

# *Jesuit & Missions*

**WHAT THE SIOUX DO**

**PRESS EXHIBIT IN MANILA**

**NIGHT IN AN IGLOO**

**GOOD MORNING, TEACHER!**

**AMNSI TUDU**

**FROM HURONIA TO CHINA**

**LADY CAROLINE**

Ten Cents

# THIS MONTH

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# LABOR DAY

A stranger might think that Labor Day amongst Americans is a day specially given over to hard work. From its name, one would hardly guess that this holiday rather is intended for rest from all labor. Unfortunately, however, there are many amongst our friends who hardly ever have a vacation, and even on such a holiday are forced to labor for their daily bread.

To those who have no rest on this holiday, we express our sympathy, but still more our gratitude. It is these who are mindful in prayer and in financial aid of the missionaries whose lives are lives of labor, not for a temporal master but for souls that belong to the Eternal Master. These generous friends will receive the reward promised to those who give even a cup of cold water in God's name. With those also whose good fortune it is to rest on this holiday we rejoice at the same time that we thank them too for the financial aid they have given the missions. These who have received more have given more, and because of their generosity they too will know not a passing holiday or a brief vacation but an eternal rest where all alike will be rewarded.

In the missionaries, these co-laborers who give of their penury or of their plenty find inspiration and consolation. Would that there were more co-laborers to help the laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. Be you of those who labor, or of those who relax from labor, we plead that you be mindful of the missionaries who know no rest from the labor of saving souls. If the financial needs of their missions were more amply provided, they could at least relax from worry. Will you relieve them? Please send your money 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 — FOR LABOR DAY.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 those 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.

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.



Aids to Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Dansalan, Mindanao, P. I. Left to right, Miss Symforosa Dar, librarian; Miss Dolores Avelino, music teacher and organist; Miss Petronila Daplin, translator; Miss Paula Dar, grade teacher.

# EDITORIALS

## TO FATHER JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.

BY an order of Very Reverend Peter A. Brooks, S.J., Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, sanctioned by the respective Provincials of the American Assistancy, and effective July 15, 1938, Father Joseph Gschwend, S.J., Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* was recalled to his home Province of Missouri to take over the important office of Master of Novices in the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. He was installed July 24. Father Gschwend's association with *JESUIT MISSIONS* leaves an enduring memory of industry, sacrifice, apostolic zeal, personal charm and priestly charity. Associate Editor from July, 1927, to September, 1928, he succeeded the Reverend Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., as Editor-in-Chief, in September, 1929. From that date until July 15, 1938, he was successful in developing the editorial infant committed to his care into a vigorous, powerful and attractive press agent for the missionary objectives of American Jesuits around the world.

Despite pressure from various angles, Father Gschwend held staunchly to the purpose and policy of *JESUIT MISSIONS* as determined by the Very Reverend Fathers Provincial and sanctioned by Very Reverend Wlodimir Ledochowski, S.J., General of the Society of Jesus, namely, "(1) to excite zeal for our missions by broadcasting a knowledge of them; (2) to arouse the missionary spirit in our youth and encourage missionary vocations; (3) to stimulate the generosity of Catholics for the support of Jesuit missions; (4) by means of its board of editors to constitute a permanent committee for the advancement and protection of our missionary interests." To this conservative though progressive sense of editorial propriety, must be attributed the gradual changes that took place over the years in the number of pages, quality of paper, typography, selection of cuts, cover and general format. The wealth and variety of articles and the clear-cut illustrations that adorned each issue were gleaned from his regular and sympathetic correspondence with Jesuit missionaries in Alaska and Japan, the districts of Nanking, Shanghai and Süchow in China, the Philippine Islands, British Honduras, Jamaica, B. W. I., and Baghdad, Iraq, among the American Indians of Wyoming, South Dakota, Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana, with the home missionaries of our own Southland, in the Negro Missions of southern Maryland and those attached to the Province of Missouri, as well as the Canadian Indians at Caughnawaga

near Montreal, along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, and on the banks of the Albany River. In behalf of all of these, Father Gschwend maintained to the end a policy of indirect and not direct appeal for funds, a policy due not only to his obligations as outlined in the program cited above, but to his own personal conviction that such a policy, even from a financial point of view, is most lucrative for the missionaries themselves. From this same correspondence he gathered much of the inspiration and zeal for souls which distinguished him as a director of souls and in his spiritual relations with people of all classes. Due to his exacting research and able administration, *JESUIT MISSIONS* stands at his departure an imposing tribute to his editorial efficiency, an outstanding authority on American Jesuit Missions around the world, an invaluable organ for the propagation of the Catholic Faith. Yet, his business efficiency always left room for a tender charity that more than any other trait of character won him not only the faithful cooperation of his fellow Editors and of those who assisted him in the office but the personal and devoted loyalty of each and all.

And now, it is in their name that we say our *Au Revoir* to Father Joseph Gschwend, S.J. It was a privilege to know him and a greater privilege to live and work with him. We wish him always in his new apostolate God's choicest blessings and His most abundant graces. Not the least of his consolations will be the conviction that while life lingers he will find among his most faithful advocates the missionaries and the missionary flocks whom he has served so well as Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

## TO OUR NEW EDITOR

IN this issue we wish to extend a warm welcome and sincere promise of cooperation to the new Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, Father Calvert Alexander, S.J. Like Father Gschwend, Father Alexander is a member of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. As the author of "Catholic Literary Revival," our new Editor has given testimony already to a literary talent which will find important scope for the salvation of souls in the field of American Jesuit Missions. Under his direction we feel confident that the purpose and policy of *JESUIT MISSIONS* as well as the editorial standards set by his predecessor, Father Joseph Gschwend, S.J., will be successfully maintained.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.; JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.;  
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# What the Sioux Do

William J. Moore, S.J.

**H**OW do modern Indians conduct a convention? Mr. Average Citizen, acquainted since school days with rules of order and parliamentary procedure, an old hand at civic rallies and businessmen's assemblies, familiar with the paid-for pep and ballyhoo of national political conventions, would be surprised at the genuine color, the novelty and glamor of a Catholic Sioux congress.

From five different Indian reservations delegates of the St. Joseph society for men and the St. Mary society for women journeyed to Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, for a three-day congress, June 21-24. Holy Rosary was celebrating the golden anniversary of its founding in 1888; and the Catholic Sioux had chosen the mission grounds as the site of their annual summer convention.

The meetings were held in a bower, a large open space surrounded by plain wooden benches protected from the warm South Dakota sun by a roofing of pine branches. Close by, along White Clay Creek, were pitched the tents of the delegates. Whole families had come, as is the Indian custom, and a little town of a thousand persons sprang up near the brick buildings of the mission. Travel is easy in some ways to the departing Sioux householder. No such problems confront him as remembering to turn off the gas, leaving detailed instructions with stupid servants, or cautioning the milkman, paper carrier or postman to forego their accustomed services. Mr. Sioux simply folds up his tent, packs it beside the wife and kids in the car or wagon, and starts down the dusty road.

**N**AMES make news, and there were many newsworthy names at the congress. Jim Red Cloud, grandson of the great Sioux warrior and statesman, old-timish with braided hair, spoke often—once holding in his hands a large picture of his illustrious grandsire. Brother Henry Billing, S.J., a patriarch with flowing white beard, told how he had surveyed the future site of the mission fifty years ago. He is the sole surviving Jesuit link with the founding days. Yellow Blanket was honored, a weazened old woman, the daughter of famous Chief Gall, who led the Indians in the Battle of Little Big Horn while canny Sitting Bull sat safe on a high eminence "making medi-



*A view of the interior of the pine-branch bower where the sessions of the Sioux Convention were held. The altar in the distance was erected at the Grotto of Our Blessed Lady. Mass is being celebrated.*

cine." Asked how old she was, Yellow Blanket said that they called the winter when she was born "the winter when they kept the white beard general and would not let him go." Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., collector of Sioux lore, consulted a northern Indian winter count and decided the winter was that of 1855-56.

Bishop John Lawler, of Rapid City, had driven late at night over the winding reservation roads to confirm some of his Indian sheep. One old couple, never before confirmed, was given the family name of Mountain Sheep. Present also was Father Bernard Strassmeyer, O.S.B., from Standing Rock Reservation; fifty-two years a priest, he is the oldest in point of service of all Sioux missionaries at the congress. He told how the Benedictines held the first congress in North Dakota in 1891. Chief organizer of the 1938 congress, Father Placidus F. Sialm, dean of Jesuit missionaries, and Father Louis Goll, veteran workers both at Holy Rosary and St. Francis missions, addressed the assembly, sometimes in Lakota, the native dialect, sometimes in English. W. O. Roberts, superintendent of Pine Ridge Reservation, praised the mission for its civilizing influence.

**N**OTEWORTHY visitors were three Sioux Indian nuns, members of the School Sisters of St. Francis. Old Indians stared as they listened to Sister Lucy, clothed in black habit, speak to them in Lakota. Little children gaped in surprise to see an Indian nun walking among the tents and greeting women friends familiarly.

Indians do not believe in the fake stampedes of wildly cheering delegates who are rounded up for a national political convention. Genuine color and no artificially stimulated enthusiasm characterize an Indian convention.

Born orators expatiated vigorously on the need for more catechists and the evils of divorce and peyote eating. Parliamentary procedure governs the meetings of the St. Joseph and St. Mary Societies, but the rules and customs of the congress would puzzle gray-haired Eastern political reporters.

**H**ANDSHAKING, for instance, actual and figurative, is surprisingly important among Sioux in a convention assembled.

"Napeciyuzapi." (I shake hands with you.)

That is how a speaker must salute the assembly when he begins. To which the seated delegates reply, "Hau," in approval of the virtual hand clasp of friendship. Again the speaker says, "Napeciyuzapi," when he concludes his talk. This is a farewell handshake, and from under the pine branches comes a chorus, "Hau, hau, hau."

This verbal handshaking has been prefaced by real shaking of hands. The evening before the congress opened at Holy Rosary the delegates lined up in a great circle. Then one man stepped out of line, turned to the man on his left, shook hands, and proceeded to the next man, and so on around the complete circle. He was followed by the man on his left. Soon Hand Shaker Number One was standing in his original position. He had walked around the circle and shaken hands with everyone once. Now everybody filed past him. Eventually everyone had shaken hands with everybody else twice. That is how the Sioux begin their congresses. They close them in the same way with double handshakes all around, meanwhile singing the plaintive, stirring song of farewell, "God Be With You." On the morrow the tents will be folded up, and the sociable Sioux will be scattered again over the bleak, brown prairie. Back once more in their homes they will discuss, during the ensuing months, the highlights of the congress.



*Veteran missionaries from three different Sioux Reservations met at the Congress. Left to right: Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., of St. Francis, Rosebud Reservation, Father Bernard Strassmeyer, O.S.B., oldest missionary in point of service, of Standing Rock Reservation, and Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., organizer of the 1938 Congress, stationed at Holy Rosary Mission.*

**H**ANDSHAKING before congresses, handshaking after congresses, handshaking before speeches, handshaking after speeches—but the end is not yet. Two doorkeepers, one a man, one a woman, are stationed at the entrance to the bower. John Apple, a student at Holy Rosary in 1888, when the first class was held, was the men's doorkeeper at this 1938 congress. Waving an eagle feather fan, after the manner of the ancients of his race, he sat on a barrel vigilant and watchful. Woe to him who thoughtlessly left the bower without shaking hands with the doorkeeper. St. Joseph and St. Mary societies fine their members and members' children ten cents if they overlook this formality, a salutary check on these restless descendants of nomadic buffalo chasers.

And just to make sure that no one is slighted, elderly Sioux at the congresses respectfully shake hands with little boys and girls of five and six, when a white grandpa or grandma would merely pat the youngster on the head or say hello.

The Sioux pray and sing religious songs in public without embarrassment. Their red-brown complexions conceal no blushes or uneasy flushes. They pull their Lakota prayerbooks from their pockets and recite prayers and sing as readily as monks in choir.

(Turn to page 223)



*Here are the Indian men and women who handled the work of the entire Congress.*

# Press Exhibit in Manila

Thomas J.  
Feeney, S.J.



*At Press Exhibit. First row left to right. Mr. James J. Meany, S.J., organizer, Father Carroll Fasy, S.J., Father Leo A. Cullum, S.J., His Excellency William Piani, Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, Father Louis Morrow, Mr. Martin Casey, S.J.*

**T**HE Campion Literary Guild of the Philippines was organized in 1936 by a group of Catholic colleges of Manila. Its purpose is the propagation of Catholic truth throughout the Archipelago by exhibitions of a distinguished Catholic literature. In February, 1936, it held the first Press Exhibit in the Islands and last year followed up with a book display at the International Eucharistic Congress of Manila. This year, from February 17th to 24th, due to the organization talents of Mr. James J. Meany, S.J., its exhibit reached a peak of excellence that will not easily be topped. In fact, this triumph alone has established the Guild as an outstanding agency for advertising the Catholic Church in the Philippines.

The fact that this success was achieved despite the decided lack of support from the Manila Press should convince the Catholics of the Philippines that if they are completely organized to meet an issue they will never need the oft-times questionable aid of a non-Catholic press. May they capitalize on this experience and thus avoid that plague of anti-Catholic propaganda that is rampant in the press of the United States today.

**O**N Thursday, February 17th, the Exhibit was opened on the site of the Catholic Women's League headquarters in Manila. At 5:30 in the evening Father Leo A. Cullum, S.J., blessed the hall and delivered a brief address on the value of the press. Shortly after the conclusion of this address the Exhibit was honored by the encouraging presence of His Excellency Most Rev. William Piani, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the Philip-

ppines, Father Louis Morrow, secretary to His Excellency and the Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan.

