

Jesuit & Missions

GOOD OLD FATHER LUKE

"THE KING'S HIGHWAY"

"PERILS IN THE SEA"

"THEY SMILE THROUGH"

SILK PURSES

FATHER H. J. TENK, S. J.

KHRIST RAJA NOTES

Ten Cents

VOL. XII, No. 7

JULY-AUGUST, 1938

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SAFE AND SANE

If you read this heading before July 4, you may think we're waxing patriotic. If you read it after Independence Day you may conclude we're behind the times. The fact is we are up-to-date, and we are not waxing patriotic. Our intention is to offer a simple suggestion for safe and sane investing of what money, in small or large amounts, you may wish to put to work for yourself so that you may reap real dividends in Heaven. May we help you to be zealous as well as patriotic, provident for Eternity as well as for Time?

No more self-sacrificing class of individuals can be found than the missionaries. The very fact that they have given up home and country, relations and friends, and, still more, are giving themselves for others in strange and foreign lands, is guarantee sufficient that money is not their ambition, and that what will be given to them will not be used for themselves but in behalf of the souls for whom they work. They are *safe* when you give them your money for investment. And you are *sane* when you seek dividends through their labors. More than 400 American Jesuit missionaries are laboring in the four quarters of the earth—in Alaska, China, India, the Philippine Islands, Central America, British West Indies, Baghdad and here in the United States amongst the Indians and Negroes. In pagan lands they are leading heathens to the feet of Christ; in Christian lands they are reclaiming the wandering sheep, and bringing them back within the one true Fold.

Perhaps you can't be a missionary yourself but you can assist those who are. The financial help you give them is really an investment for eternity. What could be saner than an investment which will pay you back in eternal salvation? To whom could you entrust your money more safely than to those to whom millions entrust their souls? Please send your gift, for the American Jesuit missionaries, to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below.

Just mark your gift—SAFE AND SANE.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.



Mr. and Mrs. Alex Apaur and their son. They are loyal Catholics of St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak, Yukon Delta, Alaska. Their beloved missionary Pastor is Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus, a frequent contributor to these pages. His latest article is a tribute to Father Lucchesi. (See page 172)

EDITORIALS

FOR HEROISM UNDER FIRE

WHEN the members of the Supreme Council of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith met in Rome during the latter part of April, they passed one resolution among others that is particularly worthy of emphasis. "The Council sends a cordial greeting of paternal regard to all missionaries, especially those stalwarts on the scene of the Sino-Japanese conflict, who in remaining faithfully at their posts, are adding a brilliant page to the glorious annals of missionary charity and fortitude." Surely those who have been following the mission reports coming in from China and printed in *JESUIT MISSIONS*, as well as in other Catholic magazines and papers, cannot but approve heartily the resolution passed at Rome. Heroic in the fullest way has been the action of our Catholic missionary Priests, Brothers and Sisters amid the bursting of bombs and shells in China.

But we cannot merely stay at home to shout our approval. We must continue to furnish mission aid to China as well as to other missions now more than ever, for the demand is pressing and the possibilities for Catholic expansion simply limitless. Let us make no mistake about that,—and, of course, let us not let physical disaster throw a gloom over our mission enthusiasm and support. Listen to what one missionary writes from Shanghai—and he knows whereof he speaks, for he lived through more than half a hundred aerial bombardments in Nanking and has since done much refugee work in Shanghai.

"Rumor has it," he writes to us under date of April 18, "that American Catholics, some at least, are a bit discouraged about mission prospects over here. This is surprising, for perhaps one of the finest pieces of Catholic mission work in history has been done here during the war and has made a tremendous impression on both Chinese and Japanese officials. There has been a terrible amount of destruction, even of Church property, but despite the fact that the missionaries have been right in the thick of it, there have been precious few casualties. Instead of wanting the mission work to be abandoned, people at home should, it seems to me, be more enthusiastic after seeing how the Church has come through the crisis. The only really discouraging remarks I have heard over here have been from journalists and military men, who seem anxious to get out of China as fast as possible, apparently not having any vocation for it. I have been fighting to get back to Nanking for four

months, to stay, but the authorities feel there are too many Americans there already, so I sit and sigh."

The sentiments of that letter are typical of the fine spirit that dominates our Catholic missionaries in stricken China as elsewhere the world over. No true missionary will relinquish his work in face of difficulties or of opposition. It is God's work, the work of His Church, and it must go on. Hence, too, our support of that work must go on in every way possible if we are not to be wanting in our part in the thrilling advance of the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world.

NO ROUND TRIP TICKETS

"WE'RE going on a one way ticket, Father!" That was the farewell message shouted back to me on the pier some years ago, as an outgoing steamer eased away from its moorings and set out to sea. The message came from a young Jesuit bound for the missions of India. The other evening I sat in the sanctuary of one of New York's finest churches, listening to the eloquent words of a venerable old priest on the occasion of a farewell ceremony for thirteen outbound Jesuit missionaries. "The boys and girls of fifty years ago," he said, "had no thought of the missions." And then he traced America's growing part in mission work, as year after year her sons and daughters, as Priests, Brothers and Sisters go to foreign fields. Fifty years ago America herself was just emerging from the mission stage of development. Today she is the source of hope and support, in missionary power and in financial aid, for many missions the world over. America's Catholic Youth is measuring up to the finest Catholic traditions of heroic self-sacrifice. Two distinguished Superiors of a great Religious Order said to me recently: "We attribute our numerous vocations one hundred per cent to the mission appeal." No doubt, others would say the same.

Evidence could be piled high in proof of America's growing mission spirit. Surely it is a cause for profound gratitude to God Whose marvelous work in souls still goes on, even though the materialistic world is pounding and battering away at the young to attract them unto itself. May the heroic example of our numerous outgoing missionaries this summer stir many other young hearts to give themselves to God for the work of souls wherever that work is to be done. The appeal of the divine personality of Christ is still sweet and strong and magnetic. He is still the Way, the Truth and the Life.

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Good Old Father Luke

Paul C.
O'Connor, S. J.

In our February issue we gave something of the life story of Father John Luke Lucchesi, S.J., who died at Holy Cross, Alaska, on November 30, 1937, after nearly forty years of missionary labor in the icy North. Since that time we have received the following article from one of Alaska's zealous apostles, who is also a frequent and welcome contributor to these pages.—*Editor.*

SOMETIMES in our life we come upon men who we feel instinctively are very close to God. This first impression grows into a steady conviction the longer we live with them. Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., was one such man. I first met him on a drizzly day in August some eight years ago. I stepped off one of the river boats at Holy Cross, Alaska, into three inches of Yukon mud. I had come up to Alaska to be a missionary but was not dressed as one. Polished low shoes, black suit and immaculate collars do not fit in well with the mud and rain of the Yukon. As I landed, my hand was grasped by a grizzled old missionary. Father Lucchesi was turning seventy-two then, but there was something youthful and vigorous about the way he welcomed me. He was dressed in a worn and faded cassock. An old country cape shielded him a bit from the rain. Shoe-packs were on his feet. All in all, he was a distinct contrast to the new missionary so fastidiously clad. I shall never forget the dismal circumstances of that day. A week of rain and mosquitoes with the consequent close confinement in a small river boat had not improved matters. Yet, here was Father Lucchesi standing imperturbably in the mud welcoming me with enthusiasm and speaking blandly about the wonders of the country—Northern Lights, the spell of the Yukon, etc.!

OUR first winter together was an eventful one. Father John Delon, S.J., crashed in the ill-fated Marquette plane, and the worries, financial and otherwise—and they were many!—fell upon the aging shoulders of good old Father Luke. Undauntedly, he faced it all. He handled his own huge correspondence as well as that of Father Delon. I can still see him bent over an ancient Corona, patiently poking out letters with two fingers. He was up at four in those bitterly cold mornings long before the Brother made the fires. Promptly at 5:15 he was saying Mass, and this, incidentally, had been going on for thirty-eight years. Certainly, Father Luke was not succumbing to the ordinary privileges of old age. I was able to watch him pretty closely that winter, and the more I saw him, the more I realized

that he was scaling the heights, and that I was following the easy trails of the valleys.

Father Robaut, the last of the Alaskan missionaries who came in '88, soon followed Father Delon to his reward. Father Luke had seen death many times up in these icy wastes. He was older than any and yet continued to live. The agony of Father Robaut lasted almost a week. Father Lucchesi insisted that he do his share of night watching. One night I did not promptly call him at midnight. At 2:00 in the morning, he came puffing up the Infirmary stairs and chided me for losing my night's rest. Young men must have their sleep, old men, of course, did not count.



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

THE big team of huskies at Holy Cross was kept pretty busy that winter. Father Luke determined that I should be initiated into missionary work on the trail, and I was! He remained alone at the Mission, personally attending to the many needs of a staff of twenty and children numbering one hundred and thirty. Nearby villages were not forgotten. The weekly confessions alone of such a crowd were enough to keep a priest busy. He was on the go from morning until night. He taught catechism daily, helped the sick and cared for the poor from far and wide. Patiently he advised and consoled Sisters, Brothers and children in turn—and let me tell you that when Father Luke had charge of a place he ran it from top to bottom. No detail escaped his eagle eye. I used to tell him that the Lord did not give him a long Roman nose and fine Italian hand for nothing!

I remember coming back to Holy Cross from a three weeks' jaunt on the Kuskokwim. As my dogs raced over the final stretch of the trail to the Mission buildings, there was not a boy out to meet me. Usually they would spot the sled coming across the Yukon and run out and give the dogs some extra work. I wondered what was the matter. A little later old Father Luke came shivering down to the dog corral and embraced me like a long lost son. He was pale and haggard from overwork. The whole house was down with the flu, but not this sturdy old veteran. I marveled how this tottering figure could stand it all.

THE next summer, Father Lucchesi was transferred from Holy Cross to Akulurak. He made the whole trip of three hundred miles in an open boat with a one-eyed native boy for a guide. The *Kicker* stopped kicking about twenty-five miles below Holy Cross. For fifty

miles this aged priest bent to the oar and floated down stream until a repair could be made. Those who know the Yukon and the ubiquitous mosquito know that such an outing is never an unmixed pleasure.

Two years were spent at Akulurak when word came again for the tireless missionary to shoulder his war bag. Off he went to the forlorn district of Hooper Bay. Here, cut off from the world by complete winter isolation, he labored another year until his failing ears forced him to give up Innuite confessions. Back to Akulurak he came, but not to rest. There was no day too cold for him to carry Communion to a sick villager. He found the coldest room in the house ideal winter quarters. Here he had fashioned after his own plan a rude bunk of boards narrow enough to be a coffin. In fact, he told me that when he died, a cover on his bunk was all the lumber I need waste on what was left of him.

If ever I met a saint, I firmly believe that Father Lucchesi was one. His mortification from the cold was continual. He possessed scant clothing and few blankets. Even when he was dying and I insisted on a fire during the night, he grumbled about the waste of wood. During his entire career in Alaska, he was never known to use a mosquito net—either during the day or at night. Such mortification is to say the least—heroic. Try it and see! Luke constantly spoilt his food, especially dessert, with an overdose of salt. Even pancakes must have their quota of salt. Molasses, of course, was out of the question. I have never known him to miss or omit the slightest spiritual exercise. Never once did he fail to rise at the unearthly hour of four as long as I have known him. Yet there was nothing ostentatious about this constant strain on himself. He was most solicitous about the wants of others. Few Superiors have been loved as he never failed to be in his long terms of general and local superiorship. During his last illness, when I remonstrated with him about his care of himself, he would always answer: "Oh, I am old and tough." I had to admit both. I had often seen them in evidence.

In the February, 1938, issue of the *Seminary News*



A fine young Catholic family of Akulurak, Alaska. Among such as these did Father Lucchesi labor and among them today is Father O'Connor carrying on his zealous apostolate.

of the Oregon Province, there is a tribute to Father Lucchesi by Father Hubert A. Post, S.J., who writes just as he had finished his annual retreat. I quote in part:

"As my retreat closed I got your request for some inner traits of our wonderful pioneer, Father Lucchesi. I have labored twenty-two years in that territory, yet the pleasant visits he paid me, and my stays with him, never exceeded three days. His kindness was so great, his charity so outstanding, that one was sure to be impressed by what was back

of it: a spirit of deep faith, of devotedness to duty, of great love of the Master, an all-absorbing zeal for souls. There seemed a great sweetness of devotion in his mention of the Immaculate Mother of our Redeemer, and of the Holy Family.

"No matter what field claimed his attention, the Sodality of Mary and the Confraternity of Christian Mothers flourished there under his special solicitude."

Ursuline Nun with some of the Catholic school girls of Akulurak. The Ursulines have for many years carried on noble and unselfish work in the Alaska Mission.



Along "The King's Highway"

Edgar Dowd, S. J.

AMID august ordination ceremonies, the Most Reverend John J. Mitty, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco, elevated twenty-seven Jesuits to the priesthood, June 15, in the Santa Clara Mission Church.

Prostrated before the high altar within the Spanish-style church—its tiled roof and multiple-bell tower flanked by palms—the twenty-seven candidates for the sacerdotal state represented four Provinces and five vast mission fields. The newly ordained hail from the Provinces of California, Oregon, Chicago, and the Vice-Province of Venezuela.

As Our Lord conferred the twin powers of sacrifice and absolution upon His Apostles, who should preach the Gospel to every nation, so the young men who received the sacerdotal seal this June are designated to espouse apostolic endeavor in the Rocky Mountains, Alaska, China, India and South America. Some will participate directly in the work; others, only indirectly, by aiding the missions and combating Communism.

As the enchanting Santa Clara Valley is today mantled with blossoms, marked with paved highways and adorned with bungalows bowered in roses—manifestations of beauty and comfort—meditations on missions and missionaries may seem hardly appropriate. But this picturesque valley has ever been the cradle for missionaries; and the pioneer apostles have, even before the birth of this nation, bivouacked between its gentle hills and beneath the blue of its quiet summer skies. Witnessing the impressive ordination ceremonies, the concourse of relatives and friends of the new priests probably did not realize that across the aisles from where they knelt, beneath the side altars, rest the bones of former missionaries, Franciscans and Jesuits, valiant men who dedicated their lives to the welfare of the American Indians.

AT the southern extremity of this valley, stand three Jesuit houses participating in apostolic effort: Santa Clara Mission Church, the scene of ordinations; seven miles south, Sacred Heart Novitiate, devoted to early religious formations; and three miles beyond the Novitiate, Alma College, the Jesuit Theologate of the far West.

This portion of the valley is the base not only for future missionary enterprises, but a region clad in the memories of pioneering Padres.

When Spanish soldiers loop-holed quail in the underbrush, long since cleared away for San Francisco's hustling Market Street, and hard-hitting Colonists, on the Atlantic seaboard, battled English red-coats, a Franciscan Padre, Tomás de la Peña, together with Lieutenant Moraga and a troop of soldiers, marched into the Santa Clara Valley to establish a Mission among the Tares Indians.

"Fifteen leagues" south of present day San Francisco, the Padre planted a cross, erected a hut of boughs, and preached to a tribe of distrustful, hungry, immoral In-

dians, who were living on acorns and following the promptings of Satan and of their own undisciplined hearts.

Driving a herd of cattle, Padre José Murguía, co-founder of this Mission dedicated to St. Clare of Assisi, arrived a week later to bake bricks, lace them with straw, and erect the walls of the Mission, the eighth milestone on the memorable "El Camino Real" linking the twenty-one Franciscan missions in Upper California. Mission bells first echoed across the valley, January 12, 1777.

Padre José built a good wall. After one hundred and sixty-one years a portion of it still stands, a revered relic at Santa Clara. And Padre Peña's cross, now encased in steel, stands staunchly facing the Mission Church. And the missionary spirit of these zealous Padres, strong men, bronze from the sun and brave in the cause of Christ, hovered above the high altar of the Mission Church this ordination day in June.

