father and mother. How dark the future for one so young, alone in the world! The other day I saw the servants putting into a rough, unpainted board coffin the corpse of a lad of twelve. He had just died, and looked surprisingly like one asleep. There are so many deaths that the coffins cannot be made to order, and the body didn't quite fit. The busy servants were roughly pushing up his little knees, and this made his ten-year old sister burst into bitter tears. Nearby lay the sick Catholic mother of several children. One day she allowed her baby to be held by a convalescent woman who was visiting her, and the awkward convalescent let it drop, with fatal results. For days the mother was inconsolable. Meanwhile, heavy bombs were exploding not too far away, while at night every few minutes big shells screamed overhead at a target only two miles distant. "Zan-voo, isn't it very dangerous here?" she asked over and over again.

And we had to answer with an assurance which at the time was entirely artificial, that there wasn't any real danger at all.

Not everything is desolation in our camp, however. Far from it; the morale is in fact splendid, much better than in other camps we have visited. The children are as happy and carefree as children always are. The happiest of the refugees is a band of Christians who had lost everything but their lives and their good humor. Here they were getting food and shelter—in a hot-house with the flowerpots—and they were wisely willing to leave their future in the hands of Providence. Heaven knows how to draw all sorts of good out of tragic evil; and how many unfortunate refugees will rejoice for eternity because war brought them Baptism on their death bed! Moreover, what flourishing generations of Catholics will probably stem from this huge refugee camp, where for the very first time they have heard the good news that God loved them so much that He gave His only begotten Son, and that Son lovingly laid down His life for them!

CHристиANITY enters with discouraging slowness into heads that have inherited thousands of years of pagan ideas, and whose one thought from morn to dewy eve, from reason's dawn to the present day, has been not how to save their immortal souls, but how to keep their rice bowls full and their bodies warm. For instance, old Liu Liu-liu was getting dangerously ill and the Sister Infirmarian thought it well to prepare him for immediate Baptism. He had absolutely nothing against the Holy Catholic Church, but he had been promised a blanket the day before, and that promise remained uppermost in his simple, realistic mind. I stood there ready to baptize him while the Chinese Sister completed the necessary instructions.

"Do you believe in God, *lao papa*?" she asked.

"Of course, I believe in God," he answered in slow, deep, decided tones, "but first, what about my blanket?"

Before the sun set, his body was pleasantly warm, and his soul wrapped up delightfully in sanctifying grace. The other day he died.

PAGAN mothers, as poorly housed as Mother Mary at Bethlehem, no longer object, as some did at first, to having their sick babes baptized. For after receiving the sacrament, so many of the youngsters have suddenly got well that they think the baptismal water an excellent remedy and the priest a first-class doctor. When the children recover, many of the grateful parents become catechumens, and trot off to Mass on Sundays. We want all of them, but conversion is a slow process, as few realize what a wonderful privilege it is to be a Catholic.

Our eleven thousand here, and the fifteen thousand at the nearby University of Nanyang which we help care for, and the two hundred and fifty thousand others in Nantao under the charge of a French Jesuit, helped by our California Scholastics and others, right now need clothes and food, and we are squarely up against the words of St. James: "If a brother or sister be naked and want daily food, and one of you say to them: 'Go in peace, be you warm and filled,' yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit?"

Editor's Note.—*John J. O'Farrell, S.J., is one of the California Scholastics referred to in the last paragraph. The fol-*



Like ministering angels, the Helpers of the Holy Souls have brought relief of body and soul to many refugees in Shanghai.

lowing lines are from him. They give a vivid picture of conditions.

"AS we write this in the damp, cold days of late November, Shanghai's population has increased by almost a million people. Of these, one hundred and twenty thousand are roaming the streets of the Concessions, another one hundred and twenty thousand are literally choking the alleys of the 'Jacquinot Neutral Zone' (a mile long and a half a mile wide that already contained one hundred and thirty thousand normal inhabitants), fifteen thousand are sheltered against the cold wind and rain in temporary matsheds and hovels in and around Zi-ka-wei, tens of thousands are fleeing from Soochow, Nanking and other devastated cities and towns, dragging a few belongings through the mud out into the wintry countryside. Hundreds are dying daily of starvation and disease.

(Turn to page 83)

Bouncing Babies

Paul C.
O'Connor, S. J.

The Author originally published this article in *The Alaska Catholic* (issue of October 10, 1936), but we believe that it will be of interest to the Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS in many lands.—*Editor.*

MANY people come to Alaska to get rich and I might add that not a few of them succeed. A few years of hard work often achieves a life's grub stake. Every year people return to the States with their pockets loaded with gold. But despite the fact that thousands have made and are making fortunes in Alaska, the native himself remains poor. His poverty consists not in abject want for the necessities of life, but rather in the privation of the luxuries and conveniences of life. For the most part an Eskimo eats well. He has to if he is going to resist the cold. The food that he takes from the country is rich in fats and oils. A strictly native diet is more necessary than warm clothing.

The Eskimo may lack the material comforts of life, but he is rich in children. Now as the necessary element of riches is its ability to provide pleasure, so do the Eskimo father and mother consider themselves eminently wealthy if their igloo is filled to the brim with bouncing babies.

The standard of civilization among many Whites is reckoned in terms of material possessions. If children interfere with a pre-determined standard of living they are simply dispensed with entirely or are timed according to the pocketbook. To put it plainly—if the coming of a child would eliminate for example the use of an auto, or the living in a select neighborhood, the child does not come. The advent of children in the family, therefore, is made dependent on the material prosperity of the couple involved.

THE philosophic outlook on life of the Eskimo is on a higher level. Not being encumbered with modern luxuries his vision is not blinded by them. Material comforts are in one category—children in another. He would not think of weighing them in the same scale. He rightly judges that physical convenience is, after all, a certain phase of life and at times inescapable, but a baby, why, that is life itself! The desire for children has been in times past a bit ruthless. A barren wife became a wife no longer and was abandoned in favor of a woman that could be with child. Experimental unions in isolated districts of the tundra are even yet performed with this sole object in view.

Babies, therefore, are riches comparable to nothing.



Caroline and her two pretty children. She was formerly a pupil at the Catholic school in Akulurak where the Author is in charge.

Both parents are one in this estimate of life. Even health and sickness are minor considerations in the production of life. It is life itself—life expressed in babies that counts. I have known mothers afflicted with chronic ailments which render child birth an act of heroism, but they did not falter a moment. To thwart birth or conception does not enter into their sense of vision. A woman would feel nothing but sadness to be simply a wife and not a mother.

BABIES, therefore, abound in Alaska. They are coming all the time. Almost every trip with my dogs I find two or three ready to receive the waters of Baptism. I have about two hundred families in my tundra parish. They are scattered in tiny villages within a hundred mile square. You will be surprised to hear that my baptismal records average between forty and fifty babies a year.

Personally, I find that the administration of Baptism is one of the most consoling functions of my priesthood. I will go a long way off the trail to baptize a baby Eskimo, the news of whose birth has been relayed to me by Mukluk telegraph. Why? Because there is a high rate of mortality in this severe land of the survival of the fittest. I have often wondered in the long silent moments on the trail what an assembly of little angels must have welcomed the souls of the veteran missionaries of Alaska when they entered into the Kingdom of Heaven. How many thousands must they have baptized in their long career of thirty and forty years of continual ministry! Yes, Alaska is cold but it has its compensations and it is these that warm the heart of a missionary.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

During the past month the back room at JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., was a center of unwonted activity. Indeed to such an extent was this true that a temporary increase in our personnel was deemed necessary. The occasion was the inauguration of a Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet drive sponsored by two organizations that have already proven themselves in various ways active friends and loyal supporters of JESUIT MISSIONS, namely, the Veritas Catholic Action Club of New York City and the Fordham Alumnae Mission Group.

JESUIT MISSION PRESS PAMPHLET DRIVE

In accordance with the primary purpose of their organization, which is the distribution of Catholic literature, the officers of the Veritas Club, after examining the stock in trade of various Catholic publishing houses, decided to sponsor and begin their activities with the sale and distribution of the pamphlet material already available on the shelves of our Jesuit Mission Press office. A few of the schemes suggested by the members for promoting this pamphlet drive may be both a matter of interest as well as an inspiration to our readers to enlist in the campaign. It is hoped, of course, that as a result of combined efforts a total of one hundred thousand pamphlets may be bought, sold and distributed where their message is most needed.

OUR PAMPHLET STOCK IN TRADE

In an effort to test and prove the geographical extent of their personal influence, each member of the Veritas Club took a two-penny outline map of the United States with the names of the forty-eight States marked thereon. She was directed to carry the campaign into each state of the Union. Progress was to be charted as follows: Miss A. of New York writes to her personal acquaintance in Idaho, informing her of the pamphlet drive and requesting her as a personal favor to write and to procure one pamphlet from Jesuit Mission Press and then in turn to solicit a personal friend dwelling outside of Idaho and New York who would do likewise and who would then consent to carry on the plan. In this way each member of the Club will have the unique experience of realizing that by means of her personal friends her influence can be nationwide or nearly so. The States are numbered on the map, 1, 2, 3, 4 and so forth, according to the order in which they are covered. When the entire forty-eight states have been completely covered, a list of the forty-eight names with addresses solicited by the individual members of the Veritas Club will not only mean forty-eight new personal friends for each of the members, but forty-eight new centers of distribution for use in what is certainly one of the most important apostolates of our generation.

MAPPING THE UNITED STATES

A more direct entry into the forty-eight states of the Union has been effected by the Fordham Alumnae Mission Group under whose auspices a representative set of Jesuit Mission Press pamphlets has been bought and paid for and then forwarded to various key centers of influence in each of the States. Thus, sets have been mailed out to the forty-eight individual State Governors of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae and the response received to date proves that the enterprise was a good one. Thus, Marie Shields Halvey of Philadelphia, and a member of the Staff of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Bulletin, promises: "To keep your booklets in sight and draw the attention of guests to them. I am entertaining three high school professors (all priests) tonight at dinner. I'll flash the booklets on them and report results, if any." With that, Miss Halvey flashed one of her own beautiful poems on us entitled: "The Way of the Cross." We print the first stanza only:

DIRECT CONTACT

"Come! Hold the basin higher, Serving Boy!
And hide the hand that never will be free
From shame; earth has no lotion to destroy
The stain of Pilate's weak iniquity."

The entire poem has been syndicated by N.C.W.C. News Service in Catholic papers. Apropos of the thought content within this stanza, we do not feel it inappropriate to remark that passing pieces of Catholic literature from hand to hand in an effort to

teach the world the truth that Pilate challenged but did not wait to hear, might be an excellent lotion for hands too often perhaps engaged in less apostolic pursuits.

