

Jesuit & Missions

SAINT ANDREW BOBOLA

AN OUTCASTE FOR CHRIST

SISTERS OF CHALDEA

THE MONTH AT J. M.

FATHER J. G. DALY, S.J.

MIDNIGHT SICK CALLS

A VISIT TO CASTLE PEAK

Ten Cents

THIS MONTH

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GOING, GOING, GONE!

It sounds like an auction sale, doesn't it? In reality it tells of an action sail. During the next few months young American Jesuits will be setting sail to the four winds for action in the various mission fields entrusted to the Provinces of the Society of Jesus in the United States. Along the Pacific coast anchors will be weighed that zealous young priests and Scholastics may begin their journeys to Alaska and China. From the middle West, other Jesuits, new recruits for India and British Honduras, will wend their ways to a seaport to begin their ocean voyages to the lands where souls await their ministrations. On the Atlantic coast, the call to the missions in the Philippines, in Jamaica and Iraq will be answered by still other American Jesuit missionaries to be.

At the present writing it is impossible to say how many American Jesuits will be going, going to the missions this year. But when they will have gone, a frightfully high travel bill will have been paid. If \$400 were taken as the average cost of transportation for one missionary from the United States to his foreign mission, and if sixty Jesuit missionaries were to take their action sail this summer, the bill would be \$24,000. Now if each of our subscribers were to give but a dollar towards payment of that bill the account book would just about balance. Many, we know, will give that dollar. Many others, we also know, though they have the desire, can't give the dollar. We must then rely on the greater generosity of the few who can give more.

The new missionaries are going, going and soon will have gone to the lands of their zealous dreams. Dear reader, will you please help pay their travel bill? Please send your gift, not for an auction sale but for the action sail, to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below.

Just mark your remittance — GOING, GOING, GONE!

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.

Sichow 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

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 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.



Saint Andrew Bobola, of the Society of Jesus, beatified by Pope Pius IX, October 30, 1853, canonized by Pope Pius XI, April 17, 1938. In the Annals of the Martyrs it would be hard to find one who had endured more terrible sufferings. The story of his life is given on page 116.

EDITORIALS

JESUIT EDUCATION IN MISSION FIELDS

IN an editorial entitled "This 'Business' of Missions," we tried last month to give our Readers some idea of what it costs to put Jesuit missionaries into the field. We gave there an estimate of what each missionary represents in financial outlay by way of preparation and personal equipment for this work. It would be most illuminating for our Readers were we to calculate the cost of the personal upkeep of missionaries and the cost of their catechists and teachers, to say nothing of expenses in building small schools and chapels. However, we must reserve this for another occasion; we have mentioned it here only that these vast mission expenses may not be overlooked.

The large item of mission work and mission expense to which we desire to call attention especially this month is that of mission seminaries, universities, colleges and high schools. We are not in a position to compute the cost in all of this, as it would be next to impossible to get the necessary information. Some help comes from the tuition paid by students, but a considerable amount must be furnished through the offices of the Bishops and the Superiors of the various missions. Some information about the numerous educational institutions conducted by the Society of Jesus throughout the missionary world will bring to light the magnificent missionary work that is being done in the classroom, and will also, we hope, urge some of our Readers to render financial assistance to this vast apostolic work.

Let us take the seminaries first, not the houses of study where Jesuits are prepared for the priesthood, but rather the seminaries where Jesuit priests are training the future diocesan native clergy of the various missions. Taking the minor and major seminaries together, as separate statistics for each are not available, we find 28 seminaries listed. In these seminaries there are 1,706 students and the teaching staff is made up of more than 160 Jesuits and 32 non-Jesuits. Of the seminaries themselves, 3 are in Syria, 1 in Egypt, 6 in India, 7 in China, 2 in the Philippines, 2 in Java, 3 in Madagascar, 4 in Africa.

The above figures make clear the fact that the Society of Jesus is making every effort to carry out the work of building up a native clergy, a work that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has been urging so insistently. And rightly so, for in sending her missionaries into pagan lands, the Catholic Church, true to her commission from Christ, intends not only to win souls, but also firmly to

establish the Kingdom of Christ among all peoples. To this end she builds churches, whose charge, in the course of time, will be handed over—in fact, this has already been accomplished in many places—to native clergy who will minister to the spiritual needs of their flocks, and whose presence will prove to the native peoples that the Catholic Church is neither of the East nor of the West, but is intended for all the members of the great human family. Her sphere of action is in the souls of all; she is supra-national and supernatural, independent of climes and national boundaries.

Now if seminaries are important, so are the institutions of higher learning in the missions, for the Church needs sons and daughters equipped with learning and culture. Her appeal is to poor and rich, to those of lowly or moderate mental capacity as well as to the intellectual elite. Hence the Society of Jesus has ever stressed educational work in her mission fields. Her students learn that science and truth go hand in hand and they find that the Church welcomes every genuinely scientific research as thoroughly in accord with and never endangering her doctrine which has been revealed to her by Eternal Truth.

In view of all this it is not surprising to find that the number of Jesuit high schools, colleges and universities in the missions total as high as 77. India and Ceylon come first with a total of 38. China has 18, The Philippines 4, Africa 3, Madagascar 2, Japan 2, Java 2, Syria 2, Brazil 1, British Honduras 1, Egypt 1, British Guiana 1, Iraq 1, and Jamaica 1. These educational institutions have a Jesuit personnel of 540 and a non-Jesuit teaching staff of 1,443.

The total student body in these 77 educational institutions is 33,937, an impressive number surely, and one that points hopefully, too, to the years ahead when these students will be holding important positions in their native lands. Their influence then should do much to win a wider sympathetic understanding for Catholic teaching as well as further help for the Church in her work of converting souls. Unfortunately, what makes this noble work of education in the missions more difficult is the fact that the Church is not alone in the field. Erroneous teaching has too often come from Protestant mission schools, and this work has had the generous help of well-meaning American and English non-Catholics. So the Church has the added task of counteracting this baneful influence, but undaunted, she pushes on the work of establishing the Kingdom of Christ. Here is a cause most worthy of our prayerful and financial assistance.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

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

Saint Andrew Bobola

John
Keegan, S. J.

SHORTLY after noon on the third of October, 1923, a large coffin-shaped box was carried out of the Petrovka Medical Museum of Moscow and began a journey which was to end at Rome and the Vatican. The box was sealed with the seal of the Soviet Government and that of Pope Pius XI. As it was, the sight aroused no little curiosity on the part of bystanders, but, had not the Red officials been so insistent on secrecy as to its contents, the box would have perhaps attracted much more attention. It contained the relics of Blessed Andrew Bobola, a Jesuit missionary and martyr. To understand the full meaning of the event we must turn our eyes back more than three centuries to the days when Father Bobola, by his devotion and zeal for the Catholic Faith and his apostolic labors to convert the schismatics to the unity of Rome, won the palm of martyrdom at the hands of the Cossacks.

Andrew Bobola was born about the beginning of the seventeenth century, a century in which the Society of Jesus can boast a history written in the blood of many martyr sons. His family was one of the noblest of Poland whose ancestry could be traced to the fourteenth century to James Bobola, "Chevalier of Jerusalem." Sanctity seems to have gone hand in hand with courage in the noble race, so that when in 1611 the young noble, abandoning the promises of a bright future, entered the Society of Jesus, his step caused little astonishment. Life in Religion passed happily and peacefully, marked by the joy of days such as that of his first vows, July 31, 1613, and above all, the day of the canonization of Saints Ignatius and Francis Xavier, when he was ordained to the priesthood.

DETAILS of the thirty-five years of the ministry of Father Bobola are, for the most part, little known to us. However, what is lacking in definiteness is almost made up for by the fact that witnesses, many testifying fifty years after his death, give proof that the impression made by his life was deep and lasting. He was above all an apostle and his labors were ceaseless among the Russian schismatics who were so numerous in Poland. His success in this work was signal and earned for him the gratitude and love of the souls he recalled to the Faith, and the undying hatred of the more confirmed enemies of the Church. The latter insultingly termed him, "Ravisher of Souls," a name appropriate indeed, but in a manner far different from that they wished. Though an eloquent preacher, his forte was in teaching the catechism. This "Hunter of Souls" would stand in the public square of a schismatic village and teach the Christian Doctrine to all. His return was often abuse and ridicule, but insult and opprobrium generally melted into docility, and rich were the harvests he reaped by his mild perseverance and gentle affableness which drew all men to him.

The virtues of the martyr were many and heroic during this long period of apostolate. His love for souls and a deep knowledge and affection for the Divine Shep-

herd were the motivating forces of these years of hidden toil, toil that was crowned with a remarkable success. This period was but a prelude to a supreme test that was to last fewer than thirty-five hours, the number of years spent in preparation. Briefly, his life was one of continual testimony to Jesus Christ so that when the opportunity came of giving that testimony in terms of blood, the courage of the martyr, in all its vigor, succeeded the zeal of the apostle.

IN the year 1648, an act of injustice by a Polish lord against one of the Cossacks acted as a signal for that people to break forth in a rebellion that had long been brewing. These semi-barbaric people had been given arms by Poland and used as allies by that nation, but now they turned with all their characteristic fury on their former lords and allies. They began a war of devastation that plunged Poland into a state of terror, a war that began as one of politics and gradually developed into one of religion. Before the death of Chmielnicki, the Cossack leader, which ended the war, a numerous band of valiant souls had given up their lives in confession of their faith. Of this number, the Jesuits can boast no less than forty, the leader of whom was Blessed Andrew Bobola.

On the morning of May 16, 1657, a band of Cossacks rode into the town of Janow, where the Jesuits had taken refuge, and with a true Cossack ruthlessness began a work of slaughter and ruin. It happened that Father Bobola had gone that morning to a neighboring church where, with his usual zeal, he preached, catechized and said Mass, preparing the people for the morrow which was to be the feast of Our Lord's Ascension. On the point of returning home, a stream of fugitives met him with the story that the schismatics had exposed the Catholics to the Cossacks and that a scene of sorrow was being enacted in their city. His first impulse to return and offer his blood for Christ, was overcome by the earnest entreaty of the people, and in the hope that by fleeing he might yet bring many more souls back to the unity of the Church. He, therefore, sought flight in a carriage, but the Providence of God had decided otherwise and his supreme proof of love was near at hand.

THE zeal and success of Father Bobola had caused the schismatics too much chagrin to allow such an opportunity for revenge to be lost. Accordingly, they told his whereabouts to four of the Cossacks who, on hearing of such a prize, forgot the work of destruction they were performing and rode off at once in pursuit of the Father. It was but half a mile from Janow that they overtook the carriage whose driver, panic-stricken, dropped the reins at their approach and fled into a nearby forest leaving the apostle to his fate. Father Bobola stepped down from the carriage fully conscious that "his hour was come," and repeating, like his Master in Gethsemane, "May the Will of God be done."

The story of the martyrdom of Blessed Andrew Bobola

is not pleasant reading unless we keep before our eyes the glory of suffering for Christ and the honor that is given to the majesty of God by the torments of His martyrs. The first move by his captors was to try to persuade him to renounce his faith. The reward of his refusal was the beginning of his martyrdom. After scourging him in a nearby field and binding his head with supple oak twigs, which they gradually tightened as a vise until the skull seemed on the point of fracturing, his captors dragged him to Janow, venting their rage in blows on the way.

The appearance of Father Bobola as he was dragged into the city, clothed in his own blood, caused sorrow among the Catholics and pity even among the schismatics. The barbarians surrounded him and fiercely questioned him as to his belief in the Catholic religion. His answers were as sweet and mild as they were courageous and he even exhorted his tormentors to abjure their errors and turn to the true source of salvation by confessing with him the Catholic Faith.

HIS courage and calmness increased the fury of his captors who with no mild handling dragged his mangled body by the legs into a little shed which was used as a slaughter house for animals. There they placed him on a butcher's table where he was to suffer his Calvary and win his final triumph. The record of his torments is, on the face of it, almost incredible. The words of the Sacred Congregation bring home to us how great were the sufferings of Bobola, a statement made especially vigorous when we recall martyrdoms such as those of the North American Saints or the English martyrs. "So cruel a martyrdom," it affirms, "has practically never been brought up before this Sacred Congregation."

THE Cossacks first flayed his back, cutting the flesh in strips and tearing it roughly from his body, after which they rubbed straw and barley into the wounds and again replaced the flesh. In mockery of his sacerdotal dignity they then scalped his tonsured head and flayed his anointed hands, piercing in the meantime sharp pieces of wood under his nails. His face was so swollen that it could scarcely be recognized as that of a human being. Throughout all this suffering the holy martyr

continually repeated the holy names of Jesus and Mary, praying most fervently when his torture was most exquisite and calling down the blessing of God upon his tormentors until they cut a hole in his throat and tore his tongue out by its roots.

The cruel sport was drawing to a close as the heroic missionary was evidently near to death, so, as a final act of demoniac cruelty, they hung the bleeding and torn body up by the legs and mocked at its nervous twitchings and convulsions until the stroke of a sabre ended the glorious combat and despatched the martyr's soul to its eternal reward. It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of May 16. The colonel of the Cossacks ordered the corpse to be thrown on a dung hill and the barbarians then rode away. Soon afterwards the body was reverently removed by the Catholics and buried in the Jesuit church at Pinsk where after a temporary obscurity a miraculous incident brought the grave to light. The extraordinary preservation of the body and the countless subsequent miracles through his intercession gave eloquent proof of the martyr's influence with God. He was beatified on October 30, 1853, by Pope Pius IX. The sacred relics were later transferred from Pinsk to Polosk, a city near Moscow, and that brings us back to the incident about the mysterious box which was sent from Moscow to Rome.



St. Andrew Bobola, of the Society of Jesus, was canonized by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, on Easter Sunday, April 17, 1938.

were rudely transferred from Polosk to Moscow where they were stuffed into a small and topsy-turvy storeroom of the Medical Museum of that city, together with discarded furniture, plaster casts, wax models, and many other oddities. This was the place where the Papal representatives, American Jesuits, were led when the Soviet Government had acquiesced to the Pope's earnest request for the relics. This request had not, indeed, been granted through any good will on the part of the Red Government or because their hatred for religion was less at that time than it has been proven during the past years. Soviet mouths were then being fed by the Papal relief and Soviet rulers were too cunningly politic to refuse baldly so great a power as the Vatican a request so reasonable. It is true that, as far as (Turn to page 139)

An Outcaste for Christ

Trevor L.
Picachy, S.J.

EARLY one morning towards the end of July, 1936, a middle-aged woman was seen weeding in her rice field, on the bank of the Ganges, about sixty miles southeast of Patna. The mail boat from Patna had just drawn alongside the *ghat* of Harichapra, the large Rajput village to which the woman belonged. She looked up and scrutinized the passengers who had disembarked and were now passing on their way to the village.

A quarter of an hour later something distracted her attention. She looked again towards the *ghat* and saw a small party slowly making its way to the village. As the party drew nearer, the woman could discern that a boy was being carried on a man's back, while a stranger dressed in a white shirt and *dhoti* walked alongside. The woman's heart beat faster; she rushed forward, but checking herself, rent the air with a piercing cry and began to beat her breast in sign of mourning. The boy was Ram Lakkan, her eldest son; but he was being brought back to her an outcaste, for he was now a Catholic. To her that was a greater tragedy than death.