THREE years after gold was discovered in California, Father John Nobili, S.J., a missionary from the northwest "Washington Territory," arrived in the Santa Clara Valley. The Mexican Government having secularized Santa Clara Mission in 1836, Father Nobili established Santa Clara College on the mission site, 1851. He had one hundred and fifty dollars, two teachers, a dozen pupils and an Indian cook with which to start the work.

Despite floods, poverty and earthquakes, the college prospered. But it was more than a flourishing school. It was a haven for persecuted European Jesuits, a rendezvous for missionaries to the Indian Missions, and a house of studies and religious formation. The nineteenth century persecutions in Germany, Holland, Italy, etc., dispersed members of the Society of Jesus to all parts of the world. Many of the expelled Italian Fathers came to the California Mission (of the Turin Province), and to the Santa Clara Valley whose climate resembled that of Italy. An example in point is the phenomenal missionary, Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J. As a sickly youth, he volunteered for the Indian Missions and came to California in the early 70s. European physicians doubted he could survive the journey to the New World. But the wiry, brilliant, zealous priest survived the journey with some to spare. He died at the age of ninety-two. For him, as well as for many others, Santa Clara was a springboard into the Rocky Mountain Missions.

NOVICES and Juniors were transferred in June, 1888, seven miles down the valley, to the Sacred Heart Novitiate. From a promontory, it commands a view of the valley, a sweep of plum orchards stretching north to San Francisco Bay. Like a greying general watching the course of battle, the grey walls and tall windows of the Novitiate gaze across the valley and beyond—beyond the mountains and the years, to marching missionaries in the passes of the Rockies, across

frozen Arctic hummocks, and between the terraced hillsides of teeming China. The Novitiate cared for Mexican Jesuits exiled in the 1914 persecutions. Father Miguel Pro, S.J., martyred in Mexico City, thirteen years later, was among them. This June, Sacred Heart Novitiate celebrates its Golden Jubilee.

THREE miles south of the Novitiate, pillowed in the Santa Cruz Hills, the Swiss-chalet gables of Alma College peer between sturdy oaks and trailing eucalypti, through the V-shaped mouth of a canyon into the Santa Clara Valley,—the third Jesuit house within a distance of ten miles on missionary soil. Once the estate of a retired millionaire who loved the cloistering hills and preferred the music of swaying redwoods to the clank of street cars and the din of city traffic, Alma College is young—only four years old—but vigorous and hustling.

Thirteen years ago, twenty-two members of this year's ordination class began their religious formation at Sacred Heart Novitiate. One morning the Master of Novices, Father Thomas A. Meagher, S.J., of revered memory, addressed his Novices: "In view of the increasing number of vocations, God, in His Providence, must have much work for you to do in the future."

Three years later, the California Province was given the China Mission. This year the California Jesuits in China commemorate "A Decade of Years in China." Five sailed in 1928; today, they number twenty-eight, Priests, Scholastics and Brothers. Meantime, up north, the Indian Missions, far from dying, demanded additional men. The past twenty-five years showed an increase of 83,000 in United States Indian population (1934 statistics). In the Arctic new missions were built among the Eskimos and new trails traced beyond the Circle.

UNDOUBTEDLY, there will be much work for these men who this June became priests. Though some of them will never mush a queue of peak-eared malamutes on an Arctic trail or manage chopsticks in the Oriental kingdom, all will form a solid battle front against Communism, a menace to the missions, as well as to the

rest of the world. Its red fingers at the throat of humanity, Communism draws no color line in its hatred, its greed, its eagerness to bury all men beneath the iron tangle of atheism without benefit of clergy—or God. From the "Red partisans" of Kuomintang, in northwestern China, across the Pacific to the Eskimos of the North and the Indians of the Northwest, Communism wades the streams, muddying the waters of Truth and drugging young and old with its elixir of reeling license.

ON the Pacific coast the Jesuit concentration camp against Communism is Alma College. Here the strong bright rays of theology—the study of God—strike Stalinism as the rays of the sun stir slimy forms



"Pillowed in the Santa Cruz Hills, the Swiss-chalet gables of Alma College peer between sturdy oaks and trailing eucalypti, through the V-shaped mouth of a canyon into the Santa Clara Valley."

of lower animal life suddenly exposed by an overturned rock. "Red" literature is shipped to the theologate and filed and catalogued for reference and refutation.

This new form of missionary work will be carried on with the zeal the pioneering apostles had when the mission bells echoed across a young valley, and called the Indians to the Mission Church. After ordination this June the newly ordained walked beneath Padre Peña's cross, for the past century and a half a highway-marker along "El Camino Real." Casting a sharp shadow in the late morning sun, the Padre's cross has traced the symbol of apostolic consecration upon the young priests, thereby marking them as guides to all who seek the true highway leading to the Eternal King. With their new powers bestowed in ordination, the young priests will go forth joyfully to their life of apostolic labor.

"Perils in the Sea"

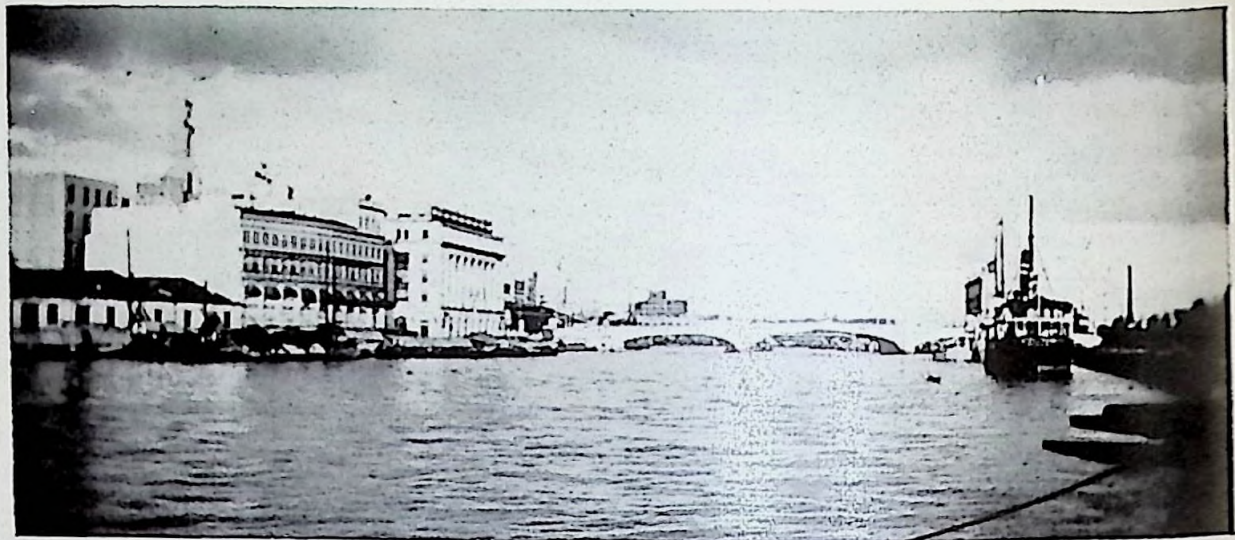
Joseph I.
Stoffel, S.J.

THERE is a thrilling account in the Acts of the Apostles of some of St. Paul's missionary adventures. But perhaps only a missionary can fully appreciate what St. Paul went through, for while some vocations are subject to greater dangers of one kind or other, few persons other than missionaries are habitually subjected to the variety of dangers in which St. Paul found himself.

The Philippine missionary, for example, when he reads (2 Cor. xi, 26) that St. Paul was "in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea," might well fill in from his own experiences and read between the lines a vivid story of harrowing adventure. For the Philippine missionary, too, is subject to "perils in the wilderness" and "perils in the sea." He cannot travel very far in this island country without taking one of the many inter-island boats that ply through the archipelago; and in this inter-island travel, almost anything is liable to happen.

I am reminded, for instance, of a certain interesting little incident that occurred not so long ago aboard the *SS. Kinau*, when some hours out of Manila, with a full quota of passengers and a cargo of—but I'm getting ahead of the story!

IT was nearly midnight when the tiny little steamer lost sight of the light that marks the entrance to Manila Bay and was pushing its impudent nose through the waves of the treacherous China Sea. The stars, so close that one could almost touch them, shone from a cloudless sky, so the passengers were sleeping peace-



The Pasig River, Manila, P. I., where the small inter-island steamers berth.

fully in cots on the open deck beneath the constellation of the Southern Cross. Captain Longa was keeping the dogwatch on the bridge, and if the passengers had realized the meaning of the anxious furrows on his brow, perhaps their sleep would not have been so peaceful. For only the captain and the crew knew that down in the hold of the little steamer, amid the variegated cargo, were rows and rows of five-gallon tins of gasoline and alcohol, and kegs of gun powder piled high beneath the decks. Some outlaw Moros down in Lanao had broken out in insurrection again and were waging bitter guerilla warfare with the Philippine Constabulary, in which an alarming number had been killed and wounded on both sides. And the explosives in the hold of the *Kinau* were destined for the army base at Cotabato, whence they would be carried by land to the site of the fighting.

THE little steamer was churning steadily onward into the darkness, when suddenly an hysterical shriek pierced the stillness of the tropical night. As the captain turned instinctively, a blue flame shot up from somewhere amidships. Then a muffled explosion vibrated through the top deck, and in a moment the structure above the cabins amidships was a roaring inferno. Another scream rent the air. Men shouted. The dazed first class passengers dashed for the protection of the enclosed navigators' quarters.

Moros selling brass ware at Lanao. It was at Lanao, says the writer of this article, that "some outlaw Moros . . . had broken out in insurrection again and were waging bitter guerilla warfare with the Philippine Constabulary."



The third class passengers were milling about in panic. A lifeboat was being lowered. Before it reached the deck-rail it was almost filled with men, crazed with panic. Captain Longa reached for his revolver as he ran down from the bridge. At the point of the gun the panic-stricken men were forced to climb out of the lifeboat. Then all the boats were lowered to the level of the deck-rail, filled with women and children, and held in that position. The captain barked his orders to the crew, now in Spanish, now in Tagalog. A few men and passengers were ordered into the lifeboats to be ready to act as rowers. Some of the passengers reported to the captain for orders, offering their assistance, and they were directed to help the crew fight the fire.

BY this time the entire top deck was a mass of flames, and the heat throughout the little ship was intense.

The women in the lifeboats were weeping hysterically. All the available crew and some of the men and passengers were frantically fighting the fire. Captain Longa thought of the gun powder and gasoline in the hold and despaired of saving his ship. The pilot, still loyally at his wheel, was directed to steer full speed ahead for the nearest island, one of the thousands of small, uninhabited islands that dot these seas. The ship's telegraph jangled in the engine room, and several panic-stricken stokers slunk shamefacedly back to their posts in the boiler room.

The captain did not wish to cast the passengers adrift in small boats on the rough open sea too far from land, because these waters are infested with sharks. So he would hold the lifeboats with the passengers as long as he dared before launching them, and then pray that he could run the little ship aground before the impending explosion that threatened to blow him and his crew into eternity. It was some small comfort to know that that at least would be more merciful than being delivered alive to the sharks. The radio operator had sent out his SOS, but the nearest ship to respond was several hours away. The little steamer churned full speed ahead for the beach of a small island, leaving a trail of flame and sparks that lit up the black waters of the tropic sea.

Meanwhile, in the little town of Dumaguete, Mrs. Longa and the captain's family were quietly sitting in the *sala* listening to the last number of the radio broadcast for the evening, from one of the stations in Manila. Sud-

denly, they started from their chairs. "'Sus, Mari, Jose!'" an exclamation, at once a prayer and a cry of startled pain, escaped from the lips of the captain's wife. With his closing remarks, the radio announcer had mentioned the SOS from the *Kinau*. Captain Longa's family spent an anxious night, reciting the Rosary before a little shrine of Our Lady of Antipolo, Patroness of Philippine sailors.

BUT on board the ship, the efforts of the crew were beginning to prevail over the fire. Within an hour it was clear that they had it under control and that it would be but a matter of time before it would be completely extinguished. For the sake of precaution, the passengers were kept in the half-lowered boats, but the ship was turned back on its course to Zamboanga.

When all was over, the captain sent out three radio



"For we were going to visit Father Joseph Keith, S.J., whose mission station at Dansalan is in the very midst of the Moro country." Last year, when Father Keith (center of picture) celebrated his silver jubilee as a Jesuit, the good Catholic Filipino people honored him at a dinner.

messages: one to the sea-going world at large, to announce that all was well, one to the owners in Manila, and one to his family in Dumaguete. He also received a message from the owners, lavish with praise and gratitude for his having saved the ship and the lives of those aboard.

After an investigation, the most plausible conjecture as to the cause of the fire was that a careless *muchacho* working in the galley had left open a cock on the gasoline cook stove and that the escaping gasoline had caught fire somehow.

AT Zamboanga a crew of carpenters was taken aboard to repair the damage while the ship proceeded to Cotabato. After we had cast off at Zamboanga and were on our way across the Moro Gulf, I made it a point to gain the acquaintance of the captain. I was particularly interested in this brave sea-dog because his son, Ramon, a student at the Ateneo de Manila, was a pupil in one of my algebra classes. When the (Turn to page 196)

"They Smile Through It All"

Wilfred J. LeSage, S.J.

THE second question of importance in China, after "What is your honorable name?"—is a rather personal one, "What is your honorable age?" And, of course, the older you are, the more honorable.

But we should not conclude from this fact that the youth of China do not receive an honorable mention. They do. An infant three days old is honored with gifts of red eggs, presumably for their color. At the completion of one month, the baby has its head shaved, if necessary, and is dressed in bright silk, if possible, and smiles when the family picture is taken and cries for more. Tears of joy! So we may rightly conclude from these facts that there are two favored classes among the Chinese, the old and the young. If there are interesting features of China's huge population, they are the ones who make them so. But unfortunately for many, these two extremes of life, though normally the happiest, are always the most helpless. What would China do without some one to care for thousands of orphans and the aged? This question has been answered for years by the continual self-sacrificing work of missionary Sisters.

HERE at Zi-ka-wei, we are most familiar with the orphans, the younger generation growing up under the motherly care of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. During the last six months, two thousand six hundred cast off infants have been received at this orphanage.



"Here at Zi-ka-wei, we are most familiar with the orphans, the younger generation growing up under the motherly care of the Helpers of the Holy Souls."

Those who survive, eventually develop into a healthy jovial group of youngsters ever alert to greet visitors with a little smile and song. In contrast with this lively group there is a more honorable group who have survived the terrors of recent war and fire. We shall tell something of our experiences in the large section of Shanghai known as Nantao. Over an area of a mile long and four miles wide, formerly an industrial and residential section, there now exists very little. The only safe and undestroyed district is the "Jacquinot Zone" to the northeast. It was through these areas of misery and mercy that Father James Kearney, S.J., and the writer made a hurried trip last week.

We managed to get by the sentries with two honest smiles only. The smiles were over the fact that we had but one pass between us, plus something not unlike that uncertain feeling of two youngsters trying to get into the circus with only one ticket. However, if the pass was called for, we were fully prepared to make ample acknowledgment—that it must have been a mistake! Strange to say, the pass was not demanded all afternoon.

AFTER a zigzag walk through the "Jacquinot Zone" we took rickshaws and headed directly south along Hsingking Road, passed several more sentries with a rather uncertain feeling. You know what I mean, that sort of Hsingking feeling.—We were simply getting by on a smile, but you already know the reason. Our first stop was at

Shanghai's "Home for Old Folks," cared for by the Little Sisters of the Poor.



St. Joseph's Hospice which Father Kearney styled, "our first oasis." Certainly after passing through more than a mile of nearly complete war and fire destruction it was a comforting sight to find this group of whitewashed buildings still whitewashed.

HERE at St. Joseph's Hospice we were greeted by a few Christians at the gate. This is the largest establishment of the recently deceased Mr. Loh Pa-hong, and is frequently spoken of as, "The Little City of the Poor." Formerly three thousand Chinese, the lame, the sick and the blind, were cared for at this place; at present there are six hundred being cared for by the Sisters of Charity. One of the Sisters wrote this interesting fact in her diary.