Either singly or in sets, these Jesuit Mission Press pamphlets are now available at 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. A popular dollar set includes twenty-one pamphlets covering a variety of subject matter and of locale that will afford readers an interest that is truly international. One girl member of the Veritas Club, after receiving her set, returned home and remained up until 2:00 A.M., absorbed in reading the individual topics. We list these herewith.

JESUIT MISSION PRESS PAMPHLETS NO SEDATIVE

Advertising the Catholic Church—Catholic doctrine for non-Catholic minds, originally prepared in news flash style for the *New York Times* before taken over by Jesuit Mission Press. More than one million copies of this pamphlet have been sold. *A Boy And A Girl; The Boys Who Wouldn't Die; The Story Wonderful; Out of the Northland; William Stanton of Belize;* tragedy, romance, and the drama of life as lived in the missions of China, Mexico, Alaska and the forests of Central America. Eight pamphlets tell the life story of the eight North American Jesuit Martyrs to whom there has now been erected a National Shrine at Auriesville, New York. A novena pamphlet to these Jesuit Martyrs is likewise included. There are two inspirational types, namely, *Forward, America!* by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., and *The Philippines, Isles of Gold*, by George J. Willmann, S.J., as well as an illustrated appreciation of the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith in *The Mass of the Missions* by Thomas J. Feeney, S.J. This same author offers the only answer to the charge that the Church in Spain was fabulously wealthy in an America Press publication included in our Jesuit Mission Press set and called, *The Church in Spain, Rich or Poor*. He also offers a startling expose of Red organization in the United States and a thorough case against the menace of their propaganda in his Queen's Work publication likewise included in our Jesuit Mission Press set, entitled, *Communism, Our Common Enemy*.

As a follow-up for the February Press Month campaigns, as a Lenten objective, or as a means of cooperation with the current national Knights of Columbus literature drive, we suggest that our readers adopt one, some or all of the following working programs. (1) Buy a Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet or set of pamphlets for personal perusal and use;

WORKING PROGRAMS

(2) Buy a Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet or set of pamphlets for another, either another individual or organization; (3) Recommend a Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet or set of pamphlets for others to buy for personal use; (4) Recommend a Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet or set of pamphlets for others to buy and distribute; (5) Buy a Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet or set of pamphlets as a gift for a missionary who may be lonely and would not only relish reading matter of this type but would increase his efficiency by perusing it; (6) Personally distribute these pamphlets in hospitals to patients both Catholic and non-Catholic, apropos of which practice, it has been the experience of Veritas Club members, in the words of their President that: "Non-Catholic patients in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, have been found to prefer mission stories." It has likewise been their experience that "Stories in general take well in hospitals both because the patient is in a story reading mood and because the story rather than the catechism type of literature disarms prejudice, removes suspicion, and sows the seed for most abiding conversions." As a result of more than two thousand five hundred visits last year to patients at Bellevue Hospital, the members of the Veritas Catholic Action Club, recommend as a matter of experience to those interested in this apostolate of the pamphlet, visits to patients suffering from tuberculosis, as well as to those who are recovering from surgical operations. It seems that the time that God has given these patients in which to convalesce is an occasion by which, through His grace and the apostolate of our Jesuit Mission Press pamphlets, many a soul may be brought closer to God. For one who fully realizes the value of a Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet or set of pamphlets, every day would be a Catholic Press day.

Town of the Shoulder Basket

THE Parish of Tangub dates from May 13, 1935, when Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., received official notice of his appointment as Pastor of Tangub, by His Excellency, Most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan. Thenceforth, the municipality of Tangub with its many villages was to be distinct from the parish of Jimenez, the Superior of which, namely, Father James G. Daly, S.J., had been administering Tangub personally, and through his assistants. The former "St. Michael's Mission" became "St. Michael's Parish, Tangub."

The name "Tangub" is said to be a Subano word, meaning "shoulder-basket." Many years ago, the story goes, when the Spaniards came to this settlement of the pagan Subanos, an officer asked the wife of the chief the name of the place. The woman was making a shoulder-basket, and, since she could not understand Spanish, she replied: "Tangub," meaning she was making such an article. So, the Spaniards called the place "Tangub."

Perhaps these were the little band of soldiers who had tried to start a military post, across the Panguil Bay and to the south of Tangub. Finding the conditions unhealthy, they transferred to Tangub.

It may be that Jesuit missionaries, before the Suppression of the Society of Jesus, penetrated the woodland of Tangub. However, in later years, the Recollect Fathers were in charge, and, about 1886, one of these Fathers established his residence here, but did not remain very long. Perhaps he occupied the fair-sized *convento* (rectory), on the corner diagonally across from the present rectory. The old rectory was torn down by the Filipino revolutionaries at the beginning of the present century.

The temporary chapel, of nipa leaf, was shifted to another portion of the church plaza, when the fanatics of the heretical

sect of the fallen priest, Gregorio Aglipay, a native of the northernmost part of the Philippines, usurped the Church etc., in Tangub. However, in 1910, by a decision of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, the Church property was restored. In 1930, the present church, with sides of wood and zinc roof but without a facade, was constructed. Father Gabriel Font, S.J., the lone, veteran missionary of the Provinces of Lanao and the present Occidental Misamis, was in charge, at the time. On his death, in 1932, various Fathers from Jimenez made visits of a few days. One of these Fathers finally remained permanently in Tangub, namely, Father John F. Treubig, S.J. This Father occupied the two rooms in the sexton's house, but did Father Font and the other Fathers after him. In the few years, the interior of the church has been improved; but the exterior is awaiting the day when the Aglipayan regime here and in Misamis, the former town-center of Tangub, shall be vanquished in the attempt to put roads through the church plaza, passing the front door of the church.

MEANWHILE, the present Jesuit Pastor of Tangub, Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., built a new rectory, and the sacristy of the church. The Father moved into the new building August 1, 1935. He had moved from the sexton's house to the former municipal building, after a double tragedy in the sexton's family, while the Father was visiting his Superior in Jimenez. Now, the change to the strongly-built, two-story rectory, measuring about twenty-one meters square, was a wonderful relief.

The parochial school, comprising kindergarten and first grades, which was started in Father Font's time, was moved to the lower story of the rectory, from the church and a small wooden building, next to the church. The registration, this year, was over three hundred, including boys and girls. For the present, pupils will finish fourth grade in this "St. Michael's School, Tangub," and continue in the local public school. By a little insistence Father O'Connell succeeded in removing the barrier to the matriculation of these children in the public school. Until June, 1935, the Catholic children who attended the parochial school were forced to forego further education, unless they chose to begin with first grade, again, in the public school. Under the present regime

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Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., (left) with the cast for the drama "Santa Teresita" produced at his church of Tangub, Occidental Misamis, P. I.

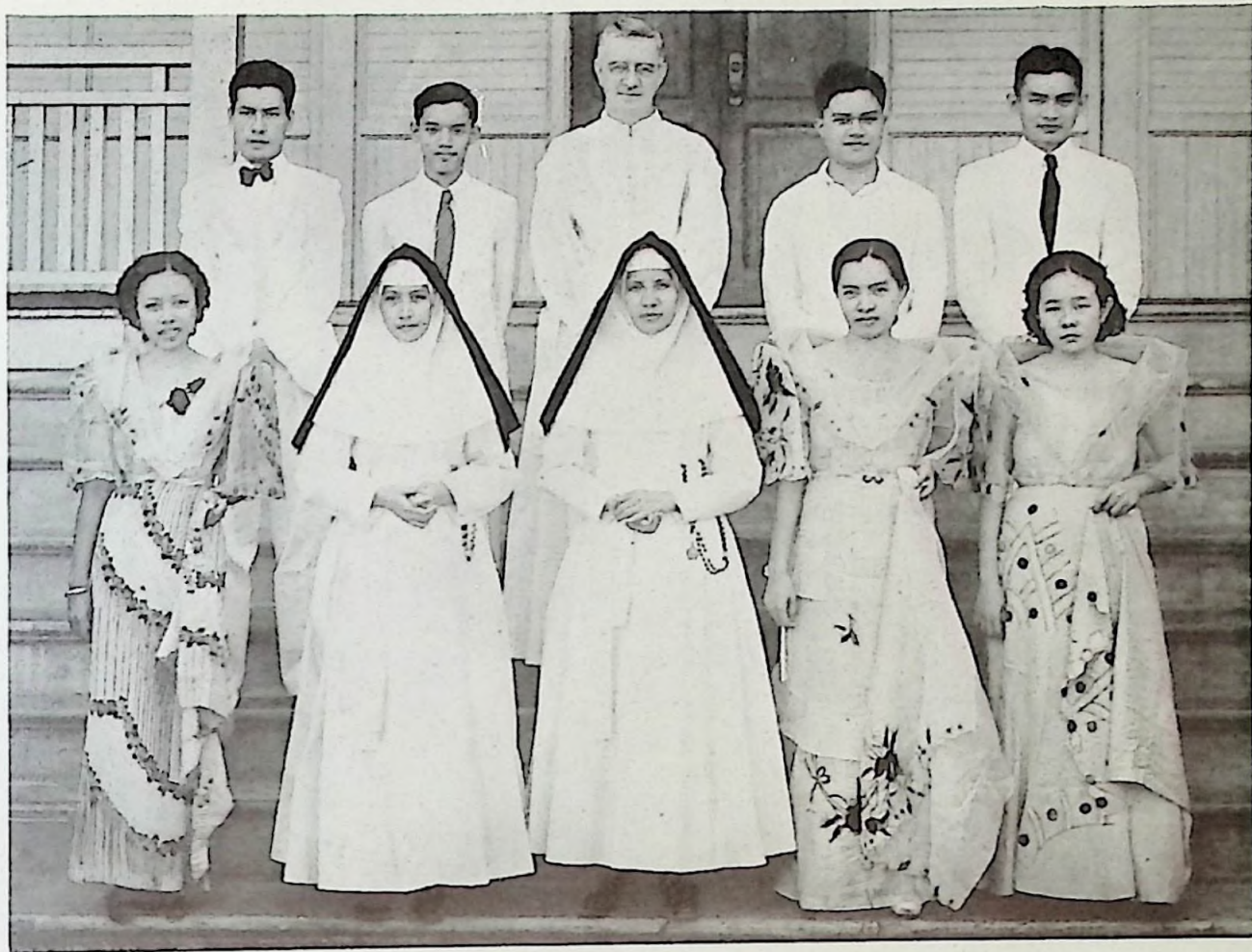


In the Philippines, there is hope that the Government schools will be also schools for the Filipinos, namely, Catholic schools. However, Tangub may yet have its separate school building for the complete elementary grades of St. Michael's School.