IT was nearly two years before that Ram Lakkan had been sent by his father to live for a few months with his uncle who had a house in Bhagalpur, a fairly large town situated on the bank of the Ganges. Ram Lakkan joined the Catholic mission school together with a few other Hindu boys. The missionary in charge was not slow in observing the excellent qualities of the young Rajput boy and determined to convert him. The boy in turn showed unfeigned delight when he heard of the true Faith, and now began to stay in the Fathers' bungalow with other Catholic boys. This action, however, raised the suspicion of the Hindus; so one evening, armed with sticks they surrounded the bungalow and demanded that the boy should be returned to them. The missionary advanced unflinchingly and said in clear tones: "Ram Lakkan is not here." The boy had been sent to Patna and from there to Khrist Raja High

School, Bettiah, where the American Jesuits are in charge.

Shortly after his admittance to Khrist Raja, Ram Lakkan fell ill. The doctor's diagnosis showed consumption in a very advanced stage; he predicted an early death. Baptism was now given; but Ram's parents were not informed at the time, as there was fear that if the boy went home in the approaching vacations, he might die before he could return. His father had given a fairly definite though grudging consent before the boy had been admitted into the school. On Holy Saturday, 1935, Ram Lakkan was baptized in the Khrist Raja School Chapel, taking George for his Christian name.

A new life seemed to have captured the heart of this boy, naturally gifted with a frank and generous disposition. He now recognized the privilege of carrying the cross and smiled when it was explained to him that like his Divine Master, "it behooved him to suffer and thus enter into his glory." George was confined to his bed, and except when carried every morning to the chapel for Mass and Communion, never left the canvas tent which had been pitched in the garden near the building of the Fathers. He edified all by his cheerfulness and showed great gratitude when any kindness was shown him.

His parents were now informed that George had become a Catholic and that he was receiving every care for the sickness which had now begun to afflict him.

IN April, 1936, George's father came to Bettiah to persuade him to return home. The boy hesitated, but was warned by the Fathers of the great danger to his Faith this journey would entail. The father returned home alone.

However, at the beginning of July, George expressed a strong desire to be allowed to go home in order to see his mother, and this time allowed no warnings to deter him from carrying out his wish. The Fathers reluctantly gave permission, and after George had made a three days' retreat and his general confession and had received the last sacraments, he left Bettiah for his native village of Harichapra, accompanied by the Catholic Bihari boy who had tended him most devotedly during his sickness.

The journey was long and proved most exhausting for the consumptive. On the night boat trip down the Ganges from Patna to Harichapra the boys could not sleep. So they talked of the probable reception they would receive next morning. How would George's mother welcome him? What would his former companions do when they heard that Ram



Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah in Patna Mission, India, has a flourishing Sodality. Here are the leaders, left to right: Chrysostom Hansdak, Michael Raphael, James Marandi and Nathaniel Hembrom.

Lakkan, "The Catholic," was now in their midst? As some fear crept into their hearts, they begged Him, Who had so often said "Fear not" to His disciples, to remain with them.

THE sun was just rising when the boat drew alongside the *ghat* of Harichapra. Every sight and sound was familiar to George. On this bank he had played as a child; there was the place where the corpses of the dead villagers were burnt; and the sound of the temple bells which he had heard so often before came to his ears signifying that the Brahman priest was offering a morning sacrifice to the gods in the name of the people. The two boys landed. George could not walk, and fifteen minutes passed before someone could be found to carry him to his father's house.

But what a surprise awaited him! Just outside the village stood his own mother. She had heard that her son was expected one of these days. Her mother's love at first nearly gained the upper hand, for she advanced a little; but the pride of her heart now gained the mastery over her. Ram Lakkan had not hesitated to desert her; he had not scrupled to disgrace his family by becoming a Catholic; why should she not treat him as an outcaste?

She began to wail and beat her breast and soon attracted a large crowd to her house. George was laid outside on a *khatiya* but was immediately surrounded by the village boys who kept on shouting repeatedly: "Ram Lakkan is a Catholic" and began to spit on the ground to show their contempt.

Much as George's father loved his boy, he was forced to treat him as an outcaste. George and his companion were not allowed to eat with the members of the family. The two boys sat apart and were served their food on leaves which could be thrown away without endangering any of the caste Hindus. George's mother sat in another room and could be heard weeping continually. What a trial for the young soul! How clearly he realized now those words of the Gospel which he had heard and read before: "A man's enemies are those of his own household."

IT is not surprising then that the devil should make a strong attack on this soul so little helped by exterior circumstances. "Become a Hindu!" whispered the tempter. "Your father is ready to pay the Rs 200 for which the Brahman priest asked him this morning before giving you back your caste; your mother will fold you in her arms if you renounce the Catholic Faith, and your friends will receive you as Ram Lakkan, the companion of their younger days." George, however, had a friend

at hand to whom he had been accustomed to reveal the secrets of his soul. He made the temptation known to him and was surprised to hear the simple yet outspoken answer: "You may become a Hindu if you wish, but it is not for this that I brought you home." A short struggle, a moment's reflection, an earnest prayer and the victory was won. No, he would never be so ungrateful as to desert Christ, Who had led him from the darkness of Hinduism to the light of Christianity; he would never forget the kindness of his Catholic friends; he would avoid any further danger by returning to Khrist Raja the very next morning.

EARLY on the feast of St. Ignatius, 1936, the two boys returned to Khrist Raja to the great delight of the Fathers who had never expected to see George again.

But the journey proved too much for his frail con-



"On Holy Saturday, 1935, Ram Lakkan was baptized in the Khrist Raja School Chapel."

stitution and he sank lower daily. The fifth of August was his last day on this earth. At midday he became delirious and asked to be taken to the hospital, but towards evening calm returned. It was 6:00 P.M. The rain had just begun to fall, and George asked his faithful boy friend to close the sides of the tent. He then began to cough violently and this effort choked him. He lay back dead in a few minutes.

His trials were over. The Angels carried his innocent soul before the Judge Who must have looked with complacency on this loyal heart which had not loved father and mother more than his Divine Master.

George was buried with the sodalist medal pinned on his shirt. His body now lies in the Catholic cemetery of Bettiah. His soul will abide forever in the "land of the living, where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and where death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow."

Note: The young Bihari boy who took care of the sick lad is now a Jesuit Novice Brother (Brother Francis Xavier) at St. Stanislaus College, Hazaribagh, India.

"Lào-koei-kiù"

Guy Painchaud, S. J.

INTEREST in our missions in China recently took a new lease on life with the arrival of the Very Reverend Joseph Courchesne, S.J., Superior of the Süchow Mission. A welcome visitor at all times, his presence among us on this occasion was hailed with more than ordinary enthusiasm, coming as he does direct from strife-torn China, with a ready answer to the questions that have so long been perplexing us. A confirmed optimist, he seems to be thoroughly convinced of the Chinese philosophical principle that time will cure all evils.

"Our greatest need at the present time," he said, "is an immediate increase in the number of missionaries. When we took over the Mission of Süchow, the organization of the district was then only partly completed. Our first duty was to replace the priests who had been transferred to the Mission of Shanghai. To fill the posts already established, eighteen in all, we would need thirty-six priests, that is, two for each mission, and that, without opening a single new post. Actually, we have less than twenty missionaries to care for 64,000 Christians, 23,500 catechumens and more than 5,000,000 pagans. As a result, the missionaries, although distributed as widely as possible, are scarcely equal to the task. Last year they administered over 1,800 adult Baptisms, heard 146,430 confessions and distributed 366,493 Communion. Each year the figures are growing, but it is impossible to make any substantial increase until we have more missionaries and are able to open new posts. Then, of course, there is St. Aloysius College to staff. But here the Scholastics help out by replacing the priests as teachers."

"Do the Scholastics upon their arrival in China go immediately to Süchow?" I asked him.

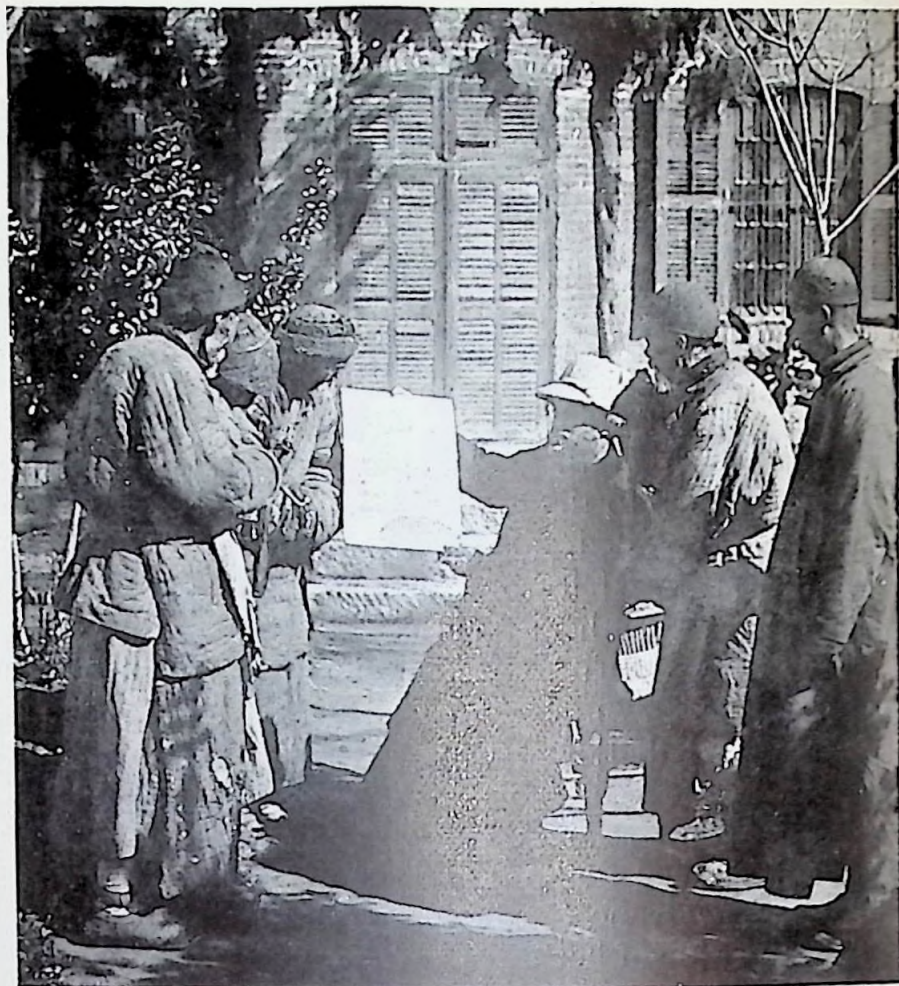
"No, they must first of all spend two years at Peiping, at the International Institute for the study of the Chinese language. Then a year as professors at the College of Süchow and finally, they begin the study of theology at Shanghai in preparation for the priesthood."

"IS the Chinese language very difficult to learn?"

"Most people think so, but in reality it is one of the simplest languages imaginable. There is scarcely any syntax, and what few rules there are, are easily learned in practice. There remains only the study of the characters, a question of time and patience."

"But to return to Süchow. What do the Chinese think of their new College?"

"At first, the authorities, under the impression that we were opposed to official recognition, were unfavorable, but now that we have petitioned for recognition, they are showing themselves more friendly. The Chinese of Süchow are quite proud of their College, for by means of it they are able to learn the Christian religion and gain 'face' at the same time. On the opening day, it was filled to capacity with one hundred and twenty stu-



A missionary explaining Christian Doctrine to several catechumens of Süchow, China. This Mission is entrusted to the Jesuits of the Province of Lower Canada.

dents, eighty of whom are Catholics and forty pagans. Unfortunately, at first, the Catholic children, the majority of humble parentage, allowed themselves to be overawed by the pagans, most of whom come from the richer families. This caused no end of trouble. Little by little, however, the good example of the Catholics prevailed. Our main entrance into the pagan families is through the students in the high school and primary schools. Science teachers are in special demand at present, and in this branch the Religious teacher can find many opportunities of using his knowledge as a basis for apologetics."

"AND what about the war?" I asked him.

"There is no war in China," he replied, much to my surprise, "since war has never been officially declared. However, it is a rather precarious sort of peace that we enjoy, which does not by any means prevent our receiving frequent visits from the big Japanese bombers. The railways and warehouses at Süchow have already been bombed twice. But apart from these aerial attacks we have had no contact with the invaders. Nevertheless, for reasons of prudence and for our peace of mind we have moved the students and their teachers into the country. About two-thirds of the population have likewise fled to the country into the nearby mountains."

"Could the city be defended against the invading army?"

"Süchow would be very easy to defend, because it is completely surrounded by mountains. Not that there is any lack of soldiers, for at the time of my departure there were one hundred thousand in garrison at Süchow. The trouble is, their military equipment is insignificant in comparison with that of the Japanese and for that reason I am thoroughly convinced (Turn to page 139)

In the Cayo District

John T.
Newell, S.J.

LAST month, in the first installment of this article on the Cayo District in British Honduras, I tried to give a picture of our people here: of their good qualities and their bad ones, of their fidelity and their infidelity in religious matters,—and I was speaking last about their poverty. Many of the people live practically on corn tortillas and fruits. Unfortunately, if the men do get a little money, they are apt to splurge it on drink, at the expense of the rest of the family. Thirty cents can buy a pint of potent rum, and that is enough to make a man madly drunk. There is much excess in drinking among the men, getting tipsy being one of their main diversions.

Poor pay limits the men in their sprees. The workers in mahogany, with their fourteen dollars a month and rations can just barely make ends meet and have nothing to show after the season. The men who go out in season to get chicle for the chewing gum industry earn one to several hundred dollars, but the money disappears fast, and they are driven for support the rest of the year to their *milpa* or farm, if fortunately they have one. While thus far the people have been taking their meager, unbalanced, uneven existence more or less for granted, the planters and workers are now intensively organizing efforts to better conditions. Those left at home especially feel the pinch of poverty, when the men folk have gone far off to do seasonal work. You will then find the little ones going about trying to sell a few cents worth of corn, eggs, bananas, etc., in order to be able to purchase a few small desired items.

THE *milpa* or farm, on which many depend, is worked in a way different from farms in the States. Early in the year the farmer takes his machete with him far off into the bush, and, traveling back and forth, consumes several weeks in clearing the bush and planting his corn, rice, beans, plantains, etc. He locates the farm away from the vicinity of the town so that the domestic animals will not come in and ruin it. To clear the land is no easy task, since the tropical bush is high and thick, and all the felled vegetation has to be burned. So he is a busy and hard-working man while this particular task is under way. Leaving for his *milpa* early in the morning, he returns home around noon, thus avoiding as much of the heat of the day as possible. But the hardest part of the work being done, he can let Nature do its share, and in due time he goes out to reap his crops and bring them back to store and sell them. In addition, very many of the *milperos*, farmers, spend some months of the year working chicle or mahogany. Thus it can be seen that while their existence is poor, it is not impossible.

