

Jesuit & Missions

"JACQUINOT ZONE"

"GOD TAKES A HAND"

EASTER AT GODDA

MONTEGO BAY

EASY-GOING ESKIMOS

IN THE CAYO DISTRICT

WE MEET FATHER CADOT

Ten Cents

THIS MONTH

	Page		Page
Frontispiece	86	Christ's Little Maestro	96
Ruins in Shanghai.		"I want some (<i>sic</i>) to eat."	
Editorials	87	The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS	
"Jacquinot Zone"	88	Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.	97
The power of the Crucifix.		In the Cayo District	98
"God Takes a Hand"	89	Native life in Honduras.	
And the <i>Padre</i> gets a break.		Baghdad Then and Now	100
Easter at Godda	90	Its glory is mostly of the past.	
Christ over India.		Our African Missions	101
Montego Bay	91	The Mission Intention for April.	
The philosophy of Father Becker.		Afield with American Jesuits	102
Easy-going Eskimos	92	Communications	107
The fine art of interviewing.		We Meet Father Cadot	108
The North American Martyrs	92	A patriarch of the Canadian Missions.	
A poem.		"... And Teach All Nations"	108
Boys Will Be Boys	94	A poem.	
What! No snipe-hunt?		New Books	110
A Perfect End of a Day	95	Grateful Acknowledgments	112
Like Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.			

JESUIT MISSIONS is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index published by the Catholic Library Association

CAMP DE SMET A Western Camp for Catholic Boys
On the Sioux Reservations of South Dakota
 Offers your boy a summer of thrilling adventure in the Old West. A Horse for Every Boy. 1000 miles of camping trips. A camp that is *different*. JESUIT STAFF. For catalogue address: Director: De Smet, Carroll Hall, St. Mary's, Kansas.

CATHOLIC HERALD
 A NEW FEATURE
FR. MARTINDALE ON THE SAINTS

THE CATHOLIC HERALD announces that from November 26th, 1937, onwards, FR. C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J., will contribute a weekly article on the character and importance to us to-day of a selected

SAINT OF THE WEEK
 "We are hoping," writes Fr. Martindale, "to indicate clearly but rapidly the SORT of man or woman that the Saint in question was, and then, if possible, to suggest why this Saint in particular ought not to vanish into a distant dark, but should be familiar to us to-day, and be spontaneously invoked by us in our public and private needs."

Each Article Will Be Specially Illustrated by Mr. Philip Suffolk, A.R.C.A.

Write for specimen copy.

Subscription for 12 months \$3.00

NEW CATHOLIC HERALD, LTD.

Ludgate House, 110/111 Fleet Street
 London, E.C.4, England

The Mass of the Missions

A STUDY OF

The Holy Sacrifice

by

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

Illustrated!

A booklet of eighty pages!

A source of inspiration for priests!

A mine of information for the lay person!

PRICES:

Per copy 10c. (postage 2c. extra)

100 copies \$7.00 (postage 15c. extra)

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

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

WHERE EDUCATION IS HIGHER EDUCATION AND HIGHER EDUCATION IS CATHOLIC!

UNIVERSITIES

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT
 McNichols Road at Livernois, Detroit, Mich.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY
 Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
 Washington, D. C.

JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY
 University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
 Chicago, Ill.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
 6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY
 431 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY
 St. Louis, Mo.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
 2130 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif.

UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA
 Santa Clara, Calif.

XAVIER UNIVERSITY
 Cincinnati, Ohio

COLLEGES

CANISIUS COLLEGE
 Main St. and Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE
 Worcester, Mass.

LOYOLA COLLEGE
 4501 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

REGIS COLLEGE
 W. 50th Ave. and Lowell Blvd., Denver, Colo.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE
 Jersey City, N. J.

HIGH SCHOOLS

GEORGETOWN PREPARATORY
 Garrett Park, Maryland

CAMPION — Jesuit Boarding School
 Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

(Conducted by the Jesuits)

Graduate School, Arts and Sciences
 Social Work, Commerce, Home Study
 Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Entrance by Certificate
 or by Examination

A.B. and B.S. COURSES

A CONSERVATIVE college which retains the best of the classical traditions.

A PROGRESSIVE college which meets the highest modern educational requirements.

A COMPLETE college which glories in molding character in her students.

A FEARLESS college which teaches the fundamental truths pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

Bulletin of information on admissions will be mailed upon application to Dean of Freshmen, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

SEASON OF GIFTS!

The poet wrote of Autumn: "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." May we write of Lent, and the joyous Easter season that follows: "Season of gifts for holy usefulness?" During Lent we are asked to make sacrifices for our souls' salvation. We can extend our motive to include the salvation of other souls. As our sacrifices multiply, many of us happily discover that we have saved many pennies, perhaps even dollars. What better use could we make of those saved-up pennies and dollars than to give them as a gift for holy usefulness?

In India, amongst the depressed classes of the Hindus; in China, amongst the war refugees; in the Philippines, amongst a Christian people who long have been deprived of an adequate priesthood; in Alaska, where frozen wastes isolate missionary and people through long winter months; in Jamaica and British Honduras, where loneliness and tropical heats have been aggravated by disastrous fires; in Baghdad, where Moslem paganism and intervening deserts make the missionary realize the more his isolation—in all these countries American Jesuit missionaries plead for the gifts at Eastertide that will help them to win more souls to a knowledge and love of the Savior Who terminated His Lent with the sacrifice of His life, and raised the hope of our own resurrection in His glorious triumph on Easter morning.

Will you make this Lent a season of gifts for holy usefulness? Please send your saved-up pennies—or dollars—for the American Jesuit missionaries to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below.

Just mark your remittance — A GIFT FOR HOLY USEFULNESS!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

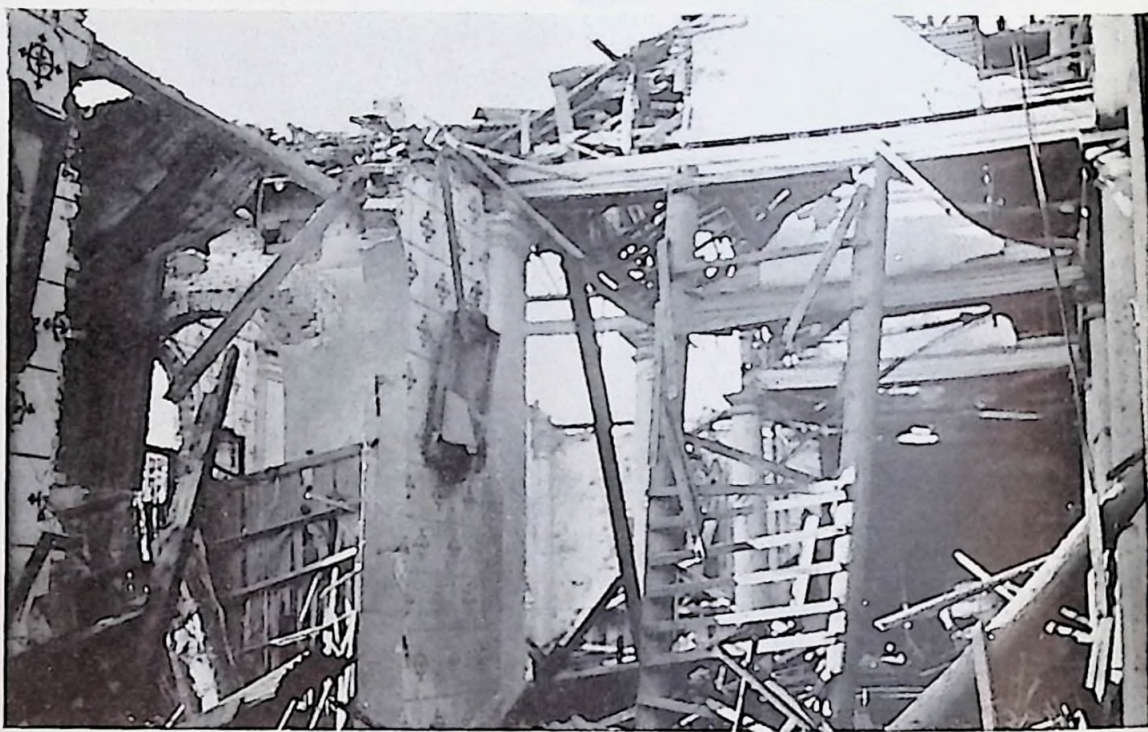
REV. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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

REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash.

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

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



The Vicar Apostolic of Shanghai, His Excellency, Bishop Auguste Haouisée, S.J., pictured in the church at the lower left, investigates the damage and destruction to Catholic Mission property in Shanghai during the months of bombardment in the present Sino-Japanese conflict. The Mission of Shanghai needs sympathy and help.

EDITORIALS

THIS "BUSINESS" OF MISSIONS

WHEN speaking of missionaries, most people think only of missionaries in action. They realize that these men of God need their help for the many works that fall to their care in mission territories. From the viewpoint of the Religious Orders and Congregations and Missionary Institutes, there is really a double problem: that of the support of the missionary *in action*, and that of the support of the missionary *in preparation*. Both are serious problems for Superiors, and the finances involved cause many an anxiety. The investment in men on the missions in reality represents a large investment in money.

Let us take you into our confidence for a few moments as we study the financial investment involved, let us say, in the preparation of the members of the Society of Jesus who were on the missions at the beginning of 1937—the latest date of which complete statistics are available. At that time there were 3,484 members of the Society of Jesus on the missions. Of these, 1,990 were Priests, 841 were Scholastics, and 653 were Brothers.

Now let us try to arrive at a moderate estimate of the time during which each group was engaged in its period of preparation. Ten years would be about the time for the ordinary Jesuit Priest to spend in studies before ordination, though the actual time of his early Jesuit life is longer because he spends several years as a teacher. It is more difficult to set down an accurate figure for the Scholastics because some are in their first year of training while others are in their tenth. But let us take the average and say that each missionary Scholastic represents five years of training—that is, of preparation. For the missionary Brother the period of preparation would be two and a half years.

Just what does all this mean by way of financial outlay? The figures are interesting and reveal something of the heavy financial burden carried by the Society of Jesus, with the generous aid, of course, of many friends. It costs less to carry on the work of educating Jesuits in the missions than it does at home because living conditions are different and prices are lower. The figures given here scarcely cover even half of what it costs to educate Jesuits in the United States. Again, the cost for educating Priests and Scholastics is higher than for Brothers because of the overhead for professors' expenses, for books, supplies, classroom buildings, and so on. Now for the estimate, which we take from recent and quite conservative computations made by the distinguished German authority on mission questions:

Father Bernard Arens, S.J., in his new book "Jesuitenorden und Weltmission." He makes his calculations on the basis of the German mark, which for convenience we may put down as worth forty cents, though at the present writing it is a fraction of a cent higher.

The annual cost of educating Priests and Scholastics he puts down as 500 marks, and the cost for Brothers as 300 marks. For the 3,484 members of the Society of Jesus who were actually in the missions at the beginning of 1937, this would mean that they represent a minimum investment of 12,542,100 marks or \$5,016,840.00.

Add to this the conservative figure of 1,000 marks or \$400.00 to outfit the individual Jesuit for the missions and to pay his transportation to the missions, an additional sum of \$1,393,600.00 . . . and you have the grand total of \$6,410,440.00 as your financial investment in your investment of men in Jesuit missions the world over.

We mentioned in the beginning of this editorial that Religious Orders face a double problem. Thus far we have spoken only of the missionary *in preparation*. What of the missionary *in action*? What is he doing in addition to preaching and caring for the ordinary routine work of a mission? We promise not to try to compute the cost. You may make your own estimate.

Turning to the official Roman report of all Jesuit missions throughout the world, we find the following interesting statistics for the year 1936, the year in which there were 3,484 Jesuit missionaries.

In fifty-four major mission districts, whose catechists and teachers numbered 23,137, there were 15 colleges or universities, 142 high schools, 257 middle schools, 88 industrial schools, 5,579 lower schools, and 6,200 prayer schools. The total enrollment of all these came to 518,633. This does not include 2,186 seminarians. There were 146 orphanages with 11,414 orphans; 44 hospitals with 6,251 beds; 339 dispensaries which cared for 2,492,419 cases.

Now this is only a partial enumeration. Space does not allow us to give more. The question now arises: How is all this supported? Partly by small income in the missions themselves, but largely by the good Catholic people in America and Europe. About fifteen per cent comes through the headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Rome, and some through local diocesan offices. But most by far must come from our good Catholic people. Do you wonder now why we must appeal so often, by the written and spoken word, for help to carry on God's work in the missions?

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.

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.

Business Editor: E. PAUL AMY, S.J.

Editorial and Publication Offices: 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Jacquinot Zone"

Wilfred J.
LeSage, S.J.

HE might have remained at home, but he didn't. Consequently thousands of Chinese have found a sincere and loving friend in the person of Father Robert Jacquinot de Besange, S.J.

Yes, he might have remained at home to be respected and honored by the highest nobility of France. We might easily picture him a man of strong physique, a winning personality, enjoying all that wealth, reputation and friends could offer. I can imagine him seated comfortably, smoking his pipe and pausing to reflect for a moment upon the current news. What thoughts might rush to his mind as he reads of thousands of suffering people in China. A tinge of regret touches his heart, the paper falls to his lap and his eyes are cast over the green terrace stretching to the shores of the lake. His imagination has been gripped with a fantastic picture. The flowers in the nearby garden have become little children in tattered clothes. He sees their tiny hands stretching up before him and hears their pleading voices begging for food. His thoughts flow rapidly—how might I have helped them? Would that I had answered my call—to be a priest of God, and a missionary, but alas, what sadness fills my heart. An opportunity lost forever!

Yes, this might have been, but let us come to the cheerful reality. Thanks to God's grace and his generous response, Father Jacquinot, thirty-four years ago answered his call to follow Christ. Moreover, he answered his call to be a missionary and today he is responsible for the well known "Jacquinot Neutral Zone," in the heart of Shanghai's Chinese city. The zone is a mile long and a half mile wide which normally contained one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants. Add to this number two hundred thousand refugees who flocked into the zone for shelter, food and medical treatment, and you will have some idea of the vast extent of the work.

JUST imagine for a moment that you have crossed from the French Concession into the Chinese city. After a fifteen minute walk along narrow and partially deserted streets we find ourselves in front of a Chinese fire department. Father Jacquinot's office is upstairs, since he must be near at hand in case of fire. In fact, one of the first things we notice are his rubber boots. "These boots came in handy last night," and he had to laugh himself at the size of them. But just then the telephone rings.

"Hello! Yes, this is Father Jacquinot speaking. You have just sent the truck with the rice? We need it badly. Thank you."

Laying down the receiver he steps over toward the window and glances down at the throng below. There we see a crowd of poor, starving people huddle together in the narrow street waiting—waiting for food.



"He might have remained at home, but he didn't."

A motor truck is heard in the distance. Father Jacquinot's face beams with joy. Along the cobble stones of Fang Pang Road a large truck swings into view bearing the Red Cross emblem. The crowd below see it. And from that half-starved throng, voices from old and young ring through every nook and corner . . . "Mi lai la, mi lai la!" ("The rice has come, the rice has come!")

IN the meantime, the streets have become packed with several generations. "Mi lai la, mi lai la" is all they can say. Youngsters scamper in all directions for a few sticks of wood; grandma pushes a few live coals under the cold rice pot while grandpa moves his chair a little closer. Smoke begins to puff out of the doorways and soon all the members of the family, which includes fourth or fifth cousins, are waiting for their rice bowls to be filled. Oh, how good it looks to see them filled once more! Nobody exactly knows whether it is breakfast, dinner or supper, it is simply time to eat, and under such circumstances as one old-timer said with a smile, "One piece chow, can do."

It would be impossible in a short sketch such as this to give a detailed account of all the work which has been going on in the "Jacquinot" (Turn to page 111)

"God Takes a Hand"

Austin V.P.
Dowd, S.J.

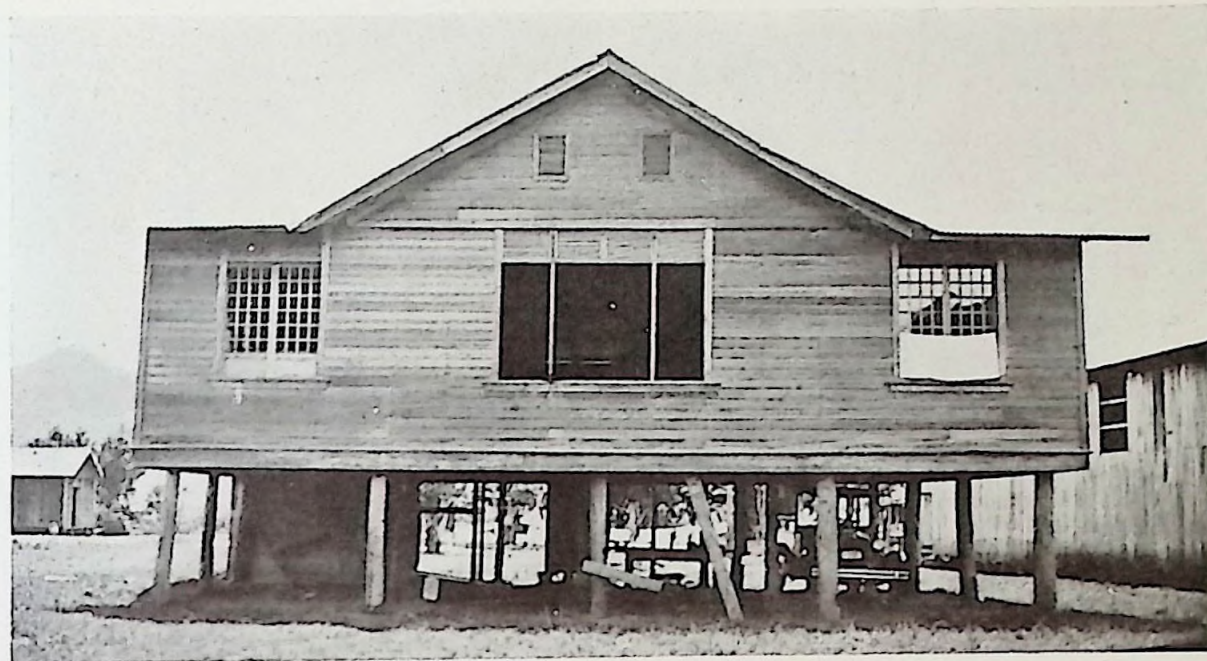
ONE thing a priest is always confronted with is the direct action of God in the salvation of souls. He may work and pray and apparently be getting nowhere, when lo and behold a harvest falls his way and there is only God to thank for it.