THE children of the parish school come from families which have immigrated to Tangub from other parts of the Philippines, especially from the islands of Cebu, Bohol and Siquijor. Among the earliest colonizers of Tangub were Aglipayans, mostly Boholanos from Oroquieta who had given up the Faith of their baptism. These settlers secured tracts of land. With the proceeds from their corn lands, they were enabled to pay for the cutting down of trees, in the center of Tangub, itself, and build substantial houses for themselves. About 1920, waves of colonists began to pour into Tangub, especially from the town of Sibonga, Cebu. These people retained their Faith and are the glory of northern Mindanao today. While the early Catholic settlers suffered indignities at the hands of the more numerous Aglipayans, today, by God's grace, out of a population of about forty thousand, some thirty thousands are Catholics, perhaps five thousand are Subano pagans, and the rest: scattered Aglipayans, Evangelical Protestants, Seventh Day Adventists and others.

While many of the school children were baptized elsewhere, before their families immigrated to Tangub, still, not a few were born and baptized in Tangub. Before 1928, Father Font would register the names in the books at Misamis, the town-center, of which Tangub was a village, until 1929. Since 1928, Jesuits have baptized 18,119 in the municipality of Tangub. From 1935, the year of the establishment of Tangub as a distinct parish, until the present date, 6,114 have been baptized by Fathers of the Society of Jesus: about 200 by *ad interim* secular priests. Perhaps a hundred or more Subanos, mostly adopted children, have been baptized. Not a few Aglipayans, grown-ups about to have marriages rectified, and children, have been received into the true Church by absolute Baptism.

MANY of these were baptized in the outlying villages, especially during the celebration of patronal feasts, when oftentimes, more than a hundred babies were given the saving waters of Baptism. The piety of the people has been responsible for the erection of thirty-eight chapels in so many villages, large and small; besides these villages, there are others which have promised to erect chapels. In several cases, the land is donated to the parish. Most of the chapels are of nipa, though in the larger districts like Bolinsong, Dimalco, Pangabuan and Baga, the roof is of zinc and the walls of wood. Outside of feast days, Mass is said two Sundays a month in Pangabuan and in Baga. The Father tries to visit Bolinsong and Dimalco and Balatacan once a month, and Hermosa whenever possible. For about thirty kilometers south of the town-center, there is no real road but only trails.



Father David A. Daly, S.J., with Sisters and teachers of Tangub parochial school. Father Daly has been transferred recently to his present address: San Jose Seminary, Balintawak, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I.

A launch can reach the edge of the roadless district; then, a horse takes the Father up the trails into the hills for ten kilometers and more.

AS he passes along, the Pastor visits any of his village schools, of one or two grades, near his route. Usually the young man or young lady teacher receives a little financial help on such visits. The children are supposed to support the teacher; but many fail to pay. At present, ten of these village schools are functioning. Others have ceased with the departure of the teacher. From time to time, in various villages, First Communion classes are held for a month or two, and then, if the Father can say Mass in the village, the children receive their First Holy Communion; otherwise they come to the nearest large village or wait for the feast day of their own village. The enrollment in the regular grade schools in the villages is about 331.

To advance further the spirituality in these villages, as well as in the town-center, sodalities of men and of women have been established. However, in the villages, the Sodality of Our Lady for young women is flourishing in only two chapel districts. But, at the town-center the League of the Sacred Heart numbers about sixty active adult members, besides the children of the parish school, of both sexes. The former *Centro Catolico* with some forty members, men only, is gradually being replaced with the new Catholic Action Society. The elder ladies have the *Damas Catolicas* Society, with some thirty active members. The Young Ladies' Sodality has two branches: Our Lady of Lourdes Sodality proper, and that of the little girls, under the secondary patronage of the Little Flower. The older boys have the Catholic Boy Scouts, and the Boy Christ Society, a branch of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, is for the little boys. The girls number about 130 in their sodalities; the boys, about sixty.

Such is the history of Tangub Parish and its 175 square miles.

Editor's note: The author's address is Rev. John R. O'Connell, S.J., Tangub, Occidental Misamis, P.I.

They Also Serve

Edward A.
Scott, S. J.

WHEN a young Religious offers himself for the foreign missions, his generous volunteering does not limit itself to any particular work of his Order in the mission field. Often enough though, his imagination pictures only what we might call the more exciting works of evangelization among the dangers and thrills of life in the wilds.

It is well for a missionary to have seen both sides of the work. This has been my good fortune since I came to Patna Mission, India. After one year in a well established mission station where I had time to observe and learn the ways and habits of the East, I was allowed five glorious adventurous years among the Santals (aboriginals), where Christianity was just taking foothold. Now I find myself in another phase of foreign mission work—teaching in a mission high school where, roughly averaging, three-fifths of the boys are Hindus, one-fifth Mohammedans and the rest Catholics, mostly of old Christian families, but some twenty are the sons of the recently converted aboriginal (Santal) families.

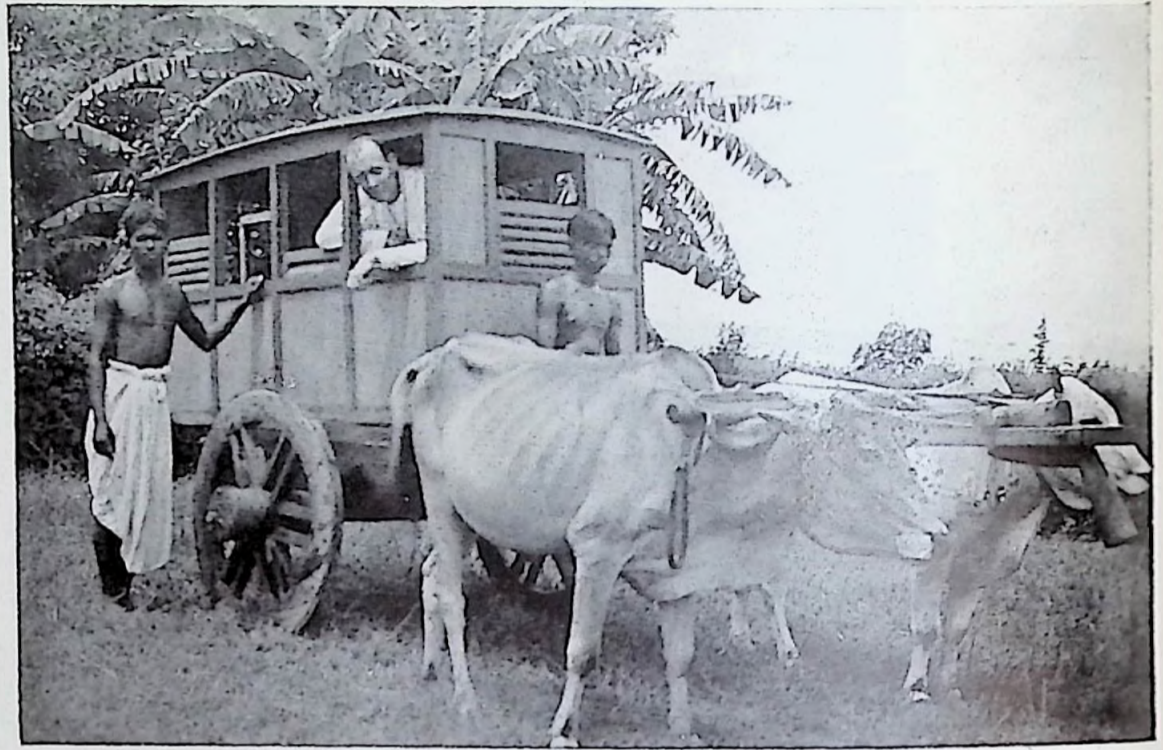
It is quite a different phase of mission work and my purpose is to help you to see its value in the general work of conversion of the heathen. Outside of moral instruction half hour daily, and the general effect of the Catholic atmosphere upon young pagan minds, no direct attempt is made to convert the pagans while at school unless they themselves voluntarily present themselves for instruction. Where then does the conversion idea come in?

ALL true conversion is ultimately the work of Divine grace. Your aboriginal or your high or low caste or no caste Hindu, may "come in," as they put it, through mixed motives, but the ultimate test is perseverance, and this can only be obtained where grace supports and is the dominant motive.

Now actual grace is certainly not wanting to the unbaptized, and it is upon this that the general good effect of an educational work is based. True, we may be able to point to but very few who openly receive Baptism of water, but we would be incorrigible spiritual pessimists if we did not hold that many, yes, very many who come under our influence educationally, will be saved by acts of Perfect Contrition (Baptisms of desire) who might otherwise have perished eternally.

The boys we educate, whatever their inherited tendencies to pride, prevarication and the external practices of pagan worship, are most certainly influenced by the daily examples of humility, truthfulness, charity and prayer of the Catholic teachers and boys.

This educational phase of foreign mission work calls



When Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., was a missionary among the Santals of Patna Mission, India, some of his journeys through the jungle were made in this de luxe "chapel car" known as the "somp."

for a stronger Faith even as it may demand equal self-sacrifice. It is truly a noble missionary apostolate.

THE foregoing might seem to be a bit of sane forewarning to youthful aspirants to the missions—not to fix their hearts too much on the more exciting phase of foreign mission work,—but I meant it as much for my generous benefactors, that they may not lose interest in my work because it is more prosaic. I can no longer tell harrowing tales of danger and heroic sacrifices, but where a few pence a day sufficed for my simple needs among the aboriginals, my personal upkeep and that of our little Community of four Fathers, seven Scholastics and two Brothers here is considerable. Hence you see, we are very much in need of your prayers and your material help. Khrist Raja High School, though the gift of a dear deceased benefactress, is not endowed. We depend on alms to enable us to give hundreds of pagan boys at least the fundamentals of Christian ethics upon which later to build supernatural virtues.

AND the effect of the training given at Khrist Raja is and will continue to be far-reaching, for the school serves many worthy and important purposes. It is at once a Government-recognized high school, a training school for Catholics towards teacher, catechist and professional careers, a junior seminary, a mission to non-Christian youth, at times a catechumenate, mother of village schools and, by necessity, dispensing hospital to the plague-ridden countryside. Multiple service to the Mission is seemingly Khrist Raja's vocation. Patna's first American missionaries ambitioned that for it when they laid the plans. Its unknown foundress hoped for the same when in a great act of lowly charity she sacrificed so much for its construction.

Seminaries for China

The Mission Intention for March

IN the light of the present terrible crisis which exists in the relations between China and Japan, a plea from the center of Christendom for more seminaries in China may appear to the politically minded as a futile or at least an untimely solution for China's problems. Yet it is just such insistence upon direct spiritual agencies for peace and education as distinguished from purely political that manifests the wisdom which is forever present in the judgments and the utterances of the Vicar of Christ on earth.

