

Jesuit Missions

PAQUIN THE NAVIGATOR

CONQUEST OF COROZAL

"UNTOUCHABLE"

WEST OF THE WANGPOO

"ELIZABETH IS DYING"

HE HAS A NAME FOR THEM

PANGANTOCAN

Ten Cents

THIS MONTH

	Page		Page
Frontispiece	254	The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS	
Ordinations in India.		Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.	265
Editorials	255	Looking Ahead in Baghdad. Frank B. Sarjeant, S.J.	266
Paquin the Navigator..... Peter Nash, S.J.	256	Oh, for the lamp of Aladdin and a genie or two.	
A fisher of men.		Missionary—Before and After.....	268
Conquest of Corozal... Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J.	258	Inside information.	
Boy Scouting in Honduras.		The Mission Field of Korea.....	269
"Untouchable"..... Frank J. Welzmler, S.J.	259	The Mission Intention for November.	
The curse of India.		Afield with American Jesuits.....	270
West of the Wangpoo..... Edgar Dowd, S.J.	260	Communications	275
Ten years in China.		He Has a Name for Them. John S. O'Connor, S.J.	276
"Elizabeth Is Dying"..... John B. Baud, S.J.	262	Renouncing Satan and all his works.	
In the world's hardest mission field.		Pangantocan..... Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J.	277
Field Day for the Bishops		Driving a wedge into Moro Land.	
Robert L. McCormack, S.J.	264	New Books	278
Golden Jubilee days.		Grateful Acknowledgments	280

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

THE CATHOLIC HERALD

(Edited in London for the World)

Read the following extract from a letter recently received; write for a free specimen copy and judge for yourself:—

"My emotional response to the *Herald* would be too mildly expressed by the word enthusiasm. We have some militant Catholic papers here, but there is nothing which I read which is more stimulating—almost to a degree of intoxication—than the *Catholic Herald*. Jerrold is penetrating, Wall is exhilarating, those 'under twenty-five' are amazing, the Jotter is amusing, Martindale is elevating, the Editor is energizing. I notice that you have a thousand followers over here. I'd like nothing better than to double or treble that number. May God bless and prosper the *Catholic Herald*. I am thinking of the words of Christ—you are the light of the world . . ."

(Rev. B. W., New York)

Annual Subscription \$3.00

New Catholic Herald Ltd.
67 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. England

EVERY JOURNEY OF JESUS

marked in the book of

MAPS OF THE LAND OF CHRIST

62 pp., \$1.50

Clear Color Maps and Interpreting Text with Complete References to Holy Scriptures, the Missal,

and

Father Isidore O'Brien's

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

\$2.50 & \$1.00

(Postage on either book 15c extra)

ST. ANTHONY'S GUILD

Franciscan Monastery, Paterson, N. J.

4-82

WHERE EDUCATION IS HIGHER EDUCATION AND HIGHER EDUCATION IS CATHOLIC!

UNIVERSITIES

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT

McNichols Road at Livernois, Detroit, Mich.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Washington, D. C.

JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY

University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Ill.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

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

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

431 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY

St. Louis, Mo.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

2130 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif.

UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

Santa Clara, Calif.

XAVIER UNIVERSITY

Cincinnati, Ohio

COLLEGES

CANISIUS COLLEGE

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

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Worcester, Mass.

LOYOLA COLLEGE

4501 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

REGIS COLLEGE

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

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE

Jersey City, N. J.

HIGH SCHOOLS

GEORGETOWN PREPARATORY

Garrett Park, Maryland

CAMPION—Jesuit Boarding School

Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

(Conducted by the Jesuits)

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

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

*Entrance by Certificate
or by Examination*

A.B. and B.S. COURSES

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

A PROGRESSIVE college which meets the highest modern educational requirements.

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

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

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

CHRIST'S BEGGARS

On one occasion, he who turned out to be a traitor rebuked Jesus Christ for permitting what he considered a wasteful anointing. Why could not the precious ointment be sold and the proceeds given to the poor? The rebuker in turn was rebuked and people of all times were reminded that we always have the poor with us.

Today, too often, the poor are termed beggars. In that title there is little of honor and more of disdain. But we know of some beggars who glory in the title and rightly so. Their vocation is to beg and the nobility of it is that they do not do the begging for themselves. In their utter selflessness their lives and energies are spent in pleading for the American Jesuit missionaries who are the truly poor of today. These missionaries in turn spend themselves for the destitute poor who know not where or how to beg.

At the risk then of being importunate, but encouraged by our Lord Himself, again we list below the names of the Procurators whose task it is to beg for the poor of the missions. They need your financial help.

- | | |
|--|---|
| REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada | Procurator for Süchow Mission, China, and Indian Missions near Montreal, entrusted to the Jesuits of Lower Canada. |
| REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash. | Procurator for the Missions in Alaska, and Indian Missions in the Northwest entrusted to the Jesuits of the Oregon Province. |
| REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
3000 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. | Procurator for the Missions in Jamaica, B.W.I., and Baghdad College in Iraq entrusted to the Jesuits of the New England Province. |
| REV. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.
511 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y. | Procurator for the Missions in the Philippines, and Colored Missions in Maryland entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province. |
| REV. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.
2221 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. | Procurator for the Missions in British Honduras, and Indian Missions in Wyoming and So. Dakota entrusted to the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. |
| REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.
1160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada | Procurator for the Indian Missions of Lake Huron, Georgian Bay, the Albany River and north of Lake Superior entrusted to the Jesuits of Upper Canada. |
| REV. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
11076 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill. | Procurator for the Missions among the Santals and Hindus in Patna, India, entrusted to the Jesuits of the Chicago Province. |
| REV. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.
86363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La. | Procurator for the Southern States Missions in the rural South entrusted to the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province. |
| REV. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.
555 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif. | Procurator for the Missions in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China entrusted to the Jesuits of the California Province. |

Please don't think that your gift is too small to be sent to one of the Procurators for the American Jesuit missionaries. Every gift will be most welcome and thankfully received. Please help these beggars for Christ's poor by sending your gifts to them, or if you prefer, send what financial aid you can give for the missions, to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift — FOR CHRIST'S BEGGARS!



A hard but very promising apostolate among Patna's millions awaits these three young Jesuits of the Chicago Province who will be ordained to the priesthood this month at Kurseong, India. Left to right: John H. Lane, S.J.; Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J., and Charles R. Bonnot, S.J.

EDITORIALS

"FATHER TYPHOON"

ON the night of September 20, the Captain of the New York bound Italian liner, *Conte di Savoia*, two hundred miles off Hatteras, received a warning from a United States observatory that a dangerous West Indian typhoon was swinging out to sea, directly in the path of his vessel. "Send for Father Gherzi," the Captain ordered. A few minutes later he was showing the radiogram to a tall, distinguished looking Jesuit priest. The Jesuit pushed his very unscientific looking shovel-hat to the back of his head and began checking the confusing array of meteorological instruments on the bridge. Then he gave his decision. "Pay no attention to the warning. The typhoon is turning inland and will probably strike Long Island." Two days later when the *Conte di Savoia* pulled into the still troubled waters of New York Harbor, news boys were selling the papers that told of an enormous loss of life and property damage caused by a typhoon that had hit Long Island and the eastern coast above.