I have been noticing that in Bukidnon. This mountain province of Mindanao, P. I., has had the Faith for over fifty years. But scarcity of priests, poor roads, work in the mission centers prevented adequate following up of the ones who had embraced the Faith.

But God works on. People have returned to the sacraments. Why? God alone knows. In one *barrio* where I have been at least ten times to say Mass in as many months, a great change for the better has started. I had run frequent catechetical classes here; but the net result was about fifteen at the monthly Mass, and I found many grown-ups unbaptized and with no care or thought of eternity. Finally, I decided to open a *barrio* school. I met one young lady who volunteered to be a teacher. She seemed pious enough, and attended Mass and seemed to know her religion. But alas and alack! She was not even baptized. Her father had been a pagan and never would consent. She had been married by the Bukidnon Rite (a pagan rite of the Bukidnon people). Well, we attended to all that. Now she is baptized, married and has made her First Communion. But get this. With the aid of a little Christian, small but mighty, and a good Catholic, she has convinced the people that the Padre should get a "break." The result was that the next Sunday I thought I was in a different place. The church was packed and there were more men than women. At Mass there were four who went to Communion. This was almost a miracle. After Mass there were five Baptisms, four of whom were large children, only one an infant. God is working always.

AT Malaybalay, the capital, it has always been a problem to get the Bukidnons, especially the children, to come to church. A few families are fine, but the others,—I never even could meet them. Beginning this school year, we have been having a special class in Religion for public school children twice a day. Most of the attendants are Bukidnons, and already two have been baptized and soon we will have a banner First Communion class.

One Saturday afternoon as I was hearing confessions, I heard a rather loud "buzz" of conversation. I looked out and beheld a crowd of urchins getting ready to go to confession. I had never laid eyes on them before.



The rectory of Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, Pastor of Malaybalay, Bukidnon, P. I. Note the ecclesiastical gothic in the architectural design.

They all went to confession and knew what it was all about. They went out and about an hour later I heard a commotion in the back of the church. I looked out again and there were four or five of the urchins, pushing, tugging, pulling another dirty ragged lad to the confessional. I had always thought that one should freely go to confession. So I left the confessional and asked the lad if he wanted to go. He did. He said so, and emphasized this with a vigorous nodding of the head.

NEXT morning as I started to distribute Holy Communion, I noticed the same "gang" in the middle of the church. At a signal from the leader they all approached the altar rail and they knew what they were doing. This was a triumph; to get people to come to church when their clothing is poor, ragged and dirty is indeed a victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. I was glad to note also that the better dressed element welcomed the little urchins and had no consternation about having them in their midst.

I asked the kindergarten teacher who runs the special catechism classes if this crowd of boys were members of her class. She had never seen them before! God was still "taking a hand." But I will meet that little ringleader. He will make a splendid Bishop; he has leadership, zeal and no human respect, and it looks as if there are about one thousand Angels praying for him.

He will need all the help that he can get from the angels, both heavenly and earthly, for it is upon ringleaders such as he that we must depend for the up-building of the faith in Malaybalay. It is the wish of the pastor to have catechetical centers in all the surrounding towns. Plans are on foot for campaigning in the barrios and for the instruction of adults, so that we have great hopes that the faith which has lain fallow for so many years will grow and produce fruit a thousand fold.

Easter at Godda

Bertram F. Ernst, S.J.

EASTER is over. Godda is far removed from the central part of our territory among the Santals of Patna Mission, India, and we have nothing here except our house and the stable where they formerly kept oxen. I have no church in my whole mission, and when a man has little, he has to make the best use he can of the little he has. So the oxen's old stable was the appointed place for the Easter Mass.

Late Saturday evening the people began to arrive; some from far off Bara Pura, twenty miles away beyond the hills. They continued to come in during the night and when Mass began there were about three hundred souls present. On through the day, after Mass and Benediction, they lingered, visiting the neighboring bazaar, chattering and preparing their food. But when dinner was over towards evening and the slanting rays of the sun had lost something of the burning fierceness of noontide, they began to depart. One large group lingered on until after nightfall and the rise of India's brilliant Easter moon. They did not depart until they had crowded into the verandah and front court about our tiny chapel to pay their last homage to the newly-risen Christ and to say night prayers.

The warm oriental evening was vibrant with the murmur of gentle voices reciting the *Aleren Baba* and *Johar Maria*, and when the sweet notes of Christian hymns drifted out through the night, I felt, though I could not see, that throngs of curious Hindus and Moslems were crowded in the darkness outside the walls listening raptly to these new melodies. They are townsmen, and like townsmen the world over, pride themselves on their superior attainments, but these hymns, ringing out soft and appealing into the night, sung with correctness and vigor by the men and women from the outlying districts, by the villagers of the jungles and hills, were something beyond them. There was a heartiness



Santal mother pounding rice for breakfast, dinner and supper.

to them that seemed to express all the hopes and aspirations of a primitive people, looked down upon perhaps by the Hindu, but a simple and loveable people, ennobled by adoption into the household of God.

WHEN prayers were over and they had received the blessings of Christ through the lips of his minister, the little group slipped away, thoroughly happy, out over the moonlit paths towards distant Daldali, Lengrodih, Markhon, Saroni, Sundarmur, Jiojuri, Kalhajor and other points. Some with the waters of Baptism still wet upon their foreheads; others fresh from confession, with hearts the recent dwelling place of the Risen Christ. And the missionary climbed into his bed in the backyard feeling that, everything considered, the day might have been worse, though it might have been better had we been able to have our celebration on our new property at Saroni some ten miles east. Maybe we will be able to find the means of constructing a building there before another year rolls around. Meantime we must prepare for further missionary expeditions into the district of Sundarmur and beyond, for numerous families there are already prepared or are preparing for Baptism.



When the slanting rays of the sun had lost the burning fierceness of noontide they began to depart.

Montego Bay

Francis X.
Downey, S.J.

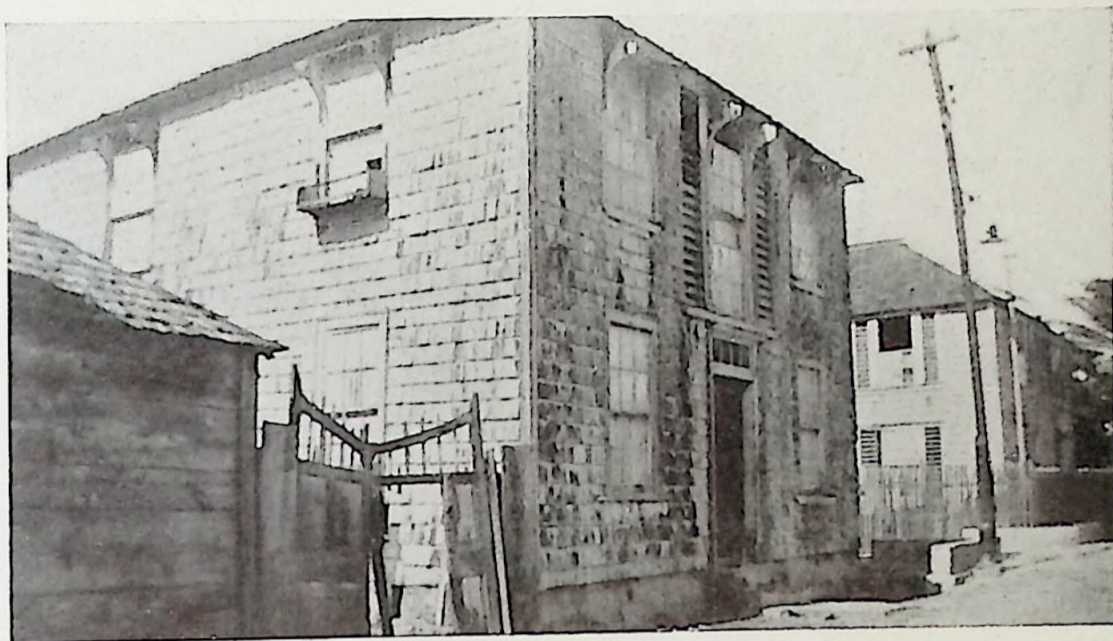
AT the present writing the town of Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., is a miniature Atlantic City. The tourists are running it and come and go in small droves. In Webster's Restaurant and Marzuka's Department Store one may hear the Mother Country drawl, the Bostonian broadish Ah!, and the snappy New York lingo, all intermingled with the soft Jamaican cadences. The rooms in every hotel and guest house are at a premium, and the tourists whose time is limited and who must see and do *multa in parvo* are restless and restive-eyed lest anything escape them. There are no mark-down sales in the shops; the competition is keen and all the merchants are well merchandised.

The judgment of the casual visitor to St. James Church at the Bay would in all probability be that Father James Becker, S.J., is fortunately and comfortably situated. There is a large attendance at Mass on Sunday and even on week-days there are many more Holy Communions. The collections are generous and several tourists contribute the silent green bank note. It all looks splendid indeed. The visitor naturally sees only what transpires during the six or seven weeks of holiday, the long-awaited tourist season.

THE writer, however, has lived with Father Becker during the months of July and August, when the real Montego Bay is normal. The *Doctor's Cave* is quite deserted; the *Casa Blanca* has but a window or two open; the front door of the *Chatham* is ajar, the Night Club, *The Equator*, stands along the Shore Road like a spectre in mourning. Montego Bay has reverted, and is just another North Shore Town. Business as usual is the order of the day and where pounds were handled in February, farthings are counted now.

Father Becker, the genial Pastor, is the last man in the world to put on the poor mouth. He takes things as they come and relinquishes them as they go. When he is in want, none but a very few close friends and Almighty God ever hear about it. His philosophy of life is that Father Becker can do without. And this has been his routine for eleven long years.

In Father Becker's parish there are many institutions of note. There is the Tuesday evening meeting of the Tekakwitha Club in the Chetwood School. This is a social function not to be denied. There is the Sodality of Our Lady that would give the blush of shame to many another parish sodality in the States. The writer knows this for he had the pleasure of conducting the devotion one evening in August and fell under the enchantment of the inspiring rendition of the hymns and prayers. There is another institution that I, for want of an approved name, would term the "Grievance Club." Sit-



The Catholic Church at Falmouth, Jamaica, British West Indies. In the sacristy there is a plaque commemorating the death of a member of the Barrett family of Cinnamon Hill, who was kin to Elizabeth Browning Barrett.

ting in Father Becker's reception room on any and every morning of the week, one is of necessity a witness to the sessions of this Club.

The visitor is in the middle of a sentence in colloquy with the Pastor, when the knock comes at the back door.

"Excuse me, Father," says the Pastor, rising and departing for the door at the head of the interminable flight of steps leading up from the yard.

The door is opened and the voice of Father Becker is heard:

"What's your grievance this marnin', Liza?"

THEN the tale of woe begins *ab ovo*. Not one jot or tittle is omitted. De Fader mus heah hall! One must overhear and one wonders if there is a sound spot left in the narrator's body or soul.

"Well, mi lub," and it is Father Becker, not at all in an affectionate mood, "here is a penny, now."

Then the salving advice is administered with all the intonations and gestures that must accompany the words if they are to be understood. Then Father Becker returns to resume the conversation.

But not for long. One minute, two minutes, even three may elapse before the inevitable knock at the same back door.

"What's your grievance, Joshua?" and the process is repeated. And so on, hour after hour and morning after morning the program is the same; Marnin', grievance, tale of woe, penny, advice, mi gawn, Fader, tonks! The saintly James with his Jobs—and all have the same Jobish patience.

A unique institution under the care of Father Becker is the Montego Bay Poor House. The writer had the distinct pleasure of accompanying the Pastor to visit the sick, bury the dead, and console the afflicted. It is an experience that sears its image on the soul and pulls a heart string forever out of place. Getting out of the car the first sight that is likely to (Turn to page 111)

Easy-going Eskimos

Edgar
Dowd, S.J.

WHIRLING from the frigid flats of the arctic Akulurak, a blizzard of gestures and adjectives, in the person of Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., eddied momentarily in Seattle, before dusting across Puget Sound to Port Townsend for a year's course in Advanced Asceticism.

Affable, impressionable, dynamic and, at times, even volcanic Father Llorente willingly gave me an interview saturated with optimism and obituaries.

His ideas were clear; his words, colorful; his slang, terrible.

We got down to business by "getting down to the brass tack."

Seated in a skull-grey room in the Seattle College Faculty building that overlooked a covey of white sailboats spangling the blue waters of Lake Union, Father Llorente, a man of average build, personable appearance, and electrifying vitality brought his fist down hard upon the desk, in reply to my first question.

"Alaska is a he-man country!" His eyes are so black and snapping they would make a yes-man of Mussolini.

"And you like that country?"

"Love it! The people there are so good!" replied the Spanish priest. (Father's arms are now branched in a double gesture; his head is thrown back slightly; his eyes are closed. His smile is not a smirk; but one of gusto—an around the horn from molar to molar affair. Father Llorente thinks *in action* and talks with at least four of his cognoscitive faculties.)

"Ah! My people!" (Out of his reverie and back in the States again, Father has an astounding story of the argent Arctic.) "I remember Annunciata, an Eskimo girl attending the Sisters' school. She was ill with consumption. How long she might live, no one knew; but death was hardly imminent. However, Annunciata announced that she would die the following week, on the feast of St. Joseph. She liked St. Joseph.

"**I** VISITED Annunciata, and told her that when she went to Heaven she should pray for all her schoolmates. She would do that. And the Fathers and Sisters too. She would do that. And also for the missions and the benefactors of the missions. 'Yes, Fadder.'

"On the vigil of the feast she was hale and hearty, apparently. The following day, at noon, she died."

Apprised of Annunciata's death, the girls of the school smiled and said, "Nice."

"So that's the kind of girls they were?"

The missionary marshalled more action and anima-

tion. He sat erect; his fists clenched upon his knees, and inhaled deeply before revealing an aspect of Eskimo character that probably finds no counterpart in the world.

"My friend, you do not know these people. You do not understand their way of living and their way of dying. The Eskimos do not fear death. They *like to die!*"

The Eskimo, explained Father Llorente, does not lead an unhappy life. On the contrary, his life is quite happy. He knows poverty and hardship and hunger and cold; but he is happy—happy mushing his dog teams along frozen trails, spearing flapping seals at the water's edge, huddling in snow-buried cabins, gorging fat and marrow at *potlatches*,—happy in his own country where his fathers have lived and loved and died.

FEAR of death comes from an uneasy conscience or from the natural horror at the thought of the separation of soul from body. The Eskimos are good people; their lives resembling the sweeps of untouched snow—passionless and pure. Their intellects are so under-developed that they fail to realize the natural pain experienced when death wrenches soul from body. Then,

too, they are lovers of travel and believe that a trip to the other world will be filled with variety and entertainment. Death for the Eskimos is not the lesser of two evils—death preferred to the miseries of this life—but the better of two goods.

Eskimos do not enjoy even average longevity. Eighty-eight per cent die of consumption. Scarcity of medicine, primitive hygienic methods and unhealthful liv-

ing conditions now prevalent contravene any advance to curb the plague. Cabins are spacially inadequate. Sunk four or five feet into the ground, they are built of logs, chinked with mud and lined with reindeer skins. Ventilation is impossible and unpopular. Visitors are always welcome. They come in as they are and stay as long as they want. Squatting room, somehow, is always available. Glad tidings and germs are exchanged. In these circumstances, consumption flourishes, marking the Eskimo while he is yet a child. It is difficult to understand why all the Eskimos do not contract the disease.

"**H**OW does the missionary face these conditions? Supposing it is too cold to remain outside and supposing the dog houses are too small for a comfortable night's rest?"

The Spaniard smiled, even laughed a little.

"Ah, you give me an opening. If we stayed in the dog houses, we would be in the dog-house!"

"Not bad, at all, Father. How long have you been

THE NORTH AMERICAN MARTYRS

John J. Killoren, S.J.

"Unless the grain of wheat shall fall and die,"—
They pondered, as they knelt before their King
In simple cabins lost in low-hung woods:—
"So there must be a winter before spring!"

* * *

When winter, fury-driven, came to kill,
The grains of wheat fell to the earth and died.
But with the coming of the endless spring
Was born the harvest He had prophesied.

in this country?"

"Nineteen thirty I left Spain."

"About that other. So, you don't sleep beneath the northern stars?"

"I should say not. We bring our sleeping bags into the cabin, unroll them in a corner, and sleep, oh, so nice."

AS long as we had started the subject of death among the Eskimos, I thought we might as well finish it.

"How are you fixed for murders up there?"

The missionary brightened. He had another story.

"Murders occur rarely. An Eskimo is not easily enraged. He is patient, honest, sober and satisfied with his own wife. However, once irritated, an Eskimo—well, what do you say?"

"Goes places?"

"Exactly! And how!"

Father went on with his story.