Eleven Catholic colleges participated, assisted by two Catholic Action organizations. In its planning, the organizing committee adopted the departmental system and assigned to each of the colleges and assisting groups a distinct field of literature. Following is a list of colleges participating together with the fields assigned to each.

The Ateneo de Manila was in charge of the Social Justice booth. In keeping with the turbulent state of relations existing between capital and labor in other countries the Philippines have their own native problem, chiefly agrarian, and it was in order to supply the public with the Catholic solution of the same that the books in this particular section were chosen.

**T**HE contribution of Assumption College was biographical in nature and surprised the visitor by the variety and importance of its volumes, written in the spirit of the New Biography, that adorned its tastily decorated shelves. Unscientific hero worshipping was superseded by Hilaire Belloc's "Woolsey," "Richelieu," and "Characters of the Reformation," as well as by Arnold Lunn's "A Saint in the Slave Trade" and Father James Broderick's "Peter Canisius."

History was the subject matter introduced by the students of St. Theresa's College. Selections were made with the purpose of discrediting popular sycophantic authors who never should have been distinguished with

the title of historian. A section that proved to be most popular was that dedicated to Apologetics, a subject of which the school and college generation of the Islands are sorely in need. This was conducted by the contingent from De La Salle College. Filipinos are ever ready for controversy be it on the field of sports or on the debating platform. Under the title of Apologetics they found what they most desired, and enjoyed the frequent clashes of Chesterton and Belloc against H. G. Wells whose fallacies they refuted time and time again. "All is Grist," "The Thing," "The Everlasting Man," were read freely while Father Francis X. Doyle's "Defense of the Catholic Church" and Father Martin J. Scott's series including "Christ or Chaos" as well as the publications of Father Martin D'Arcy, S.J., were equally welcome. Incidentally, Father Scott's books to date number approximately thirty-five volumes and are nearing the two million mark in circulation.

**B**EATERIO COLLEGE specialized in Devotional Literature and Holy Ghost College on Catechetics, a subject of immediate importance in the Philippines at all times. An international aspect was given to the Exhibit by a display of newspapers and periodicals drawn from around the globe. This world tour in miniature was arranged by El Colegio de la Consolacion. Catholic fiction as represented by its best exponents, mostly living, was in charge of St. Scholastica's College. The Pontifical University of Santo Tomás, sponsored the thought

provoking subject of Philosophy, while the Colleges of La Concordia and Santa Rosa assured a rightful place to Poetry and Drama.

The cultured literature of Old Spain was accorded a prominent position in the booth arranged by the ancient College of Santa Isabel. San Beda College had a unique presentation of rare antiques comprising valuable ancient manuscripts and documents dating from early eras in Philippine history. Old monasteries and many a dusty cabinet yielded its hoard of texts both in Spanish and in the vernacular, to make this department a success. The Catholic Student organizations under the direction of Father George Willmann, S.J., stood guard over a pamphlet rack rich in titles and formats.

**A**LL in all, the Exhibit was a tremendous challenge to the present generation of Filipinos to become acquainted with Catholic truth as this is presented in our imposing and variegated wealth of Catholic literature.

On a national scale it accomplished what the Vatican Press Exhibit in Rome accomplished internationally. It consolidated Catholic thought and was an inspiration for future united Catholic action. For non-Catholics it epitomized the Catholic view point on the temporary, but vital issues of the day as well as on the eternal issues of religion and morality that will endure for all time. If the Exhibit were permanently housed it would become an enduring gospel rich in the good tidings of salvation for the Philippines and the Filipinos.



*View of the Biography booth at the Catholic Press Exhibit held in the Catholic Women's headquarters, February 17th to 24th, 1938.*

# "The Holy Mother's Garden"

Tomás  
Enriquez, S.J.

AT the southwest corner of the French Concession in Shanghai stands Sen-mou-yeu, The Holy Mother's Garden. Since the beginning of hostilities, the Helpers of the Holy Souls who came to Shanghai seventy-one years ago, have had many an anxious moment. There was the day in August, at the very beginning, when shrapnel and an unexploded anti-aircraft shell fell in their garden. There were those trying days in November when the war was rounding the western boundary of the settlement, when shells were whistling overhead and the heavy reverberating thud of bombs rattled windows and shook walls.

There were moments even when they thought that their work of salvaging infant souls was at an end—especially that afternoon when an airplane dived down over the orphanage, machine-gunning soldiers on the road beyond the compound walls.

But God's loving Providence spared them all harm and the work goes on—hampered it is true by the present hostilities—but everyday from ten to twenty infants are brought to the convent, sickly little ones found on the streets, little undernourished ones born by the road-sides or in the bamboo huts of the refugee camps. Usually diseased, they are therefore abandoned.

NOT all are the children of the poor. Unwanted infants of the rich or girl-babies whose star according to the soothsayer's book is contrary to that of the parents, children who will bring bad luck,—all these find their way to the Holy Mother's Garden.

The problem is old, very old. So many people live on the very borderline of existence that when war and famine come they are submerged, forced to abandon their homes and possessions and finally their children. Even when times are good there is a steady flow of abandoned children through the gates of Sen-mou-yeu. In troubled times their number and the rate of mortality rise sharply. Most of them seem to have been born only to live a day or two, be baptized and wing away to Heaven.

On one of my usual visits to the orphanage to baptize the little ones—eleven who had been received that day—an interested friend accompanied me to take the pictures which accompany this article. As we hurried along the cobbled road from the Theologate, across the bridge over the Zikawei Creek, we could hear the drone of bombers up again for another raid over the Chinese positions.

I had already begun to baptize when the first sharp, earth-shaking explosions began to reach my ears. What a strange contrast! Outside, the thundering explosions spreading panic and death, terror reflected even in the



frightened faces of the little god-mothers; within, the voice of the priest, my voice, offering peace and eternal life to these happy little waifs. And so God draws good even from the horror of war.

Each of the infants has pinned to its clothing a card bearing, first, its baptismal name, and underneath, its confirmation name, for in China those in danger of death may be confirmed even by a simple priest. Were you able to read the cards, you would see that all but two were girls. And it has been always thus; for only in Christian countries where the idea of the Divine Motherhood is accepted, or was once accepted and still lingers, do women receive that reverence and social position which is their due.

GENERALLY the Christian name is one suggested by the benefactors who support the work. All the little girls in this group bear the name of the patroness of the Missions, St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, for recently an exceptionally generous benefactor asked that as many infants as the gift would support be given that name.

Each day, after the baptisms were finished, I had the duty of registering not only the baptisms but also the deaths—for the mortality rate, despite excellent care, is very high. The god-mothers are older orphans in our Holy Mother's Garden, and the tender, Christian love they have for their little living dolls stands in sharp contrast to that of the mothers who abandoned the little innocents.

After baptism, the little ones are tucked back into their cradles in the large nursery where one of the Sisters, Helpers of the Holy Souls, is constantly on duty moving softly from one to the next.

"How many infants have you now?" I asked the

Sister. She smiled and made a sweeping gesture towards the long, neat rows of cribs.

"Two hundred, Father."

"So many!" I replied.

"Oh yes. You see some are brought here by pagans—even by their own mothers—others by good Christian women. Whenever they hear that a child is going to be abandoned, they ask for it, and bring it here. Now, during the war, we admit between ten and twenty a day. If we had more space we could admit more."

SOME of the cradles, I noticed, had two or three little babies in them. So many of them will die, little innocent angels to go flying off to heaven, little stars, pearls from the depths of the sea to be added to the crown of the King of Glory. These are our real consolation.

One thinks of the time when the daughter of Pharaoh, walking by the Nile, found in a basket hid in the reeds of the river a little Hebrew child, whose sister, watching, offered to get for the infant a nurse, and brought him his own mother. The thousands of infants cast up on the banks of the yellow flood of paganism are other Moseses, and the offering of the little sister Marys of the world are bringing nurses to care for them.

Some of the Catholic orphanages in Shanghai have been closed by the war; some go on, seemingly by a miracle. At Zikawei the orphanage has tripled its numbers since the beginning of hostilities. But this is in Shanghai where the church is long-founded. But what of the interior, the sections of the country only recently



*"I had already begun to baptize when the first sharp, earthshaking explosions began to reach my ears. What a strange contrast! Outside, the thundering explosions spreading panic and death . . . within, the voice of the priest, offering peace and eternal life to these happy little waifs."*

opened up by Catholicism where there are no Catholic orphanages: in the Province of Anhwei, for instance, with its 23,000,000 inhabitants and no Catholic orphanage?

Much work, surely, is being done. For instance, there is the neutral zone capable of caring for 100,000 people, founded with the cooperation of the Jesuit Fathers near Anking, the capital of the Province. But there will be hundreds of infants orphaned by the war and we are now planning and dreaming of an orphanage to take care of these so innocent, so certain conquests for heaven.

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, asks the Catholic world to pray during the month of September for an increase of orphanages in mission lands. The timeliness of this Intention is nowhere perhaps more evident than in China

today. The Most Reverend Yu Pin, Bishop of Nanking, has estimated that approximately ten million of his countrymen will have been slain before hostilities cease. Yes, there will be much work to be done. And whether it is done or not, will depend largely on how Catholics respond to the Mission Intention for September. The situation created by the war in China is a challenge to the missionary spirit.



*"The god-mothers are older orphans in 'The Holy Mother's Garden' and the tender, Christian love they have for their little living dolls stands in sharp contrast to that of the mothers who abandoned the little innocents."*

# Night in an Igloo

Paul C. O'Connor, S. J.

THE time of the Equinox in Alaska is one of turbulent weather-changes ranging all the way from bitter arctic cold to warm winds and blizzards of huge flaky snow. The trail during this season can be as smooth as glass or as soft and sticky as dough. On the former the musher exults like a racer, on the latter—his sentiments are best left unsaid!

Through all of March I watched these myriad and lightning changes of weather. It was impossible to travel except for occasional rabbit drives or to visit tundra villages in the immediate vicinity of Akulurak. Needless to say, I missed the crisp days of February with their cold freshness and the star-spangled nights ribboned with flashes of Northern Lights. Even bad weather at length comes to an end and I thought that after a month the winds had played enough on this desolate coast of the Bering Sea. Anyway I had to visit my scattered flock and give them a chance to make their Easter duties. I was to find out that the first of April is not called the feast of fools without reason.

I left St. Mary's Mission here at Akulurak in a dense fog. It was fairly cold and soon the fog coated our parkees, our eye-brows and eye-lashes, (too bad I haven't a beard!) with frost. It stood out on the fur of my malemutes giving them the appearance of huge silver foxes. I hit a good pace over the hard trail, but at that was soon caught by three teams going on a seal hunt. To one sled was strapped a *kayak* to be used in the open Sea. I was really sorry that I was not going with them. However, we were to be together for about fourteen miles. Dogs like company as well as man and always go faster when they have the scent of dogs ahead of them on the trail. This was to prove the undoing of one poor half-starved Siberian later on.

WE had covered about eight miles. Of a sudden my dogs caught the scent probably of a fox and off we galloped in the fog. I heard shouts behind me but thought for a moment that my friends, the seal hunters, were simply urging their dogs on to greater speed. In the hubbub I heard "Agayulerta" (Father), and immediately halted my team. Naskopak (Big-head) soon appeared standing on a brake that did not hold. His dogs were racing to catch my team, but one wheel dog had fouled his harness and had been dragged several hundred yards by the neck. My boy grabbed the leader and halted the team. The pure white Siberian was bleeding at the mouth and apparently lifeless. His harness was gingerly unfastened (these animals are vicious when they are in pain)—he was then flung unceremoniously on the sled and our journey resumed. Truly a native dog has a dog's life in Alaska!



"Stick" a big wheel dog squinting in the cold.

As we neared the Bering Sea the fog became denser. We did not mind, the trail was easy to follow and if the fog melted we would have the sun and a very soft trail in consequence. Before long my Eskimo friends turned off sharply to the sea. I kept on alone. Not a sound except the soft patter of dog feet, the swinging of harness and the silence, so silent that it makes one's thoughts speak. Just ahead of me was a big mound of snow. It was an igloo.

PERMIT me to explain for a moment the usual habitation of the Eskimo off the beaten trail of the Yukon. The frame consists of logs or old boards gathered from anywhere and everywhere. These rude timbers are braced and arched and mud blocks are thrown over them. As a rule they are not above six feet high in the center. The floor is either the earth itself or a few rough boards. The entrance is a little tunnel made out of ice blocks. There is a lone window generally on the south side of the slanting roof. It is sometimes of glass, more often of seal or whale gut. It is really surprising how much light comes through a window only a foot and a half square placed as a sky-light.

In soft weather the igloo is a miserable and a very damp lodging. I have been in several when it was necessary to erect the summer tent inside the igloo to keep the bed clothing from getting soaked. In very cold weather, especially when a northern blast is raging over the tundra, they are at their best. They are completely imbedded underneath the snow, air-tight and requiring very little to heat them. Ventilation of course is out of the question. Sanitation is not observed with that scrupulous care which characterizes Dutch house-

wives. Still, I have often remarked that an Eskimo is much cleaner, fresher looking, and careful of clothing and footwear, by far, than a white man flung in the same conditions for any length of time. I must confess that I feel nothing but an amused tolerance for those whites who come to Alaska for a year and write voluminously about the habits of a people whose language and psychology of life they have scarcely touched. Invariably they speak of the filthy and dirty habits of the Eskimo. Let them look around and see for themselves how the whites, when they have been transplanted in the same conditions, have fared against that perpetual war of the elements which is the miserable lot of the tundra Eskimo.