In the Cayo District, there are seven contractors, cut-



Natives of the Cayo District cooking bollos for a grand fiesta.

ting large quantities of mahogany, each employing one to several hundred men. These workers are drawn from the various villages in the environs of which are the *milpas* from which the people get most of their food. Along the Belize River are numerous banana plantations, some very large, the latter employing numerous men. After a recent investigation, the official report is that the devastating banana disease is general, so that it appears that bananas in the District are doomed. There are besides quite a number of ranchos, preparing beef for the market.

Certain difficulties of the tropics have been exaggerated, among them being the warmth of the climate and the dangers coming from wild animals. The weather, as a matter of fact, is quite agreeable and mild, owing largely to the beneficial trade winds. Snakes constitute a much less menace than in some States in the Union, and fear of the larger beasts of the forests is practically nil. At least that has been my experience.

IN concluding these few observations, let readers take care not to attach small importance to any effort, of whatever kind, that they may make; for whether the assistance offered us here, for instance, be in the way of money for private schools and other purposes, or whether it be in the form of religious articles, and especially prayers, that assistance is always indispensable. Considering the poverty of this Mission, contributions of money, pious articles and Catholic literature are just what make it possible to provide for the people the advantages which are so easily accessible to those in the States. May such missionary zeal flourish!

Sisters of Chaldea

John F. Mifsud, S. J.

IT seems safe to assert that by the middle of the sixth century A.D., practically all Religious, with the exception of one Order of men, namely, that of Rabban Hormuz, were extinct throughout the Chaldean Archbishopric of Babylon. This was a definite effect of the spread of the schism of Nestorius, whose followers did not return to the Church of Rome until 1552. About a score of years ago, a more active interest in Religious life on the part of the women of Chaldea was evident, and capitalizing upon this, the Chaldean Monsignor, Very Reverend Antoon Zebouni, with much tact succeeded in organizing a handful of women who showed an aptitude for the Religious state. These tender plants, Monsignor Zebouni cultured with diligence and patience. His chief problem was to instill sentiments of solid piety, together with a spirit of unflinching fidelity to duty and distinterested self-annihilation in souls which by nature were fickle and impressionable and surrounded for years by a society whose sole principle seemed to be one of spite, vengeance and sheer selfishness.

AT any rate, on August 7, 1922, a group of six girls were admitted and settled in an improvised house for the customary novitiate trials. They were to prove indispensable handmaids of the clergy and the very salt of this ancient Catholic land. At first, their unheard of manner of life shocked both Christians and Moslems alike and was the occasion of many petty and bitter persecutions to the Sisters themselves. But the Hand of God was with them and the machinations of their enemies proved futile. Trusting always in Heaven's protection and disregarding the evil intentions of men, they continued to advance in the spiritual life until the day of

their simple vows. That event was a most solemn one.

The date of December 8, 1923, the feast day of their heavenly patroness, will ever remain memorable in the annals of Chaldean church history, for on that day the Sisters pronounced their first vows in a soul-lifting ceremony. Clad in cream-white habits and black veils embroidered in white, eleven forms lay prostrate before the main altar of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Sorrows. A multitude of weeping friends and relatives stood by as the choir sang the *De Profundis* and the Eight Beatitudes in the very language of our Lord, now their only virginal Bridegroom and Model. The Sisters, having risen to their feet, the priest held in his hands the Eucharistic Lord while each in turn pronounced the formula of vows. Their self renunciation is now complete.

THE purpose of this congregation is manifold. Indeed, so diverse are the works undertaken that one is apt to think the only limitation to their activities is that of religious prudence. And so we see them conducting ladies' sodalities, running orphanages for girls, teaching in grade schools, and even caring for the spiritual needs of married women and the sick.

To be abreast of the times and to equip themselves better for their future work, five of their number voyaged to the United States. There they learned English and became acquainted with the business of modern and efficient administration. And, here, let it be remarked, to the honor of the American Sisters, that whether in Philadelphia or in Jersey City convents, our Chaldean Sisters invariably met with an almost matchless charity. They were not only lodged and boarded free of charge for several years, but even their traveling expenses were defrayed. Thus have our American Sisters a just share in all the good being done by their former proteges. Is it a wonder, then, that our Oriental Sisters, one and all, are loud in their praises and cherish heartfelt gratitude for our Sisters back home? But let us resume the thread of our narrative.

The original improvised convent had perforce to be torn down. It had become unlivable. Thus, homeless and well-nigh destitute, our Nuns kept wandering here, there and everywhere seek-

Chaldean grade school children with their faculty of Chaldean Sisters.



ing shelter. Of course, their orphans could fare no better. These were placed with their respective relatives or guardians and encouraged with the promise that they would be recalled as soon as possible. After several years of this most trying and aimless shifting about, Divine Providence stirred up the generosity of some benefactors who built them an orphanage at Adhamiya, a short distance north of Baghdad, as well as a convent on the old premises. Here, though hard pressed for room, they managed to squeeze in six new orphans.

REQUESTS to the Patriarch for the services of our Sisters have been pouring in from all sides. Owing to their small number, however, only the Zakho request could be acceded to. Here among the Kurds of Iraq, three Sisters founded a new Mission for the religious education of the young.

Very Reverend Father William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College and Acting Apostolic Delegate, has lately come to the succor of our Sisters. The old mud-built school and church for the Chaldean refugees in Gailani Camp, South Baghdad, were on the verge of collapse. The very unsanitary location made a rearrangement of the lay-out peremptory. Father Rice, a byword for unstinted generosity, could resist the Sisters' appeal no longer and so he went to work until he painfully secured the needed money for this worthy undertaking.

The Sisters are twenty-five in number, plus one novice and one postulant. They are divided into three Communities, one in each of the following places: Baghdad, Adhamiya and Zakho. They conduct two orphanages, two primary schools and one vocational, besides numerous other works of charity. Their Congregation has the formal approbation of their legitimate Superior, His Beatitude, Emmanuel II. Rome thus far has looked on admiringly but her canonical approbation is still pending. If enough vocations can be aroused to insure continuity, everything will be well. It is said that hard beginnings masterfully overcome are a guarantee of future success. If so, our Sisters may rightly promise themselves a very rosy future. And this is the prayerful wish, I am sure, of all readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* who have the extension of the Kingdom of God at heart. As elsewhere in the missionary world, so also here in the Near East, Sisters are badly needed to help on the work of the Church among the women and the girls.

Note: How great is the poverty of Native Sisters in Chaldea is evident from a letter received by the Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* about a year and a half ago. The letter came from Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., who is, as was mentioned earlier in this article, the American Jesuit Rector of Baghdad College and Acting Apostolic Delegate.

"Did you ever hear of a Community of Sisters (twenty-four of them in this Community) sleeping on the floor? Up in Araden, a little mountain town, there was founded a group of Native Sisters. Their object, besides personal sanctification, is, what we would call today, social uplift. They go from town to town to help the poor, assist the sick, console the dying, and in general, assist the parish priest. Their house is of mud and stone. Their one



The Community of Chaldean Sisters of Baghdad, a few years after their foundation. Seated in the center is the Reverend Mother Superior. The four in the back row, unveiled, are the two Novices in black and the two Postulants.

large room serves as parlor, common room, refectory and dormitory. At night they simply unroll their bedding, which has been neatly piled up against the side of the room, and have no difficulty in climbing into bed! When I visited them, they put me on a shaky wooden bench, while all of them sat down on the floor! We did our best to keep the conversation going; their Arabic was weaker than mine, their French almost nil, but their Chaldean was fine, and mine nothing at all! Still, with our weak Arabic and French, we were able to keep talking for half an hour!"

Undoubtedly then, the Chaldean Sisters are trained to poverty and sacrifice. In this they are like Our Savior and His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph in the lowly home at Nazareth. May the good Sisters be filled with the spirit of the Holy Family, and may their lives be a powerful influence and a constant inspiration to the Catholic people of Iraq, especially to their own Chaldeans, around whose name centers so much of the glory of Near East Catholicity in earlier centuries.

A Day of Joy at Miami

Michael J.
Cronin, S. J.

FEBRUARY 13, 1938, was a day of much joy for the Colored Catholics of Miami. On that day their beautiful Church of St. Francis Xavier was dedicated by His Excellency, Most Reverend Patrick Barry, D.D., Bishop of St. Augustine. Father W. Reagan, S.J., of Key West, was Deacon and Father P. Cronin, S.J., of Tampa was Sub-Deacon. Father D. M. Cronin, S.J., of Tampa, was Arch-Priest. The Deacons of honor were: Fathers Murphy and McLaughlin of Boston. Master of Ceremonies was Father W. Kearney, S.J. In the sanctuary were: Father Walsh of Norfolk, Virginia, and Fathers C. Ruhlmann, S.J., and J. Greeley, S.J., of Palm Beach.

Father P. O'Sullivan, S.J., preached the dedication sermon and expressed plainly the great work of Mrs. Ryan who had been a devoted servant to the Colored people of Miami. Her heart was in her work and she gave her time to the infant congregation of Colored Catholics in Miami. She saw the first church built for the Colored in Miami. May God reward her for her noble work. Mr. and Mrs. St. Aubin were thanked for their financial support given to the Colored people,—and they gave generously. It is their great desire that a school should be erected for the Colored children in



"February 13, 1938, was a day of much joy for the Colored Catholics of Miami. On that day their beautiful Church of St. Francis Xavier was dedicated."

which they can learn the truths of our holy religion. Miss Agnes C. Storer, who gave freely for the building of the new church, did not want to have her name mentioned; all she desired was that her dear father and devoted mother be remembered at the altar of God.

The White Catholics showed a generous spirit in contributing February 2 for the St. Francis Xavier Church.

NOW it is only right that we should mention Mr. Carl P. Lump, the architect, who not only drew the plans but gave a great deal of his time to the construction. From the very beginning he showed his great interest in the work, and kept up that interest to the very end. Mr. T. Newman, Captain Tom, gave everything that he had to help in the work. During the whole construction he gave the use of his concrete mixer. Moreover, all the lime used in the building was given free by him. Messrs. Llewellyn and C. Schry gave the use of their drills, wheel-barrows and shovels. Others, too, showed their spirit of generosity.

The Colored Catholics were not idle. They, too, contributed their share. Among other things, their stone drive was successful. The Colored people of Miami are proud of St. Francis Xavier Church and rightly so, for the Colored labor only was employed in its construction. Mr. G. C. Scavella directed the work. No wonder then that the people in whose midst the church stands look upon it as their monument to Almighty God.

Now let me wind up this account by mentioning the zeal and love that Father F. D. Sullivan, S.J., Pastor of the Gesu Church, showed for St. Francis Xavier Church. True it is, he kept in the background, but his interest in the work never flagged.

The smiling zealous Pastor at the new Church of St. Francis Xavier in Miami: Father Michael J. Cronin, S.J.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Time never seems to march on so quickly as when one is waiting for the return envelopes to appear in the morning mail as an assurance that our Pamphlet Promotion Plan has proven a success. In the first tally of replies, we listed forty Promoters. Each of these Promoters is responsible for the organization of a unit of ten fellow workers, each of whom in turn is financially liable for the sale or distribution of ten Jesuit Mission Press pamphlets monthly. In terms of pamphlets sold, therefore, these forty Pamphlet Promoters mean an annual sale of 48,000. Not so bad for the first returns!

PAMPHLET PROMOTERS

WILL YOU BE A PROMOTER?

The promotion plan is simple.

The unit of organization is composed of ten people, a promoter and nine co-workers. These units meet monthly at the home of the promoter, or if desired, at the home of each of the ten visited in succession alphabetically. For each of these monthly meetings the promoter receives from Jesuit Mission Press ten pamphlets for each of the ten members of the unit. These pamphlets are read and discussed by the group in common and then distributed to other Catholics or circulated among non-Catholics. As is evident, the success of our Pamphlet Promotion Plan depends almost entirely upon the character of the pamphlet promoter. The promoter gathers together the unit of ten, arranges the monthly meetings, collects the monthly dues and forwards the same to Jesuit Mission Press. The monthly dues for each of the ten members of a promoter's unit amount to fifty cents, in return for which, each member receives ten pamphlets a month. If each month each of the ten receives ten pamphlets then each member will receive 120 pamphlets a year. If each member receives 120 pamphlets a year, the ten members in a unit will receive 1,200 pamphlets a year. It follows logically that one hundred such units will receive one hundred times 1,200 pamphlets a year or a total of 120,000 pamphlets a year. It follows with similar logic that one thousand units will receive one thousand times 1,200 pamphlets a year or a grand total of 1,200,000 and so on far into the night. Will you be a promoter?

In lieu of a return envelope, I am submitting here an answer received in this morning's mail which our readers may use as a model for their own replies. It comes from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and runs as follows: "My Dear Father Feeney: I shall indeed be glad to be a Promoter for the dissemination of your pamphlets. Your requirements are a bit difficult, though. I can obtain nine co-workers who will be willing to give me fifty cents a month, but the meeting and discussing of those pamphlets we shall find difficult. All my band will be composed of very busy school teachers, whose work is beginning to pile up at present. We might be able to do the work some months but cannot always find a day every month. Supposing we missed a month or two in our discussions, not in our dues, would the spirit and not the letter of the law be acceptable? . . ." The answer, "Anna P.", is Yes! with deep gratitude in the name of all our American Jesuit missionaries and a personal prayer for A. P. B. herself.

I suppose the best proof one could offer practical minded Americans that our Pamphlet Campaign is taking, is an affidavit to that effect signed by a Promoter. Already we have on hand an encouraging list of such affidavits. Not to burden you, here are three from different sections of the East: "Dear Father Feeney: In reply to your letter of the 10th of March I have communicated with several friends

who seem interested in your plan and I can assure you of our desire to assist you in this pamphlet promotion. We are holding a preliminary meeting sometime during the coming week. I trust that your endeavor will reap the rich ends which its high motives justify. Thanking you for the opportunity of participating and wishing you every success, I am, sincerely, J. J. C., Tenafly, New Jersey." Again, ". . . It sounds like a great idea and you can count me in. Of course, I know it is not nearly as simple as it sounds, as I have had some experience in promoting retreats for Father Herman Storck, S.J., at Morristown, and know something of the trials of a Promoter, but it sure does sound like an idea worth giving a try and you can be sure I will give my best. Hoping that your plan will meet with great success, I remain, A. C., Bayonne, New Jersey." And still again, ". . . I have succeeded in getting eight members for one unit for the Pamphlet Promotion. May a unit consist of eight instead of ten? These eight seem quite enthused about it and I am sure we will enjoy reading the pamphlets. Maybe others will become interested after the unit begins to function. Sincerely, C. C., Arlington, Massachusetts."

From Syracuse, New York, comes the following suggestion to foster the growth of our Pamphlet Campaign by sprinkling the same with frequent Hail Marys for success. ". . . Are

ARE YOU A SPRINKLER?

you a sprinkler? My Hail Marys are scattered abroad, from the Untouchables of India to the Parish Priest of a secluded Irish village; they harvest the rice of China; soar to strengthen our flying missionaries; accompany the ambulance as the siren sounds; linger in the dreary huts of lepers. At home they dampen the spirit of brazen debaucheries; enter the sorrowing household across the street; plead for the cripples and blind and erring; follow the priest into the confessional; and almost habitually rise for the souls in Purgatory as I wait for a street car or elevator. A hundred places! If you have never investigated I beg of you to discover for yourself the usefulness of a random Ave." An Ave for the success of our Pamphlet Promotion Campaign.