"Trotting in from a hard trip a hungry dog team spied a herd of reindeer, and immediately headed for dinner. The Eskimo driver, unable to hold the dogs or to keep pace with the sled, fell into the crusted snow, scratching his hands and face. More than ordinarily annoyed, he reached for his *carbine* and blasted a broadside into the herd. Before other Eskimos could stop him, he had killed sixteen reindeer."

Before the coming of the missionaries, the Eskimos enjoyed an unusual way of dying. A choice dish among the natives is the head of a fish, relished only after it has been buried until signs of decay have strengthened into rich putrefaction. Taken straight this way, the dish is splendid and palatable, a real delicacy. But, should one drink water after a dinner of buried fishhead, he suffers fatal consequences.

"They can eat all the fish-heads they want," said Father Llorente, "but, after dinner, absolutely no chaser."

THIRTY-ONE years of age, with two years of Alaskan missionary experience, Father Llorente likes to think that he is an old-timer, a real sourdough of the North. With relish he tells a story about Father Paul Deschout, S.J., a young missionary on Nelson Island.

Arriving in a village one afternoon, Father Deschout went directly to the house in which the people were assembled. An Eskimo village often consists of only two or three cabins, and the entire urban population, when occasion offers, may easily jig-saw into one dwelling. Elated and eupeptic as usual, Father Deschout entered the cabin and went from one to another, shaking hands with the natives squatting in a circle. Half-

way around, he shook hands with a gentleman who did not return his greetings. Perplexed at this cold reception, Father turned to the others for an explanation. Unmoved, they gutturalized: "He is dead."

The dead man was jack-knifed for a good reason. The weather was cold; the ground, hard; and lumber, scarce. To facilitate burial functions, the Eskimos wisely bent the deceased into handier proportions. A few days later, the interment took place near the cabin. Despite death, the Eskimos like to preserve the family spirit.

BY mental telepathy, grape-vine, short-wave, or finger-wave, the natives learn of a death, and from miles around converge to the cabin of the departed. Physical death for one is often the occasion of spiritual life for others. If the priest arrives too late to aid the dying,



When it's feeding time for the dogs at Akulurak. Their master: "affable, impressionable, dynamic and, at times, even volcanic Father Llorente."

he can generally help the living. Though Eskimos do not recoil from the thought of dying, they sharply realize the fact and nearness of eternity when gathered in the presence of death. Behind staid faces and expressionless black eyes, undercurrents of truth carry them to the salutary conviction that death will some day halt their journey across the white wastes of life.

This summer Father Llorente returns to his Akulurak Mission. Eskimos, as such, do not lure this son of Spain to the dismal Yukon Delta. The natives of the North do not claim his allegiance; but immortal souls, beloved by God and redeemed by Christ, urge his return to the Arctic. The human soul is the common denominator of mankind and the sufficient cause for all missionary endeavor. Soon he will be mushing a queue of huskies over Arctic tundra, along a trail winding across the years and often leading to a black triangle blotted against the snows—the Black Tent of Death. Holding aloft the cross, the missionary will bless and strengthen his Eskimos at this supreme moment.

Boys Will Be Boys

Joseph I.
Stoffel, S. J.

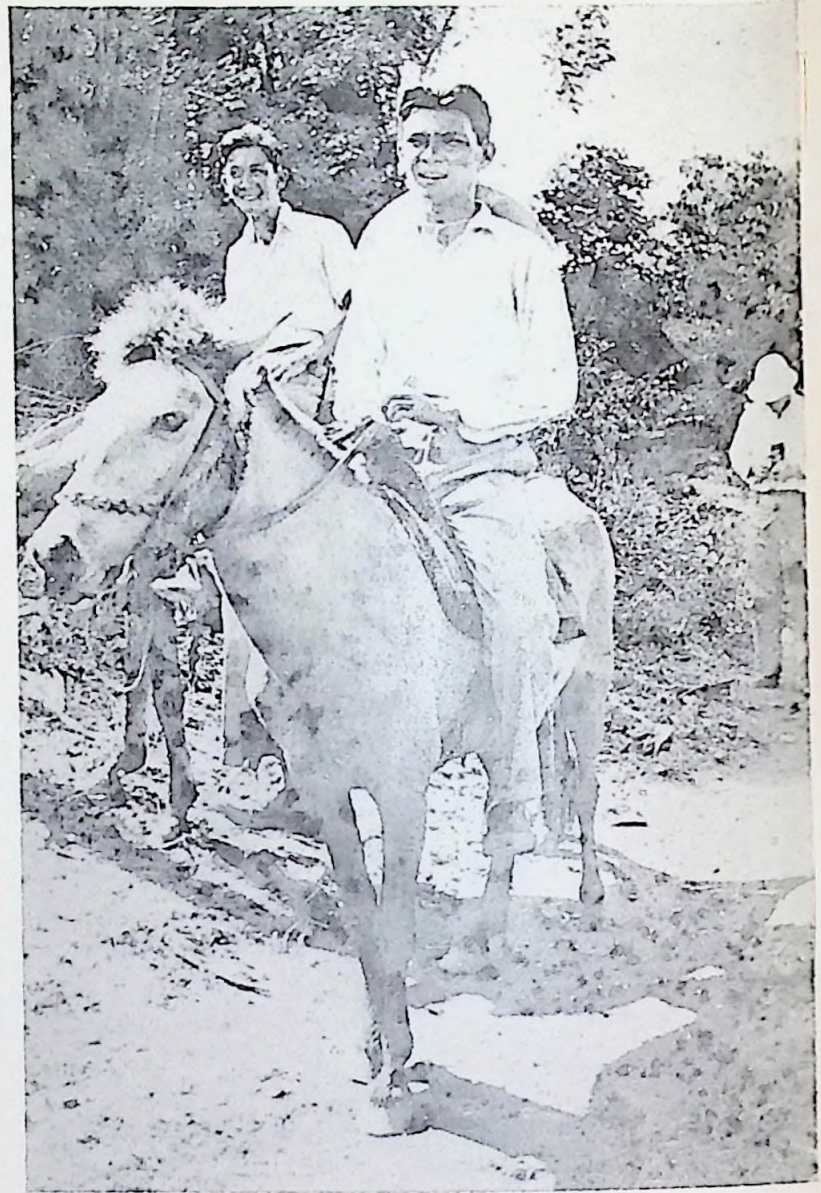
DID you ever hear a bass drum solo? At first its rhythmic beats roll off your consciousness as a gentle rain drop rolls off a bald pate, but after a while the bass drum seems to find its way into your very brain. The effect is much the same as that of the ancient torturing device by which a single drop of water is made to fall every second on the victim's shaven head until he thinks his skull is being crushed with a ten pound sledge hammer.

In a Chinese Boy Scout camp over the hill some youngster with a perverted sense of the esthetic (and a clock inside him where his nervous system should have been) had been playing the same two bars of music (?) on a bass drum for three solid hours; and the Reverend directors of the Ateneo de Manila troops of Philippine Boy Scouts, encamped on the bank of the Madlum River, had long since ceased to be morally responsible for their actions.

It was the annual Christmas Week camp. In fact, it was the feast of the Holy Innocents, and the older boys had been playing pranks upon the younger members,—the "holy innocents," such as are in vogue among American boys on the first of April. So, there were sudden alarms over non-existing snakes, errands to fetch a left-handed can opener or a sky-hook, and the like. The older boys, of course, were immune to deception, and twitted their younger brothers not a little on their simplicity. So the directors, in a burst of poetic justice, inspired by the beauty of the bass drum solo connived to teach the older boys a lesson. It must shamefacedly be admitted that the plot was most diabolic;—but they were, you must remember, not morally responsible for their actions.

With all due formality, a snipe-hunt was announced.

What? You have never been taken on a snipe-hunt? How uneventful your life has been!



Filipino Boy Scouts setting out for an afternoon canter.

THE victim is led out into the woods at night with a lantern and a burlap bag. The lantern is to attract the snipe, which, in its confusion, leaps into the bag if the hunter holds it open at just the right angle. Those "in the know" retire to a considerable distance to stir up any lurking snipes. After a few false starts, however, their retirement carries them all the way back to camp. The victim, of course, is left "holding the bag."

The organizers of this particular hunt nearly died of suppressed laughter when several of the "sophisticates" begged to be given the highly desirable task of holding the bag, and, after the proper amount of hesitation and consideration, several bags were supplied to those who had been most outstanding in teasing the smaller boys.

As good Boy Scouts should, they took the prank good-naturedly. Of course, however, there were equally good-natured reprisals. It came out later that it was seriously debated whether
(Turn to page 111)



A military cadet camp pitched in Baguio, Northern Luzon, P. I., for activities of the cadets from the Jesuit College of the Ateneo de Manila.

A Perfect End of a Day

Charles R.
Bonnot, S.J.

SNORES break the quiet of early morning. Dark forms turn over and a sigh of satisfaction escapes them as they settle into newly found positions. Then the cock crows! Unfortunately, one cannot reach out and mechanically press a button or shove a little lever, for this Indian alarm clock does not come equipped with gadgets marked *off* and *on*. The cock crows again. It is repeating! Life staggers up and sleep slowly and reluctantly slinks away. It is morning in the village of Gajhi in the hinterland of Patna Mission, India.

Soon the housewife is pounding rice or corn for the day's consumption. Sticks, wielded by boys, girls, fathers and grandfathers, goad buffaloes, bullocks, cows, goats and pigs into action, and the family bank roll is taken out to pasture. If it be the ploughing season, the plowman throws the plow over his shoulders and out he goes behind his bullocks or buffaloes. India's sun forces an early departure, for only too soon it drives man and beast in quest of protective shade.

THE persistent cock's crow reaches the ears of all, so the missionary rises too. What will the new day crowd into its brief twenty-four hours for him? He alone knows Who first divided, and still continues to divide, the day from the night. While villagers prepare for their daily chores, meditation and holy Mass orientate the missionary's day. This routine forcibly reminds him that His Father's business, his soul's interests, come first. Like a golden thread running through the missionary's day, this guiding thought links together what to ordinary eyes seems but a crazy quilt of life.

Breakfast over, regular order or its shadow beats a hasty retreat until the following day. Events start tumbling over and into each other. Hours pass all too blissfully, unmindful of speed limits.

To darkness the missionary, and will you blame him, extends a welcoming hand. With its coming he feels the burdens of the day slip from him. The evening is his own, or at least ought to be, to take stock quietly of the day, to prepare for the morrow and to catch up on what the daily struggle left little time even to think of.

Father Charles Miller, S.J., was in jubilant spirits. He finished his plate of rice and curry with such gusto that his cook, who also fills the role of table boy, was tempted, perhaps, to ask for a raise. Supper over, Father settled down at his desk. Later he wrote thus:

"It was 7:00 P.M., by my clock which is guaranteed to mark time for five years. A light rain was falling, and as that meant everyone *should* stay at home, I looked



Father Charles Miller, S.J., has his difficulties in giving a gift to a frightened Indian lassie.

forward to a quiet evening and plenty of work. At 7:15 there was a hurried knock at the door. 'What's the matter?' I asked, as I opened the door and found little Nathaniel on the place where a door mat ought to be. 'Mother has the cholera; come quickly!' Cholera works fast and waits for no man, not even the undertaker. I seized my lantern, put the medicine in my pocket and was off. Mother had colic, not cholera, and though she had been ill since morning she had kindly waited till night before notifying me.

"BY 7:45 I was again at my desk. The wind had risen. I heard a banging noise. I opened my door and listened. It came from the direction of the church. I donned a raincoat, took my lantern and *lathi* (a club) and sallied forth. The sacristan had merely forgotten to close the windows.

"Within a short time I was back at my desk where I worked till 8:30. Then I heard a great hullabaloo. I guessed the meaning of it—someone had discovered a snake in his house. Again I threw my raincoat over my shoulders, took my lantern and *lathi* and went to the scene of the excitement. A group was standing outside one of the houses. A boy was inside perched on a bedstead. 'It's a big snake just behind the door,' said half a dozen voices at once. 'If you step in quickly,' said the boy on the bedstead, 'he may not be able to strike you.' That's encouraging, said I to myself. I was unanimously elected as the official snake killer for the occasion.

"Whether said snake be a five foot cobra or a baby python, it's all the same. You have got to keep cool and be master of the situation. I stepped inside and swung round ready for a strike. The snake was coiled up behind the door. I handed my lantern to the boy and made a home run at the first crack, breaking the snake's back a few inches behind the head. It was only three feet long and not a deadly
(Turn to page 111)

Christ's Little Maestro

Herbert G.
Kramer, S.M.

EVERY visit I have paid to the Jesuit Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in San Antonio, Texas, has left an impression upon my mind and heart. The Pastor, Father Carmelo Tranchese, S.J., possesses a deeper and more correct insight into the mentality and problems of the Mexican population of San Antonio than perhaps anybody else, and even a brief conversation with him reveals startling conditions.

Twelve thousand Mexicans live in the single square mile of the parish territory. All are Catholic, more or less, but only three or four thousand seek religious attention. Sickness and poverty prevent their social advance where their native *mañana* spirit does not. A funeral is held from the church on almost every day of the year; last year one hundred and twenty-one of the three hundred and forty-four funerals were of children below six years of age. In times of depression and even after depressions seven out of every nine Mexicans are dependent upon relief agencies for support. Wages of merely seventy-five cents a week were frequent a few years ago in the midst of NRA code regulations. Last Christmas some twenty dollars of the collection in church came in pennies.

BUT in this article I would like to give an airy sketch of the most memorable visit I have paid to the Guadalupe Parish. It took place about two years ago, when the Assistant Pastor, Father Joseph Carbajal, S.J., took me on a little tour of glimpses at life in the district.

On our walk we visited a Mexican who impressed me as few other people have. He was a slight little man who will never again receive mention in print. Even here his name will not appear for the simple reason that all I remember of it is that it is one of the common names of the San Antonio Mexicans or of any populace of Spanish affiliation. I could learn his name should I so desire. But there is something appealingly appropriate in thinking of him nameless. He is a person about whom neither you nor I would bother were we to meet him in any group except his own. There is nothing arresting in his appearance, nothing commanding in his bearing, nothing of any apparent importance whatever in his demeanor.

Father Carbajal had given me only a few words of explanation, so I entered the yard of the Mexican's home with nothing definite in prospect. In going up the broken sidewalk I wondered whether the tumbled-down appearance of the yard signified the ravages of winter or mere neglect. A dozen steps had us up to the porch. It



Hortensia, just one of the hundreds of poor children of Guadalupe Mission.

did not face the street, and an ancient whitish tarpaulin hanging down our end obscured whatever might have been on the porch itself.

A STEP away I became aware of a twittering and a mumbling, and as I passed the curtain I suddenly noticed the reason for it all. That porch, some fifteen feet by seven, was alive with boys, several dozens of them crowded upon half a dozen roughly angular benches. And that was not all. Beyond, through a door leading off the porch, I spied another group, this time of giggling little girls. All, boys and girls, bore the nondescript appearance that marks the impoverished Mexican class.

Ruling between the two groups was our little Mexican *maestro*. Ruling he was, for we had barely exchanged greetings, when the giggling and twittering were effectively subdued by a cautioning glance from him. Visitors to his home were not frequent and something special was in order. So he busied himself immediately with getting chairs, the only two in the establishment, if I recall correctly, and placing them for us in the least encumbered part of the porch. And then he got out his baton, a mere four-foot branch from a tree, and announced that there would be a song.

And a song there was—after three trials. The third was made with reduced numbers and it allowed us to appreciate several of the clear and true voices that contribute so much to the color and tone of the Mexican settlements.

(Turn to page 112)

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Correspondence by letter with missionaries actually in the field plus authentic and approved missiological sources provide the editors of JESUIT MISSIONS with data which have made our

THE JESUIT MISSION PRESS INFORMATION BUREAU

Jesuit Mission Press Office, at 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., the reliable bureau for information in regard to the American Jesuit Missions which it undoubtedly is today. Of more vital interest to the editors and staff than letters from the field are the personal visits from missionaries home on furlough. The purpose of their return is generally to recruit physical energies, men or money. On the occasion of their visits to the office the noon day lunch suddenly goes formal with paper napkins from the neighborhood five and ten, and a cake that must be cut for nine. In the face of this challenge many a hardy veteran of the trail has flinched and quailed, yet each rallies with that spirit of accommodation which we are wont to associate with Catholic missionaries everywhere.

It was in this manner by word of mouth that our most recent news from China, Alaska and the Philippines reached us. Thus, Very Reverend Francis J. Seeliger, S.J., Provincial of the California Jesuits who are now in Shanghai and Nanking, China, told us that wireless communications had been established between our Jesuit Scholasticate at Alma, California, and the Scholasticate at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China. In fact, it was by this means that His Excellency, Paul Yu Pin, Bishop of Nanking, who at present writing is still in the States, delegated Father James F. Kearney, S.J., to proceed in the Bishop's name to Nanking and report to His Excellency in regard to the condition of the diocese after the invasion of the Japanese.

OVER THE AIR TO CHINA

The adaptability of our missionaries does not stop with their ability for cutting cake. Give them a lead and they turn the train of thought back to their respective mission stations instantly. Thus from the frosting on the cake Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., Superior at Nulato, Alaska, skipped to frosting on the noses of his dogs and from then on was never headed for a topic. When an ambitious secretary tried to steal a lead in the conversation by querying "Is the Yukon the coldest part of Alaska?" Father sidetracked this running commentary just long enough to assure us that "the Yukon, of course, is not even in Alaska, that is to say" he hastily amended, "Most of the Yukon is in Canada."