**T**HE barking of the dogs is the only sign those within the igloo have of the approach of a stranger. At the approach of my team the inmates at once appeared.

I crawled through the entrance tunnel. Water was dripping from the ice blocks; the day was beginning to turn warm. I stepped down into the lowly habitation of one of Akulurak's first school girls—Lucy. I was glad to see that her house was clean and that her children were well booted. I can tell at once what kind of a mother a youngster has simply by looking at his seal skinned boots. A good mother, though she has seven or eight children, has them all well shod.

I found a visitor in the house whose baby had not been baptized. A few more moments and this bland-faced little pagan was transformed into a Christian. The father of the family was anxious to get off for a seal hunt. I too wished to reach the next village before the sun travelled too high in the arch of the horizon.

**O**N the trail again soft weather enveloped us. I needed neither parkee nor beaver cap. Sun glasses were now of prime necessity to keep from going blind in the terrific glare of the sun on the immaculate snow. Our sled sank down. The trail was heavy and sticky. Gone now was the thrill of mushing; gone too was the romantic, the majestic North—instead of the enervating heat of the tropics deadened our spirits, dulled our senses. The dogs no longer sprang with elastic step over the trail. Their tails were no longer held high. The heavily furred creatures drooped and gasped and perspired free-

ly through their mouths. The Alaska dog of course never sweats. His skin is non-porous. How often now did my brave huskies look back pathetically at me as if to say, "We like not this heat—we are not used to it—let us stop—permit us to dig a hole in the deep snow and cool our heated blood!"

**I** AM happy to say that during four years of steady mushing I have never yet killed a dog on the trail. I take a certain pride in caring well for these faithful brutes. Even on my long trips to Kuskokwim from Holy Cross which sometimes took twenty-one days, I came back with the tail of every dog waving in the air—hardened indeed they were by steady work, but not exhausted. Would that other mushers would do the same!

A couple of more hard miles and we were at Kanyak.

It is impossible to sneak up and surprise a village no matter how far down it is buried in the snow. The bark of dogs long in advance heralded the coming of a strange team. All the kids ran forward to meet me as I slowly plowed through the heavy snow. Of course I have long since stolen the hearts of these simple lads by tid-bits of candy.

I had already determined to spend the night not only on account of the condition of the dogs but also to give several old Akulurak children a chance to approach the sacraments. While the

boys were unhitching my dogs I made a hasty tour of the village. In one igloo I found a mother skinning a seal. The igloo itself was small and parts of seal were lying everywhere. There was hardly room here to stand let alone for my husky bulk to sleep. While taking a view of the situation I marvelled at the dexterity of three tiny Eskimo girls who were assisting their mother in the dismemberment of the seal. Blood was all over their hands and clothes. They didn't mind, in fact bubbled with enthusiasm over a task that was even then making me long for the freshness of the outside. I stooped along the passageway to a neighboring igloo. There were five children in narrow quarters. One new arrival put up a strong protest at my entrance. No, it was out of question for me to lodge there.

My next igloo was a two-room affair. In the ante-room there arose a combination of scents, each crowding for prominence—fish, seal, rabbits, and an infinite array of old boots. I passed

(Turn to page 223)



*Two Eskimo children from the parish of Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J. An igloo in the background.*

# "Good Morning, Teacher!"

Wilfred J.

LeSage, S.J.

"GOOD morning, teacher," is also a common phrase among young Chinese school boys. This picture shows a group of young students ready to begin another day of school. They are six of the six hundred who attend Saint Joseph's parochial school in the busy downtown section of Shanghai. Please note how they carry their weapons.

Last Tuesday the tall boy on the right surprised me with his perfect French, "Bon jour, mon Pere, comment allez-vous?" It was rather embarrassing not to be able to carry on fluently in French so I told him in Chinese that I was an American Jesuit Scholastic and could speak a little Chinese. I am sure that he agreed with me about the "little Chinese." The boy was extremely polite in his manner and soon pointed out his younger brother who had just caught sight of us. Number two came up speaking French, just a little bashful as you notice in the picture.

A glance at the remaining four characters is enough to let you know that China has variety as well as volume. The next figure to the left is a rather pugilistic little fellow who carries his books and chewing gum in a knapsack because he wants to be a soldier later on.

The next boy wears overalls to school because, after all, study is hard work and besides they protect his knees while playing marbles. With this boy it is a case of his books and his marbles, and he tries not to lose his marbles.

NOW take a look at number five. This lad takes the New Life Movement seriously for a youngster. In fact, he keeps his shoes shined, carries a handkerchief in his sleeve, and a private drinking cup. And he says he wants to visit America some day "Ing wei ku ing shih zang quang Mei Ko sz haw ku le," (Because America looks so good in the movies).

The last little boy was rather shy about having his picture taken at all. Unlike the others, he prefers the Chinese robe or *shang* as it is called because it keeps his legs warm in the winter and the mosquitoes away in the summer. Silvester is the practical type that clings to the good old Chinese customs.

Now that we know something about the types of



"One wears overalls to school because study is hard and besides they protect his knees while playing marbles. His companion carries his books and chewing gum in a knapsack because he wants to be a soldier."

students, what about the kinds of schools? Just at present schools are divided into two groups; those that are really schools and those which appear to be. A recent journal gives the status of educational institutions of Shanghai as follows: "As a result of the incomputable material loss suffered from the hostilities, practically all educational institutions in Shanghai today are down on their knees, but not totally out. With the exception of a few schools located in or near the foreign settlements, those institutions located in the war zone suffered irreparable damages to their property. Even those located in the foreign areas were affected by the war in one way or another. Not only has the war dealt a heavy blow to the educational institutions, but also seriously affected the vast army of scholars,—students of universities, middle schools and primary schools. Most of the students are now scattered all over the country having joined the big exodus from the war zones to safe areas when hometowns were destroyed. Those who were lucky enough to be able to pursue their studies here, are today receiving their education in the most haphazard way. There are a few exceptions, however."

THE exceptions are the Catholic schools of Shanghai. Every possible effort is being made to keep them open. Often a phone call would come to Gonzaga College, and a rather doubtful voice would ask: "Is your school still open?" What a relief it must have been, for the parents at least, to hear the reply: "Yes, certainly." School authorities may wonder how long they can keep answering in the affirmative.

Now parents are beginning to inquire about the next semester and they phone in to ask if the school will really be open again in the Fall. (Turn to page 223)

# The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Queries have begun to reach us asking for the names of persons to whom our Pamphlet Promoters might forward their extra copies gratis and be assured of spiritual returns on their investment. The request is practical. Therefore, we will publish each month on this page the name of one or more worthy beneficiaries. We recommend immediately the writer of the following note sent to one of our Promoters in gratitude for pamphlets received. "State Prison Farm, Leesburg, N. J., February 3rd, 1938; Dear Friend—Received the pamphlets this evening. Your action is very laudable and we appreciate. I am sure that you are aware that I am a convict and have been here a long time. In view of this I naturally think of the thousands of convicts throughout the U. S. A. I do not know of any class of people that would be more benefited by pamphlets. Particularly of the type you sent here. Each state has from one to six penal institutions and there are several Federal ones. What a field for Catholic Action! I do not know if you have read my articles in *The Sign, Catholic World, etc.* They are designed for that object. *Catholic World* will shortly publish another and I believe O.S.V. is to publish one that is distinctly propaganda for religious education of convicts. Again thanking you and informing you that an earnest group of Catholic convicts will remember you at their devotions, I am, Very sincerely, John Monaghan." Readers who may wish to subscribe for a definite number of pamphlets monthly and to have them forwarded to the above address, or to any other, may mail their orders to Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

## PAMPHLETS FOR PRISONERS

The value of pamphlets on home missions will be easily gathered from the following note addressed to a Jesuit Mission Press Pamphlet Promoter. "Mission Helpers, Joppa Road West of Charles Street Avenue, Towson, P. O., Maryland: Dear Miss ——. We thank you for your kind response to our appeal for Catholic literature, as we are very much in need of a larger supply to take care of our needs. This literature we distribute among the non-Catholics as well as Catholics in the public wards of the non-sectarian hospitals and in the almshouse, and all enjoy same. In the fallen away Catholic it helps to revive good dispositions and aids our efforts to induce such a one to receive the Sacraments, while for non-Catholics it is both entertaining and instructive. Then, too, in the homes of the poor and of negligent Catholics whom we visit we leave a few pieces. Into most of these homes a Catholic publication never before entered, though secular literature with its false propaganda, etc., is plentiful enough. So you see, dear Miss —, what good use we shall make of your Catholic literature. May our dear Lord generously reward your charity and zeal in going to the trouble and expense of saving and remailing same to us. Assuring you we shall be most grateful for the literature you may send us from time to time, we are, Sincerely yours in the Sacred Heart, The Mission Helpers, Missionary Department."

## PAMPHLETS FOR MISSION HELPERS

Just as there are people with teachers' minds, preachers' minds, scientific minds, domestic minds, theatrical minds, so there are people with Promoters' minds. That they exist we know, for only a Promoter's mind could have sent us the ten efficiency hints or named the channels of circulation which we now submit for our readers. 1. Be pamphlet minded. Watch for new releases, especially of the type suited to the needs of your acquaintances. 2. Carry one or two along wherever you go. A wee prayer for guidance usually results in your returning empty-handed. 3. Read them in public, displaying the titles as openly as you would any secular publication. 4. After you finish reading a pamphlet, offer it tactfully to a fellow-traveler or to anyone nearby. A word of recommendation, calling attention to a certain passage, or mentioning how it has instructed you, will arouse curiosity. 5. Answer any inquiries courteously, simply and above all, correctly. If you do not have the facts for a complete explanation, admit it and volunteer to obtain more inclusive data, or refer the questioner to a reliable source. 6. Employ the waiting moments in the reception room of a doctor's or dentist's office by reading a pamphlet. When

## TEN EFFICIENCY HINTS

your turn comes to enter the "chamber of tortures," add the pamphlet to the magazines already in evidence, or offer it to another patient as a cure for tedium. 7. Do not be a busy-body, forcing pamphlets upon those who do not care to read. Do not taken an excusatory attitude. You are doing a good work, work endorsed highly by the Holy Father, and may light the way for a wandering soul. 8. Give, or mail, to a friend a group of pamphlets with the notation therein "Do not return. Please read and pass on." 9. Take an assortment of pamphlets on visits to institutions. Either the one you call on in the hospital will welcome them, or they can be left in the waiting room. Prisons need such reading material. So do many of our supposedly law abiding luncheon companions. 10. Unique and most effective: When wrapping a package, slip in a pamphlet or two. There is a suitable one to go with the greeting to a shut-in, the bridge prize, the Boy or Girl Scout equipment, the *bon voyage* remembrance, as well as picnic lunches, borrowed articles and countless other parcels—the number of which you will deny you ever wrap until you begin to wonder where your stack of pamphlets has gone."

That it's not a pamphlet alone which will necessarily produce fruit but *the* pamphlet fitted for a particular need is exemplified in the following story told by the author of the ten efficiency hints already given. We quote her words: "It was obvious that the glamorous young lady down the corridor, bent on dancing away her youth, had not a moment to squander on such trifling issues as national problems or the crying need of Christlike charity. Husband hunting is her avowed occupation. The majority of her 'boy friends' are non-Catholics. (Their manners are so superior, you know!) Sure enough, there is one favorite among them. Inquiries convinced me that Miss Broadminded was waltzing into a perilous future. The case required delicate handling. I hesitated to go further than stating on various occasions the teaching of the Church, lest I lose her confidence by any injudicious remarks. If there is anything these moderns abhor, it is the slightest hint of 'preaching.' Along came Father Lord's 'Marry Your Own.' One day, in passing the open door, I tossed in a copy with the blithe challenge that my opinionated young neighbor digest that and tell me whether she thought the author knew his matchmaking. The shot was perfect! The booklet not only was read carefully, but passed on to two others before it was returned to me. It was only a week later that this girl borrowed it again for the last man you would suspect of interest in the question. He, in turn, is using it to unravel snarls for another. May they wear the print off the pages!

## NOT A PAMPHLET BUT THE PAMPHLET

We cannot refrain from quoting once again from the letter of the previous writer who has distributed so tactfully her own pamphlets and has had the happiness of seeing her zeal rewarded. "Then there were the young parents of one child, who could afford no more. The husband felt that his business success demanded the contacts made in golf and expensive hunting trips, and they had to entertain generously. Saturday nights found their household gay with guests, and after a while, considerable drinking. The husband's word was law. The family was complete. Other so-called Catholic couples in the crowd approved their reasons and condoned their practices. The young mother's conscience was roused at length and she came to me in despair. To my suggestion that she seek advice in the confessional, she replied it was out of the question and that a confessor would not understand, even if she could bring herself to revealing their mode of living. (Why did this troubled matron bring her sordid story to a single woman, if not by a Guardian Angel who knew I possessed two booklets that to her would be double their weight in gold?) The devastating blow fell later, when the husband drove up in a new high powered car. Still ringing in my ears are the wife's lamentations that they could afford a new car but not another baby. The booklets I had given this mother fortified her so she had courage to deliver an ultimatum. How heaven must have rejoiced at the subsequent reconciliation, good confessions, reformed life, and second child!—God bless our Catholic pamphleteers!"

## GOD BLESS OUR CATHOLIC PAMPHLETEERS



Mungsi Tudu as he appears today. He wants a great favor.