The author of the foregoing, despite her splendid faith, has her problems. Let her speak for herself: ". . . Does not the mention of a lay apostolate thrill you to be up and doing, not content to accept life passively? The world is in such real need of sign posts and goodness and kindness. If I could put into words what I feel! How I wish I were able to speak well and convincingly in order to help enlighten others in regard to our beautiful Faith. Wishful thinking is easy. My problem is how to handle the fallen away Catholic who squelches you with one reply to all questions or comments. 'But I don't believe.' So, with all my zeal and yearning for the natives of the South Seas and Greenland I am unable to be of any use to my next door neighbor." Oh, yes you are, Veronica! Try them out on the following pamphlets for sale at our Jesuit Mission Press office and written by Daniel A. Lord, S.J.: "Random Shots," "You Can't Live That Way," "Our Precious Freedom," and "Gateway of Grace," then sprinkle an Ave over the recalcitrant and wait for results.

On January 10, 1938, in the Cathedral of Leon, Mexico, His Excellency, Bishop Emeritus Valverde y Tellez, blessed and dedicated a marble statue of Christ the King, the occasion being the First Diocesan Congress of Leon, held in honor of this same Christ the King. The event realized a plan conceived by His Excellency as long ago

CHRIST THE KING, OF MEXICO

as 1920. The model is in the form of a statuary group of three figures, sculptured from the finest Carrara marble. The statue of Our Lord measures three meters and twelve centimeters in height. At its base kneel two angels, one of whom with joyous mien is offering to Christ a crown of gold, while the other with a glance of sadness extends to Him the crown of thorns. It was the artist's idea to depict Christ as King of Creation, hence it is that the group is poised upon a World. The countenance of our Savior is kindly with love and His arms extended in a gesture of blessing. The whole is a work of Faith instinctive with true artistic merit and symbolic of the true heart of Mexico.

Death of Father James G. Daly,

ON the first Friday of February, 1938, after eleven years of fruitful labor, Father James G. Daly, S.J., the gracious, gentle and beloved Superior of the Jesuit missionaries in Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, ended a glorious career as a missionary of outstanding holiness and zeal. Death came to Father Daly after ten days of severe illness with dysentery. Because he was too weak to undertake a trip by boat to Manila, the ailing priest was retained in his parish house in Jimenez with two doctors and a male nurse in constant attendance. Towards the end, as his condition changed for the worse, other doctors were called for consultation. Although delirious for a few days before his death, Father Daly occasionally regained consciousness, during which he recognized those who came to visit him. Yet, even in his delirium, he prayed constantly, exhorting imaginary congregations, while he performed the ceremonies of Baptism and marriage at which he had so often assisted in the years of his active life.

For the sake of Father Daly's numerous friends and for the edification and inspiration of all who may read these lines, we record the intimate details of his last hours, of his death, of his burial.

It was at midnight on Wednesday, January 26, that Father Daly took suddenly sick. Fever developed throughout Thursday and the ordinary prescriptions were applied by Doctor Contreras and Mr. Manalastas, pharmacist at the Jimenez drugstore, who was on hand to give Father the necessary anti-dysentery injections. At 9:00 P.M., on Thursday, January 27, Doctor Baytion came from Oroquieta and changed the prescription. On Friday, the twenty-eighth, telegrams were sent to His Excellency, Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J.,

and Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J. In the afternoon, Doctor Sanciangko was called from Misamis by Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., Pastor of Misamis. Father Francis Doino, S.J. accompanied Doctor Sanciangko to Jimenez on Saturday afternoon, January 29. On Monday, new medicines were administered and Doctor Sanciangko remained in the parish house with Father Daly. By this time, the patient's throat had become sensitive and sore but was treated adequately by Doctor Sanciangko. On February 1, there were more injections of glucose serum and of strychnine sulphate, together with trypsin injections and anti-phlogistine was applied on the neck, throat, side, chest and back. Doctors Baytion and Hernandez (the District Health Officer) from Oroquieta were on hand and Senor Digno attended Father Daly until the male nurse arrived from Cagayan.

BY this time, Father Daly's pulse was quite low, so low in fact, that Father Lewis O'Neill, S.J., of Oroquieta, anointed Father Daly and from that time on kept Superiors informed regarding Father Daly's condition. After the anointing, the patient asked Father Augustine Consunji, S.J., to read for him the third nocturn of the feast for the Purification. On the feast of the Purification itself, February 2, at 5:00 A.M., Father Daly had another collapse, followed by delirium. His Excellency Governor Anselmo Bernad, came to visit the patient. At 2:00 P.M., Father John O'Connell, S.J., from Tangub and Father Gallagher from Misamis, arrived, and at 3:00, were followed by His Excellency, Bishop Hayes, accompanied by Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., from Kolumbugan, Lanao. Father Doino arrived with the Superior of Cagayan, Father Kennally. All night, Father Kennally remained on watch while Doctor Sanciangko slept in the parish house, to be ready for a call. From 6:00 A.M., on Thursday, February 3, Father Daly was delirious. At 8:00 A.M. His Excellency Bishop Hayes, came again to visit the patient, accompanied by Father Lucas. At 11:00 A.M., all hope was given up and Doctor Baytion confessed to everyone that Father Daly was living only artificially, that is, because of the glucose injections. Bishop Hayes immediately postponed his content



His Excellency, Most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J., officiating at the blessing of the body of Father Daly in the parish church of Jimenez after the Mass of Requiem.

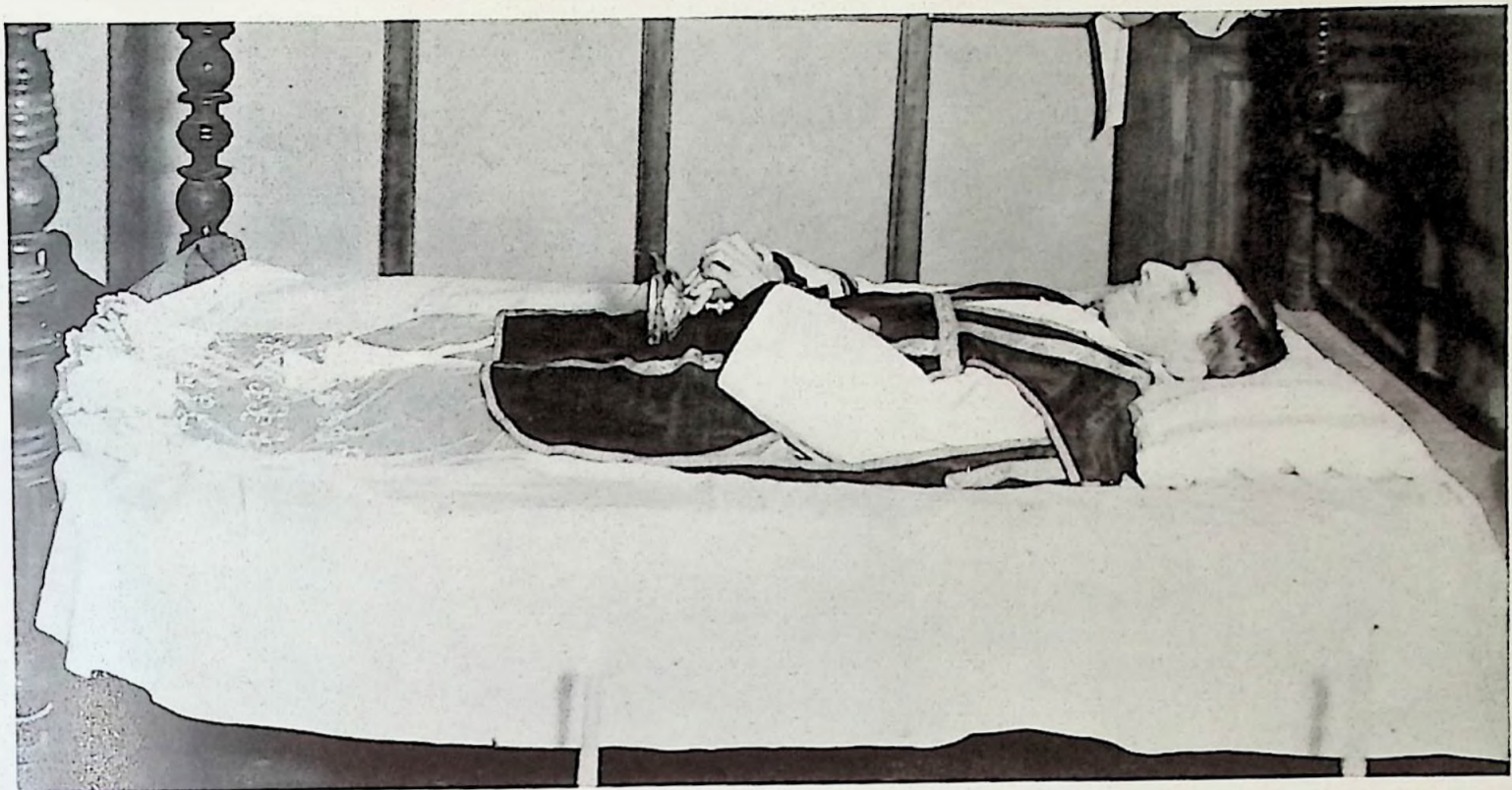
Joseph L. Lucas, S.J.

ulated trip to Manila and Father Kennally likewise postponed his return to Cagayan for which he left, however, later in the day at 3:15 P.M.

At about 6:00 P.M., upon the decision of Doctor Baytion, Father Lucas read the prayers for the dying from the small ritual. Bishop Hayes was in constant attendance. At the end of the prayers for the dying, His Excellency gave the blessing, followed

by the blessing of the other Fathers who were present. Father Lucas kept vigil the entire night. At 8:00 A.M., on the morning of Friday, February 4, in the presence of His Excellency Bishop Hayes and of Father Lucas, Father James G. Daly, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, died peacefully in the Lord, after eleven years of continuous work in Jimenez, Misamis Occidental, Philippine Islands.

FATHER DALY was born in White Plains, New York, October 25, 1890, of Joseph A. Daly and Lillian Campbell, and was baptized on November 2, 1890, in the Church of St. John the Evangelist by Reverend D. J. Feehan. After graduation from Parochial School, he entered Fordham College Preparatory School, New York City, and on his graduation in June, 1908, applied for entrance into the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus. Having been received by Father Joseph Hanzelman, S.J., Provincial, he entered the Order on August 14, 1908. Father Daly was ordained to the Holy Priesthood at Woodstock, Maryland, where he had made his philosophical and theological studies, by Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, on the feast of St. Stanislaus, November 13, 1922. On the 1924 Jesuit list of appointments, Fa-



The Pastor of his flock in death, Father James G. Daly, of the Society of Jesus. *Requiescat in Pace!*

ther Daly was appointed Prefect of Studies at Regis High School, New York City, and the following year left for his Tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, New York. At the completion of this final year of preparation, he started for the Philippines, arriving in Jimenez, December, 1927. On September 7, 1928, he was appointed Pastor of Jimenez by Bishop Jose Close, S.J., of Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I., and on January 12, 1931, was appointed Superior of the Jimenez missions by Bishop Hayes, at that time, the Superior of the Philippine Mission. It was here that he remained until death claimed him.

Now that his life is over, it is inspiring (Turn to page 139)



Part of the procession composed of Catholics and non-Catholics, three thousand in all, who accompanied the body of Father James G. Daly, S.J., on his way to the cemetery.

Midnight Sick Calls

William J.
Moore, S.J.

"GRANDMA is dying.
Come quick."

The stars were silver points of light in the cold night over the South Dakota prairie. The last car had chugged away from the gymnasium of St. Francis Mission after a basketball game, and a chill wind was sweeping over the bleak country. In warm dormitories the four hundred Sioux Indian children, tired and sleepy, were glad that they didn't have to drive off over snow-covered roads to distant log cabins.

Then came the sick call. As the lights were being flicked out by Prefects, and the missionary priests were saying the last part of their Office after a hard day, came the urgent request—one of two which I heard recently—for priestly help. A grandson brought the word.

"Grandma is dying."

"Grandma" she was to countless Sioux Indians. In jest her friends said that she had raised half the children on Rosebud Reservation. Three times the seventy-five year old woman had been married; three times she had outlived her husband. Grandma Flood—that was her name at the end—had raised her own thirteen children, many of her thirty-nine grandchildren, some of the twenty-one great grandchildren and seven step-children, and a flock of friends' children. Whenever a parent died or was left destitute and deserted, Grandma Flood extended her charity and mother-



Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., left, had often taken Ring Bull, next to him, on sick calls. The aged Indian himself received the last sacraments recently. When he died, he was off to himself in a little tent, where he sat on the ground as did his ancestors, waiting for the end. The custom of burning a tent in which one dies still lingers in some places. Next to Ring Bull is Bear Dog and next are Father J. V. Fallon, S.J., Knocks Off Two and Sweat House.

ly care to include the poor little black-eyed waifs. Her serious illness now was a matter of sorrow to hundreds of younger men and women.

FATHER JAMES V. FALLON, S.J., prepared to make the midnight sick call. In the tiny domestic chapel of the Jesuit Community, Father Fallon bent his knees before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He opened the tabernacle, arranged his pyx, and took the Savior on the errand of mercy.

We said the Rosary as we drove in a little car to the home of Mrs. Iron Shell, a daughter, with whom the old woman was staying. Over a road rough with ice hummocks we sped, then branched off on a one-way wagon trail.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." Would we bring our Lord in time, before the hour of death?

We finished the fifty-third Hail Mary as Father Fallon brought the car to an abrupt halt a few feet from the cabin of Iron Shell. The cabin was a two-room affair
(Turn to page 139)



Grandma Flood with eleven of the grandchildren she helped raise.

Study of the Missions for Catholic Students

The Mission Intention for May

BY prayer, teaching and the press, among other means, the students of our Catholic schools may be taught about Catholic missions and in this way realize the desires of His Holiness in their regard as expressed in the Mission Intention for May.

Two prayers recommend themselves immediately as worthy of recital by Catholic students daily. The Prayer of the Holy Father for the Missions and The Prayer of Saint Francis Xavier for Unbelievers. We print them in order:

The Prayer of the Holy Father for the Missions

"O most loving Jesus, Our Savior, Thou Who didst redeem the world by Thy Precious Blood, look down in pity on the human race, the greater part of which lies even yet in darkness of error and in the shadow of death. Let the light of Thy truth shine forth in all its splendor upon all mankind. Multiply, O Lord, the messengers of Thy Gospel. Bless and strengthen them in all their labors and make fruitful their ministry that, through them, all infidels may come to acknowledge Thee as their Creator and Redeemer. Restore to Thy fold all wandering sheep; bring back to the one true Church all those who have rebelled. Hasten, O most lovable Savior, the establishment of Thy Reign upon earth; draw all men to Thy most sweet Heart, that all may share the incomparable blessings of Thy Redemption in the everlasting joys of Heaven. Amen."