That Communism, common enemy of all Christian civilization, is active in China today, no intelligent observer of events can deny. In fact, it is the boast of the Communists themselves that they have already penetrated into a goodly number of key positions in the Nationalist Party of the Kuomintang. Against this common enemy, both the Chinese State and the Catholic Church are fighting, each with its own peculiar weapons. While the State is attempting to control and suppress all Red activities by political, legal and even military sanctions, the Church, mindful of the masterful expose of atheistic Communism broadcast to the world by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, is now striving to recreate the religious spirit of the Chinese by a drive for seminaries and seminarians who will act as leaders in the fight against atheism and Russian infidelity. It is this latter war, rather than the unofficial state of war that now exists between China and Japan, which is of most serious concern to the Father of Christendom.

Two reasons stand out above all others, according to those most competent to speak for China on this subject, which seem to indicate that Russian Communism will never be accepted or acceptable to the Chinese mind. The first of these is the desire of the Chinese native to own his own little rice paddy no matter how small this may be. The second is the inveterate custom of ancestor worship. Because Communism will admit neither the principle nor the possession of private property, and because in accordance with its principles of materialism, there can be no ancestors, and, therefore, no need for ancestor worship, eminent Chinese of today contend that Communism even if temporarily lifted into the saddle by force of Russian arms, will never rule peacefully over either the heads or the hearts of this ancient people.

While these considerations must be a source of deep consolation to the heads of the Chinese State and of the Catholic Church in China, Catholic bishops and priests must temper their joy exceedingly when they realize that even at this present writing, roving bands and real armies of Reds numbering at least a half million men are operating in China proper. Moreover, in the event that the Chinese State in order to protect itself against Japan were to make a pact with Soviet Russia for men and armies, is it logical to expect that soldiers imported from Russia, born and bred as they are to propagate the principles of Communism, would leave their Communism at home in Russia? The possibility of such a pact and of such an aftermath can bring no measure of

solace to the leaders of the Catholic Church in China.

Against so fundamental a menace, the Church of Christ suggests an equally fundamental solution and in her wisdom, born of her age-old knowledge of human nature, she pleads now for seminaries and seminarians. According to figures compiled in the *Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine* for 1937, there are today about three millions of Catholics in China. While contrasted with the total population of four hundred and eighty-seven millions, this figure may not seem striking, it offers much reason for gratitude when compared with the status of China a century ago. Perhaps the following totals for the Catholic population in China over successive periods will be significant of the real growth that has taken place. Thus there were in China in the year 1800, 300,000 Catholics. A century later in 1900, this total had jumped to 700,000. In 1905, it increased again to 900,000, and in 1910, to 1,281,000. At present the figure tops the three million mark. With this increase in the total of Catholics went hand in hand an increase of missionary workers that rose from 150 in 1800 to the present total of 4,500. Of this latter figure, native Chinese priests number 2,000 and it is to them, especially, as well as to their younger brothers in the seminaries that His Holiness looks for a solution of the religious problem in China today. Lest these totals, however, should make our readers lose their perspective, let us present the situation in another way. Thus there is at present in China, 1 priest for every 106,281 inhabitants, or, if we consider the Catholic population alone, 1 priest for every 644 Catholics. But there is only 1 Catholic for every 165 Chinese, a contrast that becomes alarming when set side by side with the ratio which exists for example between American Catholics and the population of the United States, which ratio would approximately be 1 to 6. Were we to consider the relative position of the native clergy among the Catholics in China, we would find that there is today 1 native Chinese priest for every 1,599 Catholics.

While the need of seminaries and seminarians becomes mathematically clear in the light of statistics, still, statistics alone never built a seminary nor, we suspect, have they ever persuaded philanthropists to do so either. Seminaries have been erected, however, by charitable benefactors who have seen with their own eyes the practical worth of missionaries even though still in seminaries, as this worth has been exercised through the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy. What more convincing proof of the merit of our seminarians and thus of the need of seminaries can there be than the spectacle offered by Father Jacquinet, S.J., and his fellow Jesuits in Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai and Nanking, as they go about by day and by night caring unselfishly for the bodies and the souls of tens of thousands of helpless refugees? This may enable our readers likewise to understand why His Holiness has presented to them as an object for prayer during the month of March, the Mission Intention of "Seminaries for China."

Afield with American Jesuits

CHINA

Writing from the Jesuit House of Studies in Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, under date of November 21, 1937, Father John K. Lipman, S.J., reports:

"There has been quite a change in the situation here since I wrote you some two weeks and a half ago, and after three months of death and destruction dealing noise, there is once more peace and quiet in the immediate vicinity of Shanghai. But that week from November 4 to 11 is one that will never be forgotten, and if I ever experience anything like it again, it will be too soon.

"At the time of my last letter, November 4, the Chinese soldiers were holding a line along the south bank of Soochow Creek, to the west of the International Settlement, and in spite of terrific bombing and shelling, they seemed to be holding quite firmly. On that very night of the fourth, however, the Japanese troops effected a surprise landing just north of Hangchow Bay, about thirty-six miles south of Shanghai, and within twenty-four hours, had advanced some five thousand troops about fifteen miles north, reaching the south bank of the Whangpoo River, quite near to Sungkiang. In any event, this rapid approach from the rear made the Chinese positions around the city untenable, and early on the morning of Tuesday, the ninth, a general withdrawal of Chinese soldiers from all around Shanghai was successfully carried out.

"The one exception was a detachment of about six or seven thousand soldiers who entered Nantao and prepared to resist there as long as possible. This at once caused an enormous influx of refugees from Nantao into the French Concession, which was increased when the Japanese gave out word that unless the soldiers in Nantao surrendered immediately, the whole district would be bombed and shelled. Father Jacquinot set about at once to see what could be done about reserving part of the Old City for refugees, and both the Chinese and the Japanese agreed to keep all military operations out of the northern section adjacent to the Concession and set it aside for the refugees. The rest of Nantao, however, starting from the creek just opposite the Aurora and running east to the Whangpoo, was occupied by the Chinese soldiers, and on November 10 and 11 was subjected to intensive bombing and shelling.

"On the ninth, the Japanese soldiers had occupied all of the Hungjao district to the west of Zi-ka-wei, as well as the section directly south of us and the Lunghua district east of Zi-ka-wei, between us and Nantao. This meant that we were surrounded on three sides by the Japanese soldiers, but

they had promised that Zi-ka-wei would not be touched, so there was no particular danger to be feared. However, they set up numerous batteries of field artillery directly behind us at a distance of about twelve hundred meters, and located other guns to the south and east of our compound, and from Wednesday noon till Thursday night we had to listen to a cannonading the like of which I never want to experience again. Since we were directly in the line of fire of many of the guns, the noise of the explosion of the gun was greatly intensified and would rattle one's very eardrums. And as if this were not enough, there was also added the incessant crash and rumble of exploding bombs that huge planes were dropping in sets of three. We could easily see the bombs dropping from the ships and follow them all the way down till the three of them would go off together with such force that although we were nearly two miles from the spot, our building would rock and rattle as if in an earthquake.

"Thirty-six hours of this was more than any human could stand, and during the night of the eleventh, probably acting under orders from superiors, most of the Chinese soldiers turned over their arms to the French authorities and entered the Concession, where they were interned. There were still many snipers left in Nantao, however, and for the next week the Japanese soldiers were kept busy disposing of these, with the result that in addition to the many fires started by the bombs and shells, there were countless others started to drive out the snipers. It is estimated that the property damage in Nantao alone will run into the hundreds of millions, and the same can be said for Pootung. The property



Very Rev. Joseph Courchesne, S.J., Superior of the French Canadian Jesuits in the Mission of Süchow, Ku., China, who has been visiting Canada on official business connected with his Mission.

loss for all of greater Shanghai will certainly mount up to billions of dollars. In Nantao the Japanese were very careful not to touch any of the foreign institutions, so the Little Sisters of the Poor, The Old Folks Home, our church and the French Waterworks were untouched, though threatened at times by the fires that soon were raging all over Nantao.

"The withdrawal of the Chinese troops from the vicinity of Shanghai brought an end to the actual hostilities here around the city, but there still remained, and remains, the question of caring for the refugees. In the safety zone, in Nantao, which up to now has been spared by the flames and not bothered by the Japanese, Father Jacquinot and a committee of six others are caring for about two hundred and fifty thousand destitute Chinese. Here at our compound of Zi-ka-wei, there are nearly fifteen thousand, while in the Nanyang College just a block north of our place, there are another fifteen thousand. In the Concession and Settlement there are many other camps taking care of well over five hundred thousand, so one can see the problem that confronts the city. The winter rains have begun now, and the weather is getting decidedly colder, and the question of providing sufficient food and clothing for the poor refugees is becoming serious. Considerable financial help has already been forthcoming: the Japanese naval and military commanders each gave ten thousand dollars to Father Jacquinot, while the Chinese Government sent a check for fifty thousand dollars. The Red Cross is getting organized and raising a good deal of money, so that many of the refugees will probably survive the winter in good shape, but it is feared that many more will not.

"Such is the present state of affairs here in Shanghai. What the future will bring, we must wait to see. It is as yet too early to determine how much damage the Mission here has suffered, but the process of taking stock can soon get under way. The cost of rebuilding damaged and destroyed schools and churches will be enormous, and probably can only be done with the help coming from abroad, the extent of which will depend on the generosity of benefactors. This, we hope and pray, will be commensurate with the great needs of the Mission."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Under date of January 8, Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., "The Flying Padre," wrote from Longlac, Ontario, to say that he was somewhat upset because his plane was not in working condition. He says:

"I have no skis for it because the

old ones are no longer of use and I have no money for new ones. Besides that, I also need money for baffle plates and valve guides. The whole expense will come to three to four hundred dollars. I went east some time ago but did not pick up enough money to cover my needs. Now I wonder what will happen. I am accustomed to being short financially, but generally Providence comes to my aid in good time. I hope that those who give to the cause will realize that the money is not for myself. They would be convinced of that if they saw the small log shack in which I live and if they shared my primitive cooking with me."

* * *

From St. Andrew's Rectory at Port Arthur, Ontario, Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., reports on his winter work among the Indians:

"Back in Port Arthur for a brief stay, I'm all perspiration. My heavy clothes are not fit for the inside life but are much needed for the bush and along the north shore of Lake Superior. I certainly needed warm things last week. It was forty-eight degrees below zero at Pie River one day, and hardly warmer than thirty degrees below zero for a week. I had to keep big fires going in the church and sacristy. These fires would not last through the night without being replenished. So any time after midnight if I would wake up with the cold penetrating my blankets, I would jump out, bustle around a bit, shivering, and would add more wood to the fire. You see that up here we do not have coal to burn. In the morning there was always ice on my pail of water in my room and once it was frozen to the bottom. But the cold is a pleasure in comparison to the 'sweat' of trying to handle the Indian tongue."