FROST FROM ALASKA

Up from the Equator and into the outer office of Room 1806 suddenly popped, on the eve of Washington's birthday, one who would always be a welcome visitor to JESUIT MISSIONS, to wit, the Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, the Superior of the Philippine Mission. Three points in his conversation revealed at least three reasons for his popularity. First, Father Hurley strongly deprecates any duplication of effort, either secretarial or otherwise, which would inevitably result, let us say, if Jesuit Mission Press were to forward donations first to him and then through him to his missionaries. Secondly, Father Hurley rightly maintains that a Novitiate for the missions whose purpose is to train missionaries, as well as priests for non-mission territory, should share in the donations designated for the mission field. Thirdly, "milk for the Novices is not only not a luxury but a very reasonable necessity," expresses the opinion of Father Hurley on an issue that is obviously vital for the physical development of our young missionaries in training. In accordance with his convictions on this subject, Father Hurley has supplied and is struggling to supply the milk in question.

UP FROM THE EQUATOR

Comments like the following indicate the rising tide of interest in our Jesuit Mission Press campaign for pamphlet promotion publicized in this page of the March issue. "Your story of the pamphlet campaign is interesting to me. In our parish each week (Somerville, Massachusetts) at the Sunday Masses two of the pamphlets in our racks are chosen for special recommendation and a little explanation of

PAMPHLET PROMOTION

them is given. Perhaps this is your idea. It seems to be a sell-out in many cases." Upon receipt of this note we checked back over our files and find that the curate in charge of this particular pamphlet rack has given orders on the following dates and for the following totals: November 22nd, 200 pamphlets, November 30th, 200, December 6th, 300, December 15th, 200, January 18th, 100, January 24th, 150, February 3rd, 120, February 9th, 180. Total for a little more than three months is 1,450 pamphlets. Upon receipt of order, pamphlets will be forwarded.

We are not so taken up with desires for pamphlet orders that we fail to appreciate commentary such as the following which is offered by one JESUIT MISSIONS reader in regard to the identity of the Angel who according to the Church seems to be entrusted with a special mission of bearing the offering of the priest and the people at the Sacrifice of the Mass into God's Presence. Confer our pamphlet "The Mass of the Missions," Page 57. The writer of the following communication, now resident in New York, was converted to the church while in the mission field of far off India. "Father Maurice De La Taille, S.J., writes to Father d'Ales who was against identifying the Angel in the prayer with the Word, among other things as follows: 'Granted that under the name of "Angel" of the sacrifice, they ("ancient authors") thought of the angelic hosts, does it necessarily mean that they excluded the First-born of the angels (of the "Sons of God" Job VI, 21), the Prince of the heavenly messengers? Must they exclude the Word, Whom so frequently, according to the holy Fathers, both before and after Nicaea (. . .), it is hard to distinguish from the angelic ministers in the present theophanies? Is not the Word closely associated with the angels in the New Testament predictions of the latter day theophany? Is not the Word called Angel by the prophets in connection with the Ancient Temple whose succession he has taken over? Is he not styled Angel of the Testament, i.e. of the New Testament, whose seal and sacrament is the Blood that flows in the Chalice? Do we not see the Incarnate Word in the most ancient of all the liturgies intervene directly in the character of Angel in the very first sentence of the eucharistic prayer (Mysterium Fidei 447)? How especially exclude Christ, when (as can hardly be questioned) it is transubstantiation which is asked for under the metaphorical name of translation? If so, is it not clear that no mere angel can be the minister capable of bringing it about? It requires a mightier power. It admits, however, the assistance of celestial spirits as a guard of honor to the just King, as the natural companions of His Glory, etc., etc.' . . . the early Middle Ages recognized in this Angel not Jesus Christ alone, but Jesus Christ at the head of the angels, his familiars and well-nigh his peers.'" ("The Mystery of the Faith and Human Opinions" contrasted and defined by Maurice De La Taille, S.J., Pages 59, etc.

Every salesman is eager for favorable comment on his wares especially if offered by those competent to judge with discernment. Miss Marie R. Madden, well known writer on South American affairs, and at present editor of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae Quarterly, ends her last note thus: "I was looking over your JESUIT MISSIONS series of pamphlets and like them very much. I gave 'Avelino' to an Italian boy of fourteen in my catechism class. Will tell you his reaction. 'It was a good enough miracle for me.'" This approval, however, was accompanied by a more interesting disapproval launched against "Don Pedro" as reviewed in the March JESUIT MISSIONS. Miss Madden writes: "I noted the review of 'Don Pedro' in the March JESUIT MISSIONS just arrived. I did not like the last sentence. I know what is meant by the 'Latin type,' but I think for North American Catholics to use the term is a case of the pot calling the kettle black. . . . I think unorthodoxy is all over the place here as well. The type is the same and for exactly the same reasons, namely, secular atmosphere, secular education, Catholic schools anxious to be as 'good' as the public schools." The only practical conclusion is this: we will soon have to invent another phrase, perhaps the "North American type" to characterize the North American brand of Catholicism which she has described so incisively.

WHO IS THE ANGEL IN THE PAMPHLET, "THE MASS OF THE MISSIONS"?

APPROVAL AND DISAPPROVAL. THE LATIN TYPE

97



A thatch-roof house in the making at El Cayo.

SOMEWHAT of a cosmopolitan nature distinguishes the Cayo District of British Honduras, so that, taking into account the different races mingled here—Spaniards, Creoles, Mayas and Syrians in order of numerical importance—it is hard to say something that can be predicated absolutely of all. And yet, in the main, owing to the fusing or melting that has taken place in the years, one can with fair accuracy align characteristics and conditions that are in common to what we may call in one word—the native. It is with this in mind that we make the few general observations that follow.

To begin with, the prospect spiritually is, as in the past, somewhat discouraging. The natural temperament, long-enduring customs, a low level of living, depressed conditions of labor, insufficient education, have been assigned as reasons why the people too often, especially the men, make poor church-goers. Yet those of other races one could mention who live pretty much on the same plane as they, practice their religion in faithful accordance with the wishes of the Church. There is too much



Some years ago when Father John J. Halligan, S.J., was stationed at El Cayo. The picture shows the Carib teacher, children and school at Duck Run, one of the stations attached to El Cayo.

In The Cayo

of truth in the saying that you sometimes hear that the ordinary native goes to church when he can't help himself—carried there as an infant for Baptism and as a corpse for burial. The big exception to this is a great feast like Christmas or Holy Week, on which occasions the people flock to the church. If a man happens to have been baptized, confirmed, made a very occasional Communion and been married in the church, he imagines that he has fulfilled all essentials and has a good and just title to the name "Catholic." As a matter of fact, his grasp on the Faith leaves much to be desired, and some little accident can quickly turn him against the priest or the Sisters.

ONE finds it difficult to label this quirk in their nature. You may ask a man when he was to confession and he replies that he went but recently. This is not true. He will declare that he never misses Mass, when you know that he seldom if ever goes. Having solemnly promised to come to confession, there is no need to say that he doesn't. It is humorous and even laughable the way one of them will show up smiling and bowing when he wishes to have the honor of being god-father, but you can be quite certain that after the Baptism, as likely as not, this is all you will see of him at church for quite a while.

On their credit side, being god-father means much to them, even to the adopting of the orphan god-child, in accord with their proverbial hospitality, and bringing it up as their own. The duty of the god-father is to provide the baptismal dress for the infant and as a grateful thanks he is always addressed afterwards by the parents, not by his name but as *compadre* (sort of co-parent). One zealous fellow here has been *padrino* twenty-seven times, and, as he puts it, all but two of his are alive. His record is so fine that he has become a very popular god-father. He relates with pardonable pride the case of a certain father, all of whose children died in early infancy, until the unfortunate man had the good sense and fortune to call on him to be god-father for the next child. That one lived.

A Baptism, be it noted, is the occasion for special rejoicing. A dance quite generally follows, with *marimba* music and refreshments. A "tea" sometimes takes the place of this. A little sip of wine is first taken by each one present from one and the same glass. After this little ceremony, all partake of cakes and liquid refreshments, the latter being of both varieties. The attitude of all, the while, is quite formal. The guests then make their departure with typical native politeness.

The quite low morality

strict

John T.
Newell, S.J.

prevalent here as throughout the Colony may have several explanations. How, for instance, did the Creole (mixture of Black and White) element come into existence? One would have to go back to the early English and their slaves to help answer that. Your worst surmise will not much miss the mark. And the fact is today that very little is made of living bad and indulging in casual relationships. These bad livers just laugh it off, when the priest tries reasoning with them. However, with persistence, one can enjoy quite good success in eventually marrying them off. One result of the low morality is that about half of the Baptisms are of illegitimates, the percentage being higher among non-Catholics. Not much time, however, is wasted in calling the priest when a bad liver feels he is about to die, and when anyone unfortunately dies bad, this always makes a salutary impression on the rest. An American Protestant lady visiting here once heard an original explanation for this immorality. A man at a meeting in the States declared that it was because the priests refused to assist at marriages without being paid. On being informed by the writer that out of a totality of forty marriages for the year 1937, he had been made an offering on only three occasions, she expressed regret that she had not had this information on the above mentioned occasion.

OF the some five thousand people in the Cayo District, the vast majority are Catholics. There are a few Anglicans with a resident minister, and a quite negligible influence is registered by the Evangelists. The two American Evangelist women missionaries, with headquarters in Guatemala, have been trying to do some evangelizing among our Catholics. They have with them a bishop whom they made out of a Spaniard from Guatemala. A former bishop, the cart-man in nearby Benque Viejo has been discredited and lost his title. They carry an organ wherever they go, their strong point being music and hymns in lieu of the Blessed Sacrament, etc. To their listeners they retail falsehoods about the doctrines of the Church, and they appear to entertain only ignorance of and hatred for the Catholic Church and its ministers. At any rate, they have been able to convert only a few of the worst type of Catholic. What greatly pains one is that some Catholics go out of curiosity to hear them against all

Father William Bennett, S.J., and the Pallottine Sisters with the school children at El Cayo some years ago.



"Bailadoras"—Indian dancers with their band in front of the old San José Church in the El Cayo district.

warning of the seriousness of it, and thus furnish the two American ladies with material for glowing accounts of their apostolic labors. The Anglican minister has recently shown his willingness to be helpful to them by ringing the bell at the death of one of their converts.

IN spite of all their shortcomings, the people have a really religious and generous nature. Their use of pious articles, the shrines in their homes, their private novenas and fiestas, the expressions of their speech, and their fine hospitality are illustrative of this. We shall not here try to decide the reason why they are not, and why it is so hard to make them, the dutiful and obedient children of the Church that they should be.

Living conditions among the people are generally very poor. The bush house is predominant, a make-shift affair with walls of sticks, a thatched roof and mud floor. A partition of sticks divides the sleeping and living quarters, the whole family living in one room. A premium is placed on Montgomery-Ward catalogues, newspapers and magazines, which are spread out and pasted on the walls. The beds are of sticks with palms spread over them and bedding. Boxes do for chairs, and beyond indispensable cooking and dining utensils, the houses enjoy very few other contrivances. In Catholic homes, a statue or picture of Our Lord or of some Saint is set up in (Turn to page 112)



Baghdad Then and Now

Edward F.
Madaras, S.J.

BAGHDAD, believe it or not, was once the first city in the world. I refer, of course, to population and importance. Those were the days of Haroun al Rashid, whose immortal memory is enshrined in the pages of Arabian Nights. At the height of its glory the city is said to have had a population of some two millions. Allowance must be made, to be sure, for the exuberance of oriental fancy, but if we are to believe contemporary authors, the inhabitants of Baghdad were rich and cultured, its buildings were gems of oriental architecture, its gardens possessed the beauty of paradise, its universities formed the center of the learned world, and students flocked thither from every quarter of the East, there to drink deep at the springs of knowledge and wisdom. The country roundabout, too, for miles and miles was green and fertile by reason of the extensive system of canals for irrigation purposes.

Such was Baghdad in its heyday. The population then as now was almost entirely Moslem, but there must have been a not inconsiderable number of Christians, for there were no less than thirteen monasteries in Baghdad and its environs. We read, too, that they took an important part in the affairs of the city and of the universities, and were treated by the Moslems not only with toleration, but with respect as well. An author of the time relates how "it was the custom of the Moslems of Baghdad to visit the chief church of the Christians on Sundays and on festivals, the crowd then being often very great of those who came to look at the young deacons and monks with their handsome faces."

A THOUSAND years pass, and we are in the nineteenth century. Baghdad is a sleepy provincial city of the Turkish Empire, with scarce a vestige of its former glory. The country round about is limitless desert. The Tigris, which rolls its muddy waters to the Persian Gulf, has seen Hulagu Khan with his Mongol hordes sweep down upon the city, there to pillage and burn and slay for forty days. It has seen the elaborate network of canals, extending from the Tigris to the Euphrates, making the desert bloom, destroyed by the wanton hand of that same ruthless conqueror, and the country turned into wilderness. It has seen Tamerlane batter down the walls of a rebuilt Baghdad and repeat the work of sacking and burning and slaying, ending up his bloody work



The central arch just over the entrance of the new Baghdad College in process of completion as of December, 1937.

by piling high the heads of his decapitated victims, and leaving the pyramid of skulls as a monument of victory.

Before the World War brought Mesopotamia into prominence as a theatre of bloody battle, the countries of the West scarce thought of Baghdad except as the locale of the One Thousand and One Nights. Rare was the schoolboy who could have pointed it out on the map. Indeed, even today correspondents write to us and put Baghdad in India, Persia, Egypt, Africa and even South America. Some play safe and, with a wave towards the East, simply say Asia.

THE world did not know that beyond the Syrian desert there were Christians who were bought and sold as slaves. In Baghdad the inhabitants of the Christian Quarter dared not go forth into the city after dark, for they knew that to do so was to take their lives into their hands. And when in broad daylight they went about the town, it had to be always on foot; beasts of burden were forbidden to them. If they bought new clothes, patches had first to be sewed on before they ventured to appear in public. If they met a Moslem in the way, they were obliged to step aside and let him pass. In those days paving was unknown, and when there was mud, the only way to avoid it was to keep close to the buildings. And if the passerby commanded the Christian to clean his shoes, he had to get down and play the servant.

These are the tales that I had heard. They may be false in certain details, or exaggerated in others. But there emerges at least the pretty sure conviction that the lot of the Christians was an unenviable one.

Today all that is changed. Baghdad is the capital of an independent nation, Iraq, with (Turn to page 112)

Our African Missions

The Mission Intention for April

THE special object of His Holiness in the Mission Intention for April is the protection and conservation of the Faith in the Catholic missions which stretch like a chain from Abyssinia to Senegal in Africa. An accountancy expert would find very close to 4,000,000 Catholics and Catechumens distributed among these missions. The disturbing factor in the compilation comes not from any error in computing this magnificent total, but from the threat of 50,000,000 Mohammedans in northern Africa, who in the phrase of the moment are activizing every proselytizing agency at their disposal in the attempt to convert these Blacks to the religion of the Prophet. Because of this the Catholic Church in Africa is in dire need both of schools and friendly governmental favor. Catholic missionaries pray daily that the European governments, to whom the majority of these tribes are subject, will either openly or covertly aid them in their plans for the propagation of the Christian Faith as the truest source of happiness for the natives. Happily, as a breakwater against the advancing tide of Mohammedanism, stands a line of Catholic missions stretching from Nigeria past Cameroons and the Belgian Congo all the way to Uganda.

It will be noted that the two means cited as effective supports against Mohammedans are schools and governmental favor. Both of these belong to the category of what are known in the study of missiology as indirect rather than direct missionary means. Direct missionary means include prayer, miracles, example, sacrifice, the mission plan and language, preaching, the catechumenate and Baptism. Indirect missionary means, on the other hand, are synonymous with what we may style in general, natural factors, mission schools, missionary literature and economic and charitable activity.

Now a plea for government support of our missions in Africa does not mean that the Catholic missionary, either in Africa or anywhere else for that matter, has any intention of invoking against Mohammedanism its own "Mission of the Sword." Neither, on the other hand, does it mean that the missionary should meddle in purely political affairs. In fact, there are explicit decrees of Propaganda as well as a mission encyclical of Pope Benedict XV which precisely forbid this. Yet, a missionary may not only live on peaceful terms with the political powers that be, but may even be in tacit alliance with the government in its work for the common good.

Briefly, it may be said that Christian colonial governments have an obligation to promote missionary work by securing public order and security, by elevating the cultural and spiritual level of the people, by fighting against and suppressing evil and pagan customs and by protecting and supporting the missionaries, at least in their cultural works. If, on the other hand, the government is non-Christian, nay even if it be actively pagan, Catholic missionaries may accept and solicit aid provided that this does not mean that pressure will be exerted on the natives in order to obtain their conversion.

Likewise it is only reasonable to presume that a missionary may endeavor to win the favor of the native ruler and to convert both the ruler and the leaders of the people so as by this means to speed the conversion of the rank and file. It may be taken as a rule of conduct that the missionaries should use all human and natural expedients which may assist them in their task, unless these are reprehensible in themselves or are contradictory to the fundamental religious character of the missions. After all, in doing this the Catholic missionary is only adopting the same principle of accommodation which was practiced by St. Paul in his relations with the Jews and pagans and by St. Francis Xavier in India and Japan.

In identifying government favor with state aid for mission schools the missionary is doing no more than expecting from the state a quid pro quo for the great cultural benefits which the missions themselves confer upon the natives by their school activities. It must be obvious that even the elementary educational work of our Catholic missionaries in Africa relieves the various colonial governments of very heavy financial burdens and it is because of this that the schools on their part have a right not only to accept, but even to demand at least indirect support which would mean, for example, free school supplies. Apart from the principle involved, which is one of strict justice, there can be no objection to state aid except the objection offered in non-mission countries, which is based upon the suspicion that the counter demands of the state will excessively restrict the work of the missionaries. While this may be true in isolated cases, these counter demands of the state, namely, the right of inspection and examination, have, we believe, in a majority of cases contributed towards a greater rather than a lesser efficiency in our mission schools.