The prayer of St. Francis Xavier for unbelievers may be memorized and said daily in school, in church, or in the home. It may be recited as part of the Novena of Grace prayers or separately because of the inspiration which it breathes in its every phrase and because of its vibrant spiritual appeal for the missions that Xavier loved. These are the words of the prayer itself:

The Saint's Prayer for Unbelievers

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

No one knows better than the Catholic missionary actually in the field, working in isolation from his kind and kin and in exile from home and country, the sustaining power of prayer as well as its moral value in disarming prejudice or enlightening the minds and bend-

ing the wills of the unbelievers. It is for this reason that Our Holy Father would have his children pray always.

The efficacy of the students' prayer will be increased if the teaching of the various studies in the curriculum of our Catholic schools is impregnated with a missionary objective in the same sense in which the teaching of each study should be orientated by a religious principle. Moreover, it is absolutely impossible to gain an adequately correct idea of world history without at least a general knowledge of the spread of Catholic missions. At any period in the Church's development it will remain a fact that the Church is a missionary organization engaged in a missionary objective. She always had, has now and always will have, missions, those sections of the non-Catholic world which are now entrusted specifically to the care of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

Whether the studies of catechism, history and geography are illustrated by data from the missions or whether vice versa, the study of the missions is made more intelligent by references from catechism, history and geography, matters little. In either case, the student's knowledge of Catholic missions gradually grows and improves. The day is already dawning in the United States when the study of the missions shall be dignified and departmentalized under the title of Missiology. As such, in fact, it is already being taught in the universities of Europe. The ideal would be a school whose every study was integrated with a Missiological purpose and which at the same time sponsored a special course in Missiology or the science of the missions.

To prayer and formal teaching may be added a third source of mission knowledge, namely, information supplied by the press. For some years mission publications in book and pamphlet form have been reviewed and recommended to our Catholic students through the medium of *The Shield*, the official organ of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Three points in regard to the press should be emphasized. First, the reading of biographies and of biographical sketches as well as of the letters of missionaries who once were or are now actually in the field; secondly, promotion of mission pamphlets; thirdly, a special department for mission propaganda in our school publications.

As a permanent agency for propaganda the various Catholic school publications offer unlimited possibilities for publicity. They are the normal medium for contacting our Catholic students in Catholic schools, either by syndicated mission write-ups or by special articles in each school journal. The same journals assure continuity in the campaign to enlist promoters for our pamphlet promotion plan explained on page 125 of this issue. The various student publications in Catholic high schools and colleges could regularly and with advantage carry a very newsy column on the missions as well as on mission pamphlets. We of JESUIT MISSIONS would gladly help supply timely news to any school desiring interesting and helpful material for such a column.

Afield with American Jesuits

PATNA, INDIA

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

"Your letter and the check reached me a week ago just as I was getting ready to leave on a tour. Many thanks.

"We are having a chilly drizzling rain this morning, the first rain we have had since October and so far this has not amounted to much. An elephant and three riders just passed, followed by a group of small boys singing. The driver didn't seem to appreciate the singing so much and turned the elephant around to chase them. Elephants are seen here often but still seem to be something of a curiosity to the boys. However, with my red motorcycle and leather coat which a friend sent me, I can steal the show from a three-ring circus.

"John Cosgrove, S.J., made a tour with me last week. We visited most of the stations on the Sundarmur side and climbed the hills three times, once for Mass. He was interested in everything he saw and particularly the Paharias. Really, we have a problem on our hands. These people are very well disposed but very ignorant. They have kept aloof from the other people, but now the Congress workers are penetrating into the hills and their work here seems to be in talking down Christianity. This is the time for us to act, if ever; otherwise, we may not even hold our old Catholics."

* * *

At the Catholic Mission, Chainpatia P. O., Champaran, India, Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., is working among the Doms, who are, as he says, "the poorest of the poor, the depressed of the depressed, untouchable among the untouchables." His latest letter, January 26, follows.

"For the last two months I have been trying something that is a bit novel for us. Instead of running around from village to village trying to get in a word here and a word there under adverse circumstances, I have been building grass houses in central places, then going to stay there for a week, and calling the Christian Doms, among whom particularly I am working, to me to camp for a week, to be fixed up spiritually. And thus from Monday to Saturday I, with my catechists, stay for 'refresher' courses in Christian Doctrine. On Saturday we come back home for the Sunday Mass, a rest again and a start on the next Monday morning.

"Thus far I have had about seven of these gatherings. Most of them have brought me more than fifty Doms. Most of the Doms have had their first real chance in years to see what the

Mass really is, to prepare well for confession and devoutly to receive Holy Communion. For they are a scattered people, a few living on the outskirts of one village a few of another.

"Each week our program is: On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, work hard at preparing the crowd for a good confession—and for the Baptism of any stragglers left in the family. Thursday brings the confessions. These are not the kind that are over in two minutes; ten, fifteen, twenty minutes is only ordinary for one penitent. For these are people for whom the *sursum corda* is an unaccustomed process and goes slowly. But when you get an old man at your knee, a crucifix before his eyes, his mind full of the ever fresh truths of Redemption and forgiveness, it only requires patience on your part to get a confession that leaves nothing untouched that the old man can remember. For once he makes a good job of it. And on Friday and Saturday mornings, the people go to Holy Communion. On Saturday they and we go home.

"Catechists and Doms alike assert that our gatherings result in very much good. In each of the last two we had fifteen for Baptism—one indication that the Catholic part of the families is at work. But it is impossible for the Doms to leave what little work they have even for a week, unless we feed them at our own expense. That is the price that it seems must necessarily be paid; and once we give the food it is remarkable how little more these begging people ask. Christianity takes, still.



Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., now a missionary among the Depressed Classes of Patna Mission, India. The picture shows him with two Ouraon boys at Ranchi last year.

"Our costs come to just two *annas* a day per man, or ten *annas* for the five days. Ten *annas* for one, five hundred *annas* for fifty for the five days. Five hundred *annas* mean about thirty-two rupees, or twelve dollars and fifty cents. And if the cost of the catechists' food and my own be added in, the total expense of one week's round-up is fifteen dollars."

* * *

Father Frank Welzmler, S.J., is deep in his work among Patna's Depressed Classes. He writes from Buxar:

"We are more than holding our own at Buxar now, after a preliminary taste of malaria. Thirty-six or so villages keep my bike and sometimes my head circling anywhere within twenty-five miles from center. I have had twenty-four Baptisms this month and hope to make it sixty or seventy-five before it is out. The pickings are comparatively lean just now, for many of the big-wigs or chowderies are off to the large cities peddling their shoes and cobbling. It will be March or April before they get back.

"The people that come over are spotted at once and suffer all manner of persecution. They are cut off from water, at other times from work. Sometimes they are beaten and we have to take up the cases in court. Fear of the law is the only thing that helps. So far, we may say that the Chamars are stickers and bear all for the name of *Isai* or Christian."

IRAQ

For those of our readers who would like an intimate explanation of the difficulties connected with education in Iraq, we submit the following as given by Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., in *Al Baghdadi*:

"We have come" he says, "to a decision to revert to our own program of studies and to prepare our boys for the London University Matriculation Examination. The chief merit of this lies in the fact that the Certificate conferred on successful candidates in this Examination enjoys world-wide recognition, and the Examinations are held twice a year in various parts of the world, Baghdad being one of the places that enjoy that distinction. Unfortunately, there is a hitch in this which we are hoping to remove, with what chances of success remains to be seen. The hitch is that the Certificate in question is recognized by the Iraqi Government only when the student has made his studies and passed the Examination outside the confines of Iraq, although the Examination is the same all over the world.

"The reasons for this distinction as far as we can make out, appear to rest on certain provisions of the Govern-

ment educational law, from which we quote the following:

"Art. 29. The public examinations for Primary, Intermediate and Secondary Schools shall apply to all Government and private schools and certificates granted by private schools shall not be recognized unless the students of these latter schools shall have participated in and successfully passed the said public examinations. (Law of April 15th 1929.)

"Art. 7. Certificates given by private schools have no official value whatsoever, as the Certificates of Secondary, Intermediate and Primary Instruction are given by the Ministry of Education after participation in the Public Examination and success therein. (Regulations of June 8th, 1931.)"

"These regulations do not explicitly touch the question of the London University Matriculation Certificate but we have been given to understand that the Government's attitude is as we have stated above. That the Government itself thinks highly of the Certificate in question may be seen from the fact that they give some of their own graduates an extra year of study under teachers brought from England in order to prepare them to pass the London University Matriculation Examination. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to hope that the Government will see fit to acknowledge that Certificate as the equivalent of its own, even when the holder is one of our own students. In our next issue we expect to have something further to report in the matter."

AMERICAN INDIANS

"From a Chevrolet Window" or "On the Montana Indian Trail with a Jesuit Missionary" are titles given to an account by Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J., which he sent from St. Paul's Indian School, St. Paul, Montana:

"Allow me first to introduce you to 'Isabelle,' my faithful 'iron steed,' ever ready to help out, ever ready to go, be it fifty below or one hundred and ten in the sun — that faithful friend purrs along and pulls through mud or snow as long as traction is to be had.

"Isabelle is a late Chevrolet model presented to me by a very good friend shortly after my return from the Arctic Circle a couple of years ago. It has proven invaluable in my work which takes me all through the prairies of this very vast district. I baptized the car after the giver's name, and Isabelle has indeed proved a most wonderful assistance. It has enabled me to multiply my presence. For over six months (after Father Charles L. O'Brien's untimely death), I have been here alone, and on Sundays I had to binate and drive between Masses in order to care for our missions: Lodge Pole, Zortman, Landusky. Isabelle has only one defect. She is a regular drunkard. She drinks and drinks! and the liquid is so

expensive. I wish I could find some volunteer to keep her supplied with the twenty-five dollars or thirty dollars it takes to keep her going for a month.

"Poor Isabelle! Last night she must have had a night of misery, if I may compare it with my own. We had gone to Lodge Pole in order to give Mass and instruction to the children and people. The weather forecast was 'warmer' when we left on Saturday night. That morning there was quite a blizzard and I did not think that I could make the trip. Later, as the sky cleared and the radio announced 'warmer' I simply felt I must go. It was well over ten below already; yet the hope for warmer weather kept me cheered up. I had a bit of doubt about the condition of the roads. Thank God, with a little care I got through nicely in spite of the icy and snowy spots. After visiting some of the people and advertising my Sunday School instruction and Mass for the morrow, I retired to my 'apartments,' that is, my little bunk ten by eight back of the altar, after leaving my poor faithful Chev outside in the cold. With my little stove I felt sure I could warm up the stone walls of my cubicle, but the 'warmer' did not come; on the contrary, it became steadily colder. The weather wizard had evidently mixed his terms. I could not take off any of my heavy winter clothes, —and walking up and down I managed to finish my Office for the day; then I cooked my little supper, said my prayers and got into my camp bed, careful to keep all my clothes on. Well, I froze gloriously all night and really established a record for myself; both my baptismal and holy water froze right next to the stove during the night. I believe it was over thirty below when I got up from a sleepless night. Even in the Arctic I never had such a night. In spite of the

cold I had a very good attendance and, believe it or not, good Isabelle, in spite of her night of misery, was ready to start in less than a minute.

"The other day I was called to the bedside of an old pagan, a woman called Spirit Boy — daughter of Walks-In-The-Same-Tracks. After many years she at last made up her mind it would be a good thing to be baptized. She is still living and her name is Cecilia. In the last year we have had the consolation of receiving into the Church several of the old pagans. One of them, Lone Fly, called for the priest and was baptized exactly twenty minutes before he died. A car in good running order is, as you see, an absolute necessity in these vast prairies."

* * *

Writing in the *Tom-Tom*, the mimeographed school paper of Holy Rosary Mission, among the Sioux Indians of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, one of the girls, Alma Richard, contributes an article entitled, "When Do We Rest?" Very evidently she proves the thesis that the Indian girls have a lot of work to do:

"To satisfy the ravenous appetites of four hundred boys and girls is no small job, as the fifteen girls who work in the kitchen can tell you. The girls of the upper grades, like the boys, work at different jobs for half a day and go to school (which is worse than work) the rest of the day. Besides this work, before meals a squad of twenty prepare the tables and serve the food in both dining halls. Fifty spend the greater part of recreation time after meals in the old, but unromantic, job of dishwashing.

"Fifteen others spend their half day in the laundry trying to separate clothes from the South Dakota prairies.

"Sewing and mending the clothes of all the children in the school keeps



"Isabelle" and Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J., of St. Paul's Mission among the Indians of Montana. Father was formerly stationed in Alaska, but Montana's sub-zero cold invites him to wear his parka and mukluks.

forty busy. They make pillow cases, towels, sheets, and do any number of odd jobs during the week. For instance, the past week three dozen basketball shorts for the various tournament teams and one dozen for the first grade Midget team were made. Surpluses for the Mass servers are other products of which the girls are proud.

"And the twenty-five fifth graders have no small job of darning stockings for the whole darn school; generally four hundred pairs a week are put back into service.

"Every girl able to push a broom has some job in house-cleaning before school starts; and yet some have time for bead-work!"

ALASKA

At Hooper Bay, far out on the tundra of western Alaska, Father John P. Fox, S.J., is the zealous Pastor of a large territory. Unfortunately, Hooper Bay, is cut off from the regular mail supply to such an extent that it takes months before mail reaches the States—at least at times. The present notes were written back in December, and were mailed from Hooper Bay on January 4. They reached New York as late as March 21.

"Meteor is not a star of some kind. It is the boat that brings us our mush every summer. Of course, it brings a few other things, too. But that was not just what we wanted to say. We merely wanted to let our friends know that our annual supplies and the boxes, some of them sent a long time ago, arrived safely June 19. And it is noteworthy that your box, dear friend, arrived about one month and a half before the letter announcing its despatch. Some of the mysteries of our

Alaska mail service! We are beginning to see why Uncle Sam has been sending in quite a large amount of mail recently by freight. Perhaps he was right at that, though some folks brought him out on the carpet for the barbarity of the deed.

"On November 30, we received our monthly mail. But it covered all of September, October, and November, and so we should rather call it quarterly mail than monthly. And though our June mail came in July, we still insist on calling it June mail, as it should have arrived about one month earlier. So, when is June mail not June mail? Why, of course, when it arrives in July. But our mail service is improving, not withstanding its occasional riddles and mysteries. And we hope by degrees to get mail regularly about once a month as you get your sit-down strikes.

"And though we got our June mail, July 3 we didn't get all of it. So don't worry if your letter or box did not arrive. There still are about six hundred pounds of mail for us at Mountain Village. You may or may not know that during May, travel is almost impossible in Alaska, and so there can be no mail delivered in May anywhere up here. Hence our mail began piling up at Mountain Village about the middle of April and kept piling up till July. And as we are limited to three hundred pounds a month, the mail man will be busy for two months to come, as a bit of arithmetic will demonstrate. You know, it was only the last straw that broke the camel's back, and these planes take no chances; as long as their contract calls for only three hundred pounds, they will not worry about what is left over. It won't run away by next month, though we would not

mind having it here.