"November 14. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the provision room just behind the kitchen was on fire. Sister Genevieve, who noticed it, was frightened at the possibility of complete loss of all our rice and other food. *Comment faire?* What could be done? There was no water, no possible help. Sister had the inspiration to throw a Miraculous Medal of Our Lady into the flames. She did so and the flames went out. Our Lady had pity on us, because if our provisions were destroyed we had no other course but to die with our six hundred helpless Chinese."

Other pages of the Sister's diary tell of the continual protection which they received at the Hospice. From this first "oasis" we hurried on to the second, the "Home for Old Folks" cared for by the Little Sisters of the Poor. The nuns were at prayer when we arrived, so we strolled about the garden, speaking with a few of the old timers. They have all celebrated their sixtieth birthday and have come from different provinces speaking slightly different dialects, but all with the same simple hearts—the hearts of children. The old men simply beamed with joy when later we found them peeling potatoes, mending clothes, or sorting the laundry. Even when lying sick and too weak to sit up, to raise a hand, or even to speak—there was a cheerful smile, the smile of peace on every face.

LATER, when one of the Sisters was showing us about the institution, we met an old lady, a war refugee, whom the Sister addressed as "Mary." The good old soul was just another proof of the Chinese proverb: "The flowers will blossom again; but youth is not perennial." When Mary heard her name she put

her broom aside and came over to the door where Father Kearney and I were standing.

"Do you speak English, Mary?" asked Father Kearney.

"Yes, I speakie liddie English. Before I helpie English lady look see for liddie baby—all same amah. Baby go this way, baby go that way, I look see whichie way baby go. My sister now live French side, but I no can go French side, I no savvy by side whichie house sister live. Maybe liddie while after, soldier go way, suppose I no can go look see for sister—maybe she come here look see for me!" Which being translated, means that Mary is fine and hopes to have a visit from her sister in the near future.

After listening to a few words of congratulation on her fine English, Mary returned to her broom with a



Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at the hospital in the "Jacquinot Zone." They have given medical assistance to forty thousand during the last six months. Nationalities of the Sisters from left to right: Chinese, Austrian, Belgian, Italian, German and American. The Chinese doctor on the right is a former University student of Aurora University conducted by the Jesuits in Shanghai.

smile. Sister then led us to a terrace where we could see the remains of nearby ruins. Huge piles of bricks! The nun told us exactly what had happened:

"During the fire, all of our water supply had been cut off. Gradually the flames came very near. Mother Superior hurried upstairs, trying to calm the old folks who were crying with fear. Mother then left the poor folks for a moment and rushed to the side of the house where the fire was raging. The flames from the buildings just opposite had reached as high as the second floor. When she opened the window the flames rushed in upon her, but she managed to throw out a few Miraculous Medals and a little image of Saint Joseph. The flames drew back immediately and gradually went out. Father, it was a miracle!" And she paused for a moment, reached into her pocket and drew out a little image of St. Joseph. "This was the one that Mother Superior threw into the flames: it was found later"—and she paused again. . . . "We have so much to be thankful for."

Yes, indeed, there is much to be (Turn to page 196)

Silk Purses

Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J.

YOU can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I saw a picture of one. Some scientist, it was claimed, had done so. But could you take a small ground-floor classroom, with a mud-brick base and only three walls, in a land where there is no Catholic Press, and desert rains hold up your mail for weeks, and make it look like what you see in this picture? Could you take a hundred boys whose native tongue is Arabic and whose native land is Moslem, arouse and sustain in them an enthusiastic interest in a Catholic Press Exhibit which was chiefly English and French? Could you sell some three hundred pamphlets to a small group whose purses are not silk in a land where the state religion looks with disfavor on sows' ears? If you had the courageous imagination and the boundless energy of Edmund K. Cheney, S.J., a group of generous Baghdad College Sodalists, and a deep love of Our Lady, you probably could. For those are the three things which made the first Catholic Press Exhibit ever held in Iraq a success at Baghdad College last February.

Like all things at Baghdad, this Exhibit had to be planned long in advance. For the mails are slow to Baghdad. And if you have no local Catholic Press, you

must depend on the mails. The whole scheme hatched in Mr. Cheney's mind. It was hailed with enthusiasm by the Sodalists. It was the explanation of extra heavy mails to Baghdad College last January. It was helped immensely by the generous cooperation of friends in Europe, America, and Asia. It worried the Prefect for two weeks trying to find a place in our very limited College for the classes which were usually held in this three-walled classroom. It explained the hammers and tacks and carpets and tapestries which kept a group of Sodalists at the College late one Saturday afternoon—long after our busses had left for the city. And it was all done because of love for Our Lady.

MONDAY noon we sounded off. During the lunch period, one of the Sodalists used his best Arabic in the yard to explain to the students what a Press Exhibit is. Later that day Very Rev. Father William A. Rice, S.J., spoke to the assembled students on the importance of this new "first" at Baghdad College. The tape was cut and in flowed the students. And for the next two weeks they flowed in to contact their Catholic brethren throughout the world. For this Exhibit was not only Catholic; it was catholic. And if you have never lived in a land where Catholics are a small and not over-favored minority, you will never know what strength can come from the realization that your Church is catholic. That encouragement and sense of solidarity alone would have justified this Exhibit. (Turn to page 196)

Baghdad College, conducted by the American Jesuits in Baghdad, Iraq, holds its first Catholic Press Exhibit. Many open copies of JESUIT MISSIONS occupy a place of honor on the upper wall at the extreme right.



The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Before you close your traveling bag enroute to a well earned vacation, I would ask you to pause for a moment and to check the contents. No kit, bag, or knapsack will be complete unless

SUMMER PAMPHLETEERING

it contains a set of Jesuit Mission Press pamphlets. These should be put in last and taken out first and often. When you finish your nap on the train, or the car, or the plane, or in the family trailer, or next to the rich brown earth beneath the shelter of soughing pines, the proper vacation etiquette prescribes that you should first rub your eyes and then reach for a pamphlet, and again when you turn the last page of the pamphlet and settle down once more for a cat-nap, you will fail miserably as a Pamphlet Promoter unless you turn the cover so that he who runs may read both the title and the publisher thereof.

No self-respecting fish will deign to play with a fisherman unless the latter puts up a bait worthy of the prize. The Pamphlet Promoter must do likewise. If the Pamphlet Promoter's bait is

BAIT THEM WITH PAMPHLETS

more expensive, he has the consolation of reflecting that the prize is also. A choice spot for fishing with pamphlets is the club car or the Pullman smoker. The circulation managers of our popular magazines already know this and have hastened to meet the need by placing their publications in attractive leather cover binders within easy reach of the travelers. Time and again the writer has dropped a pamphlet or two among the Pullman magazines and has had the pleasure of seeing them picked up and read by passengers whose mere presence in the club car was an indication of their possible influence. With a pamphlet for bait, fishing will be easy and the catch is always worth while.

To date we have completed three months of our one year Campaign of pamphlet promotion. Among the written testimonies received as to the value of the Campaign are many that reveal an

TO CHRISTINA FROM WALTER

alarming ignorance on the part of Catholics and are, therefore, so many poignant pleas for wider circulation of the Catholic truth. An instance is the following note received by one of our Promoters: "I can say that I certainly got a lot out of the booklets, particularly the ones on Spain and Communism. I had heard so much about the other side of this situation in Spain that it had actually made an impression on me and I thought that there must be some truth in their claims, but after reading the pamphlet with all the facts and figures given, I see how their claims have been so distorted that a person received an entirely wrong impression of the whole situation. It is the first and only Catholic viewpoint that I have seen in print, and it is written so clearly that it would do every Catholic a world of good to read it so that they would not only have the facts straight in their own minds, but could intelligently discuss them with persons so many of whom seem to be thoroughly versed on 'facts' about the other side. The booklet on Communism really surprised me, because I had no idea that Communism was so dangerous. I, undoubtedly like thousands of other Catholics, merely looked on Communism as an anarchistic group, against the government whatever form it may be. I think 'Communism Our Common Enemy' is a mighty fine book for every Christian, whatever his denomination is, to read."

As originally explained in this page some months ago, our Pamphlet Promoter receives monthly one hundred pamphlets, ten of which are given to each of her ten co-workers at the rate of

PAMPHLETS FOR THE NEGROES OF HARLEM

fifty cents a month each. When a member receives her ten pamphlets (ten 5c pamphlets or five 10c pamphlets) she may discover that instead of ten separate titles, she has only two different titles and five copies of each. What shall be done with the extra copies? That is the question. Each month we will indicate various fields for distribution, selecting those where the need is greatest and the welcome most real. Read the following letter and you will forward your extra copies immediately to B. Martin de Porres Library, 48 West 138th Street, Apartment 8-C, New York City. "Dear Father Feeney,—An unknown friend . . . has written to me a lovely letter and enclosed two beautiful pamphlets on missions written in a way I never have seen such things written up before. I do not know if you

even know my name, but the same unknown benefactor urges me to write to you and I take courage for I come begging for the Negroes of Harlem. You may have noticed our announcement . . . in *America* and *Commonweal*, and our great need of books and pamphlets. Both will serve to counteract the deluge of Communist press material that is hitting us over here terribly. May I hope that in your charity you will find a few of those pamphlets to spare for the most forgotten mission of all, that namely, on our own doorstep, and give me some of these wonderful stories . . . that are such profound lessons in so many spiritual things . . . Perhaps I am presuming too much, but there is no harm in asking, is there? Christ tells us to do so in fact, and obedient to His words, here I am. Your sincerely in Christ— . . . Catherine de Hueck."

Someone has said that the Catholic priest in a Catholic pulpit has as a distinct advantage over all other speakers, lecturers, or orators, the fact of a docile and sympathetic

PAMPHLETS ON WHEELS

audience, fifty-two Sundays in a year. In other words, the soil is already prepared, as it were, and he has but to drop the seed therein. Catholic hospitals offer a similar opportunity for Pamphlet Promoters. Patients, whether interned for long periods of medication or in the slow process of convalescence, are generally only too eager to glance through a readable booklet with a worth while message. The front cover of *Hospital Management* for May, 1938, a monthly publication by the Institutional Publication, Inc., 612 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., features a novel scheme for bedside pamphleteering. The cover illustrates a corner of a hospital library with a desk, a typewriting table and four young ladies engaged respectively in filing cards, typing, cataloging and re-stocking the pamphlet cart. It is this pamphlet cart that attracted our attention. It has three rubber tired wheels, set like the wheels of an invalid's chair. On the forward axle between the two larger wheels is set upright what looks like a bureau drawer about four feet in length divided into five sections. Into these, books are packed with their titles facing outward and easily legible for the patients. Set on the frame work of the rear wheel are two more shelves stacked with magazines and pamphlets. Volunteer auxiliary workers will wheel this cart to the bedside of the patients, both those in the wards and those in private rooms, and then help them make their selection. They return for the books at the end of the week, at which time they have re-stocked the cart with a new supply. This plan is in operation in the Boston City Hospital for Catholic patients. Already in a short time, the Misses Agnes Gallivan, niece of the well-known Massachusetts Congressman of that name, and Mary McMahan of the Trinity College Alumnae, Boston Chapter, are reaping rich and consoling fruits for their efforts.

Most encouraging is the attitude shown by those seeking to become Promoters. We instance the letters of two such prospects received in this morning's mail. Number one: "Dear Father

PAMPHLET PROMOTION A PRIVILEGE

Feeney,—Would you kindly allow me to be a Pamphlet Promoter? I shall thank you heartily if you will afford me this privilege. Respectfully yours, M. A. M., New York City." Number two: "Dear Father Feeney,—About your Pamphlet Promotion idea, I think it is a splendid one and I desire to become a Promoter. I have already attacked nine others and I didn't even have to fire an opening round. Your letter of explanation did the trick. So kindly send me the details or could I stop in at your office some Monday or Wednesday? On the other days I go to Fordham. You said you were relying upon your friends to become Promoters. May I offer a suggestion? Perhaps you already have thought of it. Why not write to the Newman Clubs, first in our metropolitan area (New York City), both colleges and high schools, and put the plan before them, at the same time suggesting that it would be a worthy object for their venerable alumni and alumnae to finance such a plan for at least ten of the pupils. I myself, will write to . . . at Hunter College. Some of the people, perhaps, are wondering what to do with the pamphlets, after they have read them. They could be offered to the various Newman Clubs as extra copies. God knows our poor Catholic children have it hard enough, and here would be aid that wouldn't cost anyone anything. I wish you God's blessing on your undertaking. M. O'S., New York City."

The Society of Jesus and t

FOR well-nigh twenty years the world at large, and Europe and America particularly, have been reaping the bitter fruits of the World War and the tragic treaty of Versailles which concluded it. Depressing, discouraging and desolate in many ways have these years been in not a few quarters, and since 1929 the gloom has pretty well permeated the whole world. Here and there, however, there have been brighter signs, indicative of the fact that there was and is still much nobility in human hearts. From a Catholic point of view, one of the brightest signs of true life has been the widespread mission interest throughout the Catholic Church, directed by Pope Benedict XV first, and then for a much longer period by that saintly missionary Pontiff, Pius XI, still gloriously reigning.

In this missionary renaissance, Religious Orders and Congregations, as well as Mission Institutes and Societies took and still take a most prominent part, as is evidenced by the thousands of Priests, Brothers and Sisters in mission fields the world over. In this great work the Society of Jesus has been privileged to take its humble, though not insignificant part.

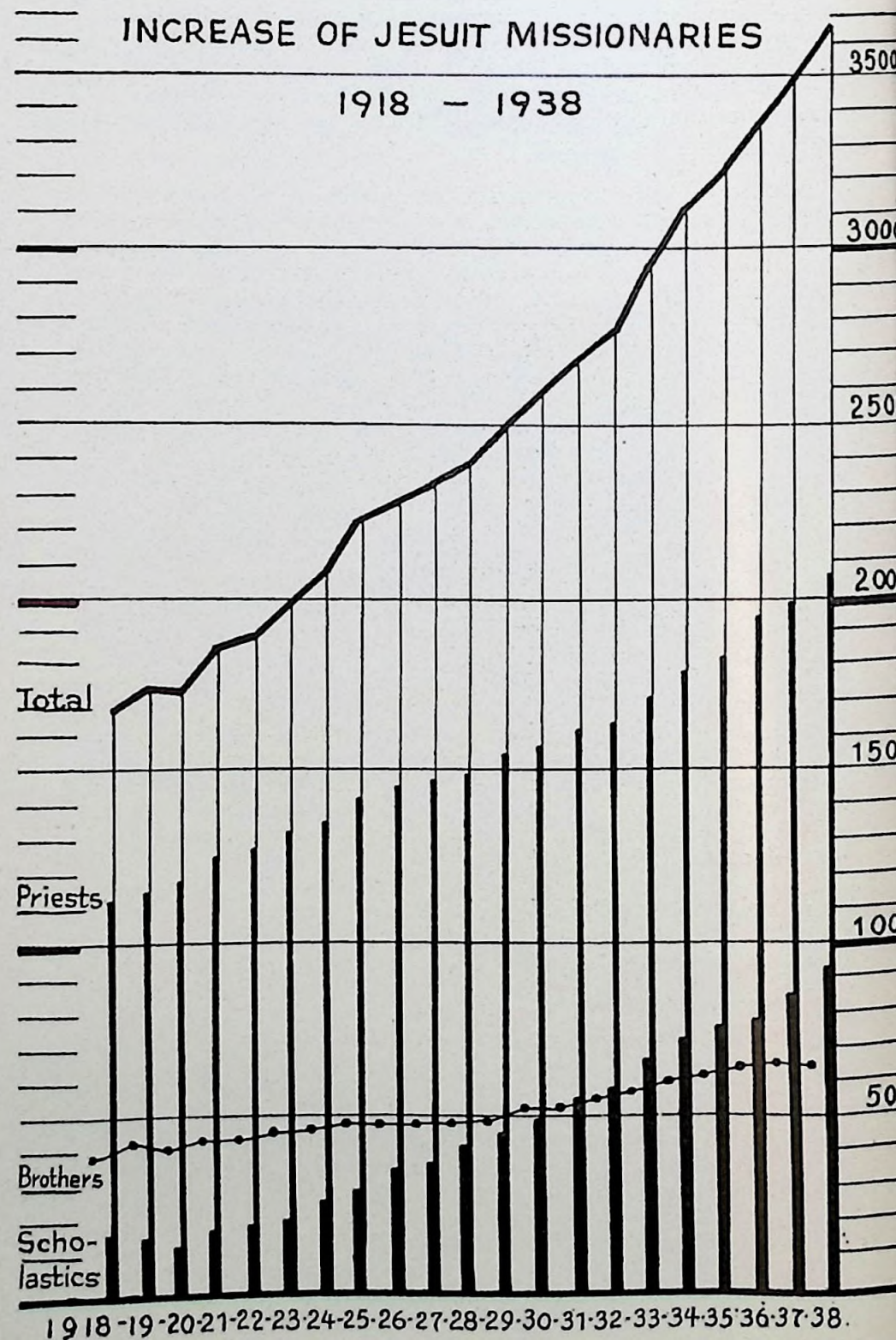
IN the early days of the sixteenth century, when St. Ignatius of Loyola founded the Society of Jesus, new worlds were gradually being unfolded before the eyes of the apostolic members of the Church and far-distant lands brought into closer and more effective touch with the countries of Europe. Hence it was quite logical that the missionary conquest of heathen lands should become an important phase of the work of Loyola's sons from the very beginning. As early as 1541, while as yet the young Religious Order comprised no more than ten Fathers, St. Ignatius did not hesitate to send to the Indies the most renowned of his sons, St. Francis Xavier. A little later, while many Jesuits followed in the footsteps of the great "Apostle of the Indies and of Japan" and reached as far as the hitherto impenetrable Empire of China, others, filled with the same spirit of zeal, penetrated the immense regions of Brazil, Ethiopia, the Congo and Angola. Before his death, St. Ignatius could count nine missions belonging to the Society, some of which were already in a flourishing condition.