Ship reporters who focused their cameras on Father Gherzi's shovel-hat as he left the boat were astonished at the accuracy with which the Jesuit had traced the course of the typhoon while still far out at sea. But the ship's officers were not, for they knew Father Gherzi—Father Ernest Gherzi, S.J., Director of Meteorology, Seismology and Wireless at Zi-ka-wei Observatory, Shanghai, China, member of the International Commission on Marine Meteorology, Pontifical Academy of Science, etc.—one of the greatest authorities on typhoons in the world.

Western shippers know Father Gherzi chiefly by reputation, but to the three hundred masters whose ships ply the treacherous waters of the oriental seas where typhoons are a monthly occurrence, he is a personal friend, known familiarly as "Father Typhoon" or the "old man" of Zi-ka-wei, (he is fifty-three years old). Hundreds of times during the day and night these ship captains have radioed the Observatory at Zi-ka-wei and always it is the "old man" who responds and charts their floundering ships out of the path of the murderous winds. "When we call any other Observatory," they say, "it may be a clerk who answers but at Zi-ka-wei it is always Number One man who responds, the 'old man' himself."

Zi-ka-wei where Father Gherzi's Observatory is situated is just outside the city of Shanghai and is really a city in itself. It includes besides the Jesuit Novitiate, Theologate and two Jesuit colleges, twenty-three other

mission institutions. It is a great center of Jesuit missionary work in China and, since Jesuit missionary work from the days of the great Father Ricci has been characterized by a strong insistence on the intellectual apostolate, the Observatory at Zi-ka-wei is one of the most important works there. A great scientist, Father Gherzi is also a missionary. One can see from talking to this alert, modern man (he is also a musician and an aviation expert) that his chief interest is the spread of Christ's doctrine to the millions in China. The Observatory of Zi-ka-wei has for over a half century done splendid work in aiding missionary work in the Orient—just another example of how the missionaries bring to foreign lands not only the message of Christ but the material benefits of modern civilization.

Zi-ka-wei Observatory began the work of charting the course of typhoons and giving warnings to ships and ports in 1887, the first Observatory of its kind in the Far East. The introduction of radio just previous to the World War enormously increased its effectiveness. Father Gherzi estimates that in the past twenty years the Observatory has been responsible for the saving of one million lives and over a billion dollars in shipping and other property. In recent years warnings to air transport lines have been added to shipping and port warnings, so that now during the night, Father Gherzi gets in his ear phones the distress signals of transport pilots as well as shippers on the high seas.

Even Chinese landlubbers call the Observatory: "Hello,—what? Should you take your dog inside tonight? Yes, Madam, you better and quick, too, or he will be blown to bits." And an "old lady" of Shanghai who has called the "old man" of Zi-ka-wei is grateful that her dog is saved; and Chinese mothers are grateful who have called for information about their children, and shippers, sea captains, transport pilots and the millions who live by the sea when they hear the voice of the "old man" on the air or catch the scream of the typhoon-warning siren—they, too, are grateful. The "Father of Typhoons" they know is interested in them, is protecting them from all calamities. But if they only knew how much Father Gherzi, the Jesuit missionary, was interested in them, how much he longed to call them to the safe harbor of the Catholic Church, how he had as a young man given up a career in the Italian Navy to bring Christ to the Chinese, they would be even more grateful to him and love him even more. Many of them have come to know this and many more will, with God's help.

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.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; WALTER BURKE-GAFFNEY, S.J.; ERNEST LALANDE, S.J.

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

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

Paquin the Navigator

Peter Nash, S.J.



Part of the bay and the village of Wikwemikong, Canada, from which "Paquin the Navigator" made his "last voyage."

“WHAT in the world have you got in that boat?” bellowed a fisherman across the water. What Father Julien Paquin, S.J. had in “that boat” (the full-rigged sloop *Santa Maria*) this particular spring morning in 1894 as he sailed slap into the teeth of a head wind to the vociferous astonishment of the old salt, was a brand-new auxiliary motor, the first one ever seen on Canada’s Georgian Bay.

He became the proud owner of this “embodiment of his dreams” literally by an ill wind. The previous fall he was trying to take his distinguished visitor, Father F. X. Renaud, S.J., Superior at that time of the Canadian Missions, to Little Current to catch the steamer. But the gentle breeze so favorably propelling the unseaworthy craft, dubbed in derision “Flamand’s Tub,” petered out when they were fifteen miles from their destination, leaving them to drift aimlessly all afternoon under a broiling sun. To make Father Renaud feel really cheerful, his steamer proudly glided by in the distance—without him. The sun’s last rays bid the hapless pair good-night, and then the “ill wind” came with a vengeance. Black clouds loomed over the horizon, a dirty squall burst upon them and they had to turn round and race with the wind. They put in at Manitowaning Bay near Rabbit Island exactly five miles by portage from where they had started that morning!

THAT was only the first stage of the voyage. The second was the roughing it that night on the bare floor of a cabin in the company of cats and dogs. “Are you sleeping, Father Renaud?” Father Paquin asked his “guest” periodically throughout the long night, with

always the same answer, “Certainly—not,” and the consoling retort, “Neither am I.” At last the dawn broke. They straightened out the stiffness with a cup of tea, and pushed off into a light head wind. After many hours tacking they got to Little Current in time to catch the second day’s boat. Such unreliable means of travel for a busy missionary had been such an eye-opener to Father Renaud that he told Father Paquin not only to build himself a new boat and to get a motor “if he thought it advisable” but also that he himself would foot the bill!

THAT was only the beginning of Father Paquin’s nautical career, and it wasn’t long before he acquired the reputation of being the most skilled navigator in the Canadian North Channels. His daring was born of a keen eye and a firm, sure judgment—as the late Bishop O’Connor found out on his visitation in 1896. On the return trip to Wikwemikong as they rounded Skull Point, the spray from the high seas striking the bow had a rather dampening effect on the episcopal ardor for a life before the mast. And as the *Santa Maria* was running under both motor and close-hauled sail she would list enough at times to let the sail dip into the water. The Bishop didn’t relish such proximity to the fishes, and begged Father Paquin to lower the sail. No answer. “Take down that sail.” Again no answer. When, with mounting pontifical ire, he thundered it a third time, it drew the reply, “My Lord, you are Bishop of your diocese, but I am Captain of this boat.” At this the Bishop subsided, and on landing good-humoredly brushed aside Father Paquin’s apology for

the boldness with, "It's good for a Bishop to be put in this place once in a while."

LIKE every real sailor, Father Paquin was a master boat-builder. One, the *Cigar* (named from its shape) carrying a mainsail and two jibs, he built with his own hands in 1902 as a means of recreation during a forced rest! That was typical of him—absolutely tireless, even when he was suffering from the chronic headaches which were his lot. He just couldn't be idle; and his practical versatility, fostered from the cradle in his French-Canadian home, took a hundred different shapes—all to the immense benefit of the Canadian Indian Missions that now mourn his going. He turned his hand to surveying, to dam-building, to building schools and halls, and made such a success of it that for a whole year (1912-1913) he was given the job of superintending the erection of two buildings for the new Indian Industrial School at Spanish, Ontario.