"Lots of things happened since this last paragraph was written. An emergency plane brought us the six hundred in August, besides making the regular delivery. We also had a regular delivery in September, and two weeks after, fourteen hundred pounds of mail had again gathered at Mountain Village for Hooper Bay. Of course, that's not all for us here at the Mission. We are not the only pebbles on this beach. Though, like May, October is an off month for the mail, on account of the great amount there for us, postal authorities gave us another emergency mail that finally arrived December 14. So, don't worry any more about your boxes. They are here."

CHINA

It has been a long time since we heard from Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., who is working in China's hinterland at Catholic Mission, Shuyang, Ku. Under date of February 1, he finally managed to get a letter through to us:

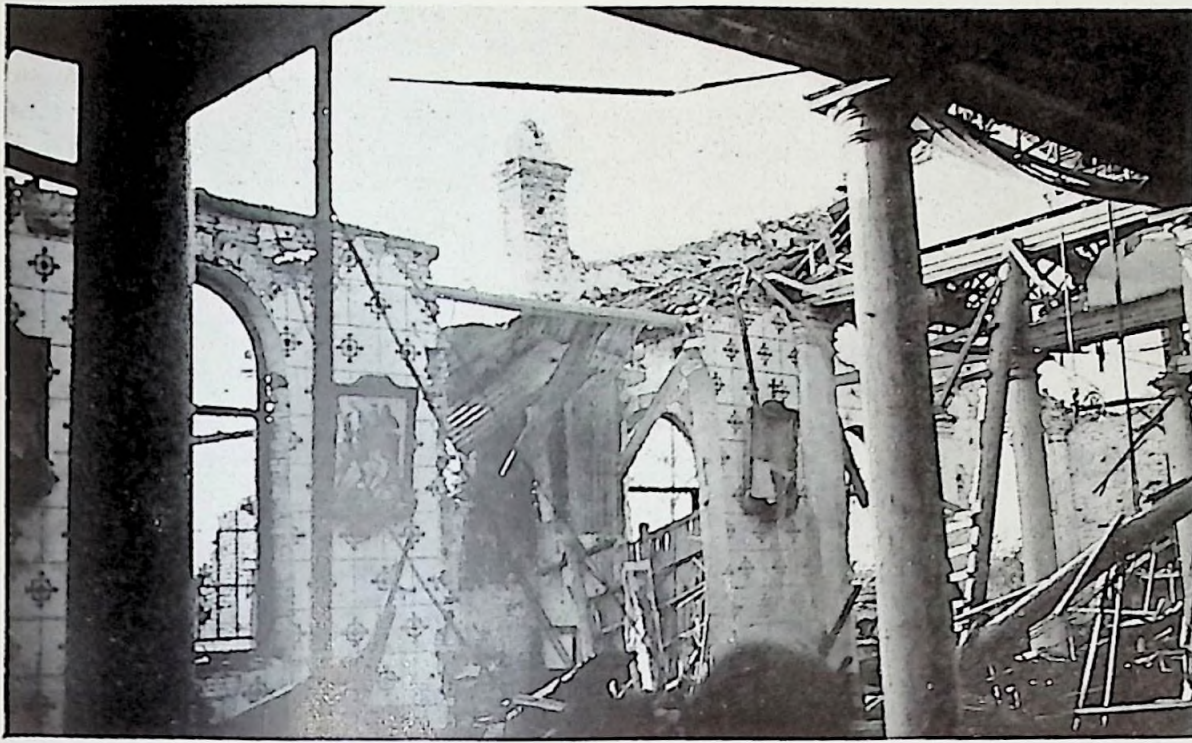
"Your last two letters with the most welcome checks arrived after some much-expected war delay, but how or by what route we do not quite know. The first arrived a few days before Christmas and the second after New Years.

"The checks, I said, were most welcome, and you perhaps have guessed why, for that is what prompted your sending them. The war has not only crippled sadly our meager mission budget, but by cutting communications has made it difficult to get funds at all, and finally, by the devastating fires in Nantao, with the great destruction of mission property has struck a blow at the source. As a result, it has been impossible to open catechumenates in the regular manner this year—even in peaceful Shuyang that the war has not yet reached—and so, instead of the catechumens coming here to the center, I have been going to them in their villages. Luckily, the country schools opened during the past two years have 'bunched' the catechumens to some extent, and so to those 'bunches' I go, lodging in the mud chapel-schools, if such are to be had, or in some mud hut or room of a hut lent by the catechumens themselves, and holding forth for two weeks at a time. A Chinese Sister, a Presentandine, accompanied by a couple of girls, goes along to care for the women folk.

"This work, mission work par excellence and in the rough, has been blessed by Providence beyond my expectations. At one place, Wan-pi, some ten miles north of Shuyang (where two years ago I first tried my hand as an architect and built a mud hut, and you mustn't laugh, for it is the biggest and best hut in the village), it was possible to put the finishing touches on a group of catechumens a few days before Christmas. I returned



Dedication of the Church of St. Francis Xavier at Miami, Florida. See page 124.



The effects of war on the church of Tsang-ka-loh in the Mission of Shanghai. Scenes like this are heart-rending for the missionaries who have had to struggle for years to build up their mission churches.

there for the feast, baptized the group, twelve in all, and gave them First Holy Communion at midnight Mass. Christmas Mass in that little straw-thatched chapel, with a picture of the Nativity framed behind the upturned legs of a table for a Crib, and this group of simple Chinese farmers come to adore their Savior and cradle Him for the first time in their hearts, furnished me the most Bethlehem-like Noel that I ever expect to spend."

* * *

In last month's issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, we quoted a letter from Father John K. Lipman, S.J., written from the Jesuit House of Studies in Zi-Ka-wei, Shanghai. In that same letter, Father Lipman writes as follows:

"Speaking of our work in Nanking, Father Kearney saw the American Consul the other day and was told to give up all idea of returning to that city for many months. Whether this is just a sign of ultra-carefulness on the part of the Consul, or really means something, there is no present way of knowing. Word has come, in general, that many of the American houses in Nanking have been looted, but so far we have heard nothing definite about our place. It would be nice to make a visit there, at least, and see what is left,—and if anything is still there, to bring it down here for the time being. There is one of the English boats now operating between Shanghai and Nanking and Wuhu, so the transportation question presents no particular difficulty. Just yesterday, Monsignor Arramburu, the Bishop of Wuhu, arrived in Shanghai from the latter place. He expects to return to Wuhu in a short time and take back with him the Spanish Nuns who have been here for several weeks. With him came the information that the Tertian Fathers had remained at Anking after leaving Wu-

hu on December 7, but had been able to return to Wuhu a few days before Christmas. Fortunately, the Tertianship and the College were not touched by looters, but the rest of the city is a wreck.

"Here in Shanghai things are quiet enough, at least on the surface. It is easy to see, however, that there is still plenty of tension, and the general feeling is that we have not seen the last of the 'incident.' All we can do, though, is to watch and wait, and meanwhile go ahead with our work, which is what all are doing. The list of damaged property in the Mission grows daily, as more details come in from the various outlying districts. It is estimated at present that it will take more than two million dollars to get a start at rebuilding the damaged or destroyed churches and schools, and this



St. Bernadette's Chapel, Concord, Jamaica, B.W.I., "easily the poorest of my chapels," according to the Missionary Pastor of Linstead, Father James M. Harney, S.J., of the Province of New England.

is only for the Shanghai Mission. The Wuhu, Hsuehchow and Pengpu Missions have already, or will have before the affair is over, suffered enormous losses, so that the work of our Jesuit Missions here in Central China will be set back many years, if not almost wiped out. However, the good Lord knows what is best, and some good must result from all this material loss. Meanwhile, we continue to work and pray."

JAMAICA

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

"By degrees I am getting into my regular stride. Work is going ahead at Donnington and the school continues to grow. We have already gathered a good amount of stone which should prove a great financial saving when we come to the actual building. The new Guy Hill Mission is prospering and the people are anxious for a church. At present we have Mass in a room over a store. The room is a fairly large sitting-room and we manage to crowd about 50 into it. The spirit of the people can be gathered from the following: They, themselves, pay the rent of the room as they do not want the priest to have this extra burden. For a new mission it is doing exceptionally well."

* * *

The following is a brief summary of the year's work ending December 31st, 1937, accomplished by the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, Holy Cross, Jamaica, British West Indies.

"We have dealt with 158 cases, each carefully investigated by a Member of the Conference, exclusive of the 194 Christmas Packages distributed through the Conference. Some 100 children were fed daily at the Whitehall, Gordon Town and Toll Gate Schools through our financial aid, and a weekly gift

of ten bunches of bananas from the United Fruit Company, for which the Conference wishes to express sincere thanks. The attention of the Inspector of Poor was called to several extreme cases and two children were placed in homes and four other are about to be taken. One marriage was effected through our direct efforts, and two at Gordon Town through clothing which the Conference was able to supply. Two persons have been enabled to obtain a fairly decent livelihood through the initial help given by the Conference. One of these is a man who now successfully plies his trade. The Conference supplied cloth to some ladies who very kindly made children's clothing which were also distributed at Christmas time. In some cases rents have been paid for the sick and infirm. Three of those being assisted died during the course of the year. At present some thirty cases are being assisted weekly with food tickets, etc."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., writes from the Office of the Dean, Ateneo de Cagayan, P. I.:

"I am trying to put on the morality play 'Everyman.' It is just the sort of thing which will go very well here in the missions, where the people understand so well the art of symbolism, just as did the people to whom Christ talked in His parables and allegories. But the job may get beyond me, as I am also preparing for the future 'college,' preparing for graduation in March, preparing for military commencement in February, and trying to get a line on my new job of Diocesan Superintendent of Parochial Schools. Of course, running the Ateneo de Cagayan, from classroom to kitchen, also takes up a bit of time.

"We hope to start our Normal next year—in fact, things seem to be shaping up well to it. This Normal is going to stress the teaching of catechism in public schools, so that we shall have some trained catechists for the coming invasion of the public schools. It is a most important work, as you, who have been here, realize."

* * *

Father Haggerty continues with a plea for his sheep without shepherds:

"In my own district in northern Mindanao, the need of priests is pitiable. In the fifty miles between Cagayan and Iligan, for instance, a well-settled district, there is but one priest. Our own parish, with more than twenty thousand Catholics, has two priests with one 'cathedral' and fifteen chapels—one of them nine hours away by horseback. Though the people all want a priest, eighty per cent of them must die without the sacraments. Nine out of ten boys do not receive enough instruction to make their First Communion until shortly before marriage.

"Why? Although the district needs more priests, there are no more to be found—and the region could not support more without outside aid. Although we could instruct the children with the aid of full-time catechists and teachers, we cannot support more. Although we could visit many of our out-lying districts oftener in our old Ford, we could not finance this. Although we ought to be able to give the whole day to the ministry, nearly one-third of our time must be given to raising money from the United States to keep ourselves alive, and to keep going the work we already have.

"Yet in spite of all difficulties, my heart is joyful when I think of our progress. In ten years, in our parish we have increased Communion from

1,000 to 65,000, increased attendance Sunday Mass from 200 to 2,000. During our Eucharistic Congress alone (in preparation for the International Congress in Manila) we baptized about 800 Aglipayans, married 40 couples living in sin, had over 5,000 Communion."

* * *

A similar note, stressing more frankly this situation, by Father John A. Pollock, S.J., Vicar Forane of Mambajao, Oriental Misamis, P. I.:

"I would like to sit down to write an article for JESUIT MISSIONS, but souls are to be saved and so we do not and cannot write. In fact, it seems to me that we better write less about what we have done, seeing that we have done so much less than we ought to have done."

Father Pollock continues:

"Let us make history first, then let someone else write it up. Do pray that God's blessings will continue and pray that more of the spirit of St. Ignatius will enter into his modern sons."

* * *

Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., of Catholic Rectory, Tangub, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Last year I had twenty-three marriages with one hundred and eleven Baptisms on *fiesta* day. This is a record for *fiesta* marriages in my district. The record for *fiesta* Baptisms goes to Kalolot, too. In a place below this, I had one hundred and five a few months earlier. Thus the high figures come more rarely on account of my periodic visits to the hills; still, I may count on about eighty Baptisms in several places. Besides, in the town center the usual weekly score of Baptisms continues; while in *barrios* where I say a second Mass on Sundays, still more infants are brought. In one of these *barrios* we may count on ten to twenty Baptisms, after I have taken a little coffee and bread, here in my make-shift sacristy about ten o'clock in the morning. It is confessions, Mass, sermon and about one hundred Communion at Tangub, then a spurt in the car for another dose of confessions, a Mass, sermon and twenty or so Communion in the *barrio*, plus Baptisms. I feel a bit ragged, especially when the Baptisms are numerous and a sick-call comes on top of it all. I return to headquarters about one in the afternoon. Sometimes I push Benediction in after the first Mass if a back draught from a distant typhoon heads towards Tangub and I may have no quorum to celebrate Benediction in the afternoon. But my afternoon is broken up just the same by stray bands of children from across the bay. There has been some relief in town conditions. A recent election gave a death blow to the Aglipayan gang that has been bullying our Catholics. Now we have a Catholic Mayor and a majority of Catholic Councillors. The Mayor and Vice-Mayor are practicing Catholics."



Left to right: Joseph I. Stoffel, S.J., and Dennis F. Lynch, S.J., at present studying theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, and extreme right, Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and Vicar General of Zamboanga, Zamboanga, P. I.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Thanksgiving

To the Editor:

Could I have a letter of thanksgiving published in the monthly magazine of the JESUIT MISSIONS, as Father Higgins of the Gesu parish told me to write to you?

A year ago, I was told I would have to go under an operation. I started a Novena to St. Ignatius and used the holy water every day. When my Novena was finished I went to my doctor, and he said I would not have to go under one. I feel very grateful to St. Ignatius. I promised in my prayers that if I would be cured without an operation I would have it circulated in a magazine so others could see how St. Ignatius' Water and prayers cured me. I always have St. Ignatius' Water in my home.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. F. Morrison.

Superabundant Generosity

To the Editor:

I have received two letters from Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., of Benque Viejo, British Honduras. He is so grateful for everything that it makes me feel like weeping because I cannot do more. Father asked for an alb, as he had none. I am sending you a box to ship to him. It contains two altar cloths made by hand, two albs, one linen and one lace, and one surplice in lace. The box also contains one hand-painted ciborium cover and one hand-painted pall. Later I will ship you a statue of Our Blessed Lady to match the one of St. Joseph I sent to Father Kuenzel sometime ago. It will be the same size as the statue of the Sacred Heart which you have sent him. I am wondering if Father has stations, chalice, monstrance, etc. Perhaps he is a bit shy about asking, but it is the only way I have of knowing just what he needs. He sent the last letter by Air Mail and it took eleven days to get here. I was after a big favor preparatory to the feast of my great friend and benefactor, St. Joseph, so Father Kuenzel stated that he said a novena of Masses and had his Indians attend each morning and receive Holy Communion. It was once my ambition to go to China in the hope of caring for the lepers there. In spirit I often wander to the mission fields and leper colonies. I am trying in a very modest way to get bandages, etc., for the lepers of China and maybe some little financial help. If I had a fortune I would devote it entirely to these poor and starving missions.