The impetus given to mission work during the life time of St. Ignatius did not lessen after his death, for as the Order developed, its mission work expanded with it. A century after the departure of St. Francis Xavier for India (1641), there were 42 missions directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The mission history of the Order during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries is a glorious one, but we cannot chronicle its development here. Unfortunately, both for the Order and for its missions, the political turmoil of Europe during the latter half of the eighteenth century by slow degrees limited the scope of the mission work and finally extinguished it to a large extent when the Society of Jesus was temporarily suppressed.

In 1814, the Order was restored by the reigning Pontiff and it was not long before mission work was taken

up again with renewed enthusiasm. In 1823, the first group of missionaries left for North America, and in 1831, the Mission of Syria was opened, while three years later, apostolic work was begun in Calcutta and Bengal. Through the years since then, mission work has expanded with the growth of the Order.

IT is particularly interesting to see what that growth has been in the missions entrusted to the Society of Jesus in the course of the past twenty years. In 1918, the membership of the Society of Jesus totaled 17,205. At that time her sons were laboring in thirty-five mission fields: one in Europe, fourteen in Asia, nine in Africa, seven in North and South America, and four in Oceania. The total number of Jesuit missionaries was 1,662 of whom 1,108 were Priests, 163 Scholastics and 391 Brothers. Twenty years later, that is, today, when the membership of the Order is somewhat in excess of 25,500, Jesuits are laboring in fifty-four different missions. The number of Jesuit missionaries in January, 1938, was 3,633 of whom 2,060 were Priests, 92 Scholastics and 651 Brothers. In the districts in which these missions



Foreign Missions

Joseph
Gschwend, S.J.

ities are laboring, there are approximately 175,000,000 people, of whom about 3,000,000 are Catholics. The rest are largely pagans or Mohammedans, with an admixture of some 2,714,000 non-Catholic Christians.

An enumeration of the countries in which the Jesuit missions are located shows also how world-wide is this apostolate. Mission fields entrusted to the Society of Jesus are in Alaska, Canada, among the Indians of the northwestern States of the U. S., among the Negroes of North America, among the Tarasumara Indians of Mexico, in British Honduras, Jamaica, B. W. I., Colombia, Ecuador, Brazil, British Guiana, Albania, Egypt, four others in Africa, two in Madagascar, in Syria, Armenia and the Near East, eleven in India, three in Ceylon, in Java, three in the Philippine Islands, ten in China and three in Japan and its islands.

Furthermore, as we stated in **JESUIT MISSIONS** recently, in these fifty-four major mission districts (statistics are of January 1, 1937), whose catechists and teachers numbered 23,137, there were 15 colleges or universities, 142 high schools, 257 middle schools, 88 industrial schools, 5,579 lower schools, and 6,200 prayer schools. The total enrollment of all these came to 5118,633. This does not include 2,1126 seminarians. There were 1446 orphanages with 11,414 orphans; 44 hospitals with 6,2251 beds; 339 dispensaries which cared for 2,492,419 cases between January 1, 1936 and January 1, 1937.

OUR American Readers would be interested, we know, in finding out what share in all this Jesuit mission work is being carried by the members of the Society of Jesus in North America. It is consoling to report that their share is increasing year after year. Not so many decades ago, much of Canada and the United States was still mission territory. A rather large section of Canada and districts in the southern and northwestern States of the Union are still missionary today. In spite of that, nearly every Jesuit Province of the United States and Canada has members in foreign mission work today. There are at present eight Provinces and two Vice-Provinces in North America. The latest Vice-Province to be erected arises from the division of the old Maryland-New York Province. As this is a development of less than one year's standing, no division of missionary work has as yet been made and hence the mission activity of the Vice-Province will be included in the Maryland-New York figures.

The Maryland-New York Province has charge of missions in the Philippine Islands. There are 238 Jesuits officially attached to this Mission. Of these, 83 are Filipinos, 37 are

Spaniards, one is Chinese and the rest, 117, are Americans, of whom 9 are not members of the Maryland-New York Province. In addition, 5 members of the Province are in other missions.

The Missouri Province has charge of the missions among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, the Arapahoes and Shoshones of Wyoming and a number of missions in the Colony of British Honduras. There are 83 Missouri Jesuits in various missions.

The Province of Lower Canada has charge of S'chow Mission in China, as well as some missionary work among Canadian Indians. There are 69 members of the Province doing missionary work.

The Province of New Orleans has had missionary work in its own rural districts and also has some members assigned to the Ceylon Mission. The Province missionary personnel at present numbers approximately 15.

The Province of California has charge of missionary work in China and numbers at present 25 members in the missions.

The Province of New England has charge of the Jamaica, B. W. I., Mission as well as educational work in Baghdad, Iraq. The Province has 54 members in missionary work.

The Province of Chicago has charge of Patna Mission in India and has 79 members in the missions at the present time.

The Province of Oregon has charge of the Alaska Mission and also of Indian Missions in the northwestern States. There are 72 members of the Province in these missions.

The Vice-Province of Upper Canada has charge of Indian Missions in Canada and has 17 members doing missionary work.

In addition to these figures for various foreign missions, there are 46 American Jesuits working among the Negroes of the United States.

Unquestionably the above statistics for the United States and Canadian Provinces of the Society of Jesus show clearly that the North American Jesuits are carrying their due share of missionary work throughout the world. In many ways the missions have come to look to America for personnel and for financial support, and they have not been disappointed.

Perhaps what we have written in this brief account will clear up the questions—arising not infrequently—whether the Jesuits are really a missionary Order, whether they have many members in foreign missions, whether they have great need of help to carry on their mission work, etc., etc., on and on indefinitely. The writer of these lines will be truly happy if those who read them will find a place in their daily prayers for Jesuit missions and missionaries, and will make sacrifices to help on the work.



Father Tenk

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

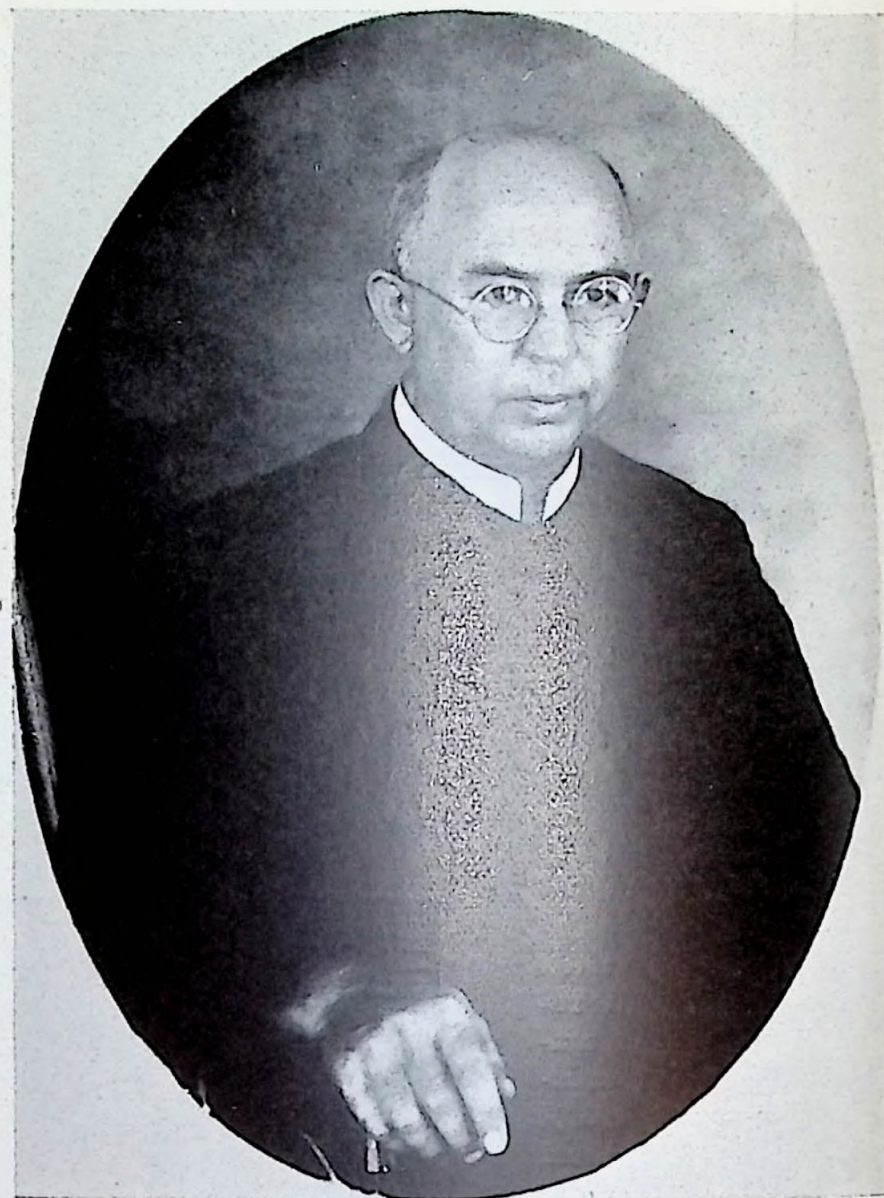
ON April 22, 1938, at Punta Gorda in British Honduras, died Father Herman J. Tenk, S.J. He was sixty-three years of age and had spent forty-one years in the Society of Jesus. Twenty-seven precious years of his life were given to the Mission of British Honduras.

Herman Joseph Tenk was born in Quincy, Illinois, October 20, 1874. He attended the parochial school there and made his high school and college studies at the Franciscan college in the same city. In 1896, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. The years of his Jesuit life were spent in the usual course of studies and teaching. The latter profession brought the young Jesuit to St. Mary's College, Kansas, made famous by the popular boys' story writer, Father Francis J. Finn, S.J. Father Tenk was ordained priest at St. Louis, Missouri, on August 27, 1909, and after two more years of study and spiritual preparation, he came to British Honduras in the summer of 1911. Practically all his time in the Colony was spent in the parish at Punta Gorda.

In 1930, Father Tenk came to Belize for a while to build the Cathedral Hall. He deserved to be known as the expert builder in the Mission of British Honduras. It was fortunate that he was at hand after the terrible hurricane and tidal wave of 1931. His courage in the work of reconstruction in Belize gave courage also to others who were not slow in trying to do in their sections of the city what Father Tenk was so successfully accomplishing on the Catholic properties on North Front Street. In less than a month's time he had prepared classrooms for the thousand young pupils of the various Catholic schools near the Cathedral. Having finished this work, Father Tenk again returned to Punta Gorda where he labored until his death.

THERE were many qualities in Father Tenk that were admirable, but his most distinctive quality was the spirituality of the man. He was first and foremost a priestly character. It was true that he was a very practical man in material ways that were most helpful to the Mission, but the chief source and inspiration of it all was his priestly outlook. He was frequently found in the church before the Blessed Sacrament, praying for God's blessing on the people of the Colony. His prayer attended to and given preeminence, he was ready for the active work which ever characterized him.

Beside the material accomplishments that helped to improve the church grounds at Punta Gorda in many ways, Father Tenk also set himself to the training of teachers in the Colony. A number of the Carib teachers in the public schools of British Honduras were pupil teachers or students at the Catholic school in Punta Gorda. Father Tenk worked hard to give these teachers every advantage during their training so that they might become both efficient teachers and men of superb Catholic character. When the Carib teachers decided to or-



Father Herman J. Tenk, S.J., of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, died at Punta Gorda, British Honduras, April 22, 1938, after twenty-seven years of strenuous apostolic labor in the Mission.

ganize into the Catholic Teachers Association eight years ago, Father Tenk gave them every encouragement. They liked to return to the school at Punta Gorda for their meetings. It was there, too, that Father Tenk arranged to have a Teachers Vacation Course during the summer holidays. The teachers appreciated what he did for them, and found it easy to go up to the presbytery for frequent talks with the priest who, they felt, sympathized so much with them in their work and their efforts.

WHEN first assigned to the work in the southern district of British Honduras, Father Tenk was given charge of the many missions scattered among the remote and isolated Maya and Keckchi Indian villages. He was most faithful in these difficult trips into the bush. The simple Indians found him very kindly toward them, and they responded to his kindness by giving him their confidence and their undemonstrative affection. Father Tenk was abrupt and impatient—and he could be both—only with the sophisticated and those whom he thought tried to take unfair advantage of him or his Caribs or his Indians.

When sickness came on, Father Tenk might have been taken to Belize, the capital of the Colony. However, he preferred to live his last days among his beloved people of Punta Gorda. It was his last beautiful expression of his devotion to those under his charge. He wished to die where he had given to God the best energies of his life. May the Lord grant eternal rest to his valiant soul.

The Mission Intentions for July and August

Missions among the Javanese

AMONGST the least, territorially, of the Dutch East Indies is the Island of Java. But by reason of its geographical position and its importance in the world of commerce, it has a dominating influence on the other islands of the group. The conversion, then, of the inhabitants of these Pacific islands, including Borneo, Sumatra and the Celebes, will be effected the more certainly if the Javanese themselves are won to the Faith. Of a total population numbering 55,000,000 in these island possessions of the Netherlands, 42,000,000 live in Java. Emigrants from China and Japan have gone thither to make their homes, and they have but added to the dominant paganism which holds sway in the island. In days gone by that paganism was of the Hindu variety, but today it is largely Mohammedan, and any one who knows aught of the antipathy to the Church of the followers of Mohammed, can well conclude that there is need to pray for the success of the Church in Java and the conversion of the Javanese.