ALASKA

Miss Mary Fanning of Chicago, Illinois, has for some time been render-

ing service to the Alaskan mission at Hooper Bay where Father John P. Fox, S.J., is Pastor. Some time ago she sent the following brief description of a Sunday at Little Flower Mission where Mass could not be celebrated that day because Father Fox was at another mission.

"We didn't have Mass today, Sunday, as Father had to go to Scammon Bay. But at 9:30 A.M., the bell rang and all the villagers who were Catholic came to the chapel, except a few very sick ones. We sang a hymn which might be termed a Spiritual Communion and then one to the Holy Spirit. After that the people said the prayers in Innuait, after which Sister Superior of the Eskimo Sisters gave an instruction in Innuait. Then a hymn to Our Blessed Lady and the service was over. Although I did not understand Innuait, I was much impressed by the fervor and the sincerity of these poor people. When they pray, their whole heart is in the prayer, and when they sing it is as though the angelic choirs were singing. It is indeed consoling to those laboring here to see the earnestness of these natives.

"It makes up for the times one has to use one's knowledge of 'footballogy,' as happened here when there was no water and I had to go to a lake a mile away for some. Over the creeks for a one-yard dash and forward passing the buckets of water and trying to dip out a pail of water from the lake with water to your boot tops—what a life! But 'God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.'"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior of the New York Jesuits in Cagayan, writes from St. Augustine's Cathedral:

"Some changes for the records of JESUIT MISSIONS have taken place and so in case they have not already been printed for your readers, I am listing them now. Thus, Father David A.



Very Rev. Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., recently appointed Superior of the Missions of Northern Alaska, has spent some fourteen years in the North, mostly at Nulato. The Alaska Missions are in charge of the Jesuits of the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus.

Daly, S.J., formerly Pastor at Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, is now at San Jose Seminary, Balintawak, Caloocan, Rizal. Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., is now Pastor in Father Daly's parish. Father Pedro Dimaano, S.J., is the new Pastor at Tagnipa, Oriental Misamis. The Parishes at Clarin and Tudela were split, part being handed over to the jurisdiction of the Superior of Misamis and the other part to the jurisdiction of the Superior of Jimenez. Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., leaves the Ateneo de Manila for Sumilao, Bukidnon, and Brother John E. Abrams, S.J., leaves Tagnipa and goes to the Ateneo de Manila. There is no replacement for Brother Abrams at Tagnipa. Brother E. Bascos, S.J., goes from Sumilao, to San Jose Seminary, Balintawak, Caloocan, Rizal."

* * *

From Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Father Joseph Reith, S.J., whose views on the missions and life in general are always interesting, notes that: "My conscience is bothering me—or rather, a very bad memory. I wish to note that the Cambridge histories came in some days ago. In the terms of the ringside, they are a 'knockout.' In fact, I have to fight to keep them for myself, as Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., wants them for Cagayan, and several Fathers are no less eager to obtain them for their individual missions. I am enclosing with this letter a picture of the front of my church. You can see the improvements, which, however, are not startling. The repairs were necessary because the old tower had rotted to the danger point



Scene from the operetta staged in honor of the departure of Father David A. Daly, S.J., from Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I. Father Daly has been succeeded by Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.

and I was afraid that a bell would land at any time on the Pastor. You can also note paint on the woodwork; something extremely rare around here except on the lips of the Moras and belles of Mindanao. To protect myself from the wrath of benefactors whom I may not have answered, although if the truth be told, I cannot remember any such case recently, I would like to note that the good home missionary should be trained to the idea that it is their's to scatter sunshine and not to expect it to reflect back one hundred per cent. Science says that no mirror is perfect and I fear I am becoming more of a plant for absorbing sunshine than a mirror for reflecting it. Apropos of reports in the papers, there has been considerable fighting around the Lake of Lanao recently. The Army is trying to mop up some of the *cottas* and the Moros are resisting strenuously. I buried one soldier yesterday—to another dying, a Moro, I gave conditional sacraments. The Moro makes a brave fighter, and greatly outnumbered and out-armed, they are still able to hold off the Army until blown to bits by dynamite. Several parts of Lanao around the Lake are thick with *cottas*—first-class fortifications.”

* * *

Father Lewis O'Neill, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental, Mindanao, P.I., grateful for a generous donation forwarded from a hospital in the Southland, writes to

thank the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS for the same and notes:

“My school opened with an enrollment of four hundred and ninety and this year we were blessed by having six Franciscan Missionaries of Mary arrive from Manila to take over the school management. Besides their teaching, the Sisters conduct a dormitory for the students and give music lessons. As they live over the school, Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., built a small *convento* for the Father and Brother on the other side of the church, facing the church plaza, so that the parish buildings are on a direct line with the church. Looking from the *convento* window this week, one would be reminded of good old Coney Island. The men of the Parish have enclosed the church plaza with a tall fence. Inside the fence there is a circus, side shows, shooting galleries and a general assortment of booths. The people gather here this week, especially in the evenings, with the bands playing for the feast day. The set-up resembles an old-fashioned church fair in America. This fair is being sponsored by the *Centro Catolico*, and they hope to raise enough from the proceeds to repair our mammoth church roof which is in a dilapidated condition.”

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From Father James M. Harney, S.J., St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead P.O., Jamaica, comes the following:

“It was in the days of horse and

buggy, almost forty years ago. An apostle of happy memory, Father Dennis Lynch, S.J., guided his steeds down one of Jamaica's winding mountain roads, till he came to a place called Donnington Castle. Here he didn't pitch his tent for the simple reason he didn't have a tent, but what was much more real, though less romantic, he pitched himself right into his work and founded a Mission which he called Holy Cross.

“At the time that Father Lynch started Holy Cross Mission, the present writer was back in a New England town doing his best to kick the sides out of his cradle and was informing his proud parents and the neighbors that his first teeth had arrived. The years have fled since then. Father Lynch, after blessing the soil of Jamaica, India and the Philippines, has gone to his eternal reward. The author, pardon the presumption, now has to thank the dentist for part of his third set of teeth, but what is tremendously more important, he has to thank a merciful Providence for making him one of Father Lynch's successors at Donnington.

“The Mission has grown old, at least when one considers it in respect to the many missions that the Fathers have erected in Jamaica since that time. About fifteen or twenty years ago the efforts of the early missionaries at Donnington were supplemented by a building that was to serve as church and school, the gift of a kind American benefactress. That building has also grown old and now is more like a barn than a church. Things disintegrate quickly in the tropics and the Holy Cross Mission building has sadly disintegrated. The roof, green with a mosslike vegetation, leaks in about three places; the sidings in many places have rotted and on Sundays when Christ comes into the world of Donnington, He finds Himself in another Bethlehem, at least He comes into another stable and high above His altar throne the birds have built their nest on a crossbeam. Before the altar runs a rickety, brokendown altar rail and before the rail are a group of old benches which will be turned around on Monday and arranged for the different classes of the school.

“Poor old Donnington! Poor because its people are poor; old because its building has become decrepit. But these poor people know how to cooperate with their Pastor. Indeed, their cooperation has been one of the great consolations of the past year. The next holiday the Pastor is going to be at Donnington; he's going to take off his coat and roll up his sleeves and lead his pickneys, big and little, down to the river and they are going to spend the day gathering stones for a new and more durable mission building at Donnington. Yes, we intend to do that and more, we are going to have a church that will be a fitting place in



His Excellency, Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., (right) and Mr. Judah (left), the father of Father Charles L. and Father Sydney J. Judah, S.J., of the New England Province, survey the ruins of what was once Dnke Street Convent, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.



Adam Spotted Elk, full-blood Sioux Indian of the first grade at St. Francis Mission School, South Dakota, calls to see the "Shoemaker,"—Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J. See page 60.

which to offer the Holy Sacrifice and we are going to have a separate building for our school. And by the way, what a joy that school has been! During the past year the attendance has leaped phenomenally, so much so that the Department of Education gave us a new teacher because of the splendid attendance over a period of six months, and with the advent of the new teacher the attendance continued to increase so that now we have nearly two hundred children on the register. Then one of our little pickneys came third in an Islandwide essay contest conducted by the *Gleaner*, Jamaica's daily newspaper. And now, my head teacher is receiving congratulations because her entrants in the pupil teacher's examination made one of the best, if not the best record, of the schools in this section of the Island. And this under the most adverse conditions. Surely a kind Providence is going to send us friends to help us build a new Holy Cross Mission with a respectable shelter for the King of kings, a separate building in which to school His little ones, with decent quarters for the teachers and at least a little improvement in the living quarters of the Pastor."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father William A. Ryan, S.J., is Pastor of St. Ignatius Church in the Mesopotamia District of Belize, British Honduras. He writes under date of January 12:

"I wish to express to you my sin-

cerest thanks for a gift as kind and thoughtful as it was unexpected. It must be that Providence inspired many with the thought that it would be a good thing to send something down to British Honduras to the Pastor of St. Ignatius; for in money gifts both from the congregation and from friends and relatives outside, this year's Christmas accumulated gifts of money far exceeded anything I have ever received at Christmas. Well, it was very welcome to me who have a great overhead to overcome and keep wondering when the time will come when I will get on my feet. My trip to the States netted my parish some financial help but still a great deal remains to be paid off on our debt.

"It was very gratifying to all of us to learn that you are preparing to send to Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., some help towards erecting a new church at Benque Viejo. We here at St. Ignatius are to give a little play in February—the annual school play—and make Father Kuenzel the beneficiary. This may seem like robbing Peter to pay Paul; but we felt that a helping hand to him in his distress would be appreciated. Besides, during the four months that Father Kuenzel was at St. Ignatius, prior to my taking over the church, he merited so well of the people, and his name is held in such benediction here, that I felt we must make some sacrifice to held him in this sad calamity."

* * *

Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., Pastor of the Church of El Carmen in Benque Viejo, British Honduras, writes under date of January 11, to express his deep gratitude for some help that has already come to him and for a promise of further assistance in building a new church. The February issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* told the story of the destruction by fire of the former

church at Benque Viejo. Father Kuenzel tells us that the new church would probably be about eighty-five feet long and forty-five feet wide, to accommodate four hundred persons at one time. He would like to build in the old Spanish mission style. He says that the altar would probably be constructed right in Benque Viejo and would be made of mahogany and other fine woods that abound in the neighborhood. However, he will have to wait for some months before beginning operations. He says:

"Not thinking of a possible fire, I had been making repairs, painting, installing improvements, electric light, etc., so that our funds were low when the fire came. Now we cannot take a chance on a big debt which might eventually crush our Mission. Accordingly, I have suggested that we wait for about six months before committing ourselves definitely to any plan and this has been approved. I want to make a model of our proposed church soon and then would submit it for approval to our Superiors.