THOUGH so fine a navigator of ships, Father Paquin was first and foremost a navigator of souls, a real "sky pilot," the soldiers' title which he justly earned while chaplain to the Canadian Forces in France during the Great War. Who can say how many proteges of the missions he piloted to their final haven of rest by his unflagging zeal, as for instance, when he risked his life one winter's day. . . . Let us hear it in his own words, as only the "Pilgrim" who wrote "The Tragedy of Old Huronia" could tell a story:

"It was late in December, 1902. There was a sick call from French River, already of a few days' standing, but the weather did not permit any traveling from Byng Inlet. It was neither fish nor flesh, so to say: too much ice for a boat, and not enough for dogs. At last after a day's south wind with soft weather, I decided to try the trip with a row boat equipped with a sail and center-board. I left at dawn, and got about half way into the forenoon, with another twenty miles to cover, when the weather changed in a moment, the wind veered to the North and got intensely cold. I had to fight my way against a choppy sea for several hours, now sailing and now rowing. The boat got heavy with ice forming on the hull, and I had to land several times to beat it off and keep the water from pouring in by the centerboard box. It became a question of whether I could hold out much longer, for I was getting exhausted under the constant strain.

"At last I sighted the lights of French River Harbor, and landed there at 10 p.m. after sixteen hours strenuous labor. When I entered the house of my host I was

so benumbed with cold and so tired that I could hardly stand on my feet. The old lady, Mrs. Newton, took in the situation at a glance, and put me to bed like a child, tucking me snugly under the blankets with hot-water bottles around my body. It took a few hours for me to revive.

The next morning after saying Mass in the old church, I hunted up my patient, an old man of sixty, prepared him for his coming death and felt that I had paid the price of a soul. Still it was an experience I would have reason to remember, for I contracted then an attack of bronchitis, which became chronic and is still annoying me after thirty-five years. A couple of days later I was able to return home with a borrowed team of dogs in the company of the mail carrier."



Father Julien Paquin, S.J., whose death this year ended a very colorful missionary career among the Canadian Indians.

OF course, like all missionaries he had to put up with a lot of loneliness, but "this does not mean moral loneliness," he wrote from Garden River in 1931, "for the farther I am removed from the hustle and bustle of the world, the closer I may get to God." And close to God he was, for it was his deep faith that brought St. Joseph one day to the aid of a cripple. A girl came to the church one Sunday hobbling painfully on crutches. She confided to Father Paquin after her confession that she wanted a cure through St. Joseph's intercession. He asked her if there wasn't something she could give up to make St. Joseph more favorable.

"For instance, do you ever feel you would like to dance?"

Naturally, she said "Yes."

"Well, promise that if you are cured you will never dance."

She did and went back to her seat. As he passed her on his way to the sacristy, he leaned over into her pew and took her crutches with him. This made her feel more confident, and she prayed all the more fervently. Suddenly she got up and walked unaided into the aisle. Years later Father Paquin met her, now the mother of a happy family, and asked, "Have you kept your promise?" She had, and never once had danced.

THIS grand old navigator died a month after his eightieth birthday with his hand on the wheel. It had been a long cruise from the time when fifty-two years ago he had been ordained—from those early years when he had learned his first lesson in missionary technique at the hands of that master-pilot, Father Cataldo, S.J. It was Christmas Eve, 1889, to be exact, at the Colville Indian Mission, Washington, that he received his first introduction to the missions. Father Cataldo noticed how puzzled he was at the

(Turn to page 280)

Conquest of Corozal

Edward J.
O'Donnell, S. J.

EARLY last May, as preparations for the 1938 outing of Holy Redeemer's two scout troops went forward, Scout Master Brother John M. Jacoby, S.J., toiled in the taxing discharge of endless eleventh-hour *minutiae*. To his sanctum one day came a messenger with a letter from Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., Superior of the Mission at Corozal. Opening it, Brother Jacoby stared for a moment, and then blinked with surprise. The letter was an appeal to the Scouts, asking them to prepare for an elaborate program of Scout craft, Scout games and a night's entertainment on Sunday, May 15, and inviting them most cordially to colorful Corozal. This town is the spearhead of British Honduras, not only to the geographer but, in a most spiritual sense, to the Church which in Corozal shepherds three thousand of this district's seven thousand souls. Perhaps Corozal could be stirred to new devotion to Holy Mother Church if only the enterprising Scouts of Belize would provide a bit of Catholic Action.

To accomplish a task of such broad-girdling sweep, Brother Jacoby would need help. Forthwith he enlisted the aid of Messrs. R. L. Hodapp, S.J., T. J. Kelly, S.J., E. J. O'Donnell, S.J., and Brother J. V. Pequignot, S.J., and whisked off the crisp, gleeful reply: "We're coming."

AS befits a Scout group which goes forth on a mission of Catholic Action, thirty-eight representative members of the two troops bowed low in Holy Redeemer Cathedral on the afternoon of May 14 as Father David F. Hickey, S.J., held aloft the Sacred Host in Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Following Benediction, they boarded the *Romulus* and by 4:15 p.m., were clear of Belize Harbor.

When, at dawn, the *Romulus* placidly ploughed into Corozal Bay, the church bells set up an unrestrained din, while the Reception Committee of Catholic Action waved and cheered from the pier and waterfront. Welcomed ashore by Father Corey, Brother Jacoby and his retinue smiled happily. For, as they all well knew, this was but the enthusiastic beginning of a day-long demonstration of genuine Catholic Action, involving a number of activities focused primarily on the practical Catholic character of Scouting. Drums throbbed as the Scouts marched smartly to St. Francis Xavier Church, where a Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Father Joseph L. Kemper, S.J., was offered up for the faithful who came to worship in great numbers and to hear a capable choir sing the *Missa de Angelis*.

It was a gala crowd that, two hours later, summoned its energies to witness the Scouts parading with flags and music through the slumberous town. But despite the beating sunshine, the townspeople—dressed in their



Beneath waving palms on the shores of the Caribbean, these Catholic Scouts of Belize prepare to go to Corozal with the rest of the troop.

best—were in a festive mood, for not every day do trim, khaki-clad campers swing along quaint Corozal streets. Until last May, in fact, no campers ever did so. Yet on the morning of the Catholic Action parade, the chief topic of conversation was the Catholic Boy Scouts. Corozal that day was thinking and talking about nothing else.

THROUGHOUT the parade military precision was carefully preserved. Two guides, mounted, headed the line of march. The crowds applauded roundly the brisk, well-timed marching of the youthful visitors, punctiliously responsive to sharp orders of knife-tongued commanders. When they had circled the town, they filed back past the church to the Mission House a few minutes before noon.

In the afternoon, on their return from a brief visit to a sugar mill, the Scouts romped onto the plaza for an exhibition of Scouting skills, chiefly signalling, racing and first-aid. As the demonstration progressed, the crowd grew more numerous and more conclusively appreciative. So packed were the spectators around the Scouts engaged in first-aid and life-saving that Brother Jacoby was almost powerless to keep them back, though he had planned to hold the exhibition on the plaza precisely because he wanted as many people as possible to witness the maneuvers and to catch a glimpse of what the Catholic Scouts of Belize were doing. It was dusk before the repertoire of Scout stunts was exhausted. Benediction followed and next in order was dinner.