**M**UNSI TUDU, although only ten, was a confirmed pagan. Like the other boys of the village he knew nothing about God. About the devil, however, he knew much. The devil was man's great concern. There was a being called *Thakur* (God) who was kind and didn't trouble men. Therefore man need not trouble him. But the *Marang Buru* (devil) . . . one must always be careful to humor him. Otherwise the crops would fail. Sickness, too, would have its toll and life would be quite unpleasant. So Mungsi took a delight in being present when the men of the village had their devil worship. He knew every detail of the ceremony: what words were to be used, where the *sindur* (red lead) was to be applied, how the chicken was to be killed and cut. The village *Guru* or religious teacher was pleased with the interest and attention of his young disciple. Who knows, Mungsi might one day learn the rules of his profession and become a *guru* himself. Nor was the boy averse to the idea. Such was the charm of serving the devil.

There came a day when the villagers had strange visitors. Two *mem sahibs* (women) dressed in spotless white and, strange to say, with faces and hands almost as white as the clothes they wore. Little boys and girls took furtive glances from behind the sheltering skirts of kind mothers. The more intrepid boys, and Mungsi was their leader, dared stand in front of the curious crowd and when these women said, "*Jesu Marang*," (praised be Jesus), they also said, "*Jesu Marang*," not knowing what it meant. Greater still

# Mungsi Tudu

William R. Hussey, S. J.

was the surprise of the villagers when one of the visitors asked in Santali, "Is anyone in the village sick?" On hearing this there was a general whisper, "She has spoken in our own language." No one however answered the question. Again the same question and again no reply, until Mungsi, having sought and received encouraging smiles from his companions, answered, "Yes, my mother is sick."

**I**N a kind tone, not however unexpected from women with white faces, came the answer, "Come, take us to your house and we will cure your mother. We have very good medicine in this little box!" Mungsi, however, loved his mother in his own rough unexpressive way and would never think of frightening her at a time when fever had laid her low. His only answer was "*bang!*" He guessed that the visitor knew that it meant, "no!" Undaunted she tried her powers of persuasion on the boy, but Mungsi's only answer was, "*bang!*" It looked like a lost day for the *Mem Sahib* (we would call her, "Sister") until she remembered her *toyobilli*. Down went her hand into the nether regions of her habit pocket and out came a handful of multi-colored candy balls, little bigger than rifle shot. Five or six were placed in Mungsi's hand and the remainder thrown into the air. Fear and reserve were forgotten. There was a general scramble of old and young alike to secure at least one *toyobilli*. After the last one had been retrieved Mungsi was again approached. This time he yielded. Sister's trump card had won the day.

**W**ITH a wave of his hand indicating the direction of his house, Mungsi was forcing his way through the crowd with the Sisters close behind and at their heels, the rest of the people pushing and jostling one another while jockeying for positions in the disorderly race. With as much display as a bandmaster, Mungsi led the way down the dusty street, waving a menacing stick, growling dogs and occasionally smiling at acquaintances along the road. Now and then he half-glanced round to see if his newly made friends were still in the race. When he reached the end of the street, he proudly pointed to a dilapidated mud house and with chest expanded said, "This is my house!" A pair of bullocks blocked the narrow doorway. A crack from Mungsi's stick hurried them away. Arrived in the courtyard he brought a native basket on which the Sisters could sit. Though strangers he offered them all the niceties of Santal custom. Every available place in the courtyard had meanwhile been occupied by the rear guard. Customs fulfilled, Mungsi pointed to his mother lying on a bed in an adjacent room. Quietly the Sisters entered the room and greeted the fever stricken mother. Weakened by fever and the lack of proper nutrition she could scarcely answer their questions. Mungsi however squatted at her side and gave all the information desired. Where was his father? "Oh, he died last year!"

"Have you an elder brother?"

"Yes, he is out ploughing the fields."

After giving some medicine and indicating the proper diet the Sisters, with encouraging words for the sick one, took their leave. "Could someone come to the Sisters for more medicine?"

"Of course!" Mungsi himself would go.

Again taking the lead, Mungsi led the Sisters back to the limits of the village where he left them with a promise to come for medicine on the following day.

Next morning, bright and early, Sister found Munki waiting for her when she came to the chapel for Mass. From his smile she knew that the medicine given yesterday had helped, otherwise he certainly would not have come for more.

"*Jesu Marang!*" Sister greeted him.

"*Jesu Marang!*" was his hearty response.

"Now, little boy, tell me your name."

"Munki Tudu!" and somewhat boldly, "What's yours?"

Surprised by the unusual question Sister was at a loss for words.

She did manage to say, "Sister."

"S-i-s-t-e-r?" questioned Munki, looking intently into her face, hoping to discover a smile which would indicate that she was only joking. "S-i-s-t-e-r?" He had never heard the word before and it was so unlike other names he knew.

Though regretting the necessity of interrupting her chat with the precocious Munki, Sister did not want to be late for Mass. So, excusing herself with a promise of more medicine after Mass, she left him. Munki's eyes followed her until she entered the chapel door and then his curiosity got the better of him. Soon he found himself at the open door through which Sister had lately entered.

"**D**-U-R-R-E!" (strange!) he exclaimed as he took his first glance into the church. Unbelievable sights! Up in front lights were burning. There were flowers and beautiful statues before which a man in bright red clothes was standing. He was saying something to a little boy at his side, not much bigger than Munki. There too was Sister with three others dressed like her. Impressed by what he saw and eager to see more, Munki slowly went forward until he was standing at Sister's side. He was quite surprised that she took no notice of him and wondered what was in the little black book she was reading. When the little boy near the man in the beautiful garments rang a bell, Sister whispered to Munki, "Kneel down!" Quite awkwardly he fell on his knees. It was a new experience for him. More bells . . . silence . . . the bells again, and Sister with her companions was going close to the lights. The man in the beautiful clothes gave her something from a golden cup and she was coming back again. Her reverential bearing puzzled Munki. Why was she sad? She didn't even look at him when he had smiled at her as she came near. Munki remained kneeling there until Sister left the church. He too, followed.

"Well, Munki," said Sister, "Did you like our *girja* (church service)?"



"Munki took his first glance into the church. Unbelievable sight! . . . Quite awkwardly he fell upon his knees. It was a new experience for him."

"I never saw anything like it before," replied Munki.

"What did that man give you?"

"He gave me Jesus, Munki."

"Will he give me Jesus?" questioned the little pagan.

"Not now, Munki, but later on . . . I hope!"

Munki's visits become frequent. While his mother's illness lasted he came in search of medicine. Afterwards it was simply the pleasure of being near the Sisters and the man he learned to call "Father." Not many months later Munki and his mother were baptized by Father Francis Stoy, S.J. . . . and Munki was packed off to school.

There the memory of his dark days of apprenticeship to the village *Guru* became dimmer and dimmer with the years. He came to know what the worship of the true God

really meant, especially that highest act of worship, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And with this knowledge, a desire began to dawn in the soul of this little boy who had once been ambitious to serve the devil. He prayed and waited. For he was still very young and there was much about his new faith he must learn.

Nine years have passed. Last week Father Stoy received a letter from Munki in which he writes that he is praying hard for a great favor. He wants to be a priest.

*Sister Adelgund and Sister Alipia of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Munki's friends, with two other Santal children.*



# From Huronia to China

James S.  
McGivern, S. J.

**I**N the light of the fact that today Canadian Jesuit missionaries are working in the mission fields of China, it is interesting to read about a Jesuit who was not only a member of that holy band of men who planted the faith firmly in the heart of Canada but was also a laborer for about forty years in that field which his successors, the Canadian Jesuits, are now cultivating in China. Father Greslon or Grêlon was only a short time in New France, but his stay coincided with the era of the Martyrs. It is curious that in the Catholic Encyclopedia (seventh volume) there is a very brief notice of this missionary that says absolutely nothing about his stay on the Huron Missions during the last three years of that mission field.

Authorities seem to differ on the date of this priest's birth—in fact they differ on both the date of his birth and the date of his entry into the Society of Jesus. I have been able personally to verify neither of these—Father Melançon says that Father Adrien Grêlon was born at Périquieux in 1617 and entered the Society of Jesus November 5, 1635. These dates are most likely the true ones as being the result of later researches. However Father Arthur Jones, the great authority on things Huronian, during his lifetime claimed that Father Grêlon was born April 27, 1618 and entered the Jesuit order on June 1, 1643, already a priest.

**F**ATHER GRELON landed at Quebec, August 14, 1647 in the company of Father Jacques Bonin, another recruit for the missions. The Jesuit catalogue for the year of Father Grêlon's arrival in Canada is missing, but we know from the catalogue of the following year what he was doing before he was allowed to go to the mission of Huronia. He was in Three Rivers learning how to speak the Indian tongue. One of his fellow pupils was Father Gabriel Lalemant.

Every year, unless prevented by fear of Iroquois attacks, a flotilla of canoes came from the Huron country to trade and barter with the French in Montreal and Quebec. In 1648 Father Bressani left the missions to go to Quebec on business. He was accompanied by some two hundred and fifty Huron warriors under five chiefs. They were attacked by the Iroquois but were fortunate in giving, this time, a severe trouncing to the attacking band. Having finished his business and the canoes being ready to return to the Indian country, Father Bressani, and with him Fathers Grêlon, Bonin, Daran, and Gabriel Lalemant, left Three Rivers on August 6

and began the long and tedious journey of many portages by way of the Saint Lawrence, the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing, to the waiting mission stations.

The little group of Jesuits arrived at their journey's end early in September. It was probably then that they heard for the first time the startling news that a member of the mission had already met martyrdom. Father Daniel had been murdered by the Iroquois at the mission station of St. Joseph II (Teanaostaë) shortly after the departure of Father Bressani for Quebec.

**I**T is almost impossible to find out what Father Grêlon did—or for that matter what any single Father did—during the years 1648, 1649, and 1650, for the superior in writing was most peculiarly reticent in giving the names of the missionaries and where they were stationed.

One or two things we do know about Father Grêlon—the general story of those years of martyrdom is well known to the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, so we need not go into detail here. When Father Garnier had been slain by the Iroquois in the sack of the Huron village of St. John (Etharita), Fathers Grêlon and Garreau set out to recover, if possible, the body. A sad spectacle met their eyes at Etharita—the dead and wounded surrounded them on every side.

It was only through the quick-sightedness of the Indians that the missionaries were able to find the body of their fellow laborer who now had been crowned with the aureole of martyrdom. In all haste, albeit in reverence, they brought back the body of the dead martyr to the station of St. Mathias, where for the time Father Grêlon had apparently been stationed. Shortly after this event the central missions were transferred to the island that is today known as Christian Island. Father Grêlon had broken down, meanwhile, in health through the hardships of the mission life and labor. Father Ragueneau tells us that Father Grêlon was brought from his own mission to the headquarters, Ste. Marie, that he might get better attention and care. However, soon the entire mission was abandoned and Father Grêlon with the other Fathers descended to Quebec. His health by this time was so critical that it was considered that he was through with missionary labors. He was accordingly sent back to France August 23, 1650.

**B**UT the missionary was by no means through; by 1654 he was once more in full possession of good health. He volunteered once more for the missions and was once more accepted by his *(Turn to page 223)*

## SONG OF THE MISSIONARY

Frederick Elliott, S.J.

Reign long, brave Shepherd on thy throne!  
Reign long, Crusader of men's souls!  
Like petals of a rose, full-blown,  
Our conquest for the Cross unfolds  
The beauty of thy priesthood's fruitful years.

Loved Prince of God! May this great reign,  
That loosed in bliss thy captive-throng,  
To thee all Christendom regain,  
While in this hour we hymn a song  
That rings with joy within a world of tears.

# Orphanages in the Missions

## The Mission Intention for September

AMONG the works included in the missionary apostolate is the care of orphans. The word is to be understood in two senses, indicating not only children who have lost their parents in death, but those, likewise, who have been deserted by the parents who bore them. Today in mission lands Catholic charity protects and cares for more than 100,000 of these orphans, distributed in some 2,000 orphanages. In all Asia, there are 1,073 orphanages and 66,995 orphans; in China alone, there are 389 asylums, housing 25,000 children; in Africa, 617, with 30,675; in Oceania, 126, with 7,545, and in the mission sections of both Americas, 92, with 3,920.

As a means of introducing Catholicism to the pagans and infidels, the work done by those in charge of Catholic orphanages is most efficacious. The tender mercy bestowed upon the helpless waifs committed to their care or rescued from death by the missionaries themselves, stirs within the breast of the unbeliever, first, amazement, then curiosity, and finally, a feeling of friendly gratitude and admiration which breaks down prejudice and opens the door to instruction and conversion. Frequently and specifically among the Mohammedans, the care of orphans is the only Christian apostolate permitted to Catholics. On the other hand, precisely because this work has been so fruitful in conversions, envy has been aroused and Catholics must now compete with well organized efforts on the part of Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists and others, who, either for the purpose of proselytism or from merely humanitarian motives, are engaging in this same avocation.

In the News Notes released by the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, we read why the Catholic orphanage in mission lands is an absolute necessity:

"The tiny offspring of the really needy, destined, in many instances, to become the victims of infanticide, finds in the orphan asylum a haven where the divine virtues are exemplified. Entering its portals they meet first with charity—a charity so closely resembling the Saviour's own that it encompasses even the most forlorn of God's children. The unwanted, sick, maimed, blind and feeble-minded little ones are loved and cared for in the orphanages. Washed, clothed and fed, their helpless little bodies, when not too emaciated by disease and want, enter upon a new existence.