"Rest assured that you and all our benefactors are daily remembered in the Holy Sacrifice on the humble altar which is now only a table and under my residence. On Sunday we have been using the school."

PATNA, INDIA

Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., is a missionary among the Santals of Patna Mission, India. He writes from Catholic Mission, Godda P.O., S.P. India.

"I have been half disabled for a few days. A tiny bit of a sliver under the skin of the little finger of the right hand did the trick. I went down to Dr. Mukerjee, the local hospital doctor, early Sunday morning. He stuck a knife into the finger three times, not exactly a pleasant experience from my



In the Jesuit Mission of Belize, British Honduras, the Sisters of Mercy of Providence, Rhode Island, conduct St. Catherine's Academy for girls.

point of view, but it did the work and the discoloration which had gone up to the arm pit, has about disappeared. I was able to have Mass here that day but the congregation was not very large. The rice harvest has commenced.

"The weather is fine now and I have been able to begin using the new motorcycle on some of my trips to the *dhat*. I believe I told you my shopping experience with it at Bhagalpur. I led a procession of two or three hundred spectators. Maybe that is an exaggeration, but anyhow there were enough to block traffic. It had this advantage that I always had some one at hand to direct me where to find the articles I desired to purchase, if I failed in the first shop. So I managed to get a tea strainer, rat traps, lantern repairs and what not.

"Bhagalpur bazaar is not the only place we cause excitement. I was called out on a sick call a week ago Friday morning. It turned out to be a funeral and I was gone from early morning till after dark at night. We covered eighty miles with my head catechist hanging on the pillion seat behind. We forded rivers, climbed hills. What roads! We entered villages that had never seen red motorcycles before. I doubt if village life is reorganized yet in some of the villages. Our only casualties were a dog and a kid, (a four legged kid). Neither were killed outright, but if they live, I think they will both be in safe quarters the next time we go through. They tie up pigs in this country as they do cows at home. There were pigs scooting down village paths that day with broken mooring lines trailing. Some of the bullocks and buffaloes may be going yet for all I know. They certainly were not giving any slow down signals the last I saw of them. When village life gets dull and they get the bullocks and buffaloes home and the

pigs tied up I may make the trip again some day.

"Baptisms are coming slowly these days. For some reason or other, the Congress people in these parts are preaching a strange conglomeration of politics and religion; so most of the pagans just now are waiting for all Christian religions to be driven from the land, and the happy millenium when each man will be a *raj* and pay no more taxes. When they get tired of waiting they may listen again to the Gospel of Christ. One village in my district recently anticipated this glorious millenium to come. They went to the jungles and cut the biggest trees they could find despite the law forbidding such proceedings. They will most likely get home rule in jail for a few months, and may come home disillusioned."

* * *

Father Francis J. Welzmler, S.J., who went to India in the fall of 1936, has finished his final year of Tertianship and has taken up missionary work among the Depressed Classes at Bupar-Gajachanganj in the Shahabad District of Patna Mission. Of course, his official residence is: Bishop's House, Bankipore, Patna Dist. From there he sends us an account which he entitles: "Breaking In."

"Thirty-seven villages within a twenty-five mile radius, and a cycle to make the rounds. I sat thinking over my new appointment in the rented bungalow which serves as my mission center. As I viewed the golden rice fields and wondered how big a crop of souls for whom Christ died were ready for harvest, the postman came with a letter marked 'Urgent.' It was from my Superior, and read thus: 'Young woman dying at X. Please get to her as soon as you can for the last sacraments.'

"X. is some thirty miles from the bungalow. I have not as yet the con-

solation of a chapel and the sacramental presence of our Lord. I must wait until morning Mass. Meantime, I would ride out to where two were waiting for Baptism and push on from there.

"I allowed myself two and a half hours to get to S. and set out as the bright November sun began to decline. Ten of the twelve miles were pleasant going on the main road. Then the fun began. The two miles of cart-track was a well-churned stretch of sand that for the most part defied all my efforts at pedaling. With much pushing and puffing I got the baggage-laden chariot opposite S. just as the brief Indian twilight was merging into night.

"I was out of the sand, but not yet out of the woods. Following directions, I rode along through a mango grove and brought up alongside a ploughed field, uncertain as to my next move. In a little clearing I found four men at work cutting sugar cane. On inquiring for the Leather Workers' *tola*, or quarters, I was directed along a riceband, or raised path, and into another darksome grove. Fortunately, I came upon an obliging Brahman, who led me to a little group of mud houses with thatched roofs. To my chagrin, I learned that there are three *tolas* of Leather Workers in S., and that this had no Catholics. So off again, this time to look for the bazaar. After similar wanderings, I at length pulled up in the right place at about eight o'clock.

"It was a real joy to sit and talk with these good villagers, explain the truths of the Faith, hear their troubles, give them what medicine I had, and partake of their meager fare. The main trouble here was the ban which the Hindus had imposed on the baptized as regards water. They must carry it a mile until we are able to get a well for them. I baptized the two men, and after a sound night's rest, and Mass followed by weak tea, sweetened with molasses, was off to X. with Viaticum.

"A good deal of inquiring, with the fording of two canals, brought me over the last mile stretch of bumps that completed the eighteen miles to X. By God's grace the young woman was still lingering. She confessed and received with evident signs of joy and peace. I anointed her and encouraged her, and then took my leave. The people in this village, too, suffer persecution for the name of *Isai*, or Christian. But they value their Faith and know that we are with them. This constancy of theirs is our consolation.

"On the way home, I added a tin of fish to the sugar and milk that was offered me in the village. The west wind played me false and made me pump to cover the return journey. Late in the afternoon I reached the bungalow. 'Breaking In' is here as everywhere just plain breaking in. There are hardships, but those are the lot of missionaries."



A large meeting of Patna missionaries held in December, 1936, at Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah. Seated in the center, front row, is Very Rev. Adrian Van Kalken, S.J., official Visitor at the time. At his right is Very Rev. Frank N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, India.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

The Novena of Grace

In response to requests received we print below prayers for the Novena of Grace which normally is made from March 4 to March 12 inclusive. This latter date is the anniversary of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier in whose honor the Novena is made. For the greater convenience of those who wish the prayers in a more handy form, we are happy to make reference to the pamphlet, "Novena of Grace" and the leaflet "Prayers for the Novena" as advertised on our back cover.—Editor.

Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

Most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this Novena (*make some petition.*) But if what I ask is not for the glory of God, or for the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is most conducive for both. Amen. (Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be.)

V. Pray for us, St. Francis Xavier.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY

O God, who didst vouchsafe by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xavier, to join unto Thy Church the nations of the Indies, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who reverence his glorious merits may also imitate his example, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Xavier's Prayer for Unbelievers

Eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that the souls of unbelievers have been created by Thee, and formed to Thy own image and likeness. Behold, O Lord, how to Thy dishonor hell is being filled with these very souls. Remember that Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death. Do not permit, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that Thy Divine Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but rather, being appeased by the prayers of Thy Saints and of the Church, the most holy Spouse of Thy Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of Thy mercy; and forgetting their idolatry and unbelief, bring them to know Him, whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who is our health, life and resurrection, through whom we have been redeemed and saved, to whom be all glory forever. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, love of my heart, by Thy holy Cross and by the Five Wounds which Thy love has inflicted on Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood. Amen.

By a grant of Pope Pius X on March 23, 1904, confirmed by Pius XI on January 4, 1929, all who make the Novena of Grace either publicly or privately may gain

1. An Indulgence of 300 days, on each day of the Novena; and
2. A Plenary Indulgence, upon completion of the Novena, under the usual conditions of Confession, Holy Communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father.

To gain these Indulgences, one must devoutly and with contrite heart recite, either publicly or privately, the prayer "Most lovable and loving" with one "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be, etc.;" if the Novena exercises be held in a church or public oratory, it suffices to be present at the recitation of the prayer.

N. B. If the usual prayer be not available, one may say instead "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be, etc.," five times. The Novena may be made at any time of the year.

A Call for Heroes!

To the Editor:

The following article was written by one of the girls at St. Catherine's Academy here in our Jesuit Mission in Belize, British Honduras. It won first prize in the Mission Essay Contest conducted in the high schools of the Mercy Sisters of Providence, Rhode Island. Last year one of the same class here won second place in the contest.

Belize, B. Honduras. (Rev.) Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

(We are happy to print the prize essay in these columns. It was written by Miss Ursula I. Casam, a Senior at St. Catherine's Academy, Belize. Miss Casam is pictured in the frontispiece of this issue, standing to the left in the first row.—Editor.)

BRITISH HONDURAS MISSION

Romance! If you are in quest of adventure, British Honduras will certainly satisfy your desire. In the vast mission fields you will find real adventure—hazardous enterprises, oftentimes the risking of life for the fulfillment of God's plans. Here we need more noble volunteers to spread God's message among our brethren who are not of our Faith.

Does your imagination thrill at the thought of yourself in almost impenetrable wilds, machete in hand hacking your way through dark forests, or swimming your horse across rivers, or paddling your canoe in a lagoon when all Nature has fallen asleep, and with Mother Moon smiling down upon you as your only companion? These are not dreams, but realities. As for hacking your way through the woods, that is an every-day occurrence. So high does the bush grow that an inexperienced person might even get lost and be obliged to spend a night with the tigers and other beasts of the jungle. Many a night may be spent with the sky for a roof and the ground for a bed. Here you can sing without being reminded that there are others in the world, for your voice will only echo and re-echo in the distance. Besides this, you might even have a swimming contest with the alligators.

Great snakes! What surroundings! And there are great snakes in British Honduras. Snakes of almost all species, one half of which are deadly poisonous. Often you will find yourself about to tread on one—not a very pleasant sensation. Before going to bed, the Indians always search their huts thoroughly to make sure that no snakes are lodging therein. A life of sacrifice! How hard it sounds! Yet it is possible if there is a love of God.

Though the colony numbers many spiritual adventurers, we shall speak of one—Father Michael Schaefer, S.J. With an easy smile and an utter lack of pose, making enormous personal sacrifices and undergoing constant hardships for a great cause, he is truly living up to the motto: "*Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam.*" Stationed in the out-districts where he has to go from one village to another, making his rounds in dry or rainy season through swamps where his horse often gets stuck, crossing rivers infested with alligators ever ready to overturn the little dory, this valiant soldier of Christ has proved his true worth, his fine gold.