In emphasizing the government aid in Christian schools we had no intention of excluding mission literature or economic charitable activities. Though indirect, these agencies for conversion need no apology. Their worth is proven. However, it is the school that best ministers to the spiritual needs of Christian children and families. In the school is laid the foundations of a life based on Christian Doctrine and morals. Through the school the missionary has control of the youth and a guarantee for future generations. The schools are indeed training institutions for native auxiliaries and, all in all, are the best instrument for the cultural education of the neophyte.

Moreover, there is one effect which the mission school exerts upon the non-Christian which is not so often emphasized because we feel it is not grasped clearly enough. The school both teaches the native to read and also creates a need of reading. The very desire to be able to read, not infrequently, opens the door to the uncivilized peoples as has been proven in Togo, Cameroon, Ruanda and Uganda. Yet, for the Catholic missionary the press must always remain an indirect means of conversion. He may not devote himself to journalism as do the Protestants and the agents of Protestantism.

Afield with American Jesuits

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

On Friday, February 4, 1938, Father James G. Daly, S.J., Vicar Forane and Regional Superior of Jimenez, Misamis, Oroquieta, Plaridel, Tangub, Mission Stations of Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., died at Jimenez. Father Daly was a native of White Plains, New York and a member of the Maryland-New York Province. He had been an active missionary in the Philippines for thirteen years. While details in regard to Father Daly's last illness and death are not yet available, no further facts are required to establish him as a modern instance of what ancient classical writers described as that divine discontent which is so distinctive of missionaries with a Celtic background. An indomitable will drove his frail frame through days and nights, laden with labor for his adopted Filipinos, until worn and wearied with the strife his Captain called him Home. In a future issue we shall offer to our readers and to Father Daly's many devoted friends news of his death. It is consoling to know that on Friday, February 11, at 8:30 A.M., in the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Avenue, New York City, a Requiem Mass was celebrated, for the eternal repose of his soul, by the Superior of the Philippine Mission who had just arrived in the United States, the Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J.

* * *

To the friends of Father Charles Hausmann, S.J., who is at present stationed at the Leper Colony of Culion, Palawan, P. I., we give Father Hausmann's own explanation for not forwarding more frequent communications of what he himself admits is very interesting work among the lepers. He writes: "I have just passed my first quarter year here and I am finding it pretty interesting work. Like every other job, I suppose, it has some features that are a bit harder than expected and some too that are a lot easier. Anyway, I do not yet feel possessed of the ability, the experience and the nerve to write anything that would be worth much. However, my nerve may develop perhaps even more than you may want it to develop.

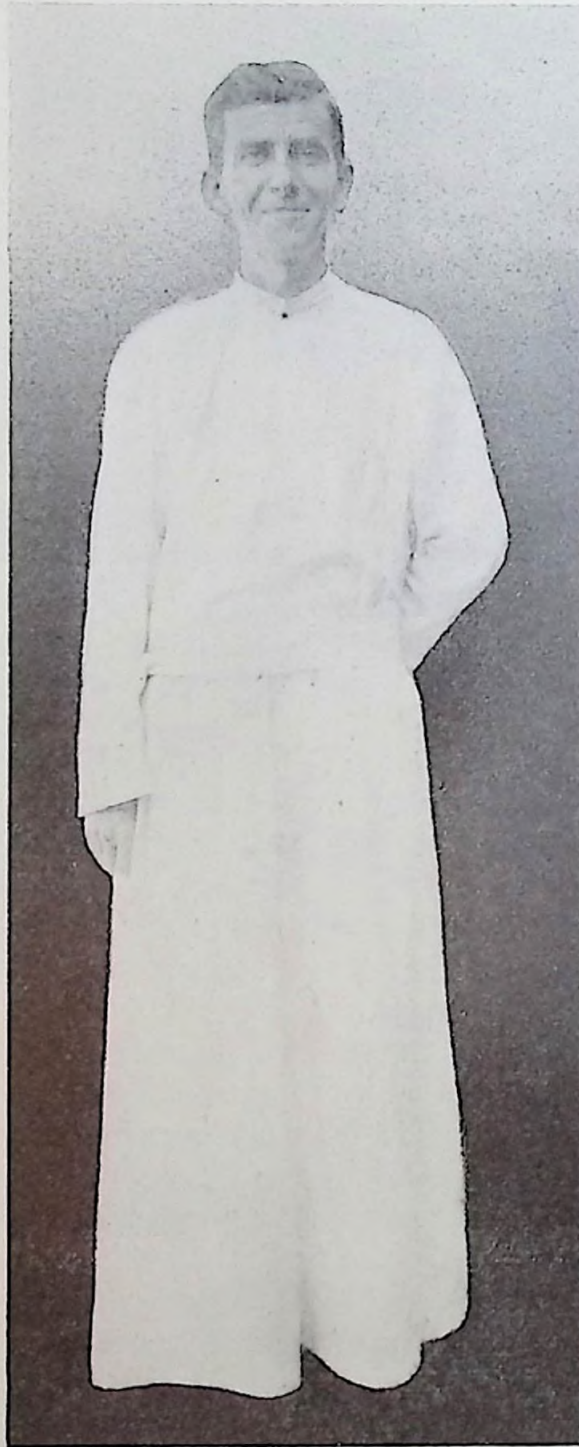
* * *

From Immaculate Conception Church, Jasaan, Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, P. I., Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., writes to acknowledge checks forwarded to him.

"I told the donors that their gifts helped us missionaries to tide over the Christmas holidays, for, as you know, old and young alike come to the priests and ask for a *pinascuan* or Christmas gift. Besides, the children in our big school here in Jasaan and those in our

catechetical schools must be given some Christmas cheer in the line of sweets. About \$30.00, American money, sent us by our friends and benefactors in the States, helped us to cover our Christmas gifts. Indeed, we supplied three mountain barrios already this week with their Christmas presents. The catechists will not be down now until after the holidays.

"As you know, Christmas here is not as we know it in the States. There is no hanging up of stockings and no evidence of the chubby little man, in red suit and snow white beard and



After thirteen years of missionary labor among his adopted Filipinos, Father James G. Daly, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, Vicar Forane and Regional Superior of Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., died at Jimenez on Friday, February 4, 1938. In the memory of those who knew and loved him, Father James G. Daly, S.J., will always be a classic modern example of that spirit of divine discontent which we associate with the missionary spirit of the Celt.

hair, coming down the chimney, for the simple reason that no houses here have chimneys and few of the people wear stockings.

"*Fiesta* time is the big time here as well as the occasion for getting new clothes for the family. Few get a second suit or dress at other times of the year. I went up to the hills on November 8, and returned on the 12, for the week end in Jasaan. I went up again on the 14, and stayed until the 16. The trip down and back was most tiring. It would not have been necessary if we had an extra man around. But that seems to be the thing we are lacking. We celebrated our *fiesta* last Wednesday on Immaculate Conception Day and the biggest congregation in the history of the parish came out to celebrate. I have not got a small church by any means, and yet it was packed so that there was not even standing room in the aisles or in the rear. The people were lined about fifteen deep for about fifty feet outside the church. At night we had more men than women in the procession, which, as you know, is something to be noted in the Philippines. I am only sorry that I did not have a Pathe News camera man no hand. Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., our new pastor at Tagoloan, preached for me in the morning. The people told me later that he spoke the language like a native."

* * *

From Mambajao, Oriental Misamis, P. I., Father John Pollock, S.J., writes:

"Thanks for the check. It shows you have not forgotten me even though I am not a frequent contributor to your pages. Time was—but alas, time now is just what ain't.

"I am directing five parishes and each one of them if in America, except perhaps one, would use more than one priest, American style."

IRAQ

Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, Sulaiikh, Baghdad, Iraq, writes recently to the associate editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*:

"Many thanks for your letter of November 5 and the nice things you said about me. I know I ought to go into a corner and blush, but the trouble is that all the corners of my room are occupied. One corner contains a wardrobe and a filing cabinet, the other has three filing cabinets and the third is taken up by the washstand, and finally the fourth is encumbered by the bed. In the middle of the room are my desk and typewriter table. My books are stuck into the window recesses, and when I want a book I have to hop on the bed and reach for what I want! So where to go?"

"Today is the Idh el Fitr, the last of Ramadhan or the beginning of the feast days; three of them, during which the whole government ceases work, as does a good deal of the business world.

"Yesterday Jassin, our watchman at the school building, asked me to give him something for a severe headache. I told him to come over to the house and I would give him some medicine. When he got to our infirmary I got out an aspirin pill, filled up half a glass of water and told him to swallow it. Did he do it? Not at all! He protested that he was fasting and could not break his fast till the sunset gun. I did my best to persuade him that this was the last day, that Allah Karim would not be angry, that medicine was neither food nor drink, but none of my arguments had any effect. He asked me to wrap them up, not the arguments but the aspirin (two of them), and he would take them 'bi mughrib,' at nightfall.

"But not all of them are like that. You know the custom is, when building, to kill a sheep or two when a floor is finished. Just before going for my retreat, the workmen began to roof over the school building. They were happy, and were counting on having a fine dinner. But a disappointment was awaiting them. They would finish during Ramadhan, and it would not do to eat during the day! I promised that on my return we would kill the sheep and give them all the fixings. But a few days later, while five or six of them were working on the roof, the scaffolding gave way, and some of them got hurt. The fall was not very great, about a dozen feet. They were convinced that something was wrong. It could not be the scaffolding. It must be that they had not killed the sheep and that they had not had their dinner at the expense of the proprietor. In spite of the Ramadhan, they begged the architect to talk to the Mudir and ask him for the dinner. Father Madaras, who was Superior, consented; a sheep was slaughtered, and a good time was had by all! I am afraid they did not wait for the sunset gun to begin either."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father William A. Ott, S.J., Sacred Heart Rectory, Highgate P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I., sends one of his first messages to the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS:

"It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The seasonal rains had ceased their depressing pitter patter on the wavering palms and swaying coconut trees. The welcome sun fought its way through the slowly dispersing clouds of dawn. With the joy of a bright sunny day in my heart, I set out to say Mass at one of my missions. My church borders on the shore of the sparkling Caribbean, where one can

frequently see dancing on the crest of the waves huge black boats manned by husky Jamaicans returning from an early morning catch.

"Still fired with the exhilarating air of the sea I proceed to say Mass. My congregation is small, perhaps fifty. After Mass I go out and meet my little flock. As we exchange morning greetings, a young lady hands me a note. I asked if it was a sick-call and she answers no, so I slip the note into my pocket and continue to meet the people. The rush is over. I am about to step into my car, when that little note whets my curiosity. As I wonderingly unfold it, my eyes meet these simple words, 'All I have to give you.' Anxiously I continue on. 'These two half pennies are from an old sackriatin (I give it as it was written) who has served all the priests for so many years. . . . Father, I am suffering greatly from great pains. Pray for me to be healed.' The cool smooth air of the sea becomes ruffled as my heart beats faster to rising emotions of love and wonderment at this great act of generosity and faith.

"Oh the poor, and there are so many of them! What a deep thrust pierces ones heart as he drives about and sees so many of God's poor hidden away in the mountains, a thatched roof for a covering, magazine pages for wall paper, a rickety table for a bed. My heart becomes sad not only for them, but for the fact that I cannot help them materially as much as I would like.

"Today I returned home, not to live in the land of dreams, but of facts. I sit down to figure it all out. Help for the POOR, in large letters, six churches badly in need of painting,

one church without any pews, another a glorified shed, and another mission without a Catholic school and the children are drifting. How much can I do? It will depend on you."

PATNA, INDIA

Writing from Bishop's House, Bankipore P.O., Patna Dist., India, Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., who is now working among the "Depressed Classes" says:

"The above address means 'head-quarters,' but at present I am at Moka-meh, which is about sixty miles east of Bankipore. It is the place where Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., was formerly stationed. In his visits to you in the United States he has probably told you how vast this field is and how tiny expenses soon mount high and formidable. Constant prayer and sacrifices on the part of loyal friends in America make it possible to carry on. God bless every one of our benefactors. I wish they could be here to see how much good is accomplished through their help and how much more could be done if we had the means: more missionaries and catechists and more money.

"After so many years of preparation for the mission field, it is exhilarating for me to be 'a big bad missionary' (as Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., puts it). It is more than thrilling to go about seeing what has been done and to reap the precious fruits of the labors of my predecessors: Fathers Henry I. Westropp, S.J., Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Michael Lyons, S.J., and Aloysius Pettit, S.J. Prospects are most encouraging: calls from all sides are coming in and it is really confusing, especially to a greenhorn. But I hope to find my



The "Afri-Kola" carries the missionaries from Belize to Orange Walk, British Honduras. Father Daniel M. Coady, S.P., (marked x) and Robert L. Hodapp, S.J., are the passengers on this trip. The former went to Belize in 1904.

sea legs soon and shall then write and tell you how it feels to wander among the villages along the Ganges, spreading the good news of the Gospel in every way.

"Difficulties are plentiful, but so far none have proven insurmountable and the new Catholics are showing marvelous courage in the face of persecution which is all but unbearable because the majority are so very poor. They are fine people, all the same, and centuries of oppression and hardship have helped to add toughness to their characters. I wish you could meet some of the 'elders'—simple men, but shrewd and masterful in their own way. Of course, no one could help liking the children, so ragged and dirty and yet so full of mischief and fun. Their eyes sparkle and they smile and you know at once that some plot is afoot. But childhood is short indeed for most of them; they begin work very early and have to work hard if they are to live at all. It would take pages and pages to give you a detailed picture of the life of an outcaste in India and even then the picture would be inadequate. Mrs. Morrison told you, I'm sure, how different India seemed in spite of all the letters, articles and books she had read about it, and the photos she had seen. So my advice is: Come and see!

"I have to laugh at Father Sontag's many friends here. They ask me a lot of questions and are most friendly, but meanwhile they look me over and then ask: '... And when is Father Sontag coming back?' I guess my feet will have to grow a lot if I am to fill the shoes of those who pioneered here. They have done great work even though it might have seemed useless in the beginning. At present I am assisting Father Michael Lyons, S.J., and have quite a number of small stations to visit regularly, so as to encourage and instruct the catechists, examine catechumens, baptize those who are prepared, settle disputes, listen to long tales of woe, arrange for funerals and marriages, doctor the sick—and then move on to the next place. We need a missionary in every station. But that is impossible with our present staff.

"Well, I must go and see what the boys are doing in the back room. A big argument is going on and, believe me, these Chamars are eloquent when they get steamed up about something. Thanks again for your kindness and all success in your good work."

* * *

In late December, His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., attended the first Pan-Indian Eucharistic Congress which was held at Madras. Of this important Congress, the Roman *Fides News Service* reports under date of January 22, 1938:

"A most cordial exchange of courtesies between the Madras Corporation Council and the Papal Legate, His

Grace, the Most Rev. Leo P. Kierkels, C.P., D.D., Apostolic Delegate of the East Indies, marked its opening. A correspondent refers to this official reception as 'a feast of mutual good will.' It was the first instance of the Madras Corporation according a civic reception to the official representative of the Pope, a gesture greatly appreciated by Catholics throughout the country. For the first time in its long history of two hundred and fifty years, the Council Chamber was filled by rows on rows of Catholic dignitaries clad in their bright purple and red.

"'We the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors of the Corporation of Madras,' began the address of welcome, 'offer Your Excellency our most sincere and cordial welcome. . . . Our pleasure is indeed all the greater because Your Excellency comes to us as the representative of a great religious community. . . .'

"In a vibrant reply which seemed to go right to the heart of the Hindu Councillors, His Grace stressed the fact that 'the bimillennial institution, the Catholic Church,' was not, as is sometimes asserted, the mouthpiece of Europe's politics. 'That voice is neither of the East nor of the West; it is the voice of the spirit, independent of climes, nowhere alien any more than the voice of science and truth, although, as on the day of Pentecost, it is meant to be heard by each in the tongue wherein he was born.' This voice was 'today the loudest call to ethical and spiritual values and the widest rallying cry to all believers in God to unite in warding off atheism and unbelief.'

"It is scarcely necessary to describe in detail the individual items of the three-day program, for they were the familiar features of all great Eucharistic Congresses. What may be noted, however, is that, although five similar

Congresses had been celebrated in India at varying intervals since 1898, this was the first to be organized on a national scale, and attained impressive proportions. Some ten Archbishops and Metropolitans of India, thirty Bishops and twelve Administrators, Prefects and Mission Superiors, and hundreds of priests participated. Twenty-five thousand pilgrims are estimated to have poured into the city by special trains to join with the forty thousand Catholics of Madras in the majestic public demonstration of faith and loyalty to Christ in the Eucharist. Some ten thousand boys and girls assisted at the Children's Mass celebrated by the Legate on Thursday, December 30.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., is Superior of St. Andrew's Mission among the Umatilla, Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians at Pendleton, Oregon. He writes:

"Last September we changed our fifty-year-old boarding school to a day school. At the start there was some commotion among the Indians and disorder in organizing the bus lines. At present everything is running smoothly. One result of the change has been that we have more children from this Reservation than before.

"We have much closer contact with the Indian homes than before. The Indian children take home their knowledge of religion and relay it to their parents. Thus the pastor of souls has an additional mouthpiece or broadcasting station in the Indian children.

"It is now much easier to instruct the public school children on the Reservation. The priest can use the school bus to reach these children who are scattered over about four hundred



St. James Chapel on the Indian Reservation in Wyoming. The spiritual care of the Indians is entrusted to the Jesuits residing at St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming. The chapel is the gift of Mr. Stroud of New York, who gave his donation through the Marquette League of New York City.

square miles. They are instructed individually or in groups.

"The League of the Sacred Heart helps along Catholicism much. The First Friday Mass and devotions are now better attended; the number of Holy Communions is greater. By Catholic Action the League helps our work in various ways, notifying us about sick Indians, babies to baptize or prospective converts."

* * *

William J. Moore, S.J., is a Jesuit Scholastic teaching at St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. Articles by him have appeared in *JESUIT MISSIONS* during the past year. In his present account he tells something of an interesting visit made by Wisconsin Indians to the Sioux Reservation in South Dakota.