"However, the charity of such institutions does not end with the body. The good Religious realize that each of these mites of humanity harbors an immortal soul to be redeemed by the saving waters of Baptism. Thus with charity comes faith, and, with that precious heritage, hope for the future, both temporary and eternal.

We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that "the upkeep and management of these institutions call for the solution of many complex problems. They must provide plenty without wastefulness, clothe adequately, educate in letters and handicraft without overwork, and provide amusement without laxity, as well as discipline

without repression. There must be a thorough medical oversight of all, individually and collectively." (*Fides*)

In each of our American Jesuit Missions the need for orphanages is more or less acute but always present.

In this present issue there is given an arresting and touching account of the work done by the Helpers of the Holy Souls in Sen-mou-yeu, Shanghai, China, under the title, "The Holy Mother's Garden."

While the present Sino-Japanese status continues it is certain that large numbers of orphans, whose fathers have been slain and who are otherwise unprotected or without provision, will be brought to the ever popular and populous Catholic orphanages. We may surmise the possible total of these helpless waifs, when we reflect that His Excellency, the Most Reverend Yu Pin, Bishop of Nanking and an outstanding authority on Chinese affairs, both of the Church and of the State, has estimated that approximately 10,000,000 of his countrymen will have been slain before hostilities cease and peace is restored. In the midst of the shambles of war the work done in our Catholic orphanages is capturing the good will of the natives both in high places and in low. Not to capitalize upon this benevolence by increasing the number of such asylums seems like a flagrant waste of opportunity and a flat rejection of one of the most potent external graces of the Holy Ghost.

It is of interest to note that even the Mohammedans entrust their children to Catholic orphanages. In 1872 at Tamontaca, Mindanao, P. I., during a small-pox epidemic, the Moros sold their children to the Jesuits who maintained in their orphanages an average of about 160 boys and girls who were taught to till the soil and were all carefully instructed in the Faith.

Yet today in India even more than in China, do we see the power of the orphanage as an aid to conversion. At the present writing the most stupendous mass conversion movement since the days of the Apostles is taking place among the Depressed Classes. Between sixty and seventy millions of these outcastes are, as it were, placing themselves upon the auction block waiting to follow the highest bidder. Merely for the power of their political vote, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Communism and innumerable native sects are vying with Protestantism for the adherence of these despised classes. The bid of Catholic missionaries is the offer of Social Justice and of that social and religious democracy which is the privilege of each member of Christ's Mystical Body on earth. As an earnest of their sincerity Catholic missionaries point to the Catholic orphanage wherein the tender charity of Christ is permitted to function, neither circumscribed nor restricted by any lines of caste. Can there be a more powerful apologetic than these same Catholic orphanages? It is with reason, therefore, and a divine cognizance of the workings of God's grace that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, pleads in this September Mission Intention for an increase of orphanages in mission lands.

# Afield with American Jesuits

## PATNA, INDIA

An account of the death of Father George A. Dertinger, S.J., which was announced in our last issue is contained in a letter from Father August F. Wildermuth, S.J., Rector of Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Dist. Champaran, India.

"No doubt you have heard, long before this, of the death of Father Dertinger. You cannot imagine what a shock it was to our Community, and what a blow to our institution. Father George never kept very good health in this country. For the past two years he was not well but his trouble seemed to be a weak heart. He was under the care of a doctor in whom both he and Father Superior had the greatest confidence. Not long ago he had gone down to Patna to see this doctor. At the time, I told him that I thought he should go to see the doctor in the hospital in Patna, but he told me that he had absolutely no confidence in Indian doctors, even though some of them in the Patna Hospital are very good and have been trained in Europe. It was not very long after, that he told me he was feeling extremely weak and that he had difficulty in finishing Mass. I sent him to Patna again, with a letter to Father Raymond Mullen, S.J., to send him to the Patna Hospital immediately for a thorough examination. They examined his blood and found that he had lymphatic leukaemia. He had no solid matter in his blood. What he should have had twenty-five or thirty per cent of, he had ninety-nine, and of what should have been sixty per cent he had only a fraction. The Civil Surgeon said that it was one of those acute cases one meets occasionally that go so fast that one can do nothing. They took him back to St. Xavier's where he died at 6:40 P.M., May 12. During his last hours he suffered tortures, as one dying of cancer, but his mind remained very clear till the end, and he prayed aloud beautifully, till God called him to the great reward he so justly deserves.

"It is not necessary for me to tell you what grand work he did here, chiefly through the Sodality and his moral classes to the pagans. At the Requiem Mass here, the chapel was

packed with pagan boys, as well as Christians. I told them that if they wished to show their gratitude to Father Dertinger for all that he had done for them, they could do it in no better way than by imitating his generous fidelity to duty, even to a heroic degree, for the love of God. He was certainly conspicuous for that."



*Reverend Joseph Gschwend, S.J., who after one year as Associate Editor and nine years as Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS has been summoned to his home Province of Missouri to assume the important office of Master of Novices at Florissant, Mo.*

Father Dertinger was forty-two years old. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1914 and left for Patna in October, 1929. In October, 1932, he succeeded Father Raymond Conway, S.J. in his work among the Santals. Father Conway was the first American Jesuit to die in Patna Mission. In 1935 he was transferred to Khrist Raja High School where he superintended the construction of the new chapel of the high school. The surprisingly low cost of this building was due to his supervision and untiring zeal.

\* \* \*

Father James A. Creane, S.J., veteran and valiant missionary of Patna, India,

has for a number of months past been on the sick list. However, he is up and doing again. He send us a few lines from Catholic Mission, Champaganagar P. O., Bhagalpur, India:

"The cycle is complete! Here I am back at Bhagalpur, where I started about eleven years ago. Many of the old familiar faces are gone and new ones have replaced them. As a city, Bhagalpur ranks third in the Mission, Patna and Gaya being larger. Bhagalpur alone has almost twice the population of the whole Mission of British Honduras. But Catholics are far fewer. The population is predominantly Hindu and Mohammedan. Not one in eight hundred is a Catholic. "Last Saturday night one of my parishioners was leading a party of constables to make a raid on a gang of thieves. But it seems he and his party were mistaken for thieves by the villagers who attacked them. The leader of the party was badly stabbed with spears and is now in the hospital in a critical condition."

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Writing from his station: Catholic Mission, Mokameh Junction, Patna District, India, Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., answers a question for his inquiring friends.

"Is Mokameh Mission a part of Patna Mission?"

"Yes, just as there are many parishes in each diocese, so there are many 'missions' in Patna Mission (or Patna Diocese). In each of these missions within Patna Diocese, there are a number of sub-stations of mission-stations which are like parishes under the charge of one missionary. The reason

for this division is that each mission within Patna Diocese is almost as large as the average American diocese and sub-stations make it possible for the Catholics in distant villages to attend Mass and receive the sacraments. At present, I have five sub-stations besides Mokameh, which is my headquarters because it is a railway junction and because it is the easiest to reach from all the other sub-stations. Each sub-station is about twenty miles from another sub-station. It is my ambition to erect a church, a school, and to secure land for a graveyard at each of these sub-stations. At each sub-station there is one Master (well trained in



*John M. Scott, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University, and has been assigned to Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota.*

the Catholic religion, able to direct others, teach school, serve Mass, and manage everything in my absence) and two or more catechists (new converts who are above the ordinary in intelligence and zeal for souls). At some of the sub-stations I have more than two catechists because prospects are greater there and more people are asking for instruction."

### AMERICAN INDIANS

Though he has been a Jesuit nearly fifty-three years, **Father Louis Taelman, S.J.**, is still carrying on vigorous work among the Flathead Indians of Montana. In a recent letter to the Editor he writes:

"You ask me to send you a couple of paragraphs about our work. Last Sunday, June 19, we had our beautiful annual celebration of Corpus Christi. It is an event which powerfully appeals to our Indians and makes them gather here at the Mission from all over the Flathead Reservation, some coming from a distance of forty and fifty miles and more. Besides the general Holy Communion Mass at 7 and the Solemn High Mass at 10, during which sermons are preached in English and Indian, there follows immediately the impressive ceremony of the outdoor procession with the Blessed Sacrament. Alternately each year, there is erected for the occasion, a beautifully decorated altar, either before the Ursuline Convent or the Charity Sisters Hospital, at which an extra Benediction is given. The line of the Procession is formed by the Cross bearer and acolytes, the women with their ban-

ners and choir, the Indian men also with their banners, the members of the religious Communities, some two dozen little girls, dressed in white, carrying baskets of fresh flowers to scatter along the line of the Procession, an equal number of little boys, specially dressed up for the occasion, and carrying a variety of religious banners; then some twenty-five altar boys, carrying lighted torches, followed by a couple of altar boys, swinging censers, and finally the Blessed Sacrament, carried by the Priest, accompanied by Deacon and Subdeacon, the three marching together under a large splendid canopy, carried by four stalwart Indians, specially chosen and adorned for the occasion. Apart from the two Benedictions, hymns are sung during the Procession by three choirs, the Marquette Choir that also sang at the Solemn High Mass, the school children's choir and the typically Indian choir of men and women with their various hymns in Indian. The whole ceremony, attended by some 800 people or more, is devout and inspiring. It surely brings out the faith and love of our Indians for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

"A week previously, the Mission concluded the summer vacation school for the Catholic children who had attended the public school. Some sixty-five children were thus benefited, being instructed in their religion, eighteen of them receiving their first Holy Communion. Although our Mission school for boarders and day scholars takes care of some 170 children and is open to all, a certain number of children from the country cannot avail themselves of our school, because the busses will only bring them to the public school. The Mission itself lacks the means to furnish transportation.

"The past school year, with an average attendance of some 160 children, was quite a success, spiritually, intellectually and otherwise. The Mission school is and must remain the great means to keep up the faith of our Indian people."

### IRAQ

On the list of appointments issued annually by the Province of New England we find the name of one Father and one scholastic destined for Iraq, namely, **Father Leo J. Shea, S.J.** and **Mr. Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.** Departure photographs will appear in the October issue of **JESUIT MISSIONS.**

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A sheaf of programs from Baghdad College, Iraq, indicate that the scholastic life is intensely active and flourishing. Among the programs we find one advertising the Fifth Annual Elocution Contest held under the auspices of Our Lady's Sodality Dramatic Section. Another includes the names of the individual students who spoke on different aspects of Our Lady's life

during the month of May. A third was the program for Our Daily Bread, a Eucharistic Drama. The fourth was a throw-away advertising Lenten Lectures on Catholic Education conducted by **Father Francis B. Sargeant, S.J.**, Vice Rector of Baghdad College. The fifth was a humorous ad for the Baghdad College Sodality Social of 1938.

### JAMAICA

From Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, **Very Rev. Francis J. Kelly, S.J.**, Superior of the Jamaica Mission writes:

"Our labor troubles here have been settling down and at present things are quiet, but there seems to be an under current of unrest throughout the Island. There is some talk of trouble on Emancipation Day, August 1st, which will be the Centenary of Emancipation in Jamaica. However, I believe the authorities will be prepared in case trouble should arise. We shall hope and pray for the best and try to be prepared for the worst."

\* \* \*

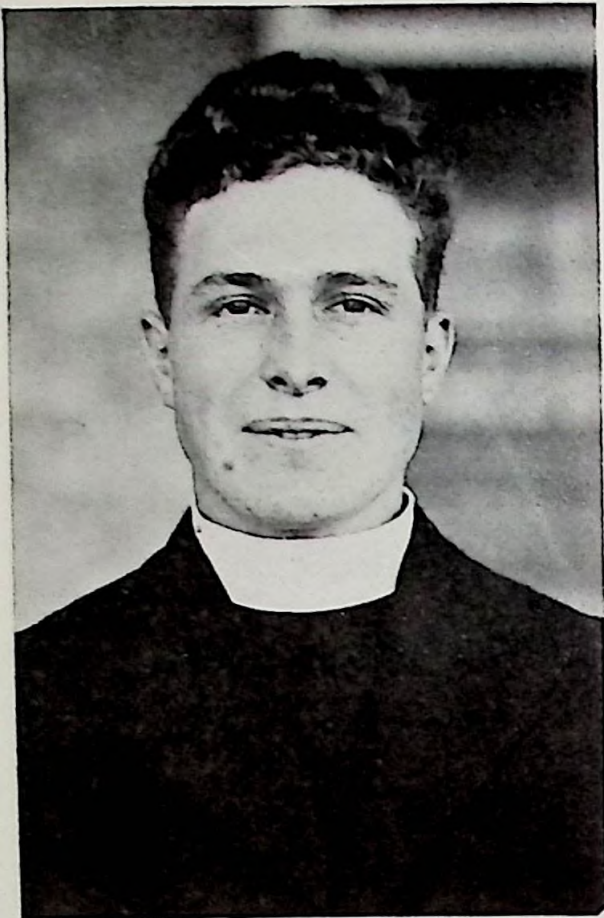
From St. Mary's Church, Above Rocks P. O., Jamaica, **Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J.**, relates the story of his recent misfortune:

"Last Saturday night at 5 o'clock I had my major smash-up. The big bus on its way to town locked horns with my Ford. And what happens when three tons hits a quarter ton? Thank God, it was only a slight bruise I got, but the car was badly smashed.