The most pretentious feature of Catholic Action Day in Corozal was the evening of (Turn to page 280)

“Untouchable”

Frank J. Welzmilller, S. J.

MUSAPHIR was happy. He hadn't bought much at the bazaar, it is true, but he had been there on market day. That is a treat for any Indian. Humming to himself, he marched homeward along the bluff commanding a view of the broad, blue Ganges and the bottom lands, India's granary, along the northern bank.

It was candlelight as he reached the village. Hundreds of fireflies made the trees brilliant with their flashing glow. The sultry stillness was broken occasionally by the jackals' mocking call.

As he swung into the lane to pass the zemindars' *stola*, or quarter, Musaphir noticed a group of four or five men by the roadside just ahead of him.

"Looks like I'm in for more abuse," he thought, as he noticed that these were of the landlord's clan. "May Our Lord help me."

"One of those cursed *Isais* (Christians)," came from one of the group, as Musaphir drew near. "Don't let him pass."

"Stop! Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Well, you can't go this way."

"But this is a public way."

"Not for you and your kind."

"Why? What harm have I done?"

"You've deserted India and her gods for this foreign superstition. You're a trouble-maker. You think you can put it over on us and be independent. We'll show you and the rest of the Chamars what you'll get unless you dance to our tune."

"But have I not the right to choose my religion? That is between God and me."

"You'll talk back to us Brahmans, will you, you low-born menial? What rights has an Untouchable? We'll give you a taste of what you have a right to."

Thereupon these noble sons of India seized Musaphir. Three of them slipped off one shoe and fell to beating



Father Welzmilller, author of the article, talks things over with two young Untouchables of the Shoemaker caste.

him on the head and shoulders. They answered his cries for mercy with taunts and abuse. Finally, they left him dazed and bleeding.

EARLY next morning, Musaphir came to my bungalow with his story. Luckily, there were witnesses, and one of them, a Brahman, too. I sent him to see the Mission lawyer at once. Doctor's examination and filing of the case followed. Then the culprits were summoned.

When they saw they were in for it, they tried to wriggle out, but a subpoena brought them to time. Meanwhile, between the dates for the hearings, the Chamars had to stand for verbal abuse and every kind of threat.

Musaphir is one of the few Chamars who still own an acre or so of land. Having no bullocks or plow, or money to hire them, he lets it out to a man of the Ahir, or Gardener caste.

"Don't plough his field this year," was the warning. "If you do, there will be blood." The scared Ahir obeyed.

A Christian who owns bullocks then said that he would take the land for the season. In a day or two he also wilted under threats.

The hearings of the case went on. The guilty ones came to us for a compromise, but on their own terms. They went away unsuccessful.

Today was the final hearing. The case was solid; the witnesses had weathered every cross-examination; the guilty had made conflicting statements. Finally, the Magistrate handed down his decision—a decision which completely ignored the evidence in the case. He freed the defendants.

But the accused didn't show the jubilation usual over a case won. And here is the reason. Had they permitted justice to take its course, they might have been fined about five dollars at (Turn to page 280)

Father Michael Lyons, S.J., is doing the talking here while Father Welzmilller sees what he can do with the Mission Ford.



West of the Wangpoo

Edgar
Dowd, S. J.

HEROISM, like gold, "is where you find it,"—and you can find plenty of heroism west of the Wangpoo River, in Shanghai and in Nanking—in the Mission entrusted to the Jesuits of the California Province, who this year commemorate their tenth anniversary in China.

The most bloody phase of the present Sino-Japanese war occurred in the district entrusted to these California Jesuits. They were eye-witnesses to the gutting of Shanghai, the rapine of Nanking, and the prevailing chaos of hunger and heartache, brutality and death that shattered the heart of China.

Their presence merely in the war area did not make them heroes. Together with the braving of imminent dangers, they achieved great results. Conducting their classes under shell-fire, facing poverty on their tables, struggling with a weird language, bandaging the wounds of the suffering, breathing a prayer for the dying, and resting at night with the ground quivering in the grip of war, these American Jesuits have proved themselves worthy successors to Xavier, Spinola, de Britto and other Jesuit saints and apostles of the Far East.

THE past ten years have been difficult as well as dangerous. It has been a period of almost constant turmoil with open war as its terrible climax. Even under peaceful skies, the work of conducting parishes, colleges and mission posts would have taxed to the utmost the endurance of every man on the Mission. But since the Autumn of 1930, when Father Pius L. Moore, S. J., and Father James F. Kearney, S. J., found themselves surrounded by thirty thousand aroused Communists in Nanking, ordinary labor daily became sacrifice and courage lifted into aspirations for martyrdom. Persecution of the Catholic Chinese of the district by Communists and pagans has been almost the order of the day.

But with extraordinary manifestations of Faith, that



This statue of the Sacred Heart standing aloft in benediction over the war ruins of Shanghai is symbolic of the heroic work being done there by the California Jesuits who this year celebrate their tenth anniversary in China.

enhance all periods of persecution, Catholic Chinese breast the currents of infidelity and emerged stronger and more glorious—conscious, however, that being hopelessly outnumbered and pitted against wealth and greed, they would have perished had not the missionaries leaped to their assistance.

ON the *President Lincoln* sailing for China, on August 30, 1928, ten years ago, were five Jesuits, the first contingent from the California Province to the Shanghai Mission. Two priests, Father Pius L. Moore, S. J., and Father John A. Lennon, S. J., together with three Scholastics, Cornelius E. Lynch, S. J., Thomas L. Phillips, S. J., and Charles D. Simons, S. J., comprised this pioneer group, so eager to bear to the Chinese the torch of Faith that death had wrested from the sacred hands of Xavier as he lay beneath a palm lean-to on Sancian.

Every year, except that of 1931, one or more has sailed to that promising missionary field. The personnel of the Mission now numbers 30: 15 Priests, 14 Scholastics and one co-adjutor Brother. This September three Scholastics, Louis J. Dowd, S. J., William J. Klement, S. J., and Henry Fikerment, S. J., arrived in China to re-enforce the brave battalion that for the past ten years has labored in the din of battle. The three new recruits are young and strong and intensely enthusiastic to fulfill one of the most difficult assignments in the worldwide apostolate. At present they are in Peking, at the Mission Language School, for lessons in Chinese.

In all likelihood, Mr. Dowd, Mr. Klement and Mr. Fikerment will soon find themselves standing before a class of Chinese boys, and not before a firing squad. The Shanghai Mission consisting of Gonzaga College, Sacred Heart Church, the Shuyang, Ku, Catholic Mission, and the razed Nanking Institute, is a mission of peace not of war. For, as Our Lord reproved St. Peter for cutting off the ear of Malchus, the missionaries would have erred had they, during the war, forsaken their crucifixes for swords. Their apostolic duty was to "carry

con," to labor untiringly, suffer patiently, and, if necessary, die gladly.

THE three Priests and two Scholastics at Gonzaga College conduct classes with peace-time regularity. For six months the United States Marines, earlier in the year, had used a part of the college as a barracks, but, though inconvenient, the presence of the soldiers did not hamper the progress of the school. Sodalities flourished, sanctuary societies thrived, and Chinese lads learned to play baseball. While other schools in the Shanghai district were closing because of war conditions, Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., President of Gonzaga College, has not only kept the institution open but is actually constructing a new building to take care of the expanding student body.