Detroit, Michigan.

L. G.

Pamphleteers!

To the Editor:

It occurred to me that the work of your splendid pamphlet campaign might be extended into the home missions. The promoters and members, after having read the pamphlets, might leave them in the hairdressers', the barber shops, the dentist or doctors' offices where at one time or another we have to wait. The pamphlets may be mailed to prisons, hospitals or settlement houses. Enclosed are the names and addresses of a few—Catholic Chaplain, Prison, Hart's Island, N. Y.; St. Rose's Cancer Hospital, Jackson St., N. Y. C. Dr. White Memorial Settlement, Gold St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The parish Sodality would be grateful for pamphlets to be used in study clubs and later remailed to the missions.

Why doesn't JESUIT MISSIONS carry a special pamphlet page—preview of pamphlet—short account of author of pamphlet? Letters from groups on use of pamphlets—States in which there are "Promoters." Exchange of ideas from one "Promoter" to another on "Pamphlet Page."

Mary Wise.

To the Editor:

I was just reading JESUIT MISSIONS for the month of April and came across the article about the "Angel of the Mass," in "The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS" by Thomas J. Feeney, S.J. I have heard and read a lot about this booklet, "The Mass of the Missions," so that I thought it would be a good idea to obtain a few copies. If possible, could you please send me a few?

Thanks a lot for the splendid tribute you gave our Founder in the November issue of last year.

Techny, Illinois.

Joseph Garrity, S.V.D.

To the Editor:

Your Catholic literature campaign (See JESUIT MISSIONS, April and May, "The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS") is an important, timely project, and deserving of whole-hearted support. It seems inadvisable for me to order any quantity of pamphlets at present and vouch for their being circulated, but I have sent for a few which I shall read and give to those who might benefit therefrom. I have accumulated quite an assortment of pamphlets, and these new ones will make a welcome addition. Their trivial cost is a big factor in getting them read. Seldom are they returned, and the supply must be replenished frequently. JESUIT MISSIONS was read from cover to cover and three others have agreed to read it this week. I also ordered a copy of "Al Baghdadi," and so you see. . . .

Guess how many Catholic periodicals we subscribe for at our house. Sixteen. More than we can read thoroughly, but each has its high-lights, and I am forever re-mailing them or taking an armful to the hospitals or Home for the Aged. In addition to the list we take, I read *America* and *Catholic Action* at the Public Library, and have a definite reason for doing so. The more calls there are for any particular publication, the more it is brought to the attention of the Library, and it does no harm for a few of us to go to the Reading Rooms regularly and in a modest way do a bit of advertising. These subscriptions are, in most cases, if not all, gift subscriptions to the Library. We have another scheme; that of making repeated requests for special books until ultimately we wear down the resistance of the powers that be and have the satisfaction of seeing the books purchased by the Library. Nor do we stop there. That is only the "Go" signal to have them read, and we even manage to get a waiting list of borrowers to demonstrate that the book was a wise investment. We even go so far as to induce friends to take out the books for a week, even though they declare they will not be read. Usually, they are at least glanced through, but it prevents their deterioration from neglect. Within reach, as I type, is a library copy of "Damien, The Leper" by John Farrow. If you have not read *that*, please do so before you dot another "i."

Syracuse, New York.

V. B.

"Dear Saint Francis Xavier"

To the Editor:

"Dear Saint Francis" in the March issue of JESUIT MISSIONS is unique. We wept real tears as we read it. And there is still a lot to think about. Dear me! as one Sister said not long ago, isn't it terrible the things we have to go through in order that our Lord can make Saints of us? And some are such big Saints, and others, awfully little. Sometimes I wonder, while our Holy Father (another Saint Francis) marches triumphantly across Paradise with his seventy-two thousand converted heretics, how am I going to feel sneaking in with my one little moth-eaten convert! Well, Heaven's HEAVEN, anyway isn't it?

St. Louis, Mo.

Sister Claude Agnes Dean.

To the Editor:

The JESUIT MISSIONS green color for St. Patrick's Isle just came in and looking it over the article "Dear St. Francis Xavier" is especially appealing. Probably it is just what others need who sit at desks and in class rooms and feel how much they could do in the open field of mission work. I can understand the hemmed-in feeling and I am glad Father Sarjeant wrote the answer.

Somerville, Mass.

A Friend.

Missionary Helpers Need Missionary Help

To the Editor:

Your numerous form letters have gone unanswered because I kept thinking each would be the last.

Paul and Mary are my two children. Several years ago I took out the subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS in their name. Mainly because of a young missionary—Mr. Simons—who I believe since has become a priest—gave such an interesting talk at our little church. My husband, who has since died, was very much impressed with this young man and it was because of his interest and desire to help I have carried on this subscription.

Now I have not the dollar to spare and cannot see any way in the near future of renewing my subscription, but I have at least answered your letter and will at least cause you the loss of no more postage.

Portland, Ore.

Name withheld.

A Visit to Castle Peak Daniel Donnelly, S.J.

CASTLE PEAK is a name that means much both to the European and to the Chinese inhabitants of Hong Kong. To the European, Castle Peak is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful little bathing beaches which line the coast-roads of this lovely colony. To the Chinese, however, the words "Castle Peak" call up a vision of an old and famous Buddhist monastery, which nestles amongst the pine trees on the slopes of the mountain which they call Ts'ing Shaan (Clear Mountain).

Castle Peak is on the Chinese mainland; for the colony of Hong Kong is not, as is sometimes supposed, merely an island. In 1841, the island which still forms the most important part of the colony was ceded to Britain in perpetuity, and business firms which had previously found a more or less insecure foothold in Macao or Canton began to migrate to the island, where they could carry on their business under the protection of the British fleet. Nineteen years later, in 1860, the peninsula of Kowloon (Nine Dragons) opposite Hong Kong, together with a small island in the harbor known as Stonecutter's Island, were added; and thirty-eight years later, another large tract of country, together with many small islands, some three hundred and seventy-six square miles in all, were leased from China for ninety-nine years. This last addition is called the New Territories, and it is in the New Territories, about fifteen miles from the busy Kowloon docks opposite Hong Kong, that Castle Peak lies.

The drive out to Castle Peak is a superb one. The road winds along beside the sea with its myriad islands and its countless junks; to the right, the crowded and flooded fields are hemmed close by the rugged mountains; to the left, the shimmer of Eastern sun on blue water dances away into the open sea, where the distant Ladrões lie grey-blue in the haze. One passes tiny villages of one-story houses, built of grey bricks and roofed with mossy tiles, crowded together in the midst of the rice fields. Here on this road East and West not only meet, but live in perpetual neighborliness; the water reservoirs and the paddy fields, coolies and motor cars, the race horse of the European and the water buffalo of the peasant, flash past in strange yet peaceful medley.

SOME time ago, I had the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with this entrancing road to Castle Peak; and in the afternoon, when lunch was over, a small party took a sampan across the little bay and climbed up to the monastery. It was in more ways than one a most interesting visit.

We walked through the narrow lanes which divide the shops clustering round the landing stage, and followed the path inland and upwards through the scattered pines. A quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the entrance of the monastery. We entered quietly, passed an old monk smoking a European cigarette and

saying his beads, and made our way up to the guest room.

As we stood there looking at the scrolls on the walls, a monk entered. He was dressed in a long black robe, wore two strings of beads somewhat like large rosary beads round his neck, and on his head the headdress of a Taoist monk. This is a kind of hood made of cloth, rounded at the back and pointed in front; the shape reminded me irresistibly of the paper caps found in Christmas crackers.

He welcomed us graciously. I apologized for entering unannounced, and asked his permission to see round the monastery. He told us to feel quite free to wander round, saying that the monastery was open to visitors.

Before we left him (I afterwards discovered, by the way, that he was the abbot), I asked some questions concerning the way of life of the monks in the monastery. They rose, he told me at 3:00 A.M., and had prayers from 4:00 A.M. till dawn. They had another hour's prayer in the evening, otherwise they were free all day. I learned to my great surprise that there were only about a dozen monks in the monastery; I had been under the impression that Castle Peak was a large monastery, and my mental picture of it was something like Ting Oo Shaan with its community of over two hundred. The monks were frequently asked to officiate at marriages and funerals, he told me; but otherwise, they had no work to do; they lived on alms.

At this stage in our conversation, my host dismissed me courteously, taking one of his large rosary beads from his neck and repeating his invitation to wander round freely. We quitted the guest room, and made our way up into the temple proper. I am afraid, however, that I myself did not see very much of the temple, as in the second shrine which we entered an old monk was seated and the remainder of my visit was spent in conversing with him.

THIS monk was dressed like the abbot and welcomed us smilingly when we entered his shrine. We began chatting about life in the monastery and I asked him how much a young novice had to pay in order to become a monk.

"Oh, nothing at all," he assured me. "If a young man wishes to enter this monastery, he simply comes here and as soon as he has learned the prayers, he can become a monk. The whole thing is entirely free. If he wishes, he remains; if he gets tired of it, he can go away."

"Can you monks marry?" I asked.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "The man who marries cannot see Buddha."

This was my cue for asking a few questions concerning the Buddhist doctrines. What did they believe, I asked my venerable friend. How, for example, did they consider that the world began?

"Well," he said, "man in his present form is on the earth for the past two thousand years. From two to four thousand years ago"—and here, I am afraid, my

Chinese failed me slightly, for I am doubtful that I quite caught his full meaning—"from two to four thousand years ago there were primitive men in the world. From four to six thousand years ago there lived still more primitive creatures. And that was the beginning."

"But," I queried, "what was there before six thousand years ago?"

"There was nothing," he answered. "Six thousand years ago the heavens and the earth and man all came out of nothing together."

"But what made them come out of nothing?" I pressed him.

THE question was an embarrassing one, clearly. "They all came together out of nothing," he repeated. "Men and the heavens and the earth together."

"But what *made* them come out of nothing?" I pursued relentlessly.

By this time a number of other sightseers had gathered round us, immensely astonished at the sight of the "foreign devil" chatting away in Chinese, and hugely tickled at the embarrassment caused by his questions. Their presence, I fear, rather increased than diminished my companion's embarrassment.

"Oh," he replied at length, "it was P'oon Kóo who made the heavens and the earth and all that is in them."

Now P'oon Kóo is not a Chinese god at all; he is the Dog God, an importation from India. However, I doubt if my venerable companion was very clear as to the function of P'oon Kóo, because he went back very speedily to his original explanation of the world coming from nothing six thousand years ago.

"That is very strange," I said. "How can anything come out of nothing?"

I AM afraid that my foreign Chinese lacked the precision of the Latin phrase that was in my mind: *Ex nihilo nihil fit!* However, the idea was conveyed correctly.

"Now we Christians teach," I went on, "that the world and all that is in it, including man, was made by One Great Spirit, whom we call Almighty God."

"And who made your God?" queried my sparring partner.

"Oh," I answered, "nobody made Him, He always

was and always will be."

"Well," he retorted triumphantly, "nobody made Heaven; it always was."

THERE is, I should perhaps explain, a difficulty here in the Chinese which does not appear in the English. The word for "God" is *t'in ch'ue*, the word for "heaven" is *t'in*. I said that "*t'in ch'ue*" always was, and he replied that "*t'in*" always was.

"Oh," I replied unruffled, "there is a great difference. God is a spirit; but heaven is not a spirit, and must have been made by somebody."

"There are seven heavens," he informed me, going off at a tangent, "and there are"—I forget how many! "earths." The word that he used "*t'ei y'uk*" was the word which Catholic Chinese use for hell; but I imagine



Hong Kong, taken from the slopes of the mountain above the harbor. In the background (left) is Stonecutter's Island.

that his concept was, that there are many inferior worlds below this, just as there are seven heavens above it.

"And how many spirits are there?" I queried smiling.

"Oh, an uncountable multitude."

"But how do you know that all this is true?"

THE answer to this question was, I must confess, startlingly unexpected. I can perhaps best summarize his reply by saying that, like another Pilate, he asked: "What is truth?" and passed on without waiting for an answer. All things are both true and false, he told me. Truth and falsehood are purely relative terms. Any particular doctrine is true, if I wish to believe it true; it is false, if I wish to believe it false.

"I believe my doctrine," he said, "and you believe yours. I believe my doctrine, because I wish to; you believe yours, because you wish to. Both are true, and both are false, according to the point of view."

"This is most mysterious," I ventured to put in.

"Oh yes, most mysterious," he (Turn to page 140)

NEW BOOKS

I Speak for the Chinese

Carl Crow

Although Mr. Crow, an American newspaper man in Japan, claims to speak for the Chinese and does so eloquently in these few pregnant pages, he speaks, without perhaps intending it, even more clearly for the Japanese. At least he has explained for the Western mind the Japanese mentality as clearly as it has been exposed by any recent writer in so brief a space. Particularly does he make us understand the sensitiveness of the Japanese mind towards criticism from abroad, their fanatical belief in the superiority of the Japanese people over all others, in their imperialistic designs for a Pan Asiatic League, but especially their idea of an Emperor-God who eats, sleeps, gets sick and dies even as must the reader. "I did it for the glory of the Emperor" is, according to Mr. Crow, sufficient justification in the Japanese mind for scrapping or violating the decalogue of the one true God as well as all the precepts of the natural law. Such a concept of morality is, of course, entirely indefensible and must forever remain as the reason why conflicts, not only of armaments but ideas, will forever exist between pagan Japan and the Christian West. The links that have bound Japan to Germany are forged logically by the author until it is clear that these two countries are inseparably united, if not in sympathy at least in mutual interests. It is not difficult for the reader to forecast the direction in which Japanese statesmen will turn in the event either of further war or trade agreements. While speaking for the Chinese, Mr. Crow has given a very clear presentation of Japan's reasons for what can only seem to us of the West as unjust aggressive measures against China. The book should be read widely for an intelligent understanding of what is happening behind closed doors in the embassies of China and Japan.

Harper Brothers, New York. \$1.00.

The Religious Education Of the Negro

Edited by Very Rev. Francis Augustine Walsh

A very practical symposium of papers read at the National Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, New York, October, 1936, on the religious education of the Negro. Words of wisdom and experience are contributed by each of the authors, especially Father John LaFarge, S.J., who insists that there is no really distinctive method for Negro catechetical work and that the main desideratum is simply good catechetical method. Rev. William J. Walsh of Philadelphia lists the difficulties encountered in northern cities:

"There are the suspicions of Negroes towards the white race, bred in them by three centuries of slavery; the lack

among them of fundamental knowledge of religion; their traditional Protestantism; the activities of Communists among them; the material philosophy of their newspapers and periodicals; their ignorance of the Catholic Church; and the few educated Catholics and leaders among them. On the other hand, there is the indifference, the prejudice and the intolerance of many white Catholics towards the Negro; their conviction that the Negro lacks intelligence necessary for education, secular or religious, and the absence among them of a spirit of evangelical zeal. Added to these difficulties, are the poverty of the ordinary Negro Catholic, his inability to support competently those engaged in the work, and the necessity of the vast majority of pastors to devote so much time to securing finances for the carrying on of their parochial organization."