"From five o'clock until midnight I sat and waited for a wrecking machine to come. No luck! At midnight the last load of people from the town market coming home on a truck found me dozing in the car. 'Whe? Our Fadder him? Asleep de cer? Hi, Fadder, come home with we.' I argued



*Francis J. Jansky, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University, and has been assigned to St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.*



*James E. Whitehead, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University, and has been assigned to St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.*

that the car could not budge. They pulled and tore the steel mass apart, discovered the Ford could steer, woke up a shopkeeper, got thirty feet of rope tied up to the truck, and we were off. It took two more hours to go four miles, but we made it to Above Rocks. And, here's a big laugh and yet a humbling and flattering story. As we said good night I remarked, 'Why did you people do this? You not supposed to help white man,—riots, strikes, etc. You should leave me on road.' A big market lady, half asleep with weariness laughs out and says, 'But, Fadder, yo is just one of we.' So, there you are. I am one of them. Colored, poor, a British subject, etc. Yet, I tell you I could have cheered, for I was home and in spite of their many failings I do like them. Incidentally, my worst personal suffering was being without cigarettes while clouds of mosquitoes kept the night watch with me. I had sent on my bags ahead, but forgot to keep some smokes and the nearest shop was almost a mile away. A great life! Who said this isn't a missionary country? Insurance will cover the repairs, but this is my second smash and always there is trouble with such a car. If I can get a good turnover price I will turn it in and mortgage off the rest of my life in Jamaica paying up the difference."

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From St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica, Father James M. Harney, S.J., writes to tell us:

"My missions are going wonderful-

ly well. It is too bad they have only one priest as there is plenty of work for two. At Donnington they are cooperating in great style. Linstead has improved greatly. The new missions at Guys Hill and Ewarton are flourishing. I opened the Ewarton Mission on the Feast of Corpus Christi. The two other districts have asked me to open missions for them. At the Donnington School when the schoolroom becomes too hot the teachers have outdoor classes for their pickneys."

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From St. Anthony's Rectory, Port Antonio, Jamaica, Father Oliver B. Skelly, S.J., drops a hint of conditions in his parish when he writes:

"Thanks a million for the substantial check which reached me about a week ago. I am very grateful. The collection at two masses here on the preceding Sunday amounted to ten shillings (about \$2.50). You can easily imagine the thrill I got when your stringless gift arrived. The heat here is terrific. The most I've experienced



*Father Sydney J. Judah, S.J., of the New England Province, who is returning to Jamaica, B. W. I., for missionary work after having completed his Tertianship at Pomfret, Connecticut.*

in fifteen years. Indoors the electric fan is constantly in motion. Sorry I can't bring it along with me when I go out."

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Father Joseph L. LeRoy, S.J. and Father Sydney Judah, S.J., will leave for Jamaica this summer.

### BRITISH HONDURAS

To Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., of St. John's College, Belize, we are indebted for the following notes:

"Father Louis E. Newell, S.J., who last August celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit at the age of seventy-two, made his first airplane trip some time ago. He flew from Belize to Cayo where he gave a retreat to some Sisters of the Pious Missionary Congregation. His flying time was forty-five minutes. Thus, in less than an hour he covered the distance which

formerly took him two or three days to travel on horseback and which takes from three to eight days to make by the Belize River on the slow river boats which have to be moved with caution over the many rapids and low waters of this meandering stream.

"His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., seems to be stronger now than he was a year ago. He pontificated on Holy Thursday in the Cathedral and blessed the oils. He was in the sanctuary for most of the Holy Week ceremonies. He also sang a Pontifical High Mass on Easter Sunday. This was all done without any apparent serious inconvenience or setback in his condition. Bishop Murphy was eighty years old last December 24.

"The twelve boys who were sent up for the Cambridge examinations last December passed one hundred per cent. In three local literary contests, students and alumni of St. John's College here in Belize secured eight out of nine prizes."

\* \* \*

In an impressive ceremony held at the Novitiate of the Pallotine Missionary Sisters near Punta Gorda May 31, one novice made her profession and five postulants received the religious habit and entered upon their novitiate. Among the new novices were Miss Carmelita Mullen of Council Bluffs, Iowa, and Miss Clara Reger of Toledo, Ohio, the first two American girls to join the Order for missionary work in British Honduras. Miss Mullen took the name of Sister Mary Caritas and Miss Reger that of Sister Mary Felicia.

The High Mass was celebrated by Very Reverend Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission. Father



*Francis C. Ratermann, S.J., of the Missouri Province, having completed his studies in philosophy and science at St. Louis University, sailed June 21 for missionary work in Belize, British Honduras.*



Father James C. Spils, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who has been assigned to the Alaskan missions. He recently completed his Tertianship at Port Townsend, Washington.

O'Connor also preached the sermon for the occasion. In the ceremonies which followed the Mass, Father William A. Ryan, S.J. and Father Marion Ganey, S.J., both of Belize, assisted. The District Commissioner Mr. Maccall and his cousin Lady Owen were among the many who witnessed the profession and reception.

### ALASKA

From Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., writes:

"At the conclusion of your last letter you asked me to send you some little news of the Mission of Our Lady of Lourdes. Gladly will I do this, but it will not be of myself that I speak; let me say a few words in tribute to one of the good Sisters of St. Ursula, who on last Sunday celebrated her Silver Jubilee in Religion.

"Sister Vivina was born in Diest, Mechlin Co., Belgium, in the year 1888, not far from the birthplace of that great missionary of the Rocky Mountains, Father Peter De Smet, S.J. In 1911, feeling herself called to the religious life, she asked permission and was received into the Order of St. Ursula. Like Father De Smet, Sister Vivina was fired with a desire to give herself up to the Indian Missions, but not to the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, but to the Indians of icy Alaska; but the World War broke out and Sister Vivina was sent to Brussels to look after the sick and injured soldiers. In 1923, her wish was finally granted, and with two other companions she bade farewell to home and friends and set out for Alaska. Her first Mission was that of St. Mary's, Akulurak, on

the south mouth of the Yukon River, but in 1927, she was transferred to the Mission of Our Lady of Lourdes, which has been her home ever since.

"Last Sunday, May 22, a very attractive entertainment was given to Sister Vivina, to manifest the esteem the children have for this zealous religious who has done so much for the community of this little Mission. In the middle of the campus is a beautiful grotto of the Shrine of Lourdes, and it was before this shrine, out in the open air, that the celebration took place. The stage was decorated with flowers and ferns. The American flag, together with the deep blue flag of Alaska, swayed gracefully in the warm breeze, while the gaily colored costumes of the children made a scene that will long linger in the minds of



Louis J. Dowd, S. J., of the California Province, who having completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, will sail for China, September 3.

all those who were present.

"Gifts and presents were heaped upon the happy Jubilarian, but one of the highest tributes that could be conferred upon the good Sister were the words of the opening address—"that it was the prayer and hope of all in the community, that when the time came for her Golden Jubilee, she would find no better place to celebrate it than at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska."

\* \* \*

The Most Reverend Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a priest at Juneau August 26, last. Bishop Crimont is eighty years old and has been Bishop in Alaska since 1917.

The Vicariate of Alaska over which the Bishop has jurisdiction contains an area of approximately one-fifth the size of the United States. From the parish of Ketchikan on the south to

the Indian mission of Kotzebue on the northwest, the airline distance is about 1500 miles. To cover this area by the regular means of travel involves a journey of at least three times this distance.

The physical hardships involved in visiting the fifteen parishes and quasi-parishes and the twelve Indian missions in this huge district is tremendous. But the Bishop's biggest problem is not one of travel but of finances. The expense of maintaining the quasi-parishes of small population and the Indian missions is very great. Very few of the parishes are self-supporting and it is necessary for the Vicariate to assist them. The Indian Missions have no support whatever of a local nature. The Indians and Eskimos are for the most part very poor. Since the majority of them are out of the commercial fishing zone, their fishing is confined to producing food for their own use. It is impossible to produce agricultural products in most of the places in which the missions are situated so the only means of support are hunting and trapping and both of these are limited.

It requires about \$40,000 a year to look after the missions and to assist the quasi-parishes. The income of the Bishop of Alaska from charities does not exceed \$12,000 per annum which leaves a difference of \$28,000 to be accounted for by donations from the States. At the beginning of the last school year there was a deficit of \$28,000 after the purchase of the necessary supplies for the year. The deficit at the present time is greater.



William J. Klement, S.J., of the California Province, who having completed his studies in philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, will sail for China, September 3.

Those in charge of the Jubilee Celebration at Juneau called particular attention to this heavy burden carried alone by the eighty year old Bishop without complaint for many years. A committee consisting of members of the Vicariate has decided to call upon Catholics in the United States and Alaska to come to the Bishop's assistance.

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Davao comes the following brief biography of Father Tomas Puig, S.J., who, on January 2nd, 1938, celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit.

"Father Puig was born in the town of Olot, in the province of Gerona, Spain on the 13th day of June, 1871. After the usual course of studies in the Society, he was sent out to the Philippine Mission, arriving in Manila in the year 1906.

"Almost immediately he was assigned to the Mission of Mindanao, his first assignment being to the parish of Dipolog in Zamboanga. Those were difficult days in the Mindanao Mission; the Philippine Revolution was recently over, leaving behind among the masses a strong antipathy to the Church and many, especially in Northern Mindanao, had joined the schismatic Aglipayan church.

"After seven years in Dipolog, Father Puig was transferred to the parish of Tagoloan, close to Cagayan in Oriental Misamis and here he labored for seven years more until 1920 when he was appointed pastor of the parish of Cagayan and Superior of all the houses attached to the Cagayan Residence, namely all the houses within the provinces of Oriental Misamis, Lanao and Bukidnon. His new post was a difficult one as the town of Cagayan, at the time of the revolution had become almost entirely Aglipayan and in this town the hatred for the Catholic Church was very bitter. Even in 1920, almost twenty years after the Revolution, the majority of the town was either Aglipayan or Protestant and the religious faith of the Catholic minority was weak and far from fervent. Self-sacrificing zeal and kindness on the part of Father Puig slowly drew more and more people back to the faith. Here Father Puig remained till 1927, the year of the arrival of the American Fathers to whom the Residence of Cagayan had been assigned.

"Father Puig was immediately appointed superior of the Mission of Davao, comprising the busy city of Davao, (the most progressive in Mindanao) and all the towns along either side of the Gulf of Davao. He had only one priest to assist him and the prospect of taking care of such a large area of outlying missions in addition to the care of the parish church in the city of Davao would have disheartened a less courageous missionary. But this missionary, nearly 60 years of age, en-

tered into the work of his new field of labor with his customary cheerfulness and enthusiasm. Leaving to his one priest companion most of the immediate care of the parish church and schools in the city, Father Puig began his apostolate of the many small towns of the long shorelines of the Gulf of Davao, 150 miles in length. Each month he would spend a couple of weeks in the city and then be off for an expedition of ten days to two weeks along the coast, alone, baptizing, marrying, giving the Last Sacraments to the seriously ill. In this way he was able to visit each settlement along the gulf some two or three times a year, finding at each station a large number awaiting him for baptism or marriage or the Church's blessing on their marriage. His latest field of labor is about to be turned over to Canadian Missionaries and a few months will see this courageous missionary embark on new labors among new people."

\* \* \*

From the Catholic Rectory of Misamis, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, comes news from Father Francis D. Doyno, S.J.:

"Thank you very much for your latest letter and the Masses with the enclosed check. I just have about two more Masses left and then I'd be out on the street. I am actually living at Clarin just now, but I prefer my mail to go to Misamis as it is safer and more speedy there. Believe it or not I am to live at Clarin from now on. Until I get these good people to appreciate the Mass I'm afraid I shall have to depend a great deal on my friends in the good old U. S. A. to support me by their stipends as I get only a few around here, low or otherwise. So have patience at my importunity. Your refrigerator will, therefore, come in very handy as I have to

keep house now. In fact, anything else will be very welcome. Would you believe that I have only two bed sheets in the house, no bed clothes at all for an occasional visitor, about three pots for cooking everything including the rice for the boys, no stove but an open bench with sand on, one mosquito net and three blankets. It is really a pioneering venture and I am trying little by little to fill up the needs, only essentials first. Lately we have had many visitors from Manila down here. I did the best I could by them but I was a bit apologetic for all my efforts. I hope they weren't disgusted with my poor reception and entertainment. But what more can any man do? If anybody ever suggests canned foods of any kind by all means accept them in my name and God bless you all for them. At present I am content and always will be, as far as I am concerned personally, with the native rice, native pig (!) native beef (when I can get a chunk), native chicken, eggs brought in by thoughtful souls, greens and all. I have become quite native and am content and happy and can thrive on it all. But for my guests I would like to do better. But God disposes."

"I had to go off to give the Sisters a retreat at Oroquieta and my poor church suffered a setback. My plans were not followed and I felt because of that there might be danger. So when I returned and saw the mistakes made and the reinforcements left out, I dismissed my contractor and took over the work myself. That's what forced Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., to allow me indefinite residence at Clarin. Occasionally I dash off to Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., when he calls for help. It gives me a chance for companionship and exchanging ideas and Father Gallagher does know a little about building."



Sister Vivina with her assistants in the kitchen of the Mission at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska. Sister Vivina celebrated her Silver Jubilee as a religious on May 22.

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Kindly Words and Kindlier Deeds

To the Editor:

The Juniors of Shadowbrook have offered: Masses 63; Communions 63; Rosaries 53; Stations 47; Visits 236; Hours of Study 223 for you and the staff of JESUIT MISSIONS. It is a token of our appreciation of the fine example you have given us of untiring zeal in the service of the Missions. It is our prayer that you may continue your great work in behalf of our distant Fathers and Brothers in Christ.

Shadowbrook, Lenox, Mass.

The Juniors.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find check for JESUIT MISSIONS, I have become mission minded; I could not do without it. JESUIT MISSIONS is an inspiration,—and the memento in your Mass.

San Jose, Calif.

Matt F. Mulcahy.