Despite bombs and bullets, Father John A. Lennon, S.J., Pastor of Sacred Heart Church, in the International Settlement, ministered to thousands of all nationalities. But, as Shanghai has only one Catholic in every hundred inhabitants, the work of conversion has only begun.

The war dealt a most serious blow to the most ambitious and promising project of the California Jesuits—the Nanking Institute. This was to have been a Catholic cultural center in the city of Nanking where the many Catholics who attend the local universities could receive graduate and undergraduate courses on Catholic subjects not available at the schools. It was to be also a hostel for the students. There Catholic leaders in the various professions would be trained so that the elite of the New China might be instructed in the various departments of Catholic thought. It was an institution sorely needed and under the direction of Father James F. Kearney, S.J., the plans were going forward rapidly. The buildings were under construction. Then the war came. Now Father Kearney and Father Lipman can do little more than stand guard over the unfinished buildings and pray for peace. Meantime, both Fathers had been doing, besides other work, a series of radio broadcasts on Catholic subjects. But the Nanking Institute, they say, must go on. And it will go on.

SCHOLASTICS, pursuing their theological studies at the Zi-ka-wei Scholasticate, realize that they are missionaries and spend their periods for rest and relaxation going from cot to cot in the hospitals comforting the sick and baptizing the dying. Leader in this work is Albert O'Hara, S.J., who has guided many a war-worn soldier to the church.

Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., and Father Mark A. Falvey, S.J., are at Shuyang, along the Lunghai Rail-

road, in the "bush country" amid bandits and mud huts, where, as Father Falvey writes: "The villages, the people, and the very soil is forlorn, patchy specimens of creation, forming a setting in which one could find his wish gratified should he long to live and die in abandonment."

FATHER SIMONS in a recent letter speaks of the terribly uncertain conditions of the district due to the war: "We do not know what is going to happen next. For example, five days ago, the morning of the Feast of St. Ignatius, between one and two o'clock, four or five robbers jumped the wall of the Girls' School, forced a poorly closed window in the sleeping room of the two Chinese Sisters (Presentandines). They almost



Standing on the steps of Gonzaga College, Shanghai, are four priests who have been giving radio talks on the Shanghai Catholic Hour. Left to right: Father James F. Kearney, S.J., Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Monsignor William McGrath (Prefect of the Canadian Mission of Lischur) and Father John K. Lipman, S.J.

strangled the poor women to keep them from crying out, maltreated them severely and bound them tightly with ropes. They stole the few dollars, about twenty-five Chinese (now five dollars, American) that I had given them for current expenses; also their watches and the much treasured Presentation Medal, which is to them what a Jesuit's crucifix is to us. The elder of the two, sixty-two years old, fared the worse. Her whole body was so bruised and swollen that she could not assist at Mass that day; her face was and still is a sight, one side terribly black and blue and one eye completely closed. The Presentandines are so scared that I have brought them over to our side of the street, where with the school closed for summer vacations and little prospect of reopening it, accommodations can be made for them.

"The officials are doing their best to round up the robbers; five suspects have already been arrested; the crime is a bold one, almost insulting to the authorities, for we live, as it were, in the

(Turn to page 280)

"Elizabeth Is Dying"

John B.
Baud, S. J.

"FATHER, Elizabeth is dying at Kaltag!"

"Elizabeth Tsuroye? Very well; hurry up and see if Joseph can bring me without delay."

I go up into the empty room where all the fur clothes are hung ready for no matter what occasion and I then bring everything down into the corridor: the woolen underclothing, the heavy woolen socks, the leather boots, the leather moccasins, the leather gloves, the leather hood, the flannels and the parkee.

What an outfit for a soldier of Christ! I do not recall having worn so many things even during the World War when I was in the trenches as a private. I start to try on all these furs.

Joseph will be ready in a few minutes with the sled for the trail. We will go along quickly on the river for a distance of about fifty miles in the desolate wastes for hours at a time.

I HEAR the dogs barking, and from my window I see some of them straining at their leashes, for they are so happy to set out; they pull on their harnesses to such an extent that they almost choke themselves. Well, I am ready. I perspire and my blood becomes warm from the excitement of preparation and all the leather and woolen clothing, but all that will certainly be useful and very important in a half hour when we are a mile or so from the house. I run to the church, take the Host and enclose the Creator of the Universe in the gold pyx and place the case next to my heart.

Going out of the church I find the dogs, the sled and the guides are already there. I jump into the sled and off we roll down the embankment of the river with great speed. The dogs are fresh and ask only to race. It is good to close your eyes and say a prayer to the Patroness of travellers and the Patron of the dying in order that both protect the missionary and the dying in this decisive hour.

Kaltag, towards which we are speeding over the frozen river to the dying Elizabeth, is only a tiny village of about one hundred and thirty-five souls. It is one of the missions administered from Nulato, and Nulato is, as you know, the oldest mission post in Alaska. It



The missionary and his dogs pause for a breath during an errand of mercy on one of Nulato's frozen trails.

covers a vast frozen territory and its possibilities are great but the laborers, unfortunately, are so few. It has at present only one Jesuit priest (myself) residing at Nulato with a Jesuit Brother and three Sisters, Nuns of St. Ann of Canada. Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S. J., the Superior of the entire Alaskan Mission also has his residence at Nulato but with the cares and duties of his position he is scarcely free for daily work. So as we race over the fifty miles of snow and ice I pray the Lord of the Harvest that He send more laborers.

AND now stiff and weary, we arrive at last at Kaltag. Is the sick woman still alive? That is the first question that comes from my lips. I jump out of the sleigh, run into the hut, and—yes, Elizabeth is still alive. But what a sight! Sickness had eaten her away and she hangs on to life by a thread. Her tan face is almost black; her cheeks are glued to her jaws; she has removed the covers from the upper part of her body, for the poor consumptive woman wants a little air for her lungs which have refused to function; her ribs are sticking out, her hair flies in the breeze, she is clothed in rags. Gracious! There is human misery! But she has not long to live. Very soon the angels are going to recover this soul, and beautiful, very beautiful, she is going to present herself before God. I hear her confession by means of signs, for she is no longer able to talk; I give her Holy Viaticum, and her soul leaves us, to see us again some day in eternity.

There is no means of returning to Nulato for the present, for the Indians are hunting beaver. Joseph who has brought me here carries the mail and must still do

more than fifty miles before returning. There the missionary is obliged to wait a favorable opportunity; but it does not come. I must wait almost a week before being able to return to Nulato where the Sisters remain without Mass and without a priest.

I AM not able to paint in words the anxieties which filled my mind during this week. It was the week from April 24 to May 1 of this year, 1938, and the river had not yet broken up, but the melting of the snow on the hills and the little streams which were thawing began to overflow everywhere and submerge all the ice in the river. Will the ice be solid enough to bear me with Joseph, the sled and the team? Let us hope so. God has always been very good on my journeys. Will He still be propitious on this journey? Well, confidence.

Finally, Joseph arrived at Kaltag, Friday evening, April 29. Tomorrow morning at three o'clock we will harness the sled and set out, for it is at the early hour that you do your best traveling since the water and snow and ice are rather firm after the low temperature of the night.