But there are hopeful signs in that mission land. The Chinese emigrants are quick to learn the language of the Javanese and the Dutch. This gives hope that as they broaden their intellectual horizon they will the sooner become worthy recruits to the Church. Further hope for a wider planting of the seed of Faith is had in the fact that there is greater organization in the Church itself. At the turn of the century there was but one Vicariate Apostolic which embraced all of the Dutch East Indies. Today there are twelve Vicariates and Prefectures Apostolic, with a Catholic population of something over 400,000. More than 100,000 of these are resident in Java. But what a long road still has to be traveled before even a strong minority of the population will be within the one true Fold! A third hopeful sign that the missions amongst the Javanese will flourish is that the numbers of native clergy are growing. Today there are ten Javanese priests, which number indeed is small. But when we realize that they have been won from Mohammedanism and have attained to the exalted rank of the priesthood, we can be assured that our prayers for the increase of their numbers will not be in vain. Besides these native priests there are Jesuits, Carmelites, Lazarists, Crosier Fathers and Missionaries of the Sacred Heart who bring the number of priests laboring there to 200. In short, the Church of Java may be said to be a glorious Church full of hope and promise for the future. During the month of July all members of the League of the Sacred Heart and all friends of the missions are asked to pray that this nursling may sprout new branches, that it may be much more than a hothouse plant and become so inured to the devastating blasts of Mohammedanism that Java will be important not merely for its commerce, not merely for its political ascendancy in the Dutch East Indies, but especially for the fact that it will be the center whence the rich verdure will spread over all the islands to cover them, not with the darkness of paganism, but with the comforting light of Faith.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary

IN the Mission Intention for August we are asked to pray that in the Missions devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary and sacred pilgrimages to her shrines be fostered. Even as in Catholic lands and Christian nations, so too in mission countries has devotion to Our Lady been used by Divine Providence not only for the spreading of the Faith but also for its preservation. The ancient Church of Japan, established by St. Francis Xavier, and nurtured by his co-laborers and successors, before a half century had passed, was crushed by persecution and to all appearances, in obedience to the tyrant's behest, was completely annihilated throughout the land. To the outside Christian world Japan was once more a pagan nation. But Divine Providence knew otherwise, and ordained differently than pagan emperors knew. In 1865, when, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, Catholic missionaries were permitted once more to enter the island empire, they were greeted at Nagasaki, site of so many cruel martyrdoms, by a band of Catholics whose Faith had been handed down through the centuries without priests, and who now tested the reality of the missionaries' priesthood by catechizing them on their devotion to Our Lady. Devotion to Mary had been one of the means used by Providence to preserve the Faith of these Japanese. Today that same means is used in Japan and China where Jesuit missionaries have established their Sodalities and the Dominicans foster devotion to and the use of the Rosary.

Happy, too, is it that in the liturgy of the Church there are provisions for pilgrimages of various sorts to honored shrines. Orientals are extremely fond of processions. In the pagan life of India, of China, of Japan, such external manifestations of religion cannot be overlooked. But pagan habits and customs can be adopted and changed without much violence when the people can be taught to satisfy their inclinations and devotions by holy journeyings, as in China, to the shrine of Our Lady of Zo-Sé, near to Shanghai, and to that other shrine of Our Lady of Tong-lu, not far from Peking; as in Ceylon, to the shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary at Madou, the Lourdes of Ceylon where crowds of pilgrims gather even as they do at the hallowed shrine in the Pyrenees, and are favored by many miracles of grace. In other mission lands, where the people have not their specific shrines, we find copies of the shrine of Lourdes which attract thousands of pilgrims, and encourage them to plead with Our Lady for graces and benefits for body and soul. During August we are asked to pray that in those mission lands where as yet there are no places of pilgrimage in honor of Our Lady they soon may be established, and that where these shrines already exist the faith and devotion of the people may be deepened and strengthened with the happy result that as devotion to the Blessed Virgin has in the past helped preserve the Faith through years of persecution, so in the future it may be a bulwark against all attacks against God and the adoration which is His due. Our prayers will be effective if our own faith is deep and sincere.

Afield with American Jesuits

PATNA, INDIA

Under date of February 28, His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna Mission, India, writes to thank us for a substantial gift towards the establishment of a fund for the erection of a hospital in the Mission. Then he goes on to give us a few interesting items of his work and that of the missionaries of Patna:

"I have occasion to go to our schools from time to time and it is most consoling to see the response the boys and girls so recently converted to the Faith are making to the training of the Fathers and Sisters. There are the schools for the Santals and for the Depressed and for the old Christians. All of them are giving happy results and are forming well trained Catholics for our homes and future families. This is just one phase of the successful work in the Mission and it is very genuine, thank God. There are other very consoling features of our work here, amongst them the constantly increasing numbers of new Catholics and the determined stand of the new converts in the face of very severe opposition from those who have been accustomed to oppress them and who dislike their becoming Catholic.

"I once went to a village to baptize some converts from the Depressed Classes. In the end I was detailed to entertain the tyrannical masters of those 'slaves' while the missionary in charge performed the Baptism. Baptism over, the neophytes made open profession of their Faith and knelt down in the presence of their 'masters' and asked for my blessing, which I gladly gave them. Later on they had to send us word asking us not to come to their village for a time, since they were being tortured by their angry 'masters,' insisting, however, that they were determined to cling to their Catholic Faith. Sometime later on the persecution abated and now most of the Depressed in that village are on the way to Baptism. In general, our converts have stood firm.

"Talking about hospitals, I found a leper lying along the highway dying. He was a man of probably fifty years, skin and bones, and abandoned by all. I asked other lepers in the neighborhood to give him some drinking water. After deliberating they sent a small girl who poured fresh water into the dying leper's brass cup near his head. The dying leper, skin and bones, and leprosy-worn all over, watched her pour the water, and then turned his head to me and said, 'I will not drink it. She is a low caste person.' What faith in caste! thought I. Poor man, abandoned by all his caste fellows, he was dying by the roadside, and still he clung to caste. I instructed him

and gave him the waters of life everlasting. We brought bamboos and corrugated sheets of tin to build a temporary covering over him, for it was next to impossible to move him, but he was going to a better life."

* * *

Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., keeps pounding away heroically at the Santal work in "Catholic Mission, Godda P. O., S. P. India." His latest letter is from Sundarmur.

"I received your letter and the check this morning here at Sundarmur. Many thanks for both. I arrived here last night after dark, pushing my cycle which had failed me about seven miles away at Ratanpur. I managed to get a little to eat, but not much sleep, as it was a pagan holiday at Sundarmur and most of the pagan villagers were drunk and making the night uproarious.

"This morning I felt too tired and my men were not ready to go on to Jiojuri, so I decided to rest here. I haven't succeeded too well, in the latter attempt, as a wind like fire is blowing, filling this little lean-to shed of mine with leaves, straw, dust and I know not what else. The pleasant season is over and now there will be discomfort until after the rains.

"It keeps me going trying to give some twenty-five hundred people an opportunity to hear Mass occasionally. My motor cycle which had been such a help to me is out of commission now, too. I miss it terribly, especially when I am in Godda. I now have no means of getting to Poreya and Bhagalpur



Father George A. Dertinger, S.J., of the Chicago Province, died in Patna Mission, India, on May 13, at the early age of forty-two. Father Dertinger had done splendid work in the Mission, especially at Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah. He went to India in October, 1929. We hope to print a fuller account of him when the detailed story of his death reaches us.

except by commercial lorry. Those trips always have thrills but, on the whole, are not very satisfactory. The last trip I made to Bhagalpur, the driver became drunk or doped, maybe both. Nearly hit an *ekha* (a small two-wheeled Indian pony cart) and three pedestrians. If the Indian passengers were alarmed, they were silent, except one man. I finally decided something should be done and called a police inspector who removed the driver. The ticket collector took over the driver's work and got us to Bhagalpur. He followed a slower but straighter path.

"I hope I can get the motor cycle in running order again soon. It is difficult to take care of a motor in a wild place like this. It is really a problem to know how to get around."

CHINA

To Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., Mission Procurator of the California Province, and formerly Superior of the California Jesuits in China, we are indebted for brief accounts of two California Jesuits ordained for the China Mission.

"June 4 was the date of the ordination of Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J., who had the distinction of being the very first native son of California to be ordained a Jesuit priest in China. It is an honor reflected upon his native State, besides a great joy for his beloved parents that they have given their son to the largest mission field in the Church.

"Both as a student at St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco, and as a language student of Chinese, Father O'Farrell has distinguished himself for scholarship. Going deeply in his long course of study, into the psychology of education, he has prepared himself to be of immense help in the training of Chinese students. At Gonzaga College, Shanghai, where he taught English to the seniors, Father O'Farrell helped to secure graded lessons for oriental students of the English language, a plan that aided much in the acquisition of fluent conversation and in the proper interpretation of elocution selections. The senior play for the first graduation exercises of Gonzaga was written by Father O'Farrell. It produced a profound impression for elegance upon the large audience.

"At the time of ordination, one cannot but feel the great sacrifice made by the parents of our young foreign missionaries in giving up their sons to China before tasting the consolation of seeing them at the altar. But our Catholic people know that in making such a gift to the mission cause, they offer much to God. Faith, alone can prompt such generous renunciation for the sake of Christ and of souls. We



Father Paul O'Brien, S.J., of the California Province, ordained priest for the China Mission, June 15, at Santa Clara, California.

congratulate the parents and relatives of our first California Jesuit priest ordained at Zi-ka-wei, China.

"The outset of one's career does not always indicate the future. Father Paul O'Brien, S.J., ordained at Santa Clara College, California, on June 15, began his 'foreign mission work' teaching catechism to Japanese children in one of the villages near Spokane during his study of philosophy at Mount St. Michael's. Within a year, he was on his way to China, taking up the study of Chinese to prepare himself for a life of service in the great mission field of China. Of a cheery nature and a kindness toward all coming within the influence of his presence, Father O'Brien proved himself a great friend to the Chinese students whom he taught at Gonzaga. There, too, he was Prefect on duty a great part of the time, entering deeply into the thoughts and ways of the oriental student. His appointment to make extensive studies in Buddhism, the religion of the great majority in China, is an excellent choice. His persuasive logic, historical knowledge and deep study and research in the field of earliest Buddhist writers will make him an excellent authority amongst our American Jesuit missionaries in China.

"Father O'Brien had the happiness of laying his priestly hands in blessing upon his beloved parents attending his ordination. A few years of special studies in America are needed to fit him fully to be an authority on primitive as well as Chinese Buddhism. But his eagerness to return to the mission field will not be long held in check."

* * *

Father John A. Lennon, S.J., is Pastor of Sacred Heart Church in the Hongkew District in Shanghai. Read-

ers will remember that this district was badly devastated during the Japanese invasion. Under date of February 24, Father Lennon writes:

"Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J., and I have been back here in Hongkew since December 28. On January 1, the District was opened up for all foreigners who wished to return to their former homes, if they could find them still standing among the ruins. Very few have returned, owing to the continued presence of armed Japanese soldiers and sailors in the District. No Chinese, except servants and workmen, have come back. Japanese sentinels are posted on the bridges that span Soochow Creek, connecting Hongkew with the rest of the International Settlement, and every time I pass them on my way over I feel as though I were going into prison! There is hardly a shop opened on this side, except those of the Japanese. There is no means of public conveyance—trams, busses, taxis, rickshas; those who own private motor cars and rickshas are the lucky ones, for the rest of us have to walk—at least we get the exercise! No mail is delivered to us here; the Japanese have their own post office, but our letters are still re-directed to St. Joseph's Church.

"It is rather dreary, especially when one recalls the traffic congestion of former days, the crowds on the streets, the busy shops, the children and all the 'life' that went to make Hongkew one of the most populous and flourishing parts of Shanghai. Our six thousand Catholics are scattered—where? On Sunday now we have only two Masses and our total congregation does not exceed one hundred and fifty, most of whom come in from outside. And to think that in the good old days our church was not large enough to accommodate all at five Masses. The Marist Brothers have moved back into St. Xavier's College across the street, and have three hundred boys, all foreigners and nearly all from sections of the city outside of Hongkew. The Chinese Department is still housed in the central district of the International Settlement, because the Japanese authorities refuse to admit the Chinese students. The General Hospital under the direction of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary is also back at its old location and carrying on as before."

* * *

Under date of February 1, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., wrote from his mission at Shuyang Ku., to tell us about the consoling work among his catechumens and his new Christians. He also commented on the poverty of his Christmas setting at one of his stations. Then he went on to say:

"I hope sincerely to give our Lord a more decent Crib for next Christmas and my shepherd-like Chinese a chapel they can all get into. The Christian group there is growing rapidly, the

baptized alone being barely able to squeeze in, leaving no place for catechumens or students. I have already projected a small chapel in the black brick of the countryside, sufficient for one hundred and fifty to attend Mass or even two hundred, if they squeeze. At this time, however, the Superiors in Shanghai would not even answer a letter broaching the subject, and it is a matter of only three hundred dollars. I am trusting, however in Divine Providence to see me through somehow, for Wan-p'i as well as for 'Pien-chwang' that is the village of Mr. Pien and his family and relatives.

"Three days hence I expect to go to Pien-chwang. It will be the fourth day of the First Moon (yesterday was Chinese New Year) and will mark the beginning of the spring catechumens. At Pien-chwang, I have not even a mud school. The catechist who has had pupils, nevertheless, for the past two years, sits in the doorway of two small rooms and has a classroom after all. During the two weeks there I shall say Mass in one of these rooms and the pupils and catechumens will just flow over outside. As the fourth of the First Moon is February 3, the very heart of the 'Ta-Han' or 'Great Cold,' it will be no fun hearing Mass, nor saying it for that matter. My personal quarters will be in a little annex room, so dark that day and night are practically the same. The Presentandine will be taken care of in a similar fashion, though most likely not quite so well. As we shall be working on upwards of one hundred catechumens, parents and relatives of the students there, you will realize not only how cramped our quarters will be, but how necessary it is to provide some sort of a chapel for that growing and kicking Christianity, my most promising one.



Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J., of the California Province, ordained priest for the China Mission, June 4, at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China.



Father Theodore E. Daigler, S.J., of Buffalo, N. Y., and of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Tertianship and is returning to the Philippine Islands for missionary work.

Of course, I have received permission to provide them with a chapel, provided I find the money and so there you are! A gorgeous mud hut, like to the architectural glory of Wan-p'i, strengthened with wood beams from Kiang-si, and resting on two feet of stone or brick, lest the floods should make it crumple on its melting feet, would take another hundred dollars . . . I am going on, planning at least, and hoping and praying that I may be able to realize what I blame Divine Providence for beginning."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

As new recruits for the missions are nearing their destination in the Philippine Islands, we are happy to record the further progress of recruits of other years, now really old timers, though at the present time they are not in the missions. It is a pleasure to inform our Readers that on June 19, during the awe inspiring ordination ceremonies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., there were raised to the dignity of the priesthood the following: Fathers William V. Cummings, Richard H. Dowling, Joseph M. Geib, Armand J. Guicheteau, Bernard M. Lochboehler, Anthony J. McMullen, Forbes J. Monaghan and Edward J. Wasil. May these new Levites, through the years that may lie before them in the Philippine Islands, continue to do the great work for souls that they began back in 1932. We feel certain our readers join us in extending congratulations—*Ad Multos Annos!*

* * *

Under date of March 22, Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., up to sev-

eral months ago resident at the Ateneo de Manila, wrote from his new address at Sumilao, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Your letter of September 30 still on my desk. I know I should have written before now, but many things have happened since then and the main one, as you already know, is my change to Sumilao. It is over three months now that I am here, and from the very start I was going to write you the next Sunday, but up to now the 'next Sunday' never has come; but I have not been idle either. I've been looking around a bit and observed things and jotted down some few things we could use if we had them.

"No need for me to expatiate on the beauty and healthfulness of Sumilao, for you have seen it yourself; but I



Father Henry W. Greer, S.J., of Utica, New York, and of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Tertianship and is returning to the Philippine Islands for missionary work.

may add that I have benefited very much by my stay here, for now I am feeling fine again and am as well and happy as ever. No need to say I am glad to be back on the missions, for that is what I was sent over here for, and especially glad to be with Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., as he has had so many bad breaks. Well, I am trying to boom up things a bit and am trying to make the place a bit more homelike so that Ours may come up here for a rest and a retreat. We have had a few visitors already and now that the vacation season has begun, several have said they were coming soon. This is quite different from the Ateneo where all was rush for me; here I have plenty to do, but I can take my time. I have been sewing, painting, cleaning, cooking, gardening, etc., and I could keep busy twenty-four hours of the day, but I try to leave something to do for to-

morrow and take it a bit easy once in a while.