Formerly he was stationed at Stann Creek (a Carib village south of Belize), from which, because of unhealthy surroundings, he was obliged to return to Belize. If he remained longer on his visits to Belize, he would be able to prolong his usefulness. But he believes in working whilst there is an opportunity, of which there is never a lack in British Honduras. His present missions are scattered along the banks of the Old River, which runs through the north of the colony. When he visits the plantations, the Colored people welcome him, and immediately set up a temporary church, for they know that "the Father" cannot remain with them very long. At some of the Indian villages his principal difficulty was mastering the native language. Now Boom is the largest settlement under his care. When Father Schaefer went to Boom for the first time, he discovered that three-fourths of the population were very indifferent to religion, a strange fact, as Boom is only a few miles out of Belize.

How can he bear the monotony of the missionary life? Monotony! He has no time to consider his own feelings; those are of secondary importance. First and foremost is his work. What fascination has his work over him which even prevents him from noticing the color slowly fading from his cheeks? To him a rest means so much precious time lost. Even when his overworked body is beginning to show the effects of the strain, he still maintains his characteristic lightheartedness, always seeking the beauties of life. However, his efforts have not been wasted. After a time of patient waiting his heart rejoices to see the fruits of his labors slowly, but steadily increasing. Who but a hero could dare and do what he has done and continues to do?

Why expose yourself to all this unnecessary danger? Who will give you credit, or even notice your work? In worldly annals, your name will never be recorded, but in Heaven your name will be written and the King of kings will reward you as He knows best. But what greater reward than the salvation of a soul? And in spite of the inestimable amount of work done by the Jesuits, there are many here who are on the brink of damnation. The missionary realizes that he is simply God's instrument whose duty it is to obtain souls for Him, regardless of the personal dangers incurred. Now who aspires to be a Hero of Christ?

Heap Big Music Makers

Raymond
Oliver, S. J.

STEPHEN FOSTER'S haunting melodies have been played in many places, but the last spot I ever expected to hear them executed by an honest-to-goodness brass band was in an Indian Mission.

Wikwemikong, Ontario, had a band! I had heard nothing of it before and my breath was taken away as I came out of the council hall and saw the musicians gathered together under the trees on the grounds.

There were twelve of them and they wielded formidable looking horns that shone from vigorous polishing. A few minutes and they were under way in a medley of Irish airs. I listened for a while before going in again to the hall and my expectations were fulfilled. Kerry Dance was hardly the sprightly lilt of a thing it should be. It had a mournful tone all the way through. It was truly, thought I, an Indian band! They were, in fact, full-blooded braves of the Reserve. The leader waved his baton as seriously as the greatest director in the land.

For the most part, the crowd took the musicians as a part of the festivities. They had often heard them before. But there was one group that had come from a great distance and they sat open-mouthed and entranced before the array of shining brass, and forgot the stands, the games, the archery contest, everything—so engrossed were they in this new phenomenon.

MEANWHILE I thought of the work it must have been for the missionary who had trained them. Hours of patient and repeated lessons, hours of grinding practice, very few moments, I imagine, of such music as would really be in the way of compensation by its nearness to the finished product. For no matter what you do, you cannot break down the Indian's quiet, slow approach to everything in life. Years of trying cannot bring the hymns to anything nearing what we should consider normal speed. The same ponderous manner that makes for long and slowly enunciated speeches, the same cautious tread that can never be hurried on the trail, the quiet, more than measured gesture in everything, is clearly evident in the music.

The "Stars and Stripes" as they played it that day would hardly bring an audience to its feet in a patriotic gesture, but after all, we claim our own right to our way of "interpretation" and to use modern parlance . . . it is their "genre."

The band had just got under way in a Stephen Foster medley when Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., drove up with the now gone-but-not-forgotten Ford "Lena," his irresistible good humor, his unflagging zest for work and a new idea to enliven things at the bazaar. His plan



"Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., drove up the now gone-but-not-forgotten Ford 'Lena.'"

was to have the Indian band drive round the village and play. This would bring in the last few people who had resisted the glorious weather and the joys of the fair. The vehicle was to be that one and only Ford and I knew that once Father Tim had decided to put the band "on the wagon" he would make the thing go. The trailer was put in use and I have never felt so thoroughly sorry that I have not a hobby for snapshots.

Five men were in the trailer. Horns sprouted from all sides of it. The drummer was seated on the spare tire. There was a man on each mud guard and there were two packed into the seat with Father Tim. His orders were to start playing and to keep it up no matter what happened. The situation was full of possibilities.

THE road that leads from the fairgrounds to the side streets of Wikwemikong is a very rough one. In fact, it is nothing but a trail filled with stumps and the hole left by up-rooted trees. Add to that the fact that it is a very definite drop from the grounds to the road and you turn a complete right angle at the gate, and again the fact that the side streets in which you now arrive are a series of rough trails, taken all in all, it was hardly to be expected that the band would play with any definite smoothness!

Beautiful Dreamer was their choice for the start off and it was unique. The drummer beat so seriously as he had back in the grounds with a grim determination to make a go of it. Despite the fact that the car went very slowly he felt every dip and shock in his vantage place on the spare tire. It is not very often that one can claim to see any expression on the Ojibway countenance, but there were undoubted traces of doubt and unrest on the drummer's face as he rounded the corner backward with very little to help him keep his place on a very sharp right turn. How he heroically "came back" after each complete "miss" and found his place and time in the music was a marvel to the crowd.

The group in the trailer were (Turn to page 83)

De Nobili College, Poona

John W.
Lange, S. J.

JUNE 11, 1937, was a momentous day in the history of the missions of India. For on that day occurred an event which, though it may not have glared forth in the headlines of the papers and rocked the world at large, yet meant much to Catholic missions, and to Jesuit missions in particular, in the great pagan land of India. At St. Vincent's High School, in Poona, a band of nineteen young Jesuit students of theology (later augmented to twenty), under the direction of Very Reverend Father R. Rauw, S.J., Superior of the Poona Mission, at a low Mass celebrated by Most Reverend Monsignor Henry Doering, S.J., Archbishop-Bishop of Poona, inaugurated a new Jesuit college of theological studies, the second in India.



Founders of the new De Nobili College. Seated in the front row is His Excellency, Msgr. Henry Doering, S.J., Archbishop-Bishop of Poona. At his right is Very Rev. R. Rauw, S.J., Superior of Poona Mission. Other members of the Faculty are seated in the same row. Among the theologians are five Goans, four Spaniards, three Germans, three Tamilians, two Americans, one Frenchman and one Italian.

The new college, whose name, by the express wish of the General of the Society of Jesus, honors the memory of one of the greatest of Jesuit Indian missionaries, has made a determined start. Superiors had long been perplexed by the problem of finding accommodation in over-crowded theologates for their prospective priests, and at length resolved to launch out on the difficult task of building one of their own. St. Mary's, Kurseong, established some forty-five years ago in the Himalayas, almost within view of famous Mount Everest, has for several years been unable to find room for the increasing numbers of theologians, both indigenous and foreign, that have stormed its gates. The Superiors of eleven missions accordingly put their heads together and, encouraged by Reverend Father General, decided to open a new house in the city of Poona, one hundred and twenty miles southeast of Bombay.

NATURALLY, the beginning is a humble one. Pending the erection of the new building, which is to be of imposing proportions and completely modern throughout, adapted to the special demands of Indian climate, the little band of students has been quartered on St. Vincent's High School. There, while the ten-year-olds in adjoining classrooms tread their bewildered way through the intricacies of "Jack and Jill" and the mysteries of the multiplication table, their fellow students are listening with similar wonder to learned discourses on Divine Revelation, the Infallibility of the Pope, the Administration of the Sacraments and Canon Law. The High School Faculty Residence has been enlarged to meet the needs of the augmented Community; but colliding elbows at table and elsewhere strongly suggest still further augmentation. The theological section sighs for the day when it may expand with comfort in its own home, built for its own definite purpose.

The architect and contractor for the new house will be Brother J. Neukamm, S.J., whose talent and ability in the building line have been amply proven by long years of achievement in the Mission and in Germany. He has to his credit, among others, the splendid building of the scholasticate at Pulach, on the Isar, near Munich. He will be ably assisted by a band of German and Swiss Brothers, each a master technician in his own line.

POONA, ancient capital of the once powerful Mah-ratta Kingdom, lies snug on a lofty plateau in the bosom of the Ghauts, those low mountain ranges that ramble across the western side of the Indian peninsula. At an elevation of eighteen hundred feet, it enjoys a dry, cool climate—which, however, grows oven-hot in the months of April and May. Two rivers, the Moola and the Mutha, meander down out of the Ghauts, join, at a place sacred to the Hindus, and, as the Moola-Mutha River, flow sluggishly down into the scorching plains of the Deccan. The soil is fertile, and offers encouragement to agriculture and gardening of every sort. American plants, fruits and flowers flourish side by side with the Indian varieties in the many experimental farms and botanical gardens.

Poona has ever been a great seat of learning, especially of Brahmin culture, and today there are numerous colleges and schools encompassing it. To mention the most important, there are: the Agricultural College, Medical College, Law College, College of Engineering, Ferguson and New Wadia Colleges, and schools and colleges representing nearly every class of Indian society. Students from all over the country come (Turn to page 84)

NEW BOOKS

Sorrow Built a Bridge

Katherine Burton

A literary and artistic temperament guided by a firm spirit of orthodox religion is well calculated to produce a character of rare attractiveness. If the character be that of a woman who is as truly human in her emotional nature as she is religious in her charitable instincts, then, we have all the makings of a heroine for the drama, tragic or comic, depending upon the circumstances in which her lot is cast. Such a combination was Rose Hawthorne, in her married life Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop, and for over thirty years known to the world as Mother Alphonsa. "Sorrow Built a Bridge" is the story based upon these three names. It is the biography of an exquisite creature of talent and refinement, with exquisite sensibilities, told with exquisite style. Lights and shadows chase one another across the years in the life of this daughter of Hawthorne until it draws to its end in twilight laden with deeds of mercy for the cancerous sick. Litterateurs will read this entrancing volume for a closer view of literary New England in both its writers and its social life. Social Service addicts and professional welfare workers will search it for the source of inspiration that gave us the Rose Hawthorne Lathrop Foundation for the victims of incurable cancer. Directors of souls, of course, would be interested in the edifying work of shoring up collapsible spiritual structures, or in doing a little spiritual engineering work, and like this daughter of Hawthorne, building a bridge from time to eternity with each stone a merit won by accepting sorrow as, at the very least, due to the permissive Will of God. Even poets may read these pages, and as they learn their lesson exclaim, in the words of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, "Sorrow, my friend, I owe my soul to you."