Three o'clock in the morning. Everything is ready; the village sleeps. No Mass at that hour; I will say it on the way. The dogs are not too alert for their paws are bloody; they are tired because of their journey of the last few days and want a little more rest. After the first rolling down on the river I realize immediately that the snow and ice are not too solid. It was not very cold during last night. Finally, let us hope we will not have to do too much splashing about and that we will arrive midway before the sun melts the trail further. Alas, more than once we have had to help the poor animals pull the sled across the sand banks where the snow had disappeared completely; at other times with the water up to their bellies they pulled as best they could and still we had to help them by pushing the sleds.

AT 8:30 we arrived midway at Joseph's house, happy to be able to change our soaked boots and I, above all, to be able to say a holy Mass. Very quickly I set up on the table my portable altar. There are really many sentiments that one is not able to put into words, but it is very consoling for the missionary to see an entire family assist so piously at holy Mass and to sing heartily, each in his own devout manner, the hymns of Holy Communion.

The next day was Sunday and I really intended to set out very early so as to arrive on time to say ten o'clock Mass; but man proposes and God disposes. It was cloudy Saturday afternoon and it rained all night so that there was no means of traveling the next morning. Mass was celebrated again in the hut and Monday morning at four o'clock we were ready for the trail and the last twenty-five miles to Nulato. I had said Mass before setting out, blessing Joseph's family which had been most happy to have Holy Mass and Communion for these three days. During the night the ice had not frozen very much but in places the trail was not too bad. In other places, however, there was only melted snow in which the dogs, the sled and the travelers sunk sometimes to a depth of several feet. I assure you it is not very interesting when you are seated in the

sled and feel yourself slipping slowly on really frozen snow and then suddenly sink. Under the crust of the snow there is one or two feet of water and sometimes more. This experience resembles a little the peculiar sensation one has in an elevator or an airplane when an air-pocket allows you to descend too quickly for your own pleasure.



With three children of Nulato, Father John B. Baud, S.J., is enjoying a rest from his travels in Alaska's sub-zero weather.

ONLY once was I really afraid, for after all one clings to life. We were arriving near Nulato, when at the moment of crossing the Nulato River, my guide saw that it was impracticable; the river, by its strong current and because of the melting of the snow, had worn away the ice beneath the snow and opened a great abyss of whirling and rapid water. But what was to be done? A long detour in order to get to the other side of the river? That is what we did without delay. Having arrived at a spot where the ice seemed more solid than elsewhere, we crossed, but I can assure you that I had fervent prayers on my lips and great fear in my heart when I saw the ice yielding under the burden. And I warmly thanked Joseph, my guide, for the good sense that he had in relating afterwards, and not before, the story of his mother, now a woman sixty-five years old, who, returning from a trip, also had passed this same place and almost under identical circumstances, having broken the ice by the weight of her dogs and her sled, would doubtless have drowned had there not been another woman nearby to help her to save herself.

These are some of the incidents in the life of an Alaskan missionary. All is not rosy. But ordinarily one gets out of it with some fear but above all with the greatest confidence in God.

A Field Day for the Bishops

Robert L. McCormack, S. J.

FIFTY years ago on August twenty-sixth, James Cardinal Gibbons pontificated at the ordination of nineteen Jesuit deacons in the chapel at Woodstock College, Maryland. Doubtless the great Cardinal must have prayed for the future work of the young men on whom he conferred divine powers. He knew the Jesuits would mount the teacher's and lecturer's rostrum, would preach from marble pulpits of cathedrals and from rough altar railings of country churches, would write books and give retreats. But he was almost as certain that none would follow him in the exercises of the fuller power of the priesthood as bishops. For Jesuits are not made bishops, at least, not unless the Holy Father urges them to accept a difficult missionary diocese.

But time tells unexpected tales. When half a century later the roll of this ordination class is called, the only two still living to answer "present" are *two bishops*, the one in the tropical Central American vicariate of Belize, British Honduras, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., and the other in the frozen waste lands of Alaska, Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J. Both, like the Holy Father, are in their eighties and carrying on their episcopal functions; both have accepted Ignatius' challenge to Francis Xavier and are now setting the world on fire in missionary lands; each on August 26, last, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

BEFORE his appointment as Bishop of Birta and Vicar Apostolic of Belize, Bishop Murphy did teach in the classrooms, did preach. In fact, for thirty years he was associated with colleges in the central United States in administrative and professorial capacities, and for five years he taught at St. John's College in Belize.

From his entrance into the Society on July 16, 1875, at Florissant, Missouri, until his ordination at Woodstock in 1888, he followed the regular life of the young Jesuit Scholastic. A year after ordination he was Vice-President and Prefect of Studies and Discipline at St. Mary's College, in St. Marys, Kansas. Then after a year of Tertianship, he taught at St. Xavier's in Cincinnati, spent three years as Prefect of Studies in Detroit, three years at St. Louis University, and another five years' stay as Professor at Detroit.

In 1905 he was sent to British Honduras. While



Escorted by a Guard of Honor composed of the British Honduras Defense Force and Police, Bishop Murphy enters the grounds of St. Ignatius School during his jubilee celebration.

teaching at the college, he was a regular preacher in the adjacent Cathedral and helped with the pastoral work, thus becoming acquainted with many of the people in Belize. After five years in the tropics, he was recalled to the States and stationed first at St. Ignatius College in Cleveland and was then moved to Marquette University where for nine years he was Vice-President and Prefect of Studies. He was Dean of men at St. Louis University when on December 11, 1923, he was named Vicar Apostolic of Belize, and a few days later was appointed Bishop of Birta. He was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop John J. Glennon in St. Francis Xavier's Church in St. Louis, on his own feast day, March 19, of the following year.

MAY 4, 1924, the day that the new Bishop "returned to Belize" as he himself put it, was a gala and memorable day for the people of all classes and creeds who turned out in thousands to bid him welcome. The streets were gaily decorated and the Catholic congregation paraded in his honor. At sixty-six, most men are thinking or retiring. He was just setting out upon a new field of labor requiring the arduous and strenuous work that many younger men would find difficult. Many of the small villages of the old Maya and Keckchi Indians are isolated in remote places of the bush. To these he had to travel with many hardships in cranky boats, dug-outs and on mule-back.

On August twenty-fifth of this year the welcoming celebration of 1924 was repeated, but on a much grander scale, for this was the fiftieth

(Turn to page 280)

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Believing in the pamphlet as the most effective instrument of propaganda in the modern world, the Fordham Alumnae Mission Group plans to send a variety of pamphlet titles on

Fordham Alumnae Mission Group Pamphleteers

useful subjects to more than six hundred and fifty American and Canadian Jesuits working on the missions. Busy missionaries have little time to consult an exhaustive treatise even on the moral and doctrinal issues with which they are daily confronted. On the other hand, and precisely because they are distracted by importunate calls of every description, the knowledge that was theirs in seminary days may grow rusty. Question—How refurbish it? There is only one way. Imitate the Fordham Alumnae Mission Group and send to your favorite missionary a set of pamphlets on the issues of the day. His problems are ours. Ours are the same as his, for human nature is essentially identical, be it in the East or in the West. "Never the twain shall meet" is true only of the accidents of place and social custom. Let the Busy Missionary's Guide be a pamphlet. Complete in twenty-four or thirty-two pages, the reading time takes only from fifteen to twenty minutes. Pamphlets are the "quickies" of the press.