"Father Henfling is and has been very busy since the New Year, cleaning up on marriages. It's a kind of revival, people married by the judge or Bukidnon fashion or no fashion. He's promised to marry them without charge, if only they will come and receive the sacraments. It is a big job, for many have to be instructed, baptized (as they are not found in the records) and then married. On some days he has had as many as eighteen marriages at one time. So far over one hundred and forty marriages since the New Year, and I think over four hundred Baptisms. However, I will urge him to write it up for the JESUIT MISSIONS later. This year, up to now, March 23, marriages 172; Baptisms 461. Many more coming."

* * *

The following comes from the pen of a Filipino Jesuit Scholastic, Jaime Neri, S.J., whose home, before he became a Jesuit, was in Tagoloan, Mindanao, P. I. It was here that he first met the late Father James G. Daly, S.J. It is a tribute, the more eloquent, as it is paid by one for whom Father Daly worked, and who can, therefore, give with greater knowledge the Filipinos' reaction to their *Padre Americano*.

"His good deeds are numerous. Many volumes would not suffice to contain them. All remember his journeys along the coast and into the mainland to bring his Sacramental Lord to hungry souls, the strength he spent, the labor he underwent to lead the straying sheep back to the Fold. The bed of the dying heard his consoling voice,



Father John Ledesma, S.J., of Manila, P. I., and of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Tertianship and who is returning to his homeland.



Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., who has just finished Tertiaship at St. Robert's Hall, Pomfret Centre, Connecticut, and is departing for missionary work in the Philippines.

the hamlets of the poor knew his silent footsteps. The children found in him not only a faithful guardian but also a loving father. Neither day nor night was spared by this spendthrift of Christ when his priestly ministrations were wanted. One last act of missionary zeal which he performed shortly before Christmas of last year was to cross the Occidental Misamis-Lanao boundary and visit the Cebuano Barracks in Bishop del Rosario's Diocese. It meant a trip of forty-three kilometers by car, two and a half hours by motor boat, and one hour on horseback up the mountain trail. This missionary journey was blessed with one hundred and eleven Baptisms, twenty-one marriages, seven sick calls, many of which were performed on the route. Just about a month before his death, Father Daly delivered the invocation at the municipal officials' installation program of the town of Jimenez.

"Father Daly is gone—but he lives. He lives in the memories of the children and in the hearts of his friends and all who knew him. He lives in his good works. But above all, he lives in that life beyond the limits of the grave—a life where God wipes away the tears from our eyes and where the suffering is no more."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., zealous Missionary Pastor at St. Mary's Church, Above Rocks P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I., comes the following letter:

"Many thanks for your cheerful letter and enclosure. Lord only knows what we'd do except for those who are working so hard for us in the States. Even Jamaica is now 'enjoying' labor troubles, communistic speeches and more serious economic difficulties than for many years past.

"Spiritually dormant; intellectually dead. Malnutrition, provision blight,

loss of cocoa and pimento markets, diseased bananas, etc. They used to say 'Can't do better,' now they are crying 'Government must support us'—and, with no real leaders, no real brains to see what they really want, there is a terrible spirit of unrest which is even reaching into the country districts. So our work is very discouraging save for the few cases that give us courage to carry on.

"You request stories? Honestly, I've been here a century now, and the bizarre has become commonplace, so that I can't see the real stories in a day full of events.

"However, am enclosing a few pictures of my Above Rocks procession (May Day), two hundred and twenty-five parading up the road singing hymns. And a picture of my *tawis*



Father Russell M. Sullivan, S.J., of the Province of New England, who has already departed to take up his duties as Exchange Professor at the Ateneo de Manila of the Philippine Islands.

(marbles) competition. The winner is a funny little lad who held onto his slate all through the games. Prize? A pocketful of cashew nuts."

* * *

The real spirit with which American Jesuit missionaries in Jamaica have to contend is described in verse by Reverend Mother Alacoque, head of the Jamaica Mission of the Franciscan Sisters:

THE PUT-IT-OFFS

My friend, have you heard of the town
of Yawn
On the banks of the river Slow
Where blooms the Wait-a-While
flower fair
Some-time-or-Other scents the air
And the soft Go-easys grow.

It lies in the valley of What's-the-Use

In the province of Let-it-slide,
That tired feeling is native there;
'Tis the home of the listless I-don't-care
Where the Put-it-offs abide.

The Put-it-offs smile when asked to work
And say they will do it to-morrow,
And so they delay, from day unto day
'Til death cycles up, and takes them away,
And their families starve, beg, or borrow.

IRAQ

Writing from Baghdad College some months ago, Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., expressed gratitude for Catholic literature remailed to him:

"You will be interested to know what is done with your papers and magazines. Some we sell very cheaply to the boys and give the proceeds to the Propagation of the Faith Society; others we distribute to the more important Catholic leaders in the city; to the Bishops and Priests, to the British Royal Air Force, and to the several groups of workers on the crude oil line from Kirkuk to Haifa. As not many of them can read English well, they prefer the magazines to newspapers, for the magazines have more pictures. Please note that any magazines will be welcome any time (Catholic, of course, and the more pictures, the better)."

In a later letter, Father Merrick writes:

"I said I would ask you to do a favor for us. Here it is. Please say one extra Hail Mary on every Friday for Christians in all countries like ours. What Sunday is to us, Friday is to the Moslems, and as a result most of



Father Merlin A. Thibault, S.J., of Utica, New York, and of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Tertiaship and is returning to the Philippine Islands for missionary work.

the Christians and the school children especially, miss Mass Sundays. You can well imagine how that tends to indifference and loss of Faith. Now Friday is also the day of the Sacred Heart. I am inclined to believe that growth of devotion to the Sacred Heart and decline of Moslem power are connected. In 1675, St. Margaret Mary had her first vision of the Sacred Heart, and in 1683 the Turks were badly mauled in the siege of Vienna. Thenceforth, their power declined continuously. For over ten years now the weekly holiday in Turkey is not Friday but Sunday. So pray to the Sacred Heart for us. We do and will pray for you daily. May God bless and keep you. How we would like to have you here to show you our fine group of boys and our fine new school buildings—our press exhibit, our elocution contest, our field day, sodality reception, League of the Sacred Heart, and all the rest. We wouldn't want to tire you, but a glimpse of them would do your heart good.

"From the beginning of the seventh century until the sixteenth, the lights of Asia went out one by one. We are striving to relight them. You and I."

* * *

Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J., also of Baghdad College, writes:

"The new building is going ahead slowly. The roof is on, and work is being done inside. We hope to have it ready for September. Just at present we are rather dizzy with complicated schedules, trying to prepare boys for four different examinations: three different Government exams, and the London matriculation exam. With our primitive conditions here it takes as much effort and planning to run this little school as it would to conduct a school of a thousand boys in the States."

AMERICAN INDIANS

From good Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., at St. Joseph's Mission among the Indians of Culdesac, Idaho, comes a Maytime note:

"We have just had our annual procession of the Blessed Sacrament—which we usually have some time in the spring when His Excellency, Most Reverend Edward J. Kelly, D.D., can come. This year the big event was on Sunday, May 1. There were many Indians present from Lapwai, Sweetwater, Webb and other towns and villages of our territory. The procession was from the old Mission Church to the school, where an outdoor altar had been erected for Benediction. All took part in the procession: the Indian men and women, the White men and women, and the girls and boys of the school. As the procession marched along, they all joined in reciting the Rosary or singing hymns. Our old catechist, an Indian, known as Jim Dottle, now past eighty, acted as prayer

leader for the Indians. Our Lord must have been delighted to walk among His simple children.

"Father Emile Boll, S.J., our Superior, is keeping up the splendid work in the outlying missions. There are still good Catholic Indians, notwithstanding the many temptations of the civilization which has been so suddenly forced upon them."

* * *

Tom-Tom is the name of a chatty mimeographed paper published at Holy Rosary Mission School among the Sioux Indians of Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The June issue is largely given over to accounts of the Golden Jubilee of the Mission, celebrated June 21, 22, 23. The *Tom-Tom* says:

"Remote preparations are being made for the Indian Congress to be held at



A million dollar smile. The "winmah" of the Above Rocks (Jamaica, B.W.I.) "taws champeenship." Note the slate which was never left out of his hand, for he couldn't afford to lose it or break it. Above Rocks has as its zealous Pastor, Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J.

the Mission grounds June twenty-first to twenty-third inclusive. Funds have been collected at the various stations to defray expenses and the three-day program is being arranged by the Fathers of the Mission.

"A large crowd is expected. Representatives from the entire Sioux nation will be on hand. Delegates from the various Reservations in Wyoming, North Dakota, Minnesota, Montana and Oklahoma will unite with the Sioux of Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations to make a creditable representation. The leading men of the various stations have already been appointed to take charge of affairs for their groups."

* * *

Another article in the *Tom-Tom* gives us something of the story of

the Sioux just before the coming of the first Blackrobes fifty years ago:

"The Sioux of the Dakotas were considered one of the strongest tribes dwelling in the Midwest. They were happy in their freedom of the plains which supplied them plentifully with food and clothing. Gradually they realized that freedom was departing as tribe after tribe was restricted to Government Reservations; wholesale killing of the buffalo by the ever increasing number of White men encroaching upon their lands deprived them of their only means of food. In a frantic effort to check the inroads of the Whites the Sioux united for the Custer Massacre, which in all truth was their last stand, for they realized it was useless to resist the superior arms of the Whites. Submission was advocated by Chief Red Cloud; the younger members under the great military genius, Crazy Horse, wanted to fight to the finish.

"A new enemy hastened the end when gold was discovered in the Black Hills, long a haunt of the Sioux. No force could stop the steady influx of eager prospectors. Treaties were made guaranteeing the rights, but it was soon evident to the patient Sioux that muskets and at times the courts were uniting to deprive them of their lands. In a short time the Bad Lands and their surroundings were the only remnants of the once large Sioux territory. Besides these disappointments, disease and starvation spread over the plains to decimate the once proud Sioux. The outlook was all the more dismal because the militant Crazy Horse was put out of the way. Defeated in war, subject to a life on a limited Reservation of desert land, no longer able to hunt the vast herds that once roamed the prairies, their confidence in the White man broken by repeated false promises, no wonder is it that the Indians were in the throes of despair as they emerged into the civilization of the White men.

"At this crisis the Ghost Dance religion with its promise of a messiah who was to deliver them spread with rapidity. Briefly 'the underlying principle of the Ghost Dance doctrine is that the time will come when the whole Indian race, living and dead, will be reunited upon a regenerated earth, to live a life of aboriginal happiness, forever free from death, disease and misery.' Meanwhile, the real Messiah was coming to the Sioux, Jesus Christ and His holy religion, in a wonderful and more spiritual manner.

"In 1887, Father Jutz, S.J., and Brother Henry Billings, S.J., who is still living at the Mission, built a small log cabin and began plans for an Indian school. In August of 1888, the building was completed at a cost of forty thousand dollars. The Sisters of St. Francis from Stella Niagara, New York, generously responded to the invitation to take care of the girls."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

From the Top of the World

To the Editor:

I am a trifle uneasy in my mind. I am not sure if I wrote to you last summer to thank you for the donation and gifts you sent. I have a vague recollection of having written, but perhaps that's just the imagination helping out a guilty conscience. If I didn't write I should have, and if I did write, there is no harm writing a second time.

Those jig-saw puzzles went over big, as the saying goes. They were very popular with the local Eskimo, and if you have more taking up space in your office, I will be glad to take them off your hands. We used to do one every night, after instruction; everybody even the three old die-hard pagans took part. And I learned heaps of Eskimo words listening to the chatter. One expression had been puzzling me a long time. I just couldn't figure out how to say, "that's not correct, it is something else." The Eskimo cover all that with one word, "Atlaococ." I heard that word often when the people were working the puzzles. And I can use that word when explaining the sacraments, the true Church, the Commandments of God and many other ways.

It is coming near the end of the second winter and the work has been very satisfactory. There were eight adult first Communions on Easter Sunday, and as many last Christmas. Through the generosity of Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., I am much better off than last year and my living quarters are much improved. A small electric light plant was very welcome. It supplies current for twelve lights and is very economical to operate. I had quite a job explaining the workings of electricity to the people in a language not meant for that type of explanation. We call it the "lamp that makes you numb"—"Quakseinatoc toac nanic" and after a few mild shocks the people understood the idea.

The winter has been much colder than is usual here. It is still below zero and though there is daylight galore, there is no heat in the sun. I still need about two hundred dollars worth of insulation for my house. Some mornings when I get up it is fifteen degrees below zero inside the house. That's too cold, but it must be healthy, as I haven't had any sickness at all.

A terrific storm last November broke up the ice and pushed water and ice about one hundred feet up the side of the island, which is the same as pushing it up the side of a house. There was something very frightening about it. I lost half my coal and some of the oil and have been on short fuel rations all year.

There has been very little sickness; only three deaths, a grandmother, her son-in-law and her grand-daughter, so the grief was restricted.

A plane will possibly visit us next month so I want to have this note ready. I have heard no news, good or bad, sacred or profane, since last October. The last major event I recall was the defeat of Tommy Farr by Joe Louis. I believe the decision was doubtful.

I expect to be in Nome in July and again in September, and I look forward to hearing from you.

Diomed Island, (Rev.) Thomas Cunningham, S.J.
Alaska.

We are sure that interest in the above letter will be intensified when we tell our Readers that Father Cunningham is engaged in missionary work on an island between Russia and Alaska. His work there with the Eskimos isolates him on Diomed Island from early fall of one year to early summer of the year following. From July to September Father manages to get to the mainland. When he wrote the above letter in April he had no assurance that a plane would land on the ice near the island to pay him a visit in early spring. He makes little of the sacrifice of his life in this work, but his isolation on Diomed Island is truly heroic and is done, of course, only for the sake of the souls of the Eskimos whom he is striving to save.—Editor.

The "—ites" Have It!

To the Editor:

Acting on the suggestion of "A Pittsburgh Patnaite," I'm writing to you for the name of a Jesuit missionary.

Topeka, like Pittsburgh, has no resident Jesuits, but they assist on Sundays in the local parishes, coming from the seminary at St. Marys.

My brother is a novice at Florissant, Mo. A short time ago the Topeka mothers and sisters of Jesuits met to make plans for a permanent organization, and perhaps the Jesuit whose name you

will send me will be shared by all the mothers and sisters of Jesuits in Topeka.

One more thing, this lady, whose letter appears in JESUIT MISSIONS, says she encloses a dollar in her letter. Does this mean a dollar bill or is there some kind of money order which should be used? I've never had any experience in sending money to a foreign country—thus the question.

Topeka, Kansas.

A Topeka Honduranite.

To the Editor:

I was so delighted when I received your letter last night to find that "my missionary" is of the Missouri Province. I didn't want to specify any one section because a missionary is a missionary wherever he is, and families of Jesuits like to claim all Jesuits. It doesn't take us long to become possessive does it? My brother went to Florissant only last September.

I am enclosing my letter and remittance for Father Leonard and will continue to do so monthly. Thank you so much.

Topeka, Kansas.

A Topeka Honduranite.

Liquid for Isabelle?

To the Editor:

In the May edition of JESUIT MISSIONS there is an article on page 131 entitled "American Indians," an account by Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J. So "snappy" is this account and such a commendation for Father Menager's Chevrolet and this Company in general that we at Mundelein thought a marked article might be sent to Chevrolet's general offices for their advertisement files. They might even be urged to repay the writer with some "liquid" for "Isabelle."

Mundelein College,
Chicago, Ill.

Dorothy Fitzgerald,
Sodality Secretary.