To the Editor:

I am very happy that I can send a new subscriber to JESUIT MISSIONS. I asked another friend but didn't make any headway with her. Last year I tried to get two or three but was only lucky enough to get one. I hope she will renew her subscription when it runs out. If you write her a letter like you did to me I don't think she will turn you down. That letter made me smile for I know my letter reached New York at the same time yours reached here.

I always pass JESUIT MISSIONS around to my friends hoping they will subscribe but it doesn't seem to work.

I am very happy to renew my subscription, for words cannot express the pleasure I get from reading JESUIT MISSIONS. I always have a desire to travel but since I cannot travel in reality, I at least can travel in spirit with the Jesuit missionaries and enjoy all their thrills, wishing them all kinds of good luck.

San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. C. Maguire.

To the Editor:

Comments and compliments must be flooding your office at all times concerning your excellent work made known to the world via JESUIT MISSIONS. The work done by the Jesuit missionaries is appalling—such courage and perseverance in your marvelous work is to be highly commended.

Also your articles on the first pages of your magazine such as "Wreckless Drivers," "Safe and Sane," etc., are most appealing. Please do as you will with my minor donation—I only wish I could be of greater assistance.

Courage and the best of good fortune to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Waltham, Mass.

H. T. C.

## It Isn't Two Guns White Calf

To the Editor:

In the June number of JESUIT MISSIONS on page 144, appears a picture of an Indian, with the following description: "Two-Guns White Calf, Blackfoot Indian. He appears on all your buffalo nickels."

Then, in the June number of *Indians At Work*, published at Washington by the United States Department of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs, page 28, is an article entitled, "Buffalo Nickel to be Minted no Longer." I quote from the article:

"There have been a number of versions as to the identity of the Indian whose profile was shown on the nickel. Mr. Fraser cleared up the controversy by a letter to the Indian Office in 1931.

"Commissioner of Indian Affairs

U. S. Department of the Interior

Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir:

"The Indian head on the buffalo nickel is not a direct portrait of any particular Indian, but was made from several portrait busts which I did of Indians. As a matter of fact, I used three different heads. I remember two of the men: one was Irontail, the best Indian head I can remember; the other was Two Moons; and the third I cannot recall.

"I have never seen Two Guns Whitecalf, nor used him in any way, although he has a magnificent head. I can easily

understand how he was mistaken in thinking that he posed for me. A great many artists have modeled and drawn from him, and it was only natural for him to believe that one or them was the designer of the nickel. I am sure he is undoubtedly honestly of the opinion that his portrait is on the nickel."

I thought you would be interested in this point of information "that the truth might appear." More power to you in the good work you are doing for the Missions.

St. Marys, Kansas.

George L. Klaus, S. J.

## The Pittsburgh Patnaite

To the Editor:

My last letter was a "tricky one," intended to help the Patna Missions in far away India . . . but, a sly saint turned the trick, and Father Leonard was the gainer.

I am really glad that the lady from Topeka acted on my suggestion and wrote to you for the name of a Jesuit missionary; and you used good judgment in sending her a Jesuit from Missouri, where her young brother is now in the Novitiate.

It was nice of you to write me, telling me the thrilling news of the letters Father Kilian has received. It is a beautiful thing to help in the work of conversions—God's work—and surely must keep one's own heart close to Jesus, our Divine Lord.

My own interest in India dates back many years, when I started by sending a dollar a month to an American Jesuit. Since this time I've been able to help other Jesuits. My earthly reward? Well, it is now shortly after seven P.M., here—and now six tomorrow A.M. in Patna. One Jesuit during his Mass has my name under the sacred chalice—close to God—and he also sends me a special blessing. Another Jesuit is giving me a special remembrance in his Mass; and several other Jesuits are remembering me in their Masses. So you, Father, see God's generosity to me, and why I am anxious to have others help Patna.

By a queer twist of fate, I only know personally one Jesuit in the U. S.—and he is Patna's Father Paul Dent. I have met eight of the Patna Jesuits, and two of them are very, very great friends of mine. The one, a native Jesuit, was ordained in St. Mary's, Kansas.

In the last issue of my favorite magazine (JESUIT MISSIONS) I see where a young Jesuit who was on the boat enroute to India called back . . . "We're on a one way ticket Father." . . . and I think this is the way all the Jesuits who sail for India feel . . . they just *will not* come back until they have converted that pagan land. It seems to me that if they can give up their country, their home and loved ones, their friends, etc., to dare the intense heat of India, its snakes and whatnot, the least we "stay-at-homes" can do, is to back them up both financially and by our prayers.

This year the Little Flower, the Patroness of the Missions, would be sixty-five years old. I wonder if we could form a club of sixty-five members in her honor? Each member to send a dollar a month. We could call it the "Little Flower Birthday Club" . . . this would be one way of backing up our American Jesuits; showing our love for God; and helping the Little Flower in a work dear to her heart (the foreign missions). Then when we wanted something *special* from the Little Flower she would remember that we were a member of her birthday club.

Money can be sent through JESUIT MISSIONS . . . just mark same "For Patna Mission, Patna, India" . . . or, through the Patna Mission Service in charge of Father Kilian, S.J., whose Chicago address you will find listed in JESUIT MISSIONS. If you wish you could secure the name of one of our American Jesuits in India and send the money to him . . . they *all* need your help.

Help Patna . . . and Patna will help, and help and HELP you! And, when you die, your chances of reaching Heaven will be greater for having helped spread the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. You will have souls to your credit . . . souls saved by our American Jesuits, by the offerings you have sent to make their work possible.

It is hardly the time and place to talk football, but, I'm a fan, and since you are an Eastern Jesuit I thought I might tip you off to the fact that, if the Rams (who have lost their great "Wogy") and the boys from Holy Cross, expect to beat our Pitt Panthers and Carnegie Tartans, then some one in the East had better start talking to their favorite saints. Things here look bad for the Jesuits—if Detroit and Marquette play our Dukes—the Dukes will win. But, I'm Patna fan enough to cheer for the invaders, and, hope they win.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Pittsburgh Patnaite.

# Lady Caroline

James V.  
Kelly, S. J.



*An English army base at New Castle, Jamaica, B. W. I., revealing in its extended line of dwellings the characteristic terrain of hilly Jamaica.*

ONE bright June morning, long, long ago, a very black boy rushed into the Priests' yard on North Street, and yelled to old Mike Lynch, who was leisurely sweeping the yard, "My Lady say send Fader D. quick, Jeannette break him leg."

Thereupon ensued a violent controversy carried on in the Irish and Jamaican dialects, in which neither controversialist seemed to understand what the other was saying. Father Thomas Porter, hearing the sound of high-pitched, excited voices, came to the door and shouted, "What is the meaning of this disturbance?"

"My Lady say send Fader D. quick, Jeanette break him leg."

"Who is My Lady? Who is Jeannette, and" (playfully) "which leg did she break?"

"Me dunno which."

HERE the reader will very naturally ask, "Who was Mike Lynch?" Mike was born and reared in the town of Westport, County Mayo, God help us! On a certain memorable St. Patrick's day, he was lured into a tavern by a gang of unscrupulous sailors. The drinks went round and round and soon Mike was fast asleep under the table, dreaming of green fields. The sailors carefully noting Mike's helpless condition, seized him by the head and legs, and carried him, or (to use the technical term) shanghaied him to their ship, which lay in the harbor, near by. The next morning Mike awoke and looking around, saw, in the words of the Ancient Mariner, "Water, Water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." On recovering from his carouse, he was given

the laborious and ignoble task of swabbing decks from early morn till dewy eve, with an occasional dram of rum to dispel the longing of homesickness. The good ship sailed away southward through summer seas to the Spanish Main and the tideless shores of the Caribbean. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mike basely deserted his ship and fled for protection to the Priest's house. Father D., who had charge of all waifs and strays received him kindly, administered a voluminous and solemn pledge as to strong drink, and gave him the very responsible job of sweeping the yard.

AND now I seem to hear a chorus of voices asking about the black boy and Jeannette and My Lady. In answer I will proceed anthropologically, and begin with the black boy. His name was Rufus. He was a servant in the great house at Chancery Hall in St. Andrew. Jeannette was a Belgian nurse, who, for years had lived with My Lady in Chancery Hall. To give full and correct information about My Lady, I must go back many years.

In the early part of the last century there lived near Whitehall, St. Andrew, a very, very rich Jamaican widow, named Mrs. Radclyffe. Her health failing, she travelled to Germany to seek relief in the waters of one of the famous *Spas*. At Aix-la-Chappelle, she met and married Baron Von Kettleholdt. Within a year she returned to Jamaica with her husband, who became a naturalized British subject, and shortly after was made Custos of the Parish of St. Thomas in the East. Of course, everybody knows how the Baron was cruelly

murdered in Morant Bay during the terrible black rebellion in 1865. The Baroness retired to the solitude and sorrow of Chancery Hall with her little daughter, Lady Caroline, and the nurse Jeannette. Here, overwhelmed with affliction of mind and body, she passed away. Little Lady Caroline grew up a lovely and lovable maiden. Her name was blessed in every cabin of the district for her daily deeds of charity and compassion. Her husband, at the time of which we write, was Count Julius Von Berg, an estimable man.

But what about Jeannette's broken leg? Well, it seems that Jeannette was of large and generous proportions, and that, after the manner of nurses, she walked with her head in the air. One morning, as she pompously descended the great stair, she missed a step and fell, with consequences known to the reader. She screamed and called vigorously for Father D. Rufus was summoned and sent post haste to Kingston where we met him when the story opened.

LET us now return to the Priests' yard. Father D. was hastily called to the door, and after a minute examination into Rufus' message, he decided to start immediately for Chancery Hall, as this was the day for his weekly visit to his scattered flock in the neighboring hills. So old Bones was harnessed to the equally old mission buggy. Father D. soon appeared in his famous high hat and long clerical coat. He took his place between Rufus and Cecil, and off they went towards Sandy Gully. Father D., according to custom, started the rosary, admonishing Cecil to keep his "mout" shut and "tink" of the mysteries. After the Rosary and other prayers, Rufus in a shamefaced way said, "Fader, me and Belinda gwine get married and Belinda tell me ax you if she can have a ruptured Mass."

"Mon Dieu! a ruptured Mass, what is it?"

Here Cecil stuttered out the profound observation, "Fader, him mean a nuptual Mass."

"Ah; a nuptual Mass! Of course Belinda can have it."

And so, winding along through the summer lanes, they finally reached Chancery Hall.

Count Julius and Lady Caroline received Father D. most graciously, though they were pronounced Lutherans in religion. Father D. saw poor

*A typical bamboo grove vista in Jamaica, B. W. I., in delightful contrast to the bleak and rugged panorama of the mountainous districts.*



Jeannette, comforted her, read many beautiful prayers over her, heard her confession and promised to bring Communion in the morning. This was the first of many visits to Chancery Hall. Towards the end of the year the Count and Baroness surprised Father D. by declaring that they were fully prepared and anxious to be received into the Church. And so they were received and made their profession of Faith in the lofty hall of the Great House. Lady Caroline made over to Father D. a parcel of land near Whitehall for a little chapel building and for a Catholic cemetery. She also multiplied her charities and took as her patroness St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary. Five years of happy Catholic life passed quickly, when Count Julius fell ill and died. He was buried in the shadow of the little chapel.

AFTER five years of widowhood, Lady Caroline married again. Her husband proved to be a consummate villain. He fraudulently obtained possession of all her title deeds, speculated recklessly and unfortunately, stealthily sold property and then suddenly fled to America. The Great House and other properties were sold for the benefit of creditors and poor Lady Caroline was obliged to seek shelter in the humble cottage which Jeannette had purchased from her meagre savings.

In the month of May of the year 1901, Father Patrick Mulry, of blessed memory, was called to the parlor in Winchester Park. Seated there with a very sad expression was a little black boy. Who was he? Rufus, Jr. What did he say?

"Fader, My Lady dying at Whitehall; Jeannette say come quick."

Father Mulry got the Holy Oils (Turn to page 223)

# NEW BOOKS

## The Test of Heritage Louis Gallagher, S.J.

Against a background of class war with its accompanying terrors of espionage and double dealing, starvation and plague, slaughter and death, the author depicts the uprising of the Russian peasant and the overthrow of the aristocracy in the fatal revolution of 1919. It is the author's first attempt at a novel. His subject deals with the outstanding issue of modern life, Communism and the war of the classes. Except for the names, his characters are real. Indeed they are personal acquaintances made while the author was touring Russia from end to end as a member of the Papal Relief Commission which functioned in the early days of the Russian Revolution. The life of the better aristocracy is portrayed by Boris Lydov and that of the peasant class by his seminary companion and belligerent enemy, Ivan Krassin. These are the protagonist and the antagonist respectively. The impelling motive power that drives Ivan on to his death is an uncompromising hate for the aristocracy which runs parallel with a distracting love interest in a member of that same aristocracy. The novel teaches with telling effect the absolute indestructibility of class and as a corollary it stigmatizes the objectives of Communism as both unnatural and impossible of attainment. A new specimen of the human species is popularized, which the author labels a bolshecrat, and which he defines as one who while preaching and enforcing loyalty to Communist Party principles, is forever making exceptions for himself. Thus, Ivan Krassin while plotting the death of all aristocrats compromises with himself in the case of Manushka whose aristocratic beauty of soul and body has quite captured his heart. Moreover, Ivan's ambition is continually vaulting over the standards of dead equality demanded by party leaders so that while he preaches submission of the individual to the party and the state, he, himself, is forever striving to rise to heights of authority, yea, even to control the state, that he may have a sort of legal sanction which will enable him to force to a successful issue the matter of his heart's ambition. This hypocrisy is typical of the Communists of today and a careful American reader will be convinced that the bolshecrat is already far too common in our own United States. Better than in volumes of controversy, we are taught the futility of the anti-religious programs of the Soviets. Again, theses that have been debated for years are here proven, for example, the fact that a state controlled church is an evil for all religion. Father Gallagher teaches us that the utter destruction of the orthodox church far from indicating the death of religion in Russia, was, instead, a presage of the dawn of the complete Christian religious program that exists in the Church of

Rome alone. It is this Church supranational and supracivil that is the hope of the new Russia that is still to be.