"Three Menominee Indians from their tribal Reservation in far north-eastern Wisconsin visited St. Francis Mission among the Sioux, St. Francis, South Dakota, on January 23. They were men chosen by Mr. John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to visit various Indian Reservations throughout the United States in order to study the progress which other tribes are making in self-government under the New Deal plan of Indian administration.

"Of especial interest to the Sioux at St. Francis was the unexpected, unsolicited praise of Catholic education which these Menominee Indians spontaneously gave. They were unstinting in their encomia for the excellent work which the Priests and Nuns have done for the Indians. Ninety-seven per cent of the Menominees are Catholic. (More than half of the Sioux on Rosebud Reservation are Catholic.) So convinced were the Wisconsin Indians of the merit, economy and quality of Catholic education, that three years ago they asked and obtained from Commissioner Collier consent to turn over their Indian schools to Priests and Nuns.

"The three delegates, who spoke at St. Francis in the afternoon, had heard Mass that Sunday morning in the Mission church of Father Albert Grueter, S.J., at the agency town of Rosebud. The guests recalled the fact that it was a French Jesuit who first preached Christ to their ancestors. The Blackrobe came to the Menominees in the seventeenth century, to territory which is still owned by the tribe.

"Tom Whiting, head of the Sioux tribal council, the home-rule group now operating according to the present Commissioner's plan, spoke after the three Menominees. Mr. Whiting told the four hundred assembled students that they should honor their teachers, Priests and Nuns, who have the true welfare of the Indians at heart.

"I am often discouraged," said Mr. Whiting, "when I consider what cold

prospects lie ahead for the Indian child finishing school; but the sight of the missionary Priests and Sisters spending their lives for our people, inspires me to do at least a little bit myself to aid these children."

* * *

In addition to the ordinary branches taught in any Catholic school, the boys at Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota are taught various trades. The following is a recent report of some of their activities, submitted by the Superior, **Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J.:**

"The boys in the garage are having an opportunity of seeing why and how an automobile motor runs, or does not run. An old Chevrolet truck of 1928 vintage has been completely dissembled by the boys and now is being put back together. After an explanation of motors in class, they now have a practical example to work on.

"Part of the old icehouse has been saved and is now being made into a paint shop. The boys have almost finished remodeling it. They moved it about one hundred yards with a tractor and then joined it to the north end of the carpenter shop.

"The boys in the carpenter shop are also putting finishing touches on a new chicken brooding house. They built it completely by themselves and now are painting it. Each boy on the farm crew will have charge of one brooding house.

"In addition to this work the boys have been making door frames and installing window panes in the various buildings.

"In the blacksmith shop most of the time the past month has been spent in making various articles out of tin. Coffee pots, coal scuttles and buckets have been made. This is new work for most of them, so they are starting with small articles in order to learn the correct use of tools and machines used in tinware. The work has proven very interesting."

ALASKA

From Eskimo Land on the tundra of western Alaska that indefatigable missionary, **Father Martin Lonneux, S.J.**, stationed at St. Michael's, Alaska, sends greetings under date of January 2:

"Your kind letter of September 30 was awaiting my return from the southern section of my vast district.

"I am very thankful to you for the great interest you take in my work. I appreciate it very deeply and this is why you are so often remembered in our prayers and novenas, not to mention my remembrances during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

"This year, more than ever, I am far behind in my work. I thought I knew this country and was so positive we would have an early freeze-up that I made my plans accordingly. I left here in the middle of September, visited a few camps and my station



In one of the refugee camps at Shanghai. Two of the nearly five hundred thousand Chinese who are receiving food, shelter and clothing from the missionaries and the Red Cross. One U. S. dollar supports a refugee for three months.

of Chiniliak and arrived in Hamilton to start my winter work on October 2. Under the impression that I would be able to return to Chiniliak by dog team early in November, I took with me only what was strictly necessary and left everything else behind. My plans were to teach the people as usual and to devote all my other time to translating the catechism into Innuin.

"Well, we did not get the ice till the end of November. Yes, I made more progress on my Innuin catechism, but all my other work suffered. In Chiniliak I had to do all my work in four weeks instead of eight. Now when one has to prepare for Christmas celebrations, he cannot very well do his ordinary work as at other times. Many things again had to be neglected, especially my mail. I came back here to St. Michael on the thirtieth, and the work awaiting me is not small, I assure you. I am writing you while waiting for a party to come. I am forced to do like doctors, make appointments for the more important cases.

"I just had the visit of several men from Stebbins and they told me that the people there were expecting me soon. Of course, I could shorten my stay in each place and visit them twice a year instead of once, but then a priest cannot do solid work when remaining only a week or two at a time. Yes, I do visit my people for a few days only, but these are only extra visits just to see that everything is well. My system is to remain at least four full weeks to instruct them and to make sure that they understand well what they did learn. In less than four

weeks one cannot instruct them well, as their minds are narrow and can take in only a little at one time.

"I am going to try to catch up a little with my work during these three weeks, then will go to Stebbins to do the real work. I will then come back in March and do the same solid work here. Yes, when one is alone, he has to keep moving and moving fast, too. The years are far too short.

"Well, dear Father, my party is here and if I do not close this letter now, you may not have it for another two months."

* * *

Writing from Hooper Bay, Alaska, **Father John P. Fox, S.J.**, gives us a few lines about the Sisters of the Snow who are native Eskimos:

"It was time to change Superiors. The feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary was close at hand, and it occurred to us that this would be a nice day to make the change, and so it was decided. At dinner the Sisters were presented with their new Superior, and a few appropriate remarks were added concerning the happy coincidence of the appointment and the particular feast of our Lady that we were celebrating.

"Sister Agnes, the new Superior, is a native of Holy Cross, Alaska. She was born there on January 29, 1915, and baptized the same day by Father Robaut, one of our pioneer missionaries in Alaska, and who just went to his eternal reward about three years ago. She passed through the Mission School of Holy Cross with distinction, and when the new Sisterhood was founded at Hooper Bay in August, 1932, she soon came down here to join the Community. She has always been known for her lively and cheerful disposition, and her love for children. And that this interest in our young folks is mutual has been abundantly proved by her success in the classroom, and other activities taken up for the benefit of our children here at Hooper. We wish her God's blessing and help in the new charge entrusted to her."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., of France, working now for ten years on the Canadian Indian Missions, recently had the experience of celebrating Christmas before and after the Epiphany. The first celebration of it was on the usual day of December 25, and took place at his Indian Mission at Goulais Bay, Ontario. The church was packed, and the singing by the Indians a great success. In the afternoon there was a concert put on by the Indian children and enjoyed very much by their parents. Father Prud'homme's second celebration of Christmas was at Goulais River where he built a church for the Poles and Ukrainians of the district. The Poles follow the

Gregorian calendar and so the feast of the Epiphany came for them on the regular day, January 6; but the Ukrainians keep to the Julian calendar, which is now thirteen days behind. So the next day, January 7, was December 25 and the feast of the Nativity of Our Lord for Father Prud'homme's Ukrainian flock.

* * *

Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., also found Christmas pretty busy. On Christmas Eve he gave Benediction and preached at White Fish Falls (twenty miles from his headquarters at Little Current) and then drove ten miles to Birch Island for another Benediction and sermon at 9:00 P.M. Midnight Mass was celebrated at



Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of California, who is stationed at present in the Catholic Mission at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China. He is a frequent contributor to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Sheguiandah another twenty miles farther on. West Bay and 10:00 A.M., were the intended place and time for his second and third Mass, but when he arrived there before dawn he found all the Indians waiting for him. So he heard confessions and said one of the Masses at 5:00 A.M., and the other at the scheduled time. In the afternoon to round off an active Christmas he gave Benediction and preached in two of his other missions. His brother, **Father Joseph Dwyer, S.J.**, still in his fourth year of theology, assisted by attending to Little Current just for Christmas. **Father Charles Vandriesche, S.J.**, came down from the Indian Residential School of St. Peter Claver at Spanish, Ontario, to say midnight Mass at Sheshegwaning.

* * *

Father Joseph Couture, S.J., has decided to change his headquarters from Longlac, Ontario, to Armstrong which is the new Mission assigned to **Father A. McDonald, S.J.** They will use Armstrong as their joint headquarters.

CHINA

Father John K. Lipman, S.J., writes from Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, under date of January 13:

"In my last letter, written on December 27, I mentioned that we were trying to get started here in Shanghai something along the lines of a Catholic Hour on the radio. The hope has become something of a reality, for on January 9, we had our first broadcast, originating in the Church of Christ the King, of which **Father Francis McDonald** is the Pastor. For the present, the plan is to have the program every two weeks, and if it works out well and there is a demand for it, there is a chance it might become a weekly affair. The present arrangements call for an opening hymn by the choir, then a fifteen minute talk, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. And since the choir at the Church of Christ the King is a very good one, and the organ is one of these Hammond electric ones, at least the musical part of the program is sure to be good. For my talk, I had as a topic, 'Christ Our Contemporary.' The next one will be by **Father Leo McGreal, S.J.**, who will speak on the Missions as viewed from the financial standpoint, that is, how the donations for the Missions are used. After him, the **Rt. Rev. Monsignor McGrath** will give a talk, and **Father James Kearney, S.J.**, will probably take the following one. The whole present idea of the broadcasts may be attributed to **Monsignor McGrath**, who has been staying in Shanghai for a number of months getting out some publicity for his Lishui Mission. During November and December he gave two talks on the radio which were very well received. So he suggested to **Father Kearney** that we Jesuits get something started along the lines of a Catholic Hour here in Shanghai. Since this was to have been part of our work in Nanking, **Father Kearney** thought it a good chance to get started, and the Bishop here, **Most Reverend Monsignor Auguste Haouisée, S.J.**, approved highly of the idea. Hence the present arrangement."

* * *

According to the *N.C.W.C. News Service* release of January 29, the American Red Cross has announced that, upon the request of President Roosevelt, its 3,700 local chapters will offer citizens the opportunity of contributing to a million-dollar fund for the relief of the civilian population of China. An American Advisory Committee in China has been appointed. **Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J.**, Rector of Gonzaga College, conducted by the American Jesuits in Shanghai, is a member of this Committee.

The American Jesuit Fathers and Scholastics stationed in China have been helping generously in the refugee work among the Chinese in Shanghai.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Friend of Father Pro

To the Editor:

Today I received a card acknowledging receipt of the renewal of my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. In renewing I wrote you I was asking a favor of Father Pro. I thought you might be interested in knowing I have obtained it. I made a novena of nine days asking that payment of the money owed us would be made. During the week I called on our agent and he said the party had been in to see him and promised to pay next week—which was encouraging. But what was my joy this morning when my mother received a letter telling her to come, the payment was made—the day following the end of my novena. In another six months another instalment will be due us, and during that time I shall continue to pray with confidence to Father Pro. So, as I have asked you to intercede with him for my intention, I now ask you to join in saying, "Thank you!"

St. Louis, Mo.

M. W.

A Real Missionary!

To the Editor:

The last issue (February, 1938) of J. M., sure knocked me for a row of outhouses. I am just befuddled and don't know which way to turn, so I am sending you a little token (\$20.00) to kill the wolf. Be sure and see that Father Tony Kuenzel at Benque Viejo gets a peek at a little of it.

Be sure and say something to the Little Flower for a special intention for "404" and his family that they may all live and die good fish eaters, and that as many as possible become Religious. There are five boys and girls and I would like a good percentage.

La Crosse, Wis.

"404"

On Circulating Catholic Literature

To the Editor:

A laudable contribution to propagate the reading of the Catholic press is your campaign to promote a widespread circulation of your mission pamphlets, which is now being conducted by the various groups and clubs interested in your work. It has occurred to me that many of your readers would be eager to participate in increasing the circulation of the mission books and pamphlets. The pamphlet sets which you have now gotten up contain interesting facts relating to the eight Jesuit Martyrs, who have been canonized, as they give accounts of life in America in the 1600's. Also, the size of the pamphlets is such that they can easily be carried in a purse or pocket to read on short train rides or while waiting for someone; they can be left in conspicuous places available for another reader; they can be passed on to friends, schools, hospitals or sent to the missions where they are always most welcome, put into pamphlet racks, and circulated in numerous other ways.

If the opponents of Catholicism can make such heavy inroads in the distribution of their offensive publications and show an aggregate of thousands in circulation, a little effort on our part will do much toward showing a credit on our side of the balance sheet instead of the at present astoundingly small total.

New York, N. Y.

R. C. Junge.

Value and Interest of JESUIT MISSIONS

To the Editor:

First I want to thank you for having so much patience with me as I could have at least written you and explained the delay in renewing my subscription. Secondly I want to thank you for remembering me in your Masses. I am sorry you did not get my renewal I mailed some time before Christmas which must have gone astray. You are no doubt laboring under the stress of times the same as all of us and that is my explanation for being so tardy in renewing the subscription. Your mission magazine is always interesting and I have greatly missed the issues since my subscription expired. For your information, Father, I might state some of the articles seem to me to be personal messages from some of your great missionaries as it has been my good fortune to meet several personally here in Cincinnati.

Thanking you again for your many thoughts of me and wishing you and the Jesuit Order the greatest of success,

Norwood, Ohio.

H. T. Stagaman.

Praise! and Please?

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find a dollar and twenty-five cents for renewal of subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS.

We all enjoy the magazine and my pupils look forward to its coming every month. I sincerely think the reading of those pages is a great help towards fostering vocations, so I wish JESUIT MISSIONS an increase of subscribers.

May I ask an intention for the success of my pupils in June. This means much to Catholic education in a non-Catholic community as we have in western Canada.

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Sister Mary Ralph, S.S.A.

Musings On Missions, Past and Present

To the Editor:

Historical records may be lacking in enthusiastic detail to support the claims of the discovery of what is now the American continent by Saint Brendan, Erickson and Columbus; but it is an established fact that all who made the discovery, both first and last, were active Catholics.

Many researchers find color for the claim that the Oregon country, the American outdoor wonderland, was first explored by O'Regan, a celebrated mariner from County Cork, Ireland, whose name was Americanized as Oregon. It is a tradition worth handing down to posterity.

Catholic missionaries, most of whom always have been, as opportunities allowed, explorers and archeologists, have penetrated to every part of the world except the frozen Poles. For today recall the fact that they made a most determined effort to Christianize and thereby civilize the people of Nippon.

In the old Cathedral at Manila, along the spacious gallery overlooking the patio, hang today many magnificent paintings by old Masters, startlingly life-like, depicting the horrible tortures and deaths inflicted upon Catholic missionaries in Japan 200 to 300 years ago. Each painting bears explanatory notes of great value to the future historian of missionary achievement, undaunted by the horrible fate of their predecessors.

These heroic missionaries went to Japan, and to certain torture and death one after another. The effects of these sacrifices are reflected today in the more liberal attitude of the Japanese government.

This episode in history proves again that "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church." The detailed story of missionary sacrifices in Japan would make a great and glorious volume. The same is true of sacrifices and persecution today in Russia, Spain, Mexico and Germany. In due time, through the black murk of intolerance and paganism, the Cross will shine triumphant, the Will of God must prevail, and within a generation the Church will be everlastingly established in China and Japan.

The Reformation in Europe was but yesterday. Cromwell and his despotism in Ireland still are vividly remembered. There is a sign still standing on the town wall of Bandon, County Cork, reading as follows: "Here may enter Atheist, Turk or Jew, but not a Papist." Underneath, an Irishman inscribed the following: "Who wrote this outrage wrote it well, for the same is written on the gates of Hell."

Many incidents recalling the Reformation in Sweden and Norway are being reported. The Catholic churches were not destroyed, but the paintings on the walls were plastered over. Today, in the resurgence of Catholicism, these old walls are being cleaned and reclaimed, revealing, unimpaired, the beautiful images of the Holy Family.

Catholic missionaries do well to discover and preserve the religious relics and the records of the earliest pioneers, along the Pacific Coast. These include the sacred missions of Oregon and California, and their significance in pioneer history.

Today, we are all one in Americanism. Some day, as a nation and as a race, we shall be all one in Faith and in fact.

Portland, Oregon.

Cornelius O'Donovan.

More Than a Subscriber!

To the Editor:

I enclose herewith money order for the 50 copies of February issue which you have sent me. I love JESUIT MISSIONS and when I start reading it I refuse to cook, clean house or do anything until I've finished. I wish I had a million, I'd give you Jesuits a lot of it. However, wishes won't help the missions, so if you can send me 100 copies of March issue I'll take them and see that they come into some one's hands which, if it will do no more, will help to make others, probably not of the Faith, think more kindly of it. Send bill. Please pray that you may get some new subscriptions from those I give away.

Hollywood, Calif.

Mrs. J. P.

We Meet Father Cadot

Elmer
O'Brien, S.J.

FATHER JOSEPH C. CADOT, S.J., is today a glorious old man. He is small—about the size Napoleon is generally supposed to have been. But there the resemblance both begins and ends. For the life of Father Cadot, I must protest, has been one of far deeper significance than any mere juggling about of earthly kingdoms. For thirty-six years it was consecrated solely to the high career of wresting souls from out the grasp of a world-old paganism and setting up within them the mild, strong sway of the reign of Christ. There is about him a never-fading atmosphere of the spiritual. Granted, his physical exterior contributes to the impression—his hair is snow-white and flowing, a long patriarchal beard rests upon his chest and he moves with a soft, gentle motion—but such characteristics, though happy, are, of course, quite accidental.

And now that he is retired from active labor in the mission fields (two months ago he was appointed to the Jesuit Novitiate at Guelph, Ontario, as Spiritual Father), we are able to get a clear, single impression of his most rich, full life. The impression I get—and from what I know of Father Cadot I do not think I am far wrong—is that it was romantic. The life of Father Cadot and of every other missionary, simply because it is what it is, has about it the very quintessence of romance, just as that of every Catholic in his relations with God and the Blessed Virgin is, if we but stop to consider, a sublimated, enskyed chivalry.