Incomplete returns of the activities engaged in by the Veritas Catholic Action Club during summer vacation days reveal that members circulated their extra pamphlets in the following places:

Afield with Our Pamphlet Promoters

Doctors' offices; The Catholic Guardian Society of New York City; Cambridge, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; Queens Village, Long Island; Valeria Home, Oscawanna, New York; Denville, New Jersey; Washington, D. C.; The New York office of Thomas Publishing Company; Stamford, Connecticut; Golden, Colorado; Annapolis, Maryland; Windsor, Canada; Goshen, New York; Knights of Columbus, Brooklyn. The distribution took place either personally while on vacation, on visits or at work in the office and by mail in packages or in letters. Conversations and discussions on Spain, the depression, Communism, Masonry, the Missions, etc., were occasions used by the members for driving home their point with a pamphlet on the subject under discussion. One Jewish girl bought pamphlets to circulate among her relations, all of whom were either out and out Communists or leaning in that direction.

From New Rochelle, New York—"It would require several pages to trace the pamphlets. I leave them in doctors' offices and in hair-dressers' shops. I sent the last batch to Sing Sing

Here and There With Our Pamphlet Promoters

as I saw a request from there. I left them all over the South in my travels and one recipient is a young man neighbor, supposedly a Catholic, who showers my son with trash about the Oxford Movement. So I send him Catholic tracts, with my name, on every opportunity. I am very enthusiastic about the pamphlet idea. I particularly liked 'Advertising the Catholic Church.' It is what we Catholics don't do." From Overbrook, Pennsylvania—"We had our first meeting at Sacred Heart Convent, Overbrook, but as we had to disappear at nine o'clock there was not time enough for discussion on the ways and means of Pamphlet Promoters. So to Betty's for ice cream we went! Betty's is located at 69th Street and is quite nice. There were no booths in the back of the shop large enough to accommodate our group so we had to take one in the very center. We ate our Sundaes (plural) and discussed pamphlets and subscriptions, after which the girls asked me to let them have their pamphlets which I had packed separately for each one. This I tried to do, even going to the extent of turning the pamphlets so that the names could not be seen. Seems foolish now, but I thought the people would think I was handing out Communistic literature. I should have let the names be seen and would have been cleared of any suspicion. I had a stamp made and am stamping all the booklets on the outside just once and am using the same stamp on the inside. The stamp runs, 'Read and Pass Along.'"

The following note received from Mt. Vernon, New York, gives us an occasion for indicating the different types of Pamphlet

Promoters who are functioning today. "I would like to become a Pamphlet Promoter. Please send me directions. I cannot handle a great number, but could manage a few.

Promoter Types

I am a teacher in public school." For possible Pamphlet Promoters such as Miss Mt. Vernon it might be noted that there are three types of Promoters. First, a promoter with a group of ten members each of whom pays 50 cents monthly and receives in return one hundred 5-cent pamphlets monthly or fifty 10-cent pamphlets; second, a Promoter who cannot gather a group of ten members, but can gather a group of five paying the same monthly dues of 50 cents and receiving the corresponding quota of pamphlets; third, a Junior unit composed of five members each paying 25 cents monthly and receiving twenty-five 5-cent pamphlets monthly. Individual subscribers contribute \$1.00 a year and receive for the same one 10-cent pamphlet a month.

Pamphlet material on the world's latest heresy, namely, Racism is at last beginning to appear. "Why are Jews Persecuted" by Joseph N. Moody, S.J., a ten cent pamphlet sold by Jesuit Mission Press is an excellent presentation of the case for and against the

Pamphlets on Racism

Jew. In this issue Catholics, of course, line up with the Pope. They do not take sides with any race-crazed dictator. After giving three probable reasons for the persecution of Jews throughout the centuries drawn from the Jewish attitude on religion, economics, and nationalism, Doctor Moody concludes, "The attitude of many toward the people of Israel may be summed up thus: 'Let them cease to be as they are and we will like them.' We might as well say to a man: 'Stop being six feet tall, and I will care for you.' It is far more reasonable to try to understand the modern Jew in the light of the conditions which have shaped him. Nor is it beside the point to insist that, not only is this the rational view, but it is the only one consistent with the high principles of our Catholic faith."

Were Racism once in the saddle, Catholic missionary workers would be trampled under foot. For, if we grant the first premise of the advocates of Racism, namely, that there is no essential

Racism and the Missions

difference between a human being and an irrational animal you must logically deny the existence in man of a spiritual soul. If no soul, then no free will, no sin, no redemption, no need of missions or missionaries. The full evil of Racism may be gathered from the following eight fundamental propositions which contain the substance of the doctrine. One, Human races, because of their natural and unchangeable characteristics, are so distinct from one another that there is a greater difference between the lowest and the highest class of men, than there is between the lowest in the human species and the most highly developed in the animal kingdom. Two, Racial strength and purity of blood must be preserved and cultivated by every means possible. This end justifies all means necessary to attain it. Three, All man's intellectual and moral qualities are derived from the blood, which is the source of one's racial character. Four, The essential purpose of education is to develop racial characteristics and to inflame the mind with an all-consuming love of race as the supreme good. Five, Religion is subordinate to the law of race and must be adapted to it. Six, The primary source and supreme rule of the entire juridical order is the racial instinct. Seven, Nothing exists but the Cosmos, or the Universe, a living being; all other things, man included, are only different forms of this universal living being, developing through the course of the ages. Eight, Each man exists today only by consent of the state and for the state. Whatever right he possesses comes to him only by grant from the state.

"The Church and the Jews" is a memorial issued by Catholic European scholars and treats the subject thoroughly answering such questions as: Is Yahwe a Jewish God or is Israel God's people? Was Jesus an anti-Semite? Is Israel eternally damned for rejecting Christ? Jewish legislation in the middle ages, racial anti-Semitism, and duties of Christians towards the Jews.

The Church and the Jews



Left to right in the immediate foreground are Fathers Frank B. Sarjeant, S.J., and Frank W. Anderson, S.J., standing in the 8:00 a.m. shade cast by cubicles in the make-shift Villa house of Baghdad College.

THERE is no need of my going into the need of a Villa for the Fathers at Baghdad. The temperature of my room is now 92° at 5:00 a.m., (that is, after the "cooling" of the night, 96° at 10:00 a.m., and 105° at 4:00 p.m.). Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., and I had gone north and had selected the general location of the place. On June 16, Father William D. Sheehan, S.J., and Edmund K. Cheney, S.J., went up to the same district with a load of cots and Villa stuff. It was real pioneering, since we did not have even the exact place selected. But they went to one of the towns we had suggested, called Inishk (a Kurdish word meaning elbow), met the Chaldean priest and the village chief, and were shown a spot just above the village—town property which we could have the use of free.

It is an ideal spot. Near a waterfall and two or three mountain streams that afford several swimming holes, it commands a view of the valley for miles around. There they unpacked, lived in a tent, and with our carpenter and some hired help, began the construction of the *capranas*, that is, shelters which are wide open on four sides and have a roof of leafy boughs supported by rough beams cut in the neighborhood. They are safe because there is practically no rain here in the summer in these mountains. They constructed four of them; one a large open one with only one corner closed in, to be used as a dining room and a recreation room, located right beside a copious mountain stream; one rather large, which we



Workmen putting up the cloister arches in the new Baghdad College recently completed.