*Benziger Bros., New York City, \$2.50.*

## An American Woman Leonard Feeney, S.J.

The format of Father Feeney's first essay at biography is attractive and artistic, far beyond the commonplace, and the two miniatures of Mr. and Mrs. William Seton, a most happy introductory touch.

The biography, itself, is done in an entirely new genre. While seemingly overly intimate it, nevertheless, in no way distracts from the true character of Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton. Rather, it is warmly interpretative of the same. Those of us who know Father Feeney would have expected him to disengage himself from all artificial restraints in writing and to come to grips with the human element of the story. After a very few chapters the reader will be convinced that the author likes his subject so well that he writes of her as of a religious heroine. Thus, with his heart and his affection in his work we are given as intimate and personal an interpretation of this aristocratic foundress of the Sisters of Charity as is available in print at the present time. His chapter headings are often those of a novel; witness, *Credentials, A Nightmare, A Dream, Without Counsel, The Lazaretto, A Widow, and The Flamingo*. It is doubtful whether the emotionally appealing spiritual beauty of Elizabeth Seton's soul could have been expressed by anyone without the soul of a poet. As Father Feeney traces her progress from Protestantism under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Hobart, through her marriage, her voyage to Italy, the haunting days of the Lazaretto and her husband's death, he intersperses piquant and enlightening homilies on the women of today, the religious state and the responsibilities of spiritual directors. At all times the author's own words are aptly interwoven with those of Elizabeth Seton herself as these latter are culled from her diary and letters. In fact the skill with which this is done is one of the chief charms of this swiftly moving, ever interesting and, at times, fascinating life story. Despite the author's anger at those who persecuted his heroine when she changed her religion he is more interested in introducing the reader to Mother Seton herself, to her work, and her possibility for canonization, than in giving vent to his wrath at the hypocritical cant of her enemies. Certain passages might well be extracted and published separately, as for instance, the author's description of a nun. Whether the author's desire for her canonization will be realized or not, no one can say. However, all who read this biography of "An American Woman" will often pause in their reading to

whisper a prayer that Father Feeney's dream may come true.

*America Press, New York City, \$2.00.*

## The Society of the Sacred Heart in North America

Louise Callan, A.M., Ph.D.

Macaulay comments in a famous essay on the fact that the Catholic Church, unlike the Anglican, has a place in her system for what he calls "female agency." She knows how to utilize for her purpose the services of devout women within the fold, approves their formation into corporate groups and rewards the organizers of the groups with the honors of the altar.

In any adequate history of Christian education the Society of the Sacred Heart will have a well defined and recognized place. It is a commonplace that instant needs in the moral or religious life of the Catholic Church are often providentially met by the appearance on the scene of some apostolic figure or by the establishment of some new body of religious men or women. The commonplace finds illustration in the history of the congregation of nuns that owes its origin to St. Madeleine Sophie Barat. She inaugurated her work for the Church in a France just emerging from the chaos of the Revolution. Nothing in the cataclysm had brought with it evil results of greater sweep than the wreck it made of Catholic schools of whatever kind. No need was greater in the new France, that began to shape itself into being after the storm had passed, than the need of Catholic schools.

Eventually other lands as well were made to share, one after the other, in the beneficent movement until today the educational activities of the Society of the Sacred Heart are worldwide. The record of these activities in the United States and Canada, the Antilles and Mexico, fills out the pages of the present volume. The origin and growth of foundations, economic vicissitudes, educational aims and ideals, curricula, methods of instruction, apostolates of various sorts for pupils and alumnae; such among others are the topics dealt with by the author. Richness and diversity of content are everywhere in evidence while the story in the large is unified by the singleness and consistency of aim and purpose which have steadily marked the labors of the nuns from their first entrance into the educational field. Any future general history of education in the United States or Canada must put to account the fund of educational data set out in this volume.

*Longmans Green and Company, New York City, \$5.00.*

## Francisco Franco

Joaquin Arraras—J. Manuel Espinosa  
Francisco Franco, Generalissimo of Spain, head of the Royalist Army, Navy and Air Forces, has been in the public eye almost continuously over a considerable period of time. (Turn to page 224)

## WHAT THE SIOUX DO

(Continued from page 201)

By no means monastic is their dress. Brilliant shawls graced the women. Pine Ridge Indians have traveled widely with shows: Mrs. Stabber, of Porcupine, South Dakota, for example, wore a bright yellow creation which she bought on one of her three trips to Germany. Men sported broad brimmed hats, and were unanimous in having the string of a Bull Durham tobacco bag dangling from their left shirt pocket. From the age of five to ninety-five the Sioux favor Bull Durham, from grandmother down and grandson up.

Spiritual fruit of the congress included confirmation of eighty-two, 600 confessions and 1000 Communions. Father Goll told the assembly that in the sixteen cemeteries of Pine Ridge Reservation 1500 children of less than seven years old lie buried. These certainly have been saved for Christ, and hope in God's mercy favors the belief that most of the remaining 2500 deceased Catholic Sioux have found a place in heaven with the Lord Who sent His missionaries to convert their nation and every nation.

## NIGHT IN AN IGLOO

(Continued from page 207)

through quickly! The living room was quite respectable as igloos go. The floor was clean and so were the dishes. I immediately peeled off my parkee and made myself at home. After a light lunch of boiled black fish I gathered the children for a review of their Innuït prayers. In the evening, singing, rosary and confessions followed in order. My sleeping bag was finally unrolled and soon I was asleep on a mattress of rude boards.

The igloo was packed for Mass the next morning. My six feet was here again a nuisance. Poor ventilation and the excessive heat which naturally rose to the small arched region of the ceiling made me dizzy. But in no time I was again on the soft trail. Yesterday's misery was again repeated. Alaska is a strange country — heat is our greatest enemy as well as our greatest friend.

## "GOOD MORNING, TEACHER!"

(Continued from page 208)

What a thrill it must be to hear the voice of Father Leo McGreal, S.J., President of Gonzaga College: "Next semester we'll not only be open, but we'll start building the new school!" That is a real load of optimism, a positive indication that Catholic education is going forward, and let us hope that it is not only going forward but also upward, geographically, to Nanking where Father James Kearney, S.J., has the foundation started for an educational institution—and a pile of bricks. Other Jesuits destined for Nanking are also waiting for the day when classes will begin, the day when the school bell will take the place of the air-raid siren—and students will once again say: "Good morning" to their teachers.

This is the hope of the future, the dream that may come true, if it be God's

## Read

### AL BAGHDADI

By EDWARD F. MADARAS, S.J.

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Holy Will. It must be His work, since there is only a pile of bricks in Nanking today, and not one of them is gold.

Of course, the students who so salute their teachers at the Nanking Institute will not be children. They will be college undergraduates and graduate students. Father Kearney's plans call for the establishment not of a university or a college but for a Catholic cultural center which will include a hostel for Catholic students attending the local university, several research courses for graduate students and general courses on physiology, sociology, history and scientific problems of the day. The importance of this Institute on Catholicism in the Nanking area can hardly be overstressed. Nanking has become a governmental and cultural center and it is evident that if the Church is to make progress here it must go in strongly for the intellectual apostolate. The war has retarded the materializing of these splendid plans. But it has not caused the American Jesuits to abandon them. Father Kearney and Father Lipman are now at Nanking making preparations for a continuance of the work. Their eyes are on the future to the time when with the buildings completed, graduates of Catholic schools will come from all over China to study in the various universities and research institutes of the city. One of the aspects of the intellectual apostolate which the war has not prohibited has been radio broadcasts. Some of this work has already been done and Fathers Kearney and Lipman are preparing more radio addresses for their fall campaign.

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## FROM HURONIA TO CHINA

(Continued from page 212)

superiors. But surprisingly enough, he was not sent out to Canada but was sent to the mission field of China. He arrived in his new mission in 1656. He quickly made himself master of the Chinese dialects needed and also of the Manchu language. Unfortunately we cannot give details of his missionary life in his new country. Suffice it to say that during his life of forty years as a missionary in China he passed through two of the fiercest persecutions of the Church in China.

An interesting story told of this missionary is that one day in China he was called to the bedside of a dying slave and found to his astonishment that the slave was a Huron Indian woman. The poor woman had the consolation of once more going to confession in her native tongue. He then administered the Last Sacrament to her. He never seems to have found out how she got to China.

He himself died in China, March, 1697, at Kan-tchou-fou.

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## LADY CAROLINE

(Continued from page 221)

and Blessed Sacrament, and soon started with the little boy over the well known lanes to Whitehall. There he found "My Lady" lying near death on a humble bed in the humble cottage of Jeannette. He administered all the Sacraments, which

Lady Caroline received with the greatest piety and fervor. The good Father remained to the end. He made all arrangements for the funeral, and laid "My Lady" to rest beside her good husband, Count Julius, in the shadow of Father D.'s chapel. On his return to Kingston, Father Mulry said to the other Fathers, "I am coming from a very saintly death-bed. "My Lady's" last words were "The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "

### NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 222)

Yet, incredibly, little is known of the true story of the man and his spectacular career.

Here is the whole account set down in sharp, journalistic style by a Spanish author of repute, a former newspaper man who has closely followed Franco's dramatic military career during the past twenty years. It is the story of Francisco Franco from his birth to his present important part in the tragic drama of European history. Yet, it is more than that, it is the story, authoritatively, objectively, brilliantly told of one of the most critical periods in Spanish history—the period from the Moroccan revolution through all its various stages on to the development and culmination of the Communist revolution.

Free access to unpublished official documents and valuable personal records has been the author's privilege; minute details of important conversations and historic happenings have been secured by him from original sources. Upon these, and fact alone, this account has its basis. Everything is documented and very little is made of atrocities. Where these are introduced the writer confines himself to citations from the Communist press exclusively!

Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, \$2.50.

### Anthology of Holy Cross Verse The Holy Cross Purple

The reputation of the Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, as a poets' workshop is both well-deserved and long enduring. That specimens of the finished handicraft should be perpetuated in book form was only to be expected. The initiation of the work waited only for a moving impetus. This was supplied by the deaths of two former moderators of the Holy Cross Purple whose life and works and characters will ever remain a tradition to a generation of Holy Cross men. These men were the arbiters *elegantiarum* in matters of literary and poetic moment during their respective years at the College on the hill of Pachachoag. They were the Rev. Charles E. Kimball, S.J., and the Rev. Michael Earls, S.J., and to them this anthology is dedicated. In its contents we find more than 150 poems ranging over a considerable field of subjects, academic and otherwise. It is significant that the inspiration of the youthful authors has not been deadened or rendered pessimistic by the economic depression of

the day. On the contrary their Catholic faith soars above depression. Somehow it seems insufficient to characterize the selections as college verse. For though brief, many both in theme and artistry are of the stuff of real poetry. In greater or less degree all are imaginative representations through the medium of language of true grounds for the noble emotions. A unique feature is the end maps depicting the various units of this celebrated college on the hill. With the author of the foreword, William Lyon Phelps, we think it proper to note that while a book of this kind will doubtless be of special interest to graduates and under-graduates and members of the faculty of Holy Cross, it should also have a considerable outside circulation as the volume is representative of not only one college, but of American youth.

The Heffernan Press, Worcester, Massachusetts. \$1.50.

### Spiritual Reflections for Sisters

Rev. Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.

We predict for Father Mullaly's second volume of *Spiritual Reflections for Sisters* the same welcome response that was accorded the first. Topics of religious import are treated, for example, *The Mission of a Sister, Zeal for Souls, Venial Sin, On Completing the Novitiate, The Interior Life, Mortification and Penance, Preserving Religious Discipline, Humility, Generosity, Prudence, Dealing with the Poor, Convent Charity, Gossip, Fault-Finding, and Refinement.*

*Apostleship of Prayer, New York City. Thirty-five cents a copy.*

### Catholic Central-Verein of America

The official report of the Eighty-Second General Convention of the Catholic Central-Verein of America (National Federation of German American Catholics) held at Hartford, Conn., featured among its other papers one on "The Reformation of Institutions." This is an up to the minute plea for self-government and harmonious cooperation of vocational and occupational groups.

### God's Man of Affairs

Herbert George Kramer, S.M.

A pamphlet life of Saint Peter Canisius that popularizes his life and works.

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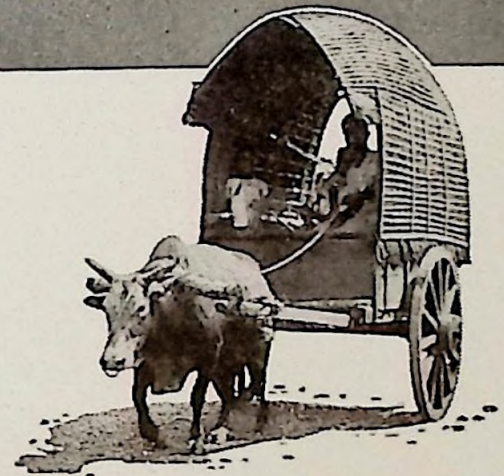
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