To the Editor:

Thank you for your letter of May 14th enclosing a copy of the May issue of JESUIT MISSIONS and a letter from the Secretary of the Mundelein College Sodality. We noted with interest the article by Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J., where he gave the Chevrolet product such a good boost. We appreciate the publicity extended to us in this article.

Chevrolet Motor Division,
Detroit, Mich.

James S. Clark,
Assistant Advertising Manager.

They Can't Afford to Subscribe

To the Editor:

Recently you have published in your "Communications" two letters, one in the May issue from "Name Withheld" of Portland, Ore., whose children Paul and Mary, would have to go without JESUIT MISSIONS because she could not afford to pay for renewal of subscription; the other in the June issue from Sister Edouardine Pepin, of Seattle, Wash., who likewise could not afford to renew her subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS.

I am happy to say that other subscribers, after reading these letters, have provided for continuation of the subscription in each instance. This generosity prompts me to ask that you publish this letter, that I may appeal to the many others who read and enjoy JESUIT MISSIONS and make a plea in behalf of many of our missionaries who likewise "can't afford" to subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS yet would like to receive the magazine each month. They will draw much consolation and inspiration from reading about fellow missionaries in various countries of the world.

It would be much too long a list were I to append their names, but I can assure each subscriber who would provide for a missionary subscription in response to this letter that I shall gladly provide the donor with the name of the missionary for whom he or she would subscribe. May I hope that this letter will meet with the same generosity that the above mentioned two letters received.

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

(Rev.) E. Paul Amy, S.J.,
Business Editor—JESUIT MISSIONS.

Compliments Appreciated

To the Editor:

Why and how I am receiving JESUIT MISSIONS is certainly a mystery to me. When I received the first issue I patiently put it aside as just another magazine. But the second issue aroused my curiosity and I read each page thoroughly amazed all the while at the excellent content of JESUIT MISSIONS. The result is that I would like to be among your many subscribers. If someone else has already done me this kindness then please add this dollar for "Wreckless Drivers."

New York, N. Y.

Helen T. Curtin.

Khrist Raja Notes

George A.
Dertinger, S.J.

MY usual headquarters, as you know, are at Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah in Patna Mission, India. Just at present, however, I am at Motihari while our Khrist Raja graduating class is staying there for their government examinations. There are seventeen candidates this year, of whom nine are Christians and the rest Hindus. Among the Christians are three Santals, all wearing the purple monogram sweaters, which, at Khrist Raja, are awarded for schol-

astic standing, not for sports, though these chaps were also notable footballers. The Hindus are of various castes and it took some pressure and diplomacy to get them living together for a week, while taking the examinations. The results are supposed to be better if the candidates are kept under surveillance during these critical days. They can't study till the small hours, and not at all in the morning or at the noon recess. The Hindu cook and I, and lunch to satisfy all castes, go down to the school on a cart at noon. We also bring a large carpet along and see that the boys observe their praiseworthy custom of lying down for a rest after lunch.

We are handsomely accommodated on the premises of a Mr. Meyrick, on the outskirts of the shabby town. The gentleman, though not a Catholic, has often shown himself a friend of Khrist Raja boys. His wife was received into the Church some years ago by Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J.

MOTIHARI, the capital of Champaran, falls under the extensive jurisdiction of Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., who, as you know, is stationed at Champatia and works far out in many directions where Doms are to be found. Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., once had headquarters here in the early days, and I believe it was Father John A. Kilian, S.J., who acquired a nice bungalow in the hope of having a permanent station. The house is now occupied by a doctor. But when a priest is available, Motihari may become an active mission center. When its hospital was being rebuilt after the quake, there were plans on the part of local officials for getting Bettiah Sisters to take over the care of the place in the hope of making it as efficient as Bettiah's hospital.

I hoped I had some Bettiah news to tell you, but now most of it is old. There was the local Sodality Conven-



Khrist Raja High School Sodality at Bettiah in Patna Mission. The Author, Father George Dertinger, S.J., is in the rear row just left of the door. After the present account had been prepared for the printer, word came that Father Dertinger died on May 13, at the early age of forty-two.

tion on February 2, in which five groups each contributed a feature to the all-day program. There were Bettiah's four Sodalities: men's, women's, boys' and girls'; and in addition, Khrist Raja's High School Sodality. The next most interesting thing, to us at least, was prize-distribution night at Khrist Raja. The school never before entertained so many distinguished visitors on one occasion. The Raj Manager was the speaker of the evening, and his wife graciously presented the flashlights and lanterns and fountain pens to the prize-winning pupils. This notable couple also brought along their house guests, Sir Hugh and Lady Macpherson. Sir Hugh was sometime Governor of Bihar. What we appreciated almost as much was the attendance of some representative native gentlemen of Bettiah.

FORTUNATELY, the program executed by the boys was quite entertaining. "A Modern Merchant of Venice" which Father Edward Scott, S.J., claims to have written one night after bedtime, thawed the dignity of the audience, and yet it didn't offend against the reverence due to a British classic, that is, not too much. The unfortunate Antonio of Father Scott's making, had to part with not a pound of flesh, but a "mound" of it, a "mound" being the familiar Indian equivalent for a hundred-weight (eighty pounds, to be exact). But strangest of all, Antonio was more eager to give than Shylock to receive. You see, he was vastly overweight, as Father Scott himself nearly became during his stay at Khrist Raja, so when he interrupted fair Portia's mercy speech with the remonstrance, "Too long have I borne the burden of my obesity," there was a spontaneous burst of sympathy from the audience.

Other items were a dramatization of the poem, "The Enchanted Shirt." The graduating class did that because it happened to be prescribed for their examination. And

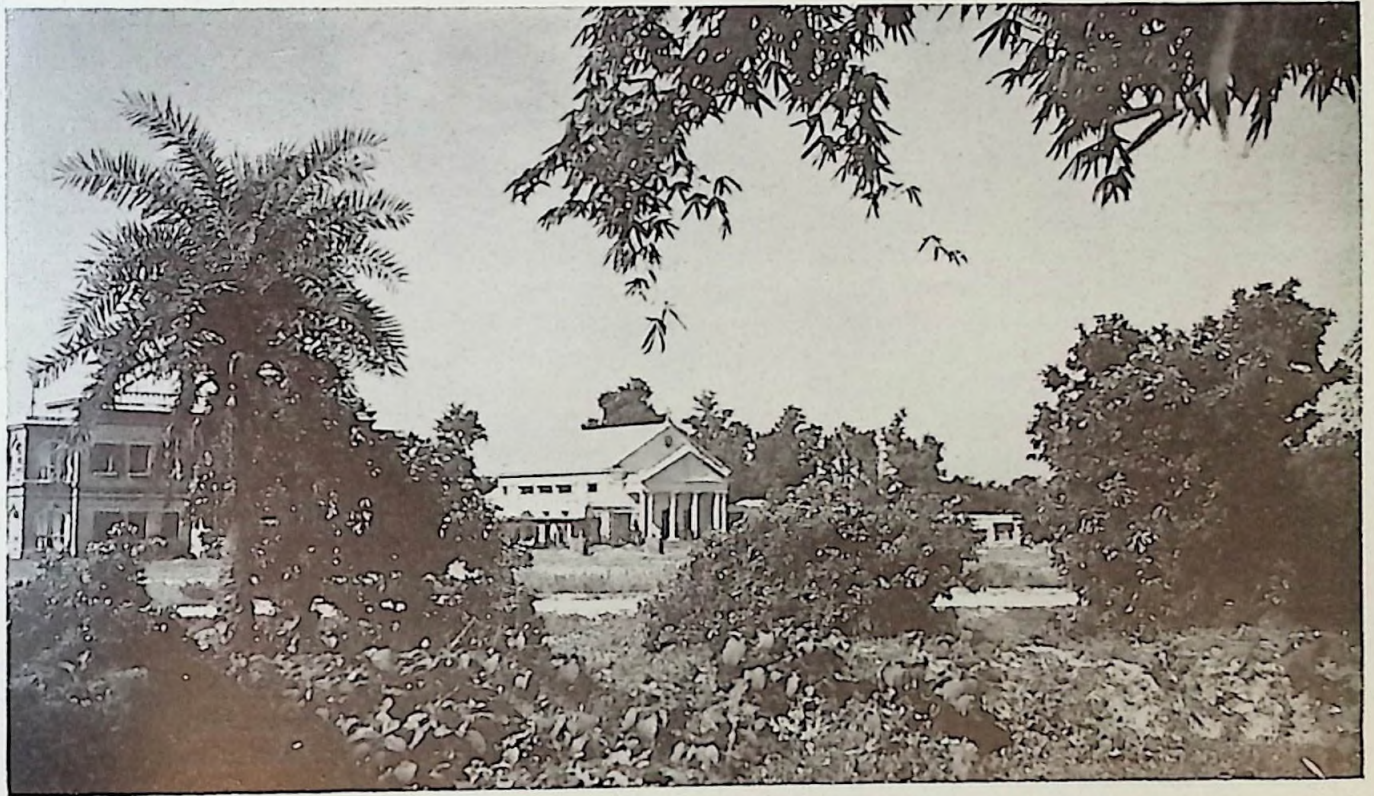
finally, there were songs in English, Hindi, Bengali, Urdu and Santali, not to slight anybody, and they were comparatively good because Father August Wildermuth, S.J., in person supervised them and limited their duration. A few days later, the Head Mistress of the Raj school for girls came over, saying she had been directed to consult the Head Master of Khrist Raja on the matter of preparing a prize-distribution program. Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., referred her to Sister Emma of the Convent School. Our program was given on the handsome outdoor stage designed and erected last year by Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., during a break in his studies.

FATHER LEON A. FOSTER, S.J., is happily functioning as Minister and Procurator at Khrist Raja. And now Father August Forster, S.J., has just come to Bettiah as assistant pastor, where he is completely happy with large schools to care for and unlimited ministry right under his hand. Of course, Father Foster's mail goes to Father Forster, and Father Forster's to Father Foster. They've been trying to find a solution to this mix-up. Father Foster proposes that he keep all the letters containing checks and let Father Forster have all the rest. I haven't heard that the proposal was accepted.

The one thing that I did want to tell you about is the new Guru School or Teachers' Training School which has been begun at Khrist Raja. More than a year ago, at a general assembly of all Patna missionaries, it was decided that a Catechist Training and Teacher Training School was one of the Mission's most urgent needs. Though the veterans of the Mission, Fathers John A. Kilian, S.J., James A. Creane, S.J., Charles P. Miller, S.J., Henry I. Westropp, S.J., and others had indeed accomplished wonders, using illiterate, newly-baptized helpers as catechists and teachers, yet every one realized that the Mission has been greatly handicapped by the lack of a Catechist Training School. Very Reverend Father Superior, Father Frank A. Loesch, S.J., got the necessary Government approval for the Teacher Training part of the venture, and last September the Catechist-Teacher Training School became a reality. There are fifteen stalwart boys in it, six of them Santals. All have studied up to, or part of, the high school course.

In training for catechist work they learn sacristy work, chiefly of the mission field variety, which is concerned with Mass kits, improvised altars, sick calls, and group Baptisms. They sing High Masses from memory, and

are busy giving lantern lectures in and around Bettiah. They are trying to learn the answers to Hindu, Moham- medan and Protestant objections. Local catechumens are handed over to them for instruction; and each one in turn takes a month or two with Brother A. Ugarte, S.J., in the Khrist Raja medical dispensary. The Teacher Training program is arranged for them by the Government. I tell you about this Training School partly so that you may recommend it to anyone who wants to give distinguished service to Patna Mission. Training a catechist teacher takes, of course, about a hundred dollars a year for the two-year course, but we are all convinced that Catechist-Training is the first and most urgent step now needed in the development of the Church in this Mission. Bishop Bernard A. Sullivan, S.J., is personally supporting a couple of boys through the course, and the six Santal boys, too, are Mission in-



Partial view of Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah. The chapel to Christ the King is in the center. It is the gift of an American benefactress.

vestments. A definite, urgent and promising work like this may just suit some practical mission-minded persons at home. I recall the remark of one hard-headed business man to whom Father Patrick Foley, S.J., introduced me in 1929. He said, of course, he wanted to help, but he wanted to help a sure thing! Well, the Catechist Teacher Training is a sure thing in the sense that it is the unanimous prescription of the Fathers here and for the reason that boys trained for this kind of mission work can scarcely lapse into any other work. There is no other work for them. They have a good and worth while calling, and all the people, including themselves, know it. There will be Santal priests; but they are perhaps the second step. The first and urgent one to be taken now seems to be the production of trained catechists and teachers. I regret that I have not had time to tell you about this work before or to write something about it for JESUIT MISSIONS. I'm in the High School also, and one sometimes lets smaller interests delay bigger ones. I hope that the other missionaries of Patna are keeping you informed of the very consoling progress being made in all sectors of the Mission.

NEW BOOKS

Radio Replies

Rev. Dr. Rumble, M.S.C.

Pausing for Station identification, The Catholic Broadcasting Station 2 S M, Sydney, Australia, has permitted Rev. Charles Mortimer Carty to revise for American readers this book which is the result of five years of answering questions by Rev. Dr. Rumble, M.S.C., over the said Station. Dr. Rumble, himself a convert from Anglicanism, has compiled "Radio Replies" from multitudinous questions and difficulties which came to him with the understanding that their answers would be "aired." To be exact, there are set down here 1,588 of these questions and answers. The analytical index discloses how completely the field of Catholic teaching and apologetics has been covered. Thirteen chapters treat of "God," "Man," "Religion," "The Religion of the Bible," "The Christian Faith," "A Definite Christian Faith," "The Failure of Protestantism," "The Truth of Catholicism," "The Catholic Church and the Bible," "The Church and Her Dogmas," "The Church in Her Moral Teachings," "The Church in Her Worship," "The Church and Social Welfare." Well could Father Carty write in his introduction to this American edition of "Radio Replies"—"The piquant and provocative subject matter of this book makes it . . . a dictionary of doctrine for the desk of the Family, the Student, the Shop Hand, the Office Worker, the Attorney, the Doctor, the Teacher and the Preacher." There is more than fifty cents worth of value in the book, and there is every reason to hope that it will effect the conversions its Editor envisages.

Catholic Press, Chancery Bldg., St. Paul, Minn., fifty cents.

Sermon-Masterpieces

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D.

This is a collection of one hundred sermons by the Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the Newman Foundation at the University of Illinois. The sermons are mimeographed and furnished in five separate loose leaf books. The titles cover a wide range of topics pertaining to the doctrines, discipline and devotions of the Catholic Church. A feature of the sermons is that they are reasonably short, requiring but twelve to fifteen minutes for the reading of each one. Furthermore, the author has used illustrations drawn from history and fiction, as well as from his own experience, the better to make clear the particular teaching or practice of the Church which he is expounding. We would say, however, that a happier title for these books would have been "Sermons" rather than "Sermon-Masterpieces." There is too much of the classroom lecture or essay style about them to convince us that they have been or happily could be delivered from the pulpit. Whereas they do give a rather complete exposition of the mat-

ters treated, they at times lack the conclusiveness of masterpieces, as for instance in sermon number sixty-one, entitled "Qualities of a Good Confession." An example to illustrate perfect contrition is used—Thomas is sorry for failure in duty towards his father. He is hurt not so much at the prospect of the punishment he deserves as "at the thought that we have been such black ingrates to our father who has toiled and struggled to feed, clothe and shelter us, who has been so kind and tender towards us, and who is so worthy of our love." As the statement stands, it does not bring out the *essence* of perfect contrition with sufficient clearness. Our theology teaches us that Thomas should be sorry because he has been such an ingrate to his father who is so worthy of his love, without any consideration of his father's benefactions to him. Then would Thomas have perfect contrition. In passing we would say that the price of these books, none too well mimeographed, is decidedly excessive, \$20 for the five books, especially when the sermons are duplicated, as witness: sermon number six entitled "Matrimony: A Divine Plan" appears again as sermon number seventy-seven "Courtship and Marriage, a Divine Plan" with the change only of the scripture text and a few paragraphs.