Longmans, Green & Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.50

Dom Pedro The Magnanimous Mary Wilhelmine Williams

An illuminating portrait of Brazil under its second Emperor, Dom Pedro, with illustrations from famous libraries and paintings. The author, Dr. Mary Wilhelmine Williams, with degrees of A.B., M.A. and Ph.D. from Leland Stanford University, had been instructor of history at Stanford and Wellesley, until 1915, and at Goucher—a professor of history since 1920. Her background as special investigator for the United States Department of State, in Middle and South American disputes, has given her special advantages in gathering data for the present study. The primary sources and signed printed material, as well as newspapers and magazines, clippings and compilations, and secondary sources mentioned in her bibliography, are duly impressive. Her presentation of facts is straightforward for the most part, although, at times, it is colored with her Protestant prejudice,

misunderstanding, or, sheer ignorance. Dom Pedro's early youth, his struggles for over a quarter of a century with foreign powers, his views on religion, church policy, on slavery and abolition, are only three of the vitally important topics here treated, and worth perusal. Miss Williams, apparently, does not understand the distinction between: "new dogmas" and "newly defined dogmas," p. 171; or, the immutability of Catholic dogma in general, p. 172. Suggestions like the following on p. 173, have a distinctly arrogant and supercilious Protestant character: "His marked friendliness towards Protestant missionaries was perhaps inspired partly by the desire to foster a competition which might stimulate the Roman clergy to reform." The author's exposé of freemasonry must be read with full understanding of her own religious views on the subject. Special interest centers around the tour of Dom Pedro to the United States where he was dubbed "Our Yankee Emperor." In general, his unorthodox religious views coupled with many natural virtues made of him one more example of that paradox in flesh and blood which North American Catholics are coming to look upon and designate as the "Latin type."

The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, \$3.50.

Why Are You Fearful?

Marion A. Habig, O.F.M., A.M.

A treatise on the Providence of God. A practical refutation of Schopenhauer's blasphemous indictment, "If there were a God, I should not wish to be God for my heart would be torn to shreds at the sight of so much human misery." The pamphlet is a very beautiful and attractively phrased Catholic exhortation to entrust one's life to God's direction, with, at least, the same sense of security that we have when we entrust our physical safety to the engineer of a train which carries us alternately past lush and smiling meadows, or, into the darkened pits of tunnels. The only even roadbed for the journey that is life is to be found, according to the author, in complete submission to the Will of an all-Wise and Omnipotent Creator.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., fifty cents.

A Dream of Christmas Eve Anastasia Joan Kirby

Miss Kirby's creative imagination helps more than a hundred Christmas sermons to recapture for adults the spirit of Christmas in childhood and the charity that is the essence of the mystery of the Incarnation. While authors like Miss Kirby continue to write, the blatant paganism of Christmas ads like those of Macy's and Gimbel's, in New York City, will fail miserably in their unchristian purpose.

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John and Joan and Their Guardian Angels

Both the design and the printing of this pamphlet are excellently adapted to the psychology of the child. As the editor notes in the introduction, "language that is plain and direct, pictures that are vivid and lifelike, appeal strongly." In these words, he has phrased without intending it, perhaps, the best apology for child pictorials like Joan and John.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.50.

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

SIoux SHOES

(Continued from page 60)

enjoys—and suffers—a monopoly of the shoe repair business. There is no other place to which the five thousand five hundred Sioux can go on the Reservation. They come from miles around to Brother Hinderhofer with their shoe troubles. Even wrinkled old squaws, who refuse to wear the mail order company shoes which their granddaughters sometimes order, have come to "Shoemaker" to have him pierce a bit of stubborn leather hide for the moccasin thong.

As the poverty of the Sioux deters anyone from opening a shoe shop for profit, so their poverty prevents the Sioux from paying much for shoes. St. Francis Mission cannot supply free shoes; but it can serve as a distributing agent. Campion, a boarding academy at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, sends two hundred pairs of old shoes every summer after the boys have gone home for vacation. Rockhurst High School of Kansas City, Missouri, this summer sent "Shoemaker" a big shipment of shoes. Brother Hinderhofer and his apprentices repaired them and are now selling them at cost. And to brighten the eyes of his six bright boys, "Shoemaker" is giving a nickel to each assistant for every pair of shoes repaired.

"I get paid in Heaven," says "Shoemaker."

MISS YOUNG AMERICA

(Continued from page 64)

American girls are all being trained as teachers and, after they have finished their novitiate, will be sent out to the smaller houses to take their places as God's representatives in the classrooms of British Honduras. Both the Misses Reger and Miss White are already making their practical year of teaching this year, while the others are studying for their Government examinations. Some of the native girls are also being trained as teachers, while the others are being trained as house Sisters.

Perhaps some of you will wonder whether it was difficult for the American girls to adjust themselves to the native girls, as well as to the climate, etc. Rest assured that it was the easiest task in the world to become adjusted to the native girls, who have a charming simplicity sadly lacking in the "civilized" States. Where such wholesome simplicity and child-like faith in God is the keynote of an institution, it is hard not to imbibe the same spirit and as a consequence, a true family life exists here at Nazareth, where differences of nationality are forgotten and varieties of previous training are utilized to the best ends.

Of course, it is not quite so easy to become adjusted to the differences of climate, but with God's help all things are possible, and fortunately, the last two years have not been among the hottest of British Honduras, so the change has been more gradual than it might have been.

There are at present three novices, five postulants (who will be received in May), and six candidates in the novitiate here.

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The harvest is always ripe and the laborers are always few, but Nazareth is doing its best to supply the needs here in British Honduras, and that with the best of laborers—those familiar with the vineyard. Will you say a prayer for its continued success?

OUR TRAGIC THOUSANDS

(Continued from page 67)

"Space will not permit a detailed description of this colossal drama of extreme misery, so we shall simply narrate but a few of the scenes that have come under our observation. Down into that labyrinthine maze of alleys, called the neutral zone that Father Jacquinet, S.J., has so well organized, we went with a group of Jesuit Scholastics from Zi-ka-wei eager to do their bit to relieve such wholesale and acute misery.

"Some went to crowded centers to remove the sick and dying; others supervised the removal of corpses, three and four days old; one supervised food distribution on the streets; another rescued women and children from the danger zone; others poked their way through the dark passage-ways of the second and third stories of a Buddhist monastery where the floors of every room were covered with sick and starving people who were either too weak to move or who refused to leave their hard-won space lest they be forced to live in the wind-swept alleys—and back they rushed to the food depot for more helpers and nourishment, carrying with them a list of the dead and dying on each floor; still another found time in this throbbing center of pain to baptize sixteen in the late afternoon. The Sisters were there, too, often in the foulest and darkest corners, that would violently disturb the insides of many a virile male, bandaging, baptizing, consoling, praying. Out on the one wide street in this neutral zone a fleet of Chinese Red Cross trucks was slowly moving through the milling thousands, throwing lumps of bread right and left as they went along."

HEAP BIG MUSIC MAKERS

(Continued from page 80)

having their own troubles. This particular trailer had been renovated by Brother Alphonse Gagnon, S.J., of the Indian School at Spanish, and it was reinforced with good stout lumber. The springs were negligible. That the performance did not render them all toothless is a wonder. The trailer swung right and left as if it were intent upon making the whole thing really worth while, and occasionally, Father Tim, all unconscious of all the doubts and cares his little Ford was causing, drove a bit more quickly over the "good" parts of the trails.

All the way down the hills to the church the hectic music went on. The group stopped in front of the Mission Rectory and for a few minutes they played for the Fathers who were within and could not take part in the bazaar for one reason or another.

On the way back the leader thought of a better plan of campaign. Solos were to be the order of the day till the good

spots were reached and then they were all to play a certain definite chorus. At any rate, they made a better fist of it on the return journey and were glad to settle down again in their stand under the trees.

DE NOBILI COLLEGE, POONA (Continued from page 81)

here in search of the much-coveted, and frequently (due to overcrowding of the professions and offices) quite useless degrees.

Besides, the place is a great military station, and boasts of several battalions and brigades of British militia, together with Punjabis, Sikhs (including the detachment of Addis Ababa fame), and Mahrattas. The different uniforms of the soldiery lend a pleasing touch to the colorful crowds one sees on the streets. These, in turn, include representatives of all parts of India: Hindus, turbaned Mohammedans, wealthy Parsees (who dispose of their dead in the city's two Towers of Silence, where the corpses are devoured by the sacred vultures), long-haired and bearded Sikhs, hook-nosed Pathans, Goans, Mangalorians, Tamilians, a few Jews and Arabs, merchants, traders, craftsmen, beggars—each has his sphere of activity, his separate community, his distinctive dress. The occasional walks that the theologians enjoy through the streets of the city bring them into touch with this living India.

The town is sharply divided into two contrasting sections, the "City" and the "Cantonment." The former is the business section, and its narrow, dirty, evil-smelling streets wind and twist crazily among the rambling, crowded homes of Poona's oldest and poorest inhabitants. The strongholds of Hinduism are here, and its adherents rub shoulders (and frequently enough exchange blows) with the followers of Islam. Here one can see human misery and poverty in its lowest and most pitiable forms. Here is the real life of India: the life of the masses, struggling, toiling, suffering, loving and hating, sinning, perhaps,—and withal, happy enough and carefree.

At the opposite pole, in the "Cantonment," are the residences, often quite palatial, of the wealthy,—of the army officers, Government officials, merchants. Pretentious dwellings, well-kept grounds, motor cars and stables (Poona is great for equestrian activities) all mark out the mansions of the upper Five Hundred.

After sundown, the lowly Hindus gather in their compounds, and the night air vibrates to the rhythmic throb of tom-toms—those tom-toms that tourists and others have looked upon as symbolic of the great, beating heart of Mother India. The people seek rest and distraction from the toil of the day. And, day by day, the eager eyes of young Jesuits look out over the bare hills towards the great mission fields to the north and south, and long for the day when, as well-fledged couriers of Christ, with the sacred oils fresh upon their anointed hands, they may go forward to carry the good message of Redemption to India's pagan millions, living out their toilsome lives in darkness and error.

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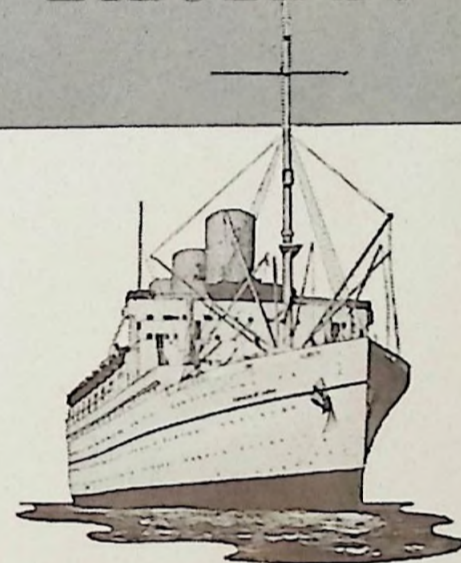
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