IT was, he tells us, while reading Laure Canon's "*A l'oeuvre et a l'epreuve*" that Father Cadot first felt the desire for a missionary life stir within him. The book, now little seen, was a very graphic account of the toils and the sufferings of the Jesuits during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which, it would appear, enjoyed a great popularity in its day. Young Cadot—he was then a Jesuit Scholastic in his philosophic studies at Montreal—set it down only to write his Provincial and volunteer for the Indian missions. This was all very dramatic and might well have been the first scene in a life that was to be so full of drama, but the Provincial missed his cue and provided an anti-climax to the piece by failing to send any answer. For the next twelve or

thirteen years the existence of various Provincials was continually being punctuated by the never varying request of an indefatigable Mister, then eventually Father, Cadot. In 1900 he was Spiritual Director of the professional men of Montreal, some five hundred of them, when Father Filiatrault, then Provincial, sent for him.

"You have been asking for the missions for many years," he said. "I am not ready, however, to accept you as yet. I want to test you and your vocation first."

IT was then eleven o'clock in the morning. "Start this evening at eight o'clock for the Canadian Soo. You will be under Father Lussier and you will learn English and Italian and beg money to build a school at Skelton. After you have done that I will see what I will do with you."

It was a test. Here was a man whose abiding desire was missionary work among Indians, being sent off to learn two new languages which, if his desire was fulfilled, would be of no earthly use to him. But within six months, Father Cadot knew his English and Italian, the money had been begged, the church and school built. Father Filiatrault was present when the church was consecrated and Father Cadot preached in his freshly acquired Italian and English. The Provincial—as well he might—appeared quite satisfied. But he de-

parted without a word about the missions. His term as Provincial expired shortly after and he was succeeded by Father Lecompte. The new Superior had hardly hung up his biretta in the Provincial Residence when he was swooped down upon by the ever sanguine Father Cadot, his former eloquence augmented by two new languages,—and now there was success. At the age of forty-five, Father Cadot left Montreal and his flourishing work there and set himself to school in the Ojibway dialect as prelude to a career as missionary, the pure, disinterested, fruitful character of which was accorded unique testimony this spring when a cairn was erected to his memory at Cape Croker through the efforts of the Reverend Horace Kaye, Minister of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Wiarton.

In that life there was no dearth of incident. What I now quote, aside from being eminently characteristic,

"—AND TEACH ALL NATIONS"

James Shaw, S.J.

Were there some, Peter, who mourned as lost
A soul ablaze with the fires of Pentecost?

Did they say, Peter, and what did you answer them,
"Are there not yet Jews in Jerusalem?"

Were you sick in soul as your lips made sad pretence
Of giving to oft said words a living sense,

The while you knew His words are not at all
The same to those who have not heard His call?

Was your crown of Calvary reached in a few,
Faithful enough to Christ and dear to you,

Who turned their faces as they gripped your hand
Trusting although they did not understand?

And did you leave, Peter, with dimmed eyes and aching heart
Knowing you must walk far, and walk apart?

has the advantage of being told in Father Cadot's own words and between the lines, if you look closely, you will see revealed a very lovable personality.

“ONCE, at the beginning of an awful storm, I received a letter from an Indian young man of Saugeen, begging of me to hurry up to his sickbed because he was very seriously sick. All he could do was to write to me those few lines. I called Freddie Lavallee who was working for me and was at the same time my guide in my travels. He was only fourteen years old then. I told him that we had to leave at once for Saugeen, making him read my letter. He started to cry, saying it was impossible when such a storm was in progress. Then I told him:

“‘Freddie, if it were you who would be sick at Saugeen, and in danger of dying, and you write to me and I refuse to go because it is bad weather, what would you think of me? Would you think I do my duty?’

“Then he fell on his knees, asked me pardon and said:

“‘Yes, Father, we will go.’

“He hitched the horse and we started about nine o'clock in the morning. After much cold and much fatigue we reached French Bay about four o'clock. We knocked at the door of that young man who had written to me. No answer. I thought: ‘Well, is he living alone here. Is he dead?’ Knock and knock again... no answer. Then downhearted, we continued our journey toward our church at the Scotch Settlement. Few minutes after, whom did we meet? That same boy, supposedly so seriously sick.

“‘What is the matter, Louis, you are better so soon?’

“‘Ah,’ he said, bursting into laugh, ‘I was not sick at all, but I wrote you I was sick so as to make sure that you would come. You know, I want to get married Monday and I knew you would not have come so soon if I had told you the truth.’

“‘Well, Louis, you have played a very bad trick on us. Well, come and see me at the church tomorrow.’

“He came and I found out that the girl was not at all willing to marry him so there was no marriage.

“MONDAY morning when we got up there was about four feet of snow and the storm was still on. We had to reach at least Mr. Eldridge's place at Hepworth (eight miles distant). We chose to try our luck in that deep snow which at some places reached even six and seven feet. We had eaten little Saturday

night, less Sunday, and nothing Monday morning. We left about nine o'clock in the morning. After one hour we started to experience the fatigue of the travel because the snow was so deep, the horse so slow and ourselves so weak. It got worse all the time. We could not walk any more on our feet: the snow was too deep and too soft. So we started to walk on our knees, Freddie leading before the horse and myself behind the horse. From time to time Freddie was crying to me:

“‘Don't get discouraged, Father, God will help us because we came here to do our duty.’

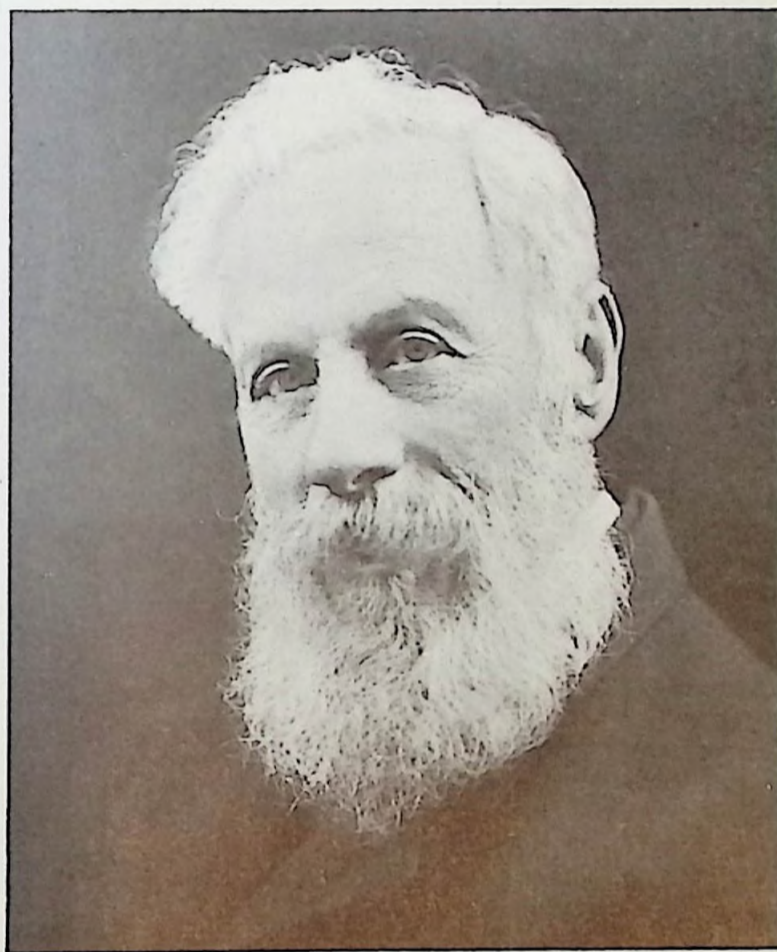
“SO he was encouraging me. We were weaker and weaker all the time and more hungry. About noon we reached an old stable. There we ate the remnants of our altar bread and drank the rest of our Mass wine, viz., one mouthful each. That is all we had. We

prayed God to assist us and we set out to continue our journey, the storm raging yet. We continued on our knees, as already said, praying, and Freddie always encouraging me. At times we thought we would have to give up, because we were too exhausted and too cold and too hungry. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon we reached a house; we entered. It was a Methodist family. We were received with the greatest kindness and charity. The man took care of our horse whom he put in a warm stable, while the woman and her daughter prepared a warm and copious meal. They could not have been more kind. They phoned to Mr. Eldridge. George came after us through the fields, the roads being too drifted. That good

family did not want to accept any money for their kindness and their meal. Of course, at Mr. Eldridge's we were all right. Our troubles were over.”

“Our troubles were over”—until the next time.

What was the secret of Father Cadot's success? Next to the grace of God, it was due to his wonderful character and personality. His people loved him. God gave him many excellent qualities for drawing them to the things of Heaven. In addition to that, Father Cadot had trained himself to wonderful patience. He was kind even to a fault. In all things he sought only the good of the Indians. They all knew of his courage and constancy. What he has done for the Indians will live on in their children. His one regret in leaving them was that there were so few missionaries for the work among the Indians. He prays daily that God may send many zealous workers into the Missions of Canada.



“Father Joseph C. Cadot, S.J., is today a glorious old man.”

NEW BOOKS

Blessed Joseph Pignatelli Of the Society of Jesus Monsignor D. A. Hanly, P.A.

A remarkable volume which portrays with the skill of a master portrait painter the character of a great Jesuit in a great crisis. For Blessed Joseph Pignatelli is the connecting link between the Fathers of the old Society and the scions of the new. So true indeed is this that the author could write of him: "having carried the blood stream from one to the other, he is called the second founder of the Society of Jesus." It may be a fashion for reviewers to seek parallels between their own day and crucial periods in the history of the past. However, one such parallel as indicated in the present volume does exist in fact and cannot be ignored without sheer presumption. We refer specifically to the presence in our midst of the same wrecking crew which in the days of Blessed Joseph Pignatelli succeeded in completely exterminating the Society of Jesus, in enacting the Carnival of Blood in France, known as the Reign of Terror, in polluting the altar of the Cathedral of Notre Dame by conferring divine honors on a prostitute whom they dedicated as the Goddess of Reason, in unseating the Bourbon kings and paving the way for the death of Pius the Sixth. The technique of this wrecking crew is indicated in its successive steps as follows: The destruction of the Jesuits, the abolition of all other Religious Congregations of men and women, the dispersement of the secular clergy, the collapse of their morale, the end of the priesthood, the elimination of religious ideas from the mind of the laity and the ultimate isolation and destruction of the Vatican. It was in such an atmosphere that the hero of the present volume lived and labored. Coming at this time when similarities between the issues existing in America and those existing at the time of the suppression of the Society of Jesus are so striking, the present volume of Monsignor Hanly must be considered providential. It is a clear warning for those who think with the Church and a terrifying indictment of those who even from within the Church attempt to fight against the Vicar of Christ on earth and his approved Religious Orders and Congregations. The book should be read widely, particularly by our leaders of thought and action, lay and clerical.

Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. \$2.75.

Problems of Psychology Hubert Gruender, S.J., Ph.D.

The title of the present volume is an exact indication of the nature of its contents. The book is not a complete text book of scholastic psychology, rational or otherwise. On the other hand it is no mere outline of any one branch of psychology. It is an extensive and complete analysis of the topics chosen by the

author, topics, incidentally, which are among the most basic in psychology. In addition to the established authority of the author, three points of excellence recommend the volume: first, a diction which clearly conveys even most abstract objects of thought and which, as a vehicle of philosophical expression, rolls on with surprisingly few mental jolts to the mind; second, a translation into terms of scholastic philosophy of modern non-scholastic vocabularies; third, the poise with which the author honestly exposes a difficulty or a challenge and the despatch with which he disposes of the same.

His inquiry into the causes of our rational life is both scientific and philosophical, and as such should be widely welcomed both by professors of psychology and their students. In its pages scholasticism stands vindicated, while its opponents, both ancient and modern, lie strewn around defenseless and disarmed. Its various theses owe their power of conviction to the truthfulness of their propositions and the clearly defined contents of their terms.

The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis. \$1.85.

Our Kateri Sister Mary Immaculata, O.P., Of Maryknoll

An exquisite appreciation of one whom the Iroquois insisted was "The Fairest Flower that ever bloomed among true men." The story is told with a grace and ease which a life under scrutiny for beatification should merit.

Kateri's woman's psychology is sympathetically sensed by the writer, who with her own womanly intuition paints for us with strokes of confidence and touches of love a memorable portrait that is rich in its appealing beauty. The story teller's art, not craft, carries one on unconsciously from the birth of the Star Flower till Kateri goes home. Scenes like that of "Hot Ashes" and "The Captain" or the strange big clock that spoke its tick tock messages to the Blackrobes make bed time stories which one will not easily forget. While it is true that the artist is known by what she omits, it is false to suppose that, therefore, the artist, whether working in words or colors, is dedicated to a vocation merely of censorship or deletion. She must likewise be rich in her powers of observation. The following lines exemplify both the author's eye for detail and her fine sense of proportion which inclines her to omit cumbersome data:

"A nightbird called to its mate; a faint swish of wind coaxed a tangy fragrance from the pines whose sibilant needles scintillated in the light of the rising moon. Tekakwitha sensed rather than heard the Oneida Chief's footfall as he stealthily approached the lodge, and she sat upright. Within a second Hot Ashes stood beside her. 'Rise, Tekakwitha,' he

bade her gently. 'You must be more fleet than birds at dawning.' With one lithe movement Tekakwitha sprang to her feet and picked up her bundle. 'Lead the way, great Chieftain,' she whispered, 'and I will follow.'"

On page 104 we read what every director of souls should know.

"There are times when a woman needs the assistance and sympathy which only another woman can give, for the wisest of men, even though they be excellent spiritual directors, often fail to penetrate the real reasons underlying certain seeming complexities on the part of the "devout feminine sex,"—a fact which has been staunchly attested by no less a personage than that valiant woman of Avila, Saint Teresa."

It is because of her womanly understanding of the woman in Tekakwitha that the inner beauty of Kateri's soul is so appealingly exposed. Once more we must attest the fact that the mills of God grind slowly but grind exceedingly fine. We have waited long for this latest thought on the "Lily of the Mohawks," but it is a kernel for meditation which in many respects is the finest and most nutritious of them all.

Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. \$1.50.

Your Hope of Glory Silvano Matulich, O.F.M.

"Your Hope of Glory" gives one the basis on which we may one day merit with the title of justice as well as the title of common decency the heavenly happiness that we are striving all our lives to win. The basis of this happiness is found, according to the author, in the observance of the obligations and privileges that are ours as members of the Mystical Body of Christ. In relation to this centrifugal idea the essential dogmas of our Faith are explained. The author is clear and authoritative, but we feel would win a wider range of readers if he took time to popularize his lines with anecdotes, not necessarily humorous, from life as it is lived in our day. Prose such as that of Father Matulich which is detached from daily life has a clientele waiting to read it, but we feel certain that their number is confined to those of the regular closed retreatant type, and even these we suspect would be vivified with a popular presentation of the church's truths. Conferences that fit everybody are found on close examination to fit nobody.

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

Thanks to the Communists Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

How God uses our enemies to teach us a lesson. Eternal vigilance is once more proven to be the price of freedom. Father Lord hurts only to cure. Like a fluoroscope, the pamphlet shows us up.

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

"JACQUINOT ZONE"

(Continued from page 88)

Zone." However, there is one important feature of the work which newspaper and magazine writers have not mentioned. Misery, starvation and death have been their theme, with a kindly word of appreciation for the efforts of the International Red Cross Committee. But besides the temporal aspect there is another side of the work dear to the heart of every Catholic.

Not long ago, while walking over to one of the zone hospitals, a Protestant doctor asked the question:

"How is it possible at all for these poor people to get any idea of religion into their heads?"

Our reply to the question was an obvious one to Catholics.

"It is only possible through the grace of God. By grace, we mean help."

But the doctor only seemed confused, and since we had reached the hospital, there was no time for a further word of explanation.

On that same afternoon, I wished that the doctor had been with us to witness an example of God's saving grace. As it so happened, Mr. Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., caught sight of a dying man as he lay crumpled up on the roadside. We went over to where the wasted figure lay, and bending over him asked the question:

"Do you believe in God?"

Ordinarily, this question registers absolutely nothing and, therefore, we were both surprised with an answer spoken so deliberately.

"I refuse to believe in God," he replied, gritting his teeth. And his wasted face bore a look of utter contempt.

All efforts to pacify or make him understand were of no avail. It did seem as if the doctor was right, for in this case, humanly speaking, it was impossible to get any idea of God into the heart of this dying man. He simply did not want to believe. But something must be done.

We placed before his eyes an image of the crucifix and tried to explain to him Who the Figure was, how He loved him, and how He had died to save his soul. Although the poor creature was not listening, either because he refused to do so, or our Chinese was impossible to understand—his glassy eyes were fixed upon the crucifix. Gradually, his countenance changed, the former look of contempt completely disappeared; his eyes closed for a moment, opened again, an expression of peace came to his face, and while he kept watching the cross, he tried to open his lips to speak. It was a struggle to do so since his strength was nearly gone. But with parched lips and a calm expression on his face he uttered just one word: "*Jaso*" (Jesus). What had taken place within the soul of this dying man? Only God and the soul know. God's grace had surely enlightened him because he gave the sign that he did want to believe, to become a Christian, to be baptized.