Public Speakers Society, Box 304, Harrisburg, Pa. Twenty cents per sermon, \$20.00 for five books.

Sermon-Masterpieces

John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D.

This additional volume of sermons, fifteen in all, deals with Communism, the Church and Social Justice, War and the position of the Church in Society. The subject matter is developed quite fully and fearlessly. Again, however, these sermons seem to be intended more for reading and study and the lecture platform rather than the pulpit. Their content is definitely enlightening but there seems to be the lack of appeal that one would seek in a sermon.

Public Speakers Society, Box 304, Harrisburg, Pa., twenty cents per sermon, \$3.00 per volume.

Blood on the Mountain

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

Hardly a boy but looks upon the re-opening of school, at the end of an exciting vacation, with misgivings and regrets. The school year forebodes long and dreary hours of poring over books and lessons. Such is the outlook for Jim Griffin, American, and Ronald Middleton, English, as they begin their trek from Calcutta, India, to the school at North Point in the Himalaya Mountains, conducted by Jesuits for English-speaking boys. Past mid-night, as they lie asleep in their compartment in the train, a rattling at the locked window—! But we don't want to tell the story here. Suffice it to say that Jim and Ronald, characters who first appeared in "The Ruined Tem-

ple," by the same author, find themselves in a situation which the dullest of schools could not deaden. From then on a diabolical face which will haunt them for weeks, a ruby blood red, and red with blood, duels with death at the hands of humans, and animate and inanimate nature, all combine to make them more than happy that they had to go to school even though in India. All that was said in reviews of "The Ruined Temple" can be predicted of "Blood on the Mountain," its sequel. In fact, we are inclined to give a bit more praise to the latter whose story never lags, in which incidents occur logically and naturally, and finally lead to a climax from which we hardly expect Father Welfle can possibly extricate his heroes. But he does, and cleverly, so that at last we find the blood on the mountain. You have missed a good book if you miss this one.

Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y., \$1.25. A large quantity of the first edition of this book has been taken over for sale by Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Father Coldstream

Julian Duguid

An interesting novel, two of whose characters hail from persecution-ridden Scotland in the days of King George. They are the protagonists of the story whose locale is Paraguay in the latter part of the eighteenth century just before the suppression of the Society of Jesus by edict of the King of Spain throughout his dominions. The author has given a good idea of the transformation from paganism to Christianity, from savagery to civilization effected by the Spanish Jesuits of those days who established the "Reductions" of Paraguay. He has further well portrayed what must have been the anguish of all the Jesuits who saw the work of generations destroyed and nullified by that edict of their suppression. But, good as the author's characterizations are, he betrays a limited knowledge of the life, formation and motives that animated the pre-suppression Jesuits. It would be difficult to prove that the Jesuits of South America believed, as the author has made a superior to say, that "they (the Indians) must be driven to the throne of God." We wonder what warrant there is for saying of St. Ignatius of Loyola before his conversion that he was not particularly chaste? And we deny that in the Society of Jesus, before or since its suppression, Superiors, at Loyola in Spain or elsewhere, resorted to the use of the rod, by themselves or their delegates, to effect correction in a recalcitrant subject. Whereas "Father Coldstream" has its good points that might recommend it as an interesting novel, its deficiencies in giving a true picture of Jesuits and Jesuit Superiors hardly recommend it as an historical novel.

D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, N. Y. \$2.50.

Heart to Heart

Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J.

At last there is available a compilation of the writings of John Henry Cardinal Newman which reveals the spiritual soul of the man. The work of the compilation is admirable both in intent and execution. He has given us a gift volume full of rich surprises. In another sense, one might be surprised that we had to wait so long for this spiritual biography of the great Cardinal. Literateurs have long extolled Newman as the master of a chastened English prose, and no one with authority will be rash enough to dispute their claim. Again, apologists for the Faith run to him as to an arsenal for ammunition. His expositions of Catholic doctrine are unparalleled in English. He has enhanced both dogmatically and stylistically the simple charm of Cardinal Gibbons' "The Faith of Our Fathers." And yet, we cannot but feel that if the Cardinal himself were given the chance, he would wish rather to see immortalized both in enduring print and in the memories of men his heart to heart communions with his God. Both in prose and in verse, Father O'Connell has arranged and preserved for us these colloquies of a spiritual soul. The Author calls his work a prayerbook and it is one, though not according to the ordinary and familiar pattern of the same. He has, as it were, taken the tabernacle key and opened the door to the heart of Newman, exposing for the edification and inspiration of all who read, the sacred secrets of a creature's innermost relations with his God. We would note that the verse selections verify what we have long contended, namely, that doctrinal distinctions may often be more clearly and more exactly expressed in poetry than in prose. The contents of the volume include readings on the Trinity, Our Lord's Sufferings, the Risen Savior, the Holy Ghost, the Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin, Purgatory and the Saints, as well as matter for suggested daily devotions and the various seasons of the ecclesiastical year. As spiritual reading for Religious and lay minds and as an escape from books of meditation which too often confine the spirit by strait-jacket methods, it is a liberation and a relief.

America Press, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

The Dragon At Close Range

Rt. Rev. William C. McGrath

There is a class of men who are generally looked upon as inhuman, and at the foot of this class stands a foreign missionary. Monsignor McGrath's book of essays on the priestly life in the Orient will do much to dispel that misgiving by the warmth of his wit and good cheer, which qualities people are too often wont to exclude from the character of a Chinese missionary. True it is, that a more serious minded person will hardly be found than the expatriate youth who gives his all to follow Christ. Yet, on the other hand, it will be difficult to find a more jubilant man than this lover of

Christ-in-men, working through life with a song in his heart. Catholic missionaries as a class always preserve a human balance and a harmony in life between the gay and the grave, the sublime and the ludicrous. It is the sunnier side of the missionary picture which the Author convincingly gives in this present volume with a wealth of detail and keen observation. The gamut of his interest extends from a youthful canal boatman to the late celebrated Loh Pa-hong; from the peace of a musicale at Lishui to the horror of the bomb-disrupted bund at Shanghai. His theme of the "human" he emphasizes by the unusual when speaking of "a certain young person, afterwards a canonized saint, who once threw a carving knife at the Reverend Mother!" The style, possessed of a certain fluidity, is sometimes disappointing for its lack of literary dignity.

Monsignor McGrath quite evidently knows China and is truly a missionary of the people, stationed as he is at Lishui, just south of Shanghai. He has experienced what he has written. Thus he has given us a colorful, authoritative series of refreshing essays truthfully depicting Chinese life, Chinese thought, Chinese civilization.—William J. Monihan, S.J.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Ontario, Canada, \$2.45 postpaid.

More Colored Nuns!

John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D.

A careful explanation of religious vocation, and who may and should aspire to its realization. This pamphlet, containing in brief outline the history of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, is an appeal especially to Colored Catholic girls to enter upon Religious life.

The Josephite Press, Baltimore, Md., five cents.



St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus, sends St. Francis Xavier to India. The feast of St. Ignatius is celebrated on July 31.

Pictures and Profits from the Mass

Gualbert Brunsman, O.S.B.

Though this booklet, which is a study of the Mass from a social point of view, has been given a favorable reception, we feel that its intricacies would require a great deal of study before it could be appreciated fully by the teacher who is to use it, and accordingly would render it difficult of acceptance and comprehension by the class or study club to which it would be introduced. A *Pupil's Chart Book* accompanies *Pictures and Profits*. The Chart Book is intended to be filled in and colored that the lessons may be made the more graphic for the pupil.

Religious Instruction Publications, St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Ind. "Pictures and Profits" twenty cents, "Pupil's Chart Book" ten cents.

Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini

Rev. E. J. McCarthy

So full of activity was the life of Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini that this pamphlet hardly can do more than chronicle the achievements, material as well as spiritual, of this "poor little Nun whom nobody minds" whose cause for beatification is making real headway at Rome.

Mother Cabrini League, Chicago, Ill.

Why Are Jews Persecuted?

Joseph N. Moody, Ph.D.

A thought provoking pamphlet which seeks to prove that it is not entirely the fault of the Jews that they are persecuted. It should win a real sympathy for the persecuted from Catholics.

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

The Invincible Standard

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

A splendid appreciation of the cross and crosses which, as yokes to be borne by two, are easier to bear because Christ is the other One of the two.

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

Catholics Reply to "Open Letter on Spain"

This is a reprint, from *Catholic Mind* for November 22, 1937, of the reply signed by 175 Catholic Priests and laymen to the Open Letter of 150 Protestant clergymen and laymen which attacked the Pastoral Letter of the Spanish Bishops on the Civil War in Spain. Both the Open Letter and the Reply were published originally in the *New York Times*. Those who have not read the Reply should read it to have a complete picture of the attitude of Americans towards the Spanish civil war.

The America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

My Spanish Adventure

John Sheahan Connolly

An interesting diary, may we call it, of the author's visit to Nationalist Spain. His journeyings which lasted for a little less than a month took him throughout most of General Franco's territory. The pictures he has painted of the havoc wrought by the war are pathetic, but unfortunately his proofs of the inhumanity

of the Loyalists are based on hearsay rather than his own personal observations. Just in so far does this pamphlet fall short of the persuasiveness it might otherwise have.

Social Forum Press, Toronto, Canada, ten cents.

Saint Thomas Aquinas

An English translation of the Encyclical, *Studiorum Ducem*, issued by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI in 1923, on the occasion of the sixth centenary of the canonization of St. Thomas Aquinas.

The Torch, New York, N. Y., five cents.

Encyclical on the Holy Rosary

An English translation of the Encyclical, *Ingravescentibus Malis*, issued by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, on September 29, 1937.

The America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

Fascism in Government and in Society

John LaFarge, S.J.

A brief but full discussion of the true meaning of Fascism, its existence or non-existence in the various nations of the world and its proximity and danger to our own United States of America. It is a brief neither for nor against Fascism, though it condemns social Fascism as opposed to Christian Democracy.

The America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

Propaganda in the Press

John A. Toomey, S.J.

An enlightening survey of the power of propaganda and the ease with which it is used against the Church and things Catholic. Criticism is often destructive, but in this pamphlet we are heartened not merely by constructive criticism, but by a constructive criticism that has been put to the test and has been found to be workable.

The America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

The Pope in the World Today

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Father Lord, in what must of necessity be but a brief outline, gives quite a complete picture of our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. He has scanned His Holiness' eighty-one years, and salient details that portray the character of today's greatest world figure, make him to live right in our own midst rather than beyond an ocean more than 3,000 miles away.

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

Armenia, Her Culture, and Aspirations

Arshag Mahdesian

A beautiful apology for, and a tribute to the people of Armenia. Testimony after testimony in praise of their racial qualities, their language, their heroes of the past and present whether in or out of the homeland, are paraded before the reader with impressive effect. Best of all, how-

ever, is the author's thesis that this first Christian people drew their inspiration, whether for conquest or for martyrdom, from their Catholic religion. The booklet has been written to elucidate the problems of the less fortunate races and, in particular, to vindicate the dictum of Gladstone that "to serve Armenia is to serve civilization."

Arshag Mahdesian, 431 Rowell Building, Fresno, California, \$1.00.

"PERILS IN THE SEA"

(Continued from page 177)

captain learned that I was his son's mathematics professor, he immediately metamorphosed from the man of iron into the courtly Spanish gentleman. The hospitality of the ship was mine!

It was in the course of our conversation that I learned about our cargo of gasoline, alcohol and gun powder, but somehow I felt no alarm in the presence of this gallant hero of the sea.

We were destined to follow this shipment of explosives, my companion and I, on its land journey from Cotabato. For we were going to visit Father Joseph Reith, S.J., whose mission station at Dansalan is in the very midst of the Moro country. Our journey was to take us directly through the war zone, for the only road leads through the village of Ganassi, where the fighting was at its worst—but that's another story!

"THEY SMILE

THROUGH IT ALL"

(Continued from page 179)

thankful for, not only for the remarkable protection given by God over His virgins, and His little ones, old and young, but also for the prayers and donations of our friends in America. And on our part,—and now especially we are your friends . . . in need. Shanghai and Nanking need all the help we can possibly give.

But now let us return to the last part of our little trip . . . to the hospital in the neutral zone. This hospital is conducted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. Catholics of Shanghai may forget a part of the terrors of the war—but how can they forget the work of these Sisters? They, too, would have met death rather than abandon the sick at the Sacred Heart Hospital in the Yangtzepoo District. Finally, forty men with twenty trucks braved the storm of blazing buildings and machine gun fire to rescue the nuns and the patients: seven hundred in all. The Mother Superior and her staff had not slept for eight nights—for at night they comforted the sick and buried the dead. Such are the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, not only of Shanghai, but of Nanking. And we met some of them at their hospital in the very heart of Shanghai's Chinese city. The Mother Superior greeted us just at the end of her day's work.

"We've had a busy day—over three hundred and fifty cases and few operations!" she said smiling.

And her smile reminded me of what a Protestant doctor said not long ago. "You know, it's strange, these Sisters

always handle the worst cases brought to us and they even *smile through it all!*"

No one has appreciated the work of all the Sisters in Shanghai more than our beloved Bishop, His Excellency, Auguste Haouisée, S.J. Recently, His Excellency visited several of the destroyed churches, and among the ruins he paused to comfort the Christians of his flock. The chief thought of the Bishop and the missionaries is not of the fact that over fifteen churches and schools have been destroyed, but of the necessity of helping thousands of refugees, Christians among them.

Consequently, during his present illness, the zealous Bishop has at heart a real consolation. He is thankful for all that God has spared and especially for the lives of his priests and nuns—souls who are consecrated to God's service and to whom He has given the grace to *smile through it all*. Of the latter, the Bishop writes:

"Although our Mission of Shanghai has suffered a great loss, it is one of my greatest consolations to witness the self-sacrificing work of the Sisters among the old and young. They have truly realized in Shanghai the words of the Apostle: "provocations unto charity and good works." (Heb. x, 24)

SILK PURSES

(Continued from page 180)

But that was not its only justification. Somewhere throughout this land tonight there are three hundred Catholic pamphlets that would not have been here but for this Exhibit. Over one hundred of them are Arabic translations of our Holy Father's Encyclical on Communism. Seven of them are Arabic translations of the *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII. Some twenty are English copies of Pius XI's letters on Catholic Education, on Spain, and on Germany. Most of them are the popular Queen's Work pamphlets of Father Daniel Lord, S.J. And amongst these, by far the most popular were those touching on vocations. Which goes to show that young people everywhere are the same; that beneath a carefree, happy exterior, they are intensely earnest about the fundamental question of the meaning of life. How consoling to think that this Exhibit will give to many of them the only correct answer—the Catholic answer.

Let no one say that this is not worth writing about. If our efforts were modest—as many of our efforts at Baghdad must be—let him remember that books are no dead things. Let him remember that John Milton said they "contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are." Let him remember that we owe Saint Augustine and Saint Ignatius to a book. Let him not say that this is sowing seed in a desert. For even the desert will blossom over night if it receives a copious rain. We have scattered and sown, yes, in a desert. But now there is Our Lady—now we are calling on Our Lady—Our Lady of the Rains.

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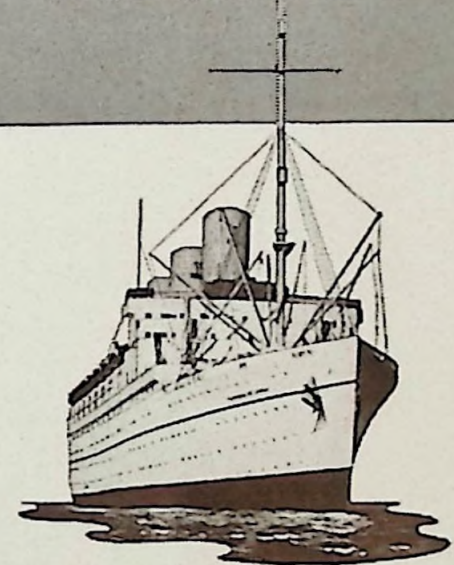
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