Yet while believing that conditions in the north are still chaotic, Father Walsh sees the dawn of a great improvement in the work. The glories of Xavier are recounted by Sister Mary of Nazareth from St. Elizabeth's, Cornwell Heights, Pennsylvania, and the value of radio is exposed by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bernard J. Quinn of Wading River, Long Island.

Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Twenty-five cents.

A Modern Galahad

Albert S. Foley, S.J.

A fascinating book! Fascinating in its style, fascinating in its conception and fascinating in the character it portrays. In *A Modern Galahad* the reader is introduced to and becomes very familiar with a boy and young man who had not the opportunities of doing extraordinary things in the service of his God, but who did the ordinary things of daily life extraordinarily well. There is the secret of the sanctity of John Berchmans, S.J. When the book is finished there is in the mind of the reader the conviction that he too could become a saint if he would but try to imitate St. John. This "Modern Galahad" tasted of the sorrows of death when his mother died and he could not be at her bed-side; when, on leaving Belgium for Rome and he was to have served Mass for his father who had become a priest after his mother's death, he learned, on arrival at his home town, that his father had been dead for a week and he had not been so informed. He had previously tasted of the opposition that parents sometimes offer to the accomplishment of God's designs in the vocation of their children, and towards the end of his sojourn on earth, though he himself was in good health, there developed in him a fear of death as he saw a fellow countryman of his, companion and Jesuit, waste away from tuberculosis and pass to an early grave. But the indomitable will of the knight rose above all these obstacles of nature

and he drove on to his own death the steed of his flesh, never flinching in his acceptance of God's holy Will. One almost expects to read at the end the dying words of the Saint addressed to his Superior: "If you think it good, Reverend Father, you might tell my fathers and brothers that the greatest consolation I feel is this: since I have been in the Society, I do not recall that I have knowingly and willingly violated one rule or one regulation of my Superiors, nor have I committed one deliberate venial sin. As regards my life in the world, God knows best. But I leave all to your discretion." The author has presented us with a very human saint.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.50.

Monumenta Nipponica

Vol. I, No. 1, January, 1938

Jochi Daigaku, the Catholic University in Tokyo, recently entered on an enterprise which will be of considerable help to our missionaries in the Land of the Rising Sun. Thanks especially to the initiative and the untiring efforts of Father John B. Kraus, S.J., the first number of a semi-annual periodical, the "Monumenta Nipponica" could be brought out. This new publication is not a Catholic periodical in the strict sense; it is, as the Editor says, "of a purely scientific character"; and testing it, we find among the contributors of this first issue a pagan professor of the Imperial University, Tokyo, and a Jesuit Father of the Sophia University, publishing together the text and the translation of a sermon of the Foundress of a Buddhist sect.

Nevertheless, this kind of work is no waste of time and energy from the missionary point of view. The Church has always protected true scientific work.

Moreover, the collaboration with non-Catholic writers in scientific work—five Japanese professors contributed to this number of the "Monumenta Nipponica"—provides a first contact on neutral ground; and many non-Catholic readers, who would never touch a religious publication, feel free to peruse a periodical which has no definitely religious coloring. Confronted with the scientific work of the Church's institutions, they may realize the importance of the Church in the intellectual and spiritual life of the world and become more ready to inquire into the religious message of Catholicism.

In one respect, the "Monumenta Nipponica" have a direct missionary interest. They propose to pay special attention to the history of Japan's Christian Era, the time of the first Catholic Mission in the Island Empire.

The "Monumenta Nipponica" appear in two issues every year, in January and July, each number containing about 240 pages.—P. H.

D. J. M. University Press, Jochi Daigaku, Kojimachi, Kioi-cho, Tokyo, Japan. The annual subscription is (including postage) \$4.00.

SAINT ANDREW BOBOLA

(Continued from page 117)

was in their power, they opposed it and even after it had been formally granted, their efforts to procrastinate its fulfillment were obvious.

However, the Pope was urgent and the Communistic officials with characteristic Communist grace, consisting in making arrangements as inconvenient as possible, pointed out the place of concealment and gave the Papal representatives the permission necessary for taking the relics out of the country. And so, on November 1, 1923, the body of Blessed Andrew Bobola arrived in the holy city and was placed in the Matilda Chapel in the Vatican before the Feast of All Saints. On May 16, 1924, it was transferred to the Gesù where it now rests in a chapel on the Gospel side of the nave. The body is exposed for veneration in a glass-covered coffin which rests beneath the altar of the chapel.

The spirit of Andrew Bobola must be pleading before the throne of God for the deplorable and pitiable condition of the descendants of his executioners. May his prayers be heard before that throne and bring "Suffering Russia" back to the knowledge and worship of their God.

"LAO-KOEI-KIU"

(Continued from page 120)

that the Japanese will have no trouble taking it."

"Would the Mission be in danger if Süchow is besieged?"

"If the Japanese should decide to bombard the city, we would be in grave danger of being struck, since our buildings are in the very heart of the city. Otherwise, I have no fears, for the Japanese are quite favorable to the Catholic missionaries and will leave us unmolested. My greatest need at present is more priests and, if possible, more Sisters and Brothers."

Father Courchesne returned to China about the middle of March, accompanied by Brother Edgar Gauvin, S.J. He hopes that conditions will soon return to normal, or, as the Chinese says: "*Lào-koei-kiù.*"

THE DEATH OF FATHER

JAMES G. DALY, S.J.

(Continued from page 127)

to recall that the spirit with which he ever labored on the mission field of Mindanao was the same spirit which shines forth from these words written in his diary, nearly thirty years ago on May 15, 1910:

"Today, I felt a great longing for a foreign mission, a disgust for things of earth and a great desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ. I felt courage and magnanimity. I feared nothing, even Satan himself, but I placed all my strength in God with Whose grace and assistance I can move the heavens."

On February 5, the remains of Father Daly were laid in state in the brightly illumined church at midnight and the hum of continuous rosaries was then heard intermittently, until 6:00 A.M., when the Mass of Requiem was celebrated. Chil-

dren crowded every nook and corner of the edifice, while all the day long people streamed in to get a farewell glimpse of "The Father of their souls"—(*Amahan sa kalag ka!*). There was an all-night watch maintained around the body and on the morning of February 6, Masses were said at 5:30, 6:30 and 7:30 by Fathers Consunji, Lucas and Juan Gaerlan. The Office of the Dead was sung at 9:00 A.M., after which Bishop Hayes and the clergy entered the church. Father O'Neill and Father Gaerlan were Deacons of Honor to the Bishop; Father Gallagher and Father John O'Connell were Deacon and Sub-Deacon of the Mass; Father Kennally, who had made the trip from Cagayan, was Master of Ceremonies with Father Lucas as Assistant Master. Father Doino was present in the sanctuary.

Taking for his text the words of the psalm: "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up," Father Consunji preached a touching sermon, in which he stressed the true virtues uppermost in the life of Father Daly, namely, his love of God and his love of his fellowman. The weeping proved a little disconcerting, but when the preacher turned and addressed "Our Father Daly" it was unrestrained. In the words of His Excellency, speaking afterwards, "Perhaps never again shall we witness such a sincere tribute to a saintly missionary from his people." His Excellency gave the absolution and then started the long procession to the cemetery. Jimenez never before witnessed such an outpouring of people. It is estimated that there were almost as many non-Catholics in line as there were devout Catholics, over three thousand in all. Bands from Jimenez, Clarin, Tudela, the Catholic band of Jimenez and the Aglipayan band played solemn music. The cemetery itself was thronged so that many, including the Franciscan Sisters, could not enter. The last rites were simple and inspiring and after the Bishop left, His Excellency, the Governor, and the Honorable President of Jimenez, as well as the principal men of the Municipality made speeches extolling the virtues and bewailing the tragic loss of their Father.

For nine days and nights a Novena of Masses and devotions was held for the eternal repose of the soul of Father Daly and during it numbers of mountain people made trips of thirty or forty kilometers down the hillsides and into the parish church to weep and pray. In little groups apart, unashamed in their grief, they told again and again the story of their Father's hidden and tender charity. They sang the lament for the dead and the litany with both volume and fervor. Their Father's deep sanctity, gentle bearing, unassuming manner and tender love for all had in turn conquered the hearts of all. But, and this I offer only as my own opinion, particularly did he bind himself to the very young and the very old.

The Ozamiz family, all of whom had been extremely devoted to Father Daly as a friend and who revered him as a saint of God, erected a beautiful monu-

ment at the very entrance to the cemetery, on the other side opposite that great apostle of the west coast, Father Gabriel Font, S.J. There they rest from their labors, surrounded by the people for whom they gave their lives, and their names are held in sweetest benediction. I believe that in death they may win more souls than they did in life. Though others may gather the harvest here on earth, the planting and sowing were theirs. Precious in the sight of God is the death of His just.

On the departure of Father Daly for the Philippines a classmate wrote to him: "May God bless your labors and ever entertain your heart with His love while you are about them. Your departure lets me see that the ideal Jesuit of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius still walks our ways today and your usual modesty about it only shows me the more plainly what kind of a man this ideal Jesuit fundamentally is. May your Quest of the Grail ever find you as brave of heart and as unassuming! Goodbye and God bless you!" The Quest of the Grail is over for Father Jimmie. In the gaining of it he brought with him a countless host who will share its enjoyment for eternity. May God rest his gallant soul and noble heart! May He reward his charity, which was exceeding great, and guerdon his labors with joy, and love and peace ineffable. *Requiescat in Pace!* Father Jimmie, we shall miss your genial presence and saintly inspiration; but help us to live a life like yours, and best of all, to die such a beautiful death!

MIDNIGHT SICK CALLS

(Continued from page 128)

standing alone and unprotected on elevated ground. The winter wind whistled about it, and the ice on the ground crackled as we walked stiff-legged toward the lamp-lighted front room.

"Hurry up," cried a voice, anxious with fear.

There in one corner of the twelve by fifteen-foot room lay old Mrs. Flood. Two married daughters, themselves mothers, were rubbing her hands and smoothing the oppressed brow, while a granddaughter was chafing the cold feet. The dying woman was suffering convulsions which wracked her whole body with spasmodic jerks and quiverings.

Sitting on a bed at the other side of the room was Iron Shell, the son-in-law. He rocked a sleepy baby on his knee while the women folk cared for the old grandmother.

In a minute Father Fallon was administering the last anointing, begging God to forgive the faults of sight, of hearing, of smell, of taste, of hands and feet, faults which are bound to occur in seventy-five years.

What a change the old lady had witnessed, I reflected. She was born in 1862, among Indians who still were stubbornly resisting with arrows and "iron-shooters" the treacherous inroads of White men into their buffalo hunting grounds. Her Indian ancestors counted

as tribal possessions millions of acres in the two Dakotas, in Wisconsin, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana, which are forever lost to the Sioux. She was a young woman, in 1886, when she met the Jesuit missionaries who settled at St. Francis. She watched her people turn to Christ in the religion of the Blackrobes. Slowly they put away the eagle feathers and war bonnets, the paints and pantomimes of pagan superstitions. Her children studied catechism from the Jesuit Fathers and learned the three R's from Franciscan Nuns.

Grandma Flood went to her God at six o'clock the next morning. Requiem High Mass—unusual on the Reservation—was sung a few days later. In the choir were many of the old woman's descendants; serving the priest at the altar was a grandchild; while in the congregation were dozens of Sioux who had felt her maternal care.

The next sick call came from Parmelee, twenty-five miles from the Mission. In the little room of Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., veteran Sioux missionary, stood two dark-faced Indians, cap in hand. They were fullbloods from a predominantly fullblood district. They spoke to Father Buechel in their native Lakota dialect.

"Joe Kills is very low. He wants you, please, to come right away."

To notify the priest, the Indians had hired a car and had driven through the cold night. Their Catholic Faith was deep, and they counted on the zeal of the Blackrobe to justify the expense of renting the machine.

It was after 10:00 P.M., when we started. In the back seat of our car, hemmed in by boxes, blankets, mission kit, tire chains and a stout shovel, sat one of the Indians who rode with us to be our guide. We passed only two cars as we drove the twenty-five miles over the ice-lined road. Beyond the little town of Parmelee we turned down a two-rut trail. At a log cabin we got out and Father Buechel inquired in Lakota where the sick man was. The occupant of the cabin pointed down the hill to a dim light. A lamp was burning in the small tent where Joe Kills lay dying.

He was twenty-four years old, a convert five years ago. In the twelve by twelve-foot tent, he and his wife ate and slept, living the life of hundreds of impoverished Indians. The husband, succumbing to pneumonia, had no bedstead, but lay covered with blankets on a mattress on the earth floor.

Paul Black Elk, tall and dark, the catechist of the Parmelee district, was in the tent ahead of us.

I squeezed between Black Elk and the stove, and managed in these crowded quarters to force one knee to the ground, and in this position said the Confiteor as Father Buechel prepared to give Holy Communion to the sick man.

"*Domine, non sum dignus.*"

The little candles from Father Buechel's sick call kit burned brightly. The crucifix between them gleamed. The Indians sang in Lakota "*Carite Wakan*," a hymn

to the Sacred Heart. Joe Kills stared up from his mattress on the earth towards Heaven above. The peace of Christ showed in his eyes, for the Sacred Heart blessed the little tent to which He came.

A VISIT TO CASTLE PEAK

(Continued from page 137)

continued, being by this time in full throat. "Truth is. . ." And it was with difficulty that I managed to insinuate my next question:

"Have you got any proofs for all this?"

He looked at me as one looks down upon an inquisitive child.

"No," he replied, with the air of a man driven to utter a truism.

"What! No proofs at all!"

"No, no proofs at all. These things are true, if I believe them true; they are false, if I believe them false."

"But why do you believe them?"

"Because I want to."

And he went on to illustrate his position by an example.

"Suppose," he said, "that I am drinking a cup of water. You do not know whether it is hot or cold; but I know."

I am not prepared obviously to defend the relevance of the illustration, which was and is somewhat obscure to me. At the moment I am merely quoting the words of another.

"This is all very difficult," I remonstrated. "Surely a statement is either true or false in itself, quite independent of what you or I may think about it. I may not know whether your cup of water is hot or cold; but it certainly is either hot or cold in itself, and not both or neither; and my belief about it can do nothing to change it. If I give you a bad dollar, no amount of belief on your part or on mine will ever make it a good dollar; the dollar is bad in itself. So with your doctrine; it is either true or false, and its truth or falsity in no way depends upon what you may think about it."

"Oh," he said, in a rather huffed tone, "I am not going to argue with you about doctrine. Our doctrine is true, if one believes it; it is false, if one does not believe it."

At that moment the abbot, who had obviously been attracted by the sound of voices raised in disputation, came into the shrine. He intervened politely in our debate, reiterating *verbatim* the words of his fellow monk:

"Our doctrine is true, if one believes it; it is false, if one does not believe it."

I was going to make further inquiries of him, for I could hardly believe that two intelligent men, such as they undoubtedly were, seriously defended the relativity of truth in such stark and naked form. But just as I was about to speak, my companions came round the corner and warned me that it was high time to leave. So I bid adieu to my two courteous hosts, and stepped down the sloping path through the pine trees, pondering—pondering on what St. Francis Xavier would have done in a case like that!

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