This is not one isolated example of

God's mercy. They are taking place constantly as Priests, Sisters and Seminarians know so well. From the California Province of the Society of Jesus, Jesuit Scholastics who are completing their studies at Zi-ka-wei have been privileged at times to help in this work. Messrs. John J. O'Farrell, S.J., Richard B. Meagher, S.J., Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., and Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., have likewise found the "Jacquinot Zone" filled with misery, yes, but also abounding with manifestations of God's mercy. The "Jacquinot Zone" is truly a cradle of mercy. And should we all, in America as well as here in Shanghai, look into that cradle with eyes of Faith, we could not help but see in every needy soul an opportunity to do something for China which, as you know in reality, means something for Christ. "China for Christ," is truly our motto, our hope, and our prayer. And your's? Certainly!

MONTEGO BAY

(Continued from page 91)

meet the eye is the vision of a mother washing her little pickney under the faucet of a pipe that projects from the ground at the corner of the porch at the womens' building. Plenty of water and plenty of scrubbing, but soap is scarce.

We are very welcome, because we could not possibly conceal the two immense rolls of jackass rope that we are carrying. We go first to the men: in gratitude "they must pose for a picture that the Fader from the United States will take." Father Becker has his scissors, and each man is the happy recipient of three inches of jackass rope, the choice of the vilest tobacco, paper and rags.

The women like the rope, too, although many of them even though but a few years short of a century old, seem to prefer the delicate aroma of a cigarette. But there are pipes aplenty, too.

On one Sunday I had the pleasure of saying Mass at Falmouth, a Mission of Montego Bay parish. Falmouth was once a thriving, live town. As a simile, it could now be anointed any day. It is next to dead and buried. The church is the second-story of a rickety old building too poor to be inhabited on the first floor. In the sacristy there is a plaque commemorating the death of a member of the Barrett family of Cinnamon Hill, who was kin to Elizabeth Browning Barrett.

Father Becker is also in charge of the church at Reading, eight miles removed from Montego Bay. Once a month he says his second Mass at Chester Castle which has a most interesting history. This is beautifully situated in the township that takes its name from the Castle.

All in all, Montego Bay that is apparently a prosperous parish is one that requires apostolic zeal in no small measure, and a willingness to suffer privation that others may live, and know Christ. The missionary carries on only to bring this knowledge to his people. This is his main objective.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

(Continued from page 94)

they should unhitch the main support of the director's tent during the night, but after taking counsel they decided that there might be something in Canon Law against pulling down tents on top of the clergy, so they contented themselves with the milder revenge of raising the very deuce of a racket at 2:00 A.M., when the perfection of harmony in clerical snores is supposed to indicate the pinnacle of complete repose.

It is such incidents as this that give the former Boy Scout a memory full of happy recollections. And, more than that, they effect that genial urbanity, that readiness to give and take, to give with kindness, to take with equanimity, which is found in the true gentleman and which is needed in later life. True, Boy Scouting is based on merely natural motives, but the natural is included and supposed in the supernatural. And in order that Filipino boys may grow up to be true Catholic gentlemen, the missionaries in the Philippines have taken advantage of the foundation that Scouting offers for the formation of character, supplying the supernatural motives that it lacks.

The Jesuits have taken their full share in Scouting activities, a number have held high positions in the Central Council as well as the offices of District Commissioner and Field Commissioner, and the several awardings of the Silver Carabao are indicative of the appreciation that their services have elicited.

And these men have taken their own reward of profit from Scouting, too. Not least among the side lights of pedagogical lore that Scouting has offered them, is a confirmation of the fact that, whatever nationality or race the boys may represent, *boys will be boys*,—even if they happen to be thirty-year old Jesuit Scholastics!

A PERFECT END OF A DAY

(Continued from page 95)

venomous variety.

"Once more I returned to my desk. A storm blew up from the west and the rain began falling in torrents. Drip, drip, drip! The roof was leaking just over my bed. Luckily I heard it in time. I moved the bed. Drip, drip, drip! It is now falling on the corner of my desk from another leak. I hastily gather up my papers and shift to the dry end. Ping, ping, ping! A third leak, this time over a tin box that contains my stock of stationery. Verily, I feel that I am a busy man!

"By 9:30 the dripping has ceased; the storm has blown over. A calm ensues, *outside*. And now along come a swarm of insects, brown bugs and green bugs, beetles that zoom like bomber planes, moths that either incinerate themselves over the lamp chimney or drown themselves in the ink pot, flying ants and even grasshoppers. What a zoo! Noah would have felt at home. If I close the door and window it will be so hot I shall not

be able to work. If I leave these apertures open my room will be the rendezvous for all the bugs in the vicinity. I know what I'll do, I'll blow out the light and go to bed!"

CHRIST'S LITTLE MAESTRO

(Continued from page 96)

In the meantime I had occasion to get my bearings. The house had three rooms, one a sleeping room, another possibly a kitchen, for it had a stove, and the third with no furnishings beyond benches for the girls. In other words, it was a school during the day and a home at night.

Dominating the institution was our retiring *maestro*. I have repeatedly admired his ability actually to dominate it, or anything at all for that matter, so utterly unimposing did he appear. I suppose he succeeded by his compelling charity, certainly not by a magnetic personality. For those children felt that everything he was and had, was for them. His clothing was exceedingly simple. Collar and tie were satisfactorily dispensed with, for he wore a jacket of blue overall material that fitted tightly up to the neck. Evidently his personal needs were few. It was well that they were. For he received no financial return for his teaching, except an occasional coin that the children brought from home. His sister did washing and the two lived on that.

This was the glory of it all. The project was a work of his own generosity and initiative, the kind that gives richest significance to Catholicity in action. The parish school was packed to overflowing, and fourteen young ladies held catechism classes in the church every afternoon for some of the Catholic children attending the public schools. Hundreds of other Catholic children in the public schools never received religious instruction. So our Mexican *maestro* decided to do at least a little about it. He would open his own school at home, where seventy or more children could receive somewhat of an education under Catholic influence. At night he would hold classes for a handful of older boys and girls. He himself had never advanced far in education—and then there would be no salary from anybody. But these incidentals mattered little.

Christ always finds apostles whose enthusiasm for His Cause and whose self-forgetfulness make it possible for them to do His work among His forgotten friends without any other prospects for personal remuneration than what Providence sees fit to send. Such an apostle was our humble little Mexican, who was the most perfect picture I ever hope to see of Christ and "the little ones."

Somehow, I was sorry to say goodbye to the *maestro* and his smiling charges. They don't know it, but they often return to my mind, to set me thinking.

Where is Christ's real work being done today? Where is He continuing His apostolate *par excellence*? In the projects that culminate in the erection of magnificent churches, for example? Or

in profound studies of world problems leading to striking pronouncements on the Social Order? Or in higher education which some of us are tempted to consider the peak of Catholic endeavor? Perhaps all this important activity means very little to the Lord unless it is joined with a willingness to devote oneself to unpretentious work in the manner of our unknown little Mexican. Financial means were not at his disposal to supply the material goods of which his boys and girls were in such apparent need. Bereft of all else, he had only himself to give. And that he gave quietly, generously.

Just before leaving his school I noticed something significant of this other need which he could not furnish. I glanced at the tablet of one of the boys whose penmanship lesson we had interrupted. I saw there these words in bold script: "I want some (*sic*) to eat."

IN THE CAYO DISTRICT

(Continued from page 99)

the living room as a sort of shrine or altar. The houses are frequently dirty and untidy, and the fact that the domestic animals find ready access therein, helps to explain this fact. Yet, challenging proofs of industry are found in some of the native huts, which are successfully kept neat and clean.

Little more need be said to show that the people suffer from real poverty. Many of them live practically on corn tortillas and fruits. Frequently, to escape the expense of buying coffee or tea, the people use orange leaves and native roots for this purpose. Seldom enough do they enjoy the luxury of milk or sugar. (To be continued.)

BAGHDAD THEN AND NOW

(Continued from page 100)

a King and Parliament of her own, free to work out her own destiny unhindered and unhampered, and once more on the road back to some semblance of her former greatness and glory. In the eyes of the law Moslem, Christian, Jew, Kurd, and all others are equal. True, in a land which is some ninety per cent Moslem, the Christians cannot be expected in a day to overcome the handicaps that are the result of centuries of habit and tradition. You will hear stories of discrimination and oppression and injustice: but that is to be expected almost anywhere.

It is our part now to aid in the rehabilitation of the Christians so that they may rise from the lowly and inferior position to which they have sunk, and take their place once more as honored and respected members of the community, as in the days of Haroun al Rashid. Islam itself is today facing a test. Extensive contact with the Christian nations of the west has set it thinking. Who knows but that Baghdad College, conducted by the American Jesuits, by its influence on the Christian community of Iraq, may not be instrumental in turning the tide so that this land, which once belonged to Christ, will return to Him.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Missions

M.G.H., Los Angeles, Cal.	\$100.00
Rev.W.A.R., Dorchester, Mass.	100.00
W.J.S., New York, N. Y.	50.00
J.A.B., Milwaukee, Wis.	30.00
M.W., Cincinnati, O.	25.00
M.A.G., Chicago, Ill.	25.00
A.G.P., Glenside, Pa.	10.00
T.H., New York, N. Y.	10.00
L.F.M.W., Frederick, Md.	10.00
J.C., Baltimore, Md.	10.00
Anonymous, Pasadena, Cal.	10.00
A.P., Albuquerque, N. M.	5.00
F.E.F., New York, N. Y.	5.00
M.A.M., Everett, Mass.	5.00
M.M., New York, N. Y.	5.00
C.B., New York, N. Y.	5.00
L.R.W., Louisville, Ky.	5.00
A.M., San Francisco, Cal.	5.00
A.J.K., Utica, N. Y.	5.00
F. McG., Chestnut Hill Mass.	5.00
J.C., New York, N. Y.	5.00
C.R.H., San Francisco, Cal.	5.00
I.S., Piqua, O.	5.00
F.L.McD., Dorchester, Mass.	5.00
K.G.G., Newton Upper Falls, Mass.	5.00
P.J.B., New York, N.Y.	4.00
G.C., Lee, Mass.	4.00
Mrs.F.M., Jenkintown, Pa.	4.00
H.F., New Orleans, La.	4.00
L.J., Webster Groves, Mo.	4.00
C.C.K., Philadelphia, Pa.	2.25
N.C., New Orleans, La.	2.00
R.A.L., Stamford, Conn.	2.00
N.C., Port Chester, N. Y.	2.00
Sr.N.P.C., Buffalo, N. Y.	2.00
E.T.T., W. Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00
M.D., Cincinnati, O.	2.00
E.B., New York, N. Y.	2.00
B.B., Bronx, N. Y.	2.00
Anonymous, Buffalo, N. Y.	2.00
W.O'B., Milwaukee, Wis.	2.00
K.L.D., New York, N. Y.	2.00
M.S., Los Angeles, Cal.	2.00
A.A., New York, N. Y.	1.75
I.B., Jersey City, N. J.	1.50
M.C.H., Bronx, N. Y.	1.25
M.R., Hollywood, Cal.	1.00
A.C.L., Springfield, O.	1.00
T.L., Bronx, N. Y.	1.00
C.H., St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
W.T., No. Cambridge, Mass.	1.00
M.J.K., Racine, Wis.	1.00
F.L., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs.A.G., Detroit, Mich.	1.00
H.A.S., Cambridge, Mass.	1.00
Sr.C.A.D., St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
D.B., San Diego, Cal.	1.00
G.P., New York, N. Y.	1.00
J.V., Alexandria, La.	1.00
M.R., So. Boston, Mass.	1.00
N.D., New York, N. Y.	1.00
I.G., Cincinnati, O.	1.00
A Friend, Jersey City, N. J.	1.00
S.G., Jamaica Plain, Mass.	1.00
M.A.O'C., New York, N. Y.	1.00
F.E.N., New York, N. Y.	1.00
J.J.S., New Rochelle, N. Y.	1.00
K.B., St. Louis, Mo.	1.00
F.A.D., Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00
A.F., New York, N. Y.	1.00
M.G., San Francisco, Cal.	1.00
J.L.O'H., Boston, Mass.	1.00
R.C.F., Cleveland, O.	1.00
M.P.McB., Gloucester, N. J.	1.00

Easter Presents

AL BAGHDADI

By Edward F. Madaras, S.J.

The story of the
American Jesuits
in Baghdad, Iraq

Postpaid \$1.50

THE RUINED TEMPLE

By Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

A murder, mystery story
of Patna Mission, India

Postpaid \$1.35

MIGUEL AUGUSTIN PRO of the Society of Jesus

By Anthony Dragon, S.J.

A true story
of persecution of the
Church in Mexico today

Postpaid \$1.60

THE PADRE OF THE PRESS

By Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

The life of an American
Jesuit, Modern Apostle,
in the Philippine Islands

Postpaid \$1.60

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Mrs.W.B., Los Angeles, Cal...	1.00
R.Z., New Orleans, La.....	1.00
E.C., Providence, R. I.....	1.00
M.M., San Francisco, Cal.....	1.00
F.R., Peoria, Ill.....	1.00
E.G., Bronx, N. Y.....	1.00
M.C.W., Oak Park, Ill.....	1.00
L.M., Roxbury, Mass.....	1.00
H.M.L., Somerville, Mass.....	1.00
J.J.McC., Somerville, Mass.....	1.00
C.B., Medford, Mass.....	1.00
J.J.C., Bronxville, N. Y.....	1.00
L.B., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
B.T., Detroit, Mich.....	1.00
M.deV., Toledo, O.....	1.00
V.M., Boston, Mass.....	1.00
R.H., Ventura, Cal.....	1.00
J.C., Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.00
A.McQ., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
S.C.G., Detroit, Mich.....	1.00
E.V.W., Detroit, Mich.....	1.00
T.T., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
W.R., Chestnut Hill, Mass.....	1.00
D.O'B., Providence, R. I.....	1.00
Mrs.T.D.S., Framingham, Mass.....	1.00
I.Z., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
A.E.McC., Brighton, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs.P.J.C., Jersey City, N. J.....	1.00
J.J.McC., Upham's Corner, Mass.....	1.00
A.S., Norwood, O.....	1.03
M.C.H., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
L.M., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
W.J.D., San Francisco, Cal.....	1.00
F.C., Arlington, Mass.....	1.00
G.McA., W. Roxbury, Mass.....	1.00
Rev.F.A.R., Cincinnati, O.....	1.00

For British Honduras Missions

J.S.D., Detroit, Mich.....	25.00
404 La Crosse, Wis.....	20.00
H.F., New Orleans, La.....	10.00
A.McL., Chicago, Ill.....	5.00
Rev.J.J.McC., Holyoke, Mass.....	5.00
The C.D., Inc., St. Paul, Minn.....	3.00
C.V., Milwaukee, Wis.....	2.00
B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.....	2.00
V.S., Detroit, Mich.....	1.00

For Canadian Missions

E.N., Cincinnati, O.....	1.00
--------------------------	------

For Other Missions

St.F.X.M.G., New York, N.Y.....	15.00
Rev.J.J.McC., Holyoke, Mass.....	10.00
Mrs.M.G., Roxbury, Mass.....	5.00

For Chinese Missions

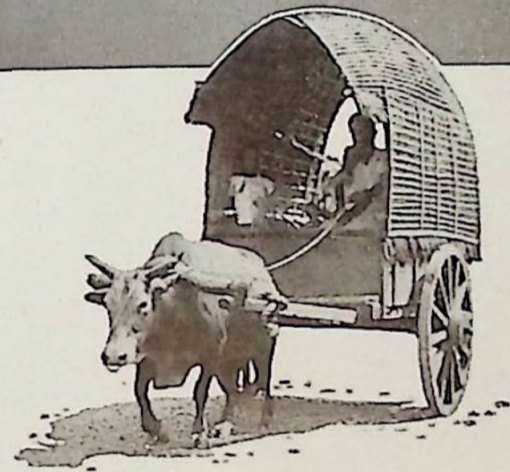
"Quebecer," Quebec, Canada.....	50.00
Mrs.W.L.D., San Francisco, Cal.....	20.00
E.K.G., Washington, D. C.....	15.00
M.C., Spokane, Wash.....	10.00
L.A.M., Milwaukee, Wis.....	5.00
M.F.L., San Francisco, Cal.....	4.00
I. E., San Rafael, Cal.....	2.00
Mrs.H.J.T., Parkston, S.D.....	2.00
M.N., New York, N.Y.....	1.00

Gratitude is also expressed for five hundred and fifty-six Mass stipends.

Why not add to your Will:

"I hereby bequeath to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for use in its work for the American Jesuit missionaries, the sum of Dollars."

Empress Express TO THE ORIENT



The great white *Empresses* hold every speed record to and from the Orient. 10 days direct to Yokohama by *Empress of Asia* or *Empress of Russia*. Only three more via Hawaii by *Empress of Japan*, largest and fastest on the Pacific, or *Empress of Canada*. From California ports, connect at Honolulu.

Facilities available for the celebration of Holy Mass.

From Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Full details from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: 41 offices in the United States and Canada.

Also convenient sailings to Europe via the "39% less ocean" route for the XXXIV International Eucharistic Congress at Budapest, May 23-29.

Canadian Pacific

COMING—

towards the end of April

BLOOD

on the

MOUNTAIN

by Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

author of

The Ruined Temple

This new book, from the fluent pen of Father Welfle, brings one further into the Himalayan Mountains of Northern India. The story is repletewith thrills, as was **The Ruined Temple**, and all who like adventure and the excitement of mysteries cleverly unraveled will enjoy **Blood on the Mountain**. As was said in connection with its predecessor—"Father Welfle knows his India." Sit in your arm chair and go to thrilling India for two or three thoroughly enjoyable hours via the "Blood on the Mountain" route.

Order the book now

Price: postpaid \$1.35

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

**Business Editor
Jesuit Mission Press
257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.**

	DOMESTIC	CANADIAN
1 Year.....	\$1.00	and
3 Years.....	2.75	FOREIGN
6 Years.....	5.00	1 Year.....\$1.25

Dear Father:

I am enclosing \$.....for which please list a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for.....
year(s) in the name of

Name

Address