Baghdad Looks

lived in for privacy and formed into cubicles and a small chapel with two rough altars in it; one a kitchen and storeroom; and one an out-house.

ON June 29, as soon after the Commencement as possible, I went up there with Father MacNeil on our bus, loaded with Villa materials. After a fifteen hour trip over a miserable road we arrived at the house of the Delegate in Mosul. There we spent the night and continued the next day, a five hour journey north to Inishk, accompanied by Fathers Thomas F. Hussey, S.J., and John J. Williams, S.J., who had come in from their two-month stay at Mar Behnam to meet us at Mosul. The following Sunday four more Fathers (Francis W. Anderson, S.J., Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., John A. Mifsud, S.J., and Charles W. Mahan, S.J.) arrived. We had quite a deal of trouble from mosquitoes at first—of which there are none during the day but plenty at night. After the arrival of the nets, though, that difficulty was overcome. Father Mahan is the Minister of the Villa, as we had left Father Madaras in Baghdad to take care of the building. Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., remained there with him.

I spent the first week there visiting—as necessary a part of things over here as the foundation of your building. I saw first the Bishop of Araden; then the Araden native Sisters; then the orphans that the Delegate sends there for the summer and their Chaplain; then the Armenian Nuns; then the Kurdish Sheik of Bahmani, who is the ruling power of all this territory; then the Quaimaqam (Government official at Sulav); then the English soldiers at Bibaidi close by to get permission to leave our truck with theirs under a twenty-four hour guard. That took time.

Then one day the Bishop returned my visit—as is the custom here. He rode into us under a parasol accompanied by eighteen attendants, several of them armed with rifles. They all stayed with him for dinner—as per the laws of hospitality in this section. We had about four rounds that day. On July 11, when I felt that I must leave for Baghdad, off I went with Fathers Mifsud and Gookin. I have spent these past two weeks with Father Madaras wrangling over various purchases for the building. You just have to wrangle here when you purchase.

WE were told when we were at Inishk that we would need night guards. In our ignorance of the country we thought they might just be trying to create jobs there. But we hired two with rifles, each one receiving twenty-five cents a night. Besides

we had two large dogs. The fact that some Kurds had entered the town on the night of July 3, cut a hole in the wall of the village chief's house while the family slept on the mud roof, and walked off with about four hundred dollars worth of money, jewelry and provisions (they take anything movable), made us feel that we might need the guards. I have just received a letter from Father Mahan showing we did. I quote:

"On Tuesday night, July 19, we had an armed attack by Kurds. The moon rose that night at midnight. We retired as usual at ten and at eleven-forty we were rudely awakened by shouts and rifle shots just out-

Frank B.
Sarjeant, S.J.

side the *caprana*. I could see the flash of the rifles through the leafy walls of my room. No one stirred in the house till the firing ended; then we got up to investigate. The two guards pursued the robbers up the hill and fired again. We all flattened ourselves on the floor to escape the return fire of the robbers, but they did not reply. In a few minutes about ten villagers came up with rifles. Some had circled the village on the far side, had seen the robbers in the moonlight on the slope of the opposite hill and they fired a few shots at them as they made off towards Arraden.

Three robbers had sneaked up to within thirty feet off the *caprana* from three directions; one along the brook, one behind the dining room-*caprana* and one on the mountain side of the sleeping-*caprana*. The guard on duty shouted and fired as soon as he saw the first Kurd in the brook; then he saw the man beside the sleeping-*caprana* and fired on him. He did not see the man behind the dining room-*caprana* till the latter fired a shot at the guard, missing him. All three fled down the hill. The villagers said one was dressed as a woman, perhaps with the idea of simulating our habit so that if seen by the guard he might be taken for one of us. The attack was successfully beaten off . . . we are all safe, thank God."

DO not think that there was any idea of an attack to hurt our men; it was just a case of robbery, something common to the Kurds. To control them in these mountains is difficult, for they are not used to obeying a central government. I believe that there will be no more of this. We shall continue the Villa this year and have retreats there June 15, the first Jesuit retreat in Iraq. Father Merrick will give it. I shall consult with Father William A. Rice, S.J., the Bishop, the Sheik, the Quaimaqam, and find out if it will be safe in future years.

It would be a pity to give it up, as it is an ideal spot, and its abandonment would probably mean having to look for a spot outside Iraq. Do not get alarmed over this—as there is no reason for alarm. We shall take all the precautions necessary. And the Lord has sent a special detail of Guardian Angels to watch over us—as is evident from many happenings around this school. Should it prove to be the place and safe enough, we could then construct something more permanent. Should it not prove to be the place, we shall look out for another solution of the summer problem, as it must have a permanent solution. One hundred and fifteen degree temperatures—such as we are now having—will not help our work if we remain in them without necessity.

THE moving of the classes over to the new classroom building, will give us several spare rooms in this old building. We could have given up our auxiliary house, moved the Fathers into this old building, and thus united the Community and saved

Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., and the boys of Baghdad College with their new microscopes.



Very Reverend William A. Rice, S.J., examines the tonsils of Jassin, College handy-man.

some rent. They would have been some distance from the school, but all in one building. We decided, however, when we found that for this year at least a dormitory building would be impossible, to sacrifice the advantages that would have come from such a move, and to establish a modest boarding school in this building. We can only take twenty-five—but that is a start. The building is very old and dilapidated, but the Fathers have lived in it for four years and will live in it more. And Catholic parents will now have no reason for sending their children to a non-Catholic secondary English-speaking boarding school, as before.

WE have figured out closely the cost and think that we can do it without much loss or even no loss. Because of financial conditions we would not have started it if it were to entail great expense. But it was a real "plunge" in a sense. With everything topsy-turvy, a new building to furnish, Father Rice's status uncertain, and no place in sight for the continuation of the school next year (as the German Ambassador is going (Turn to page 280)



Missionary---Before and After

A TOPIC of keen interest to many who are not now engaged and perhaps never will be engaged in work upon the mission field is the reactions of missionaries themselves both *before* sailing for their chosen life work and again *after* some years of experience.

It so happens that we can offer our readers such a report, the result of two interviews with Father Joseph Reith, S.J., present Pastor of Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Lanao, Philippine Islands. The first of the two interviews took place just before September 1, 1931, when Father Reith left for the Islands. Until that time, as Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, Father Reith, through correspondence, knew his future field of labor as well as anyone could who had not actually been in the Islands.

Asked if he had volunteered for the Philippine missions, Father Reith made it clear that the Society of Jesus has traditionally, since the days of Francis Xavier, encouraged in its members a special generosity to the missions, and has cherished in its ranks a great number of subjects who have freely volunteered, with a readiness beyond the requirements of rule, to go to any mission; and that the American Jesuits are no exception in aspiring to and in offering themselves freely for home and foreign mission work.

FATHER REITH said his first reaction on receiving the appointment for permanent Philippine work was one of joyful gratitude to God that he had been thought worthy in the eyes of God and of his Order to be chosen for such important and exacting work in this American mission.

The second interview occurred only recently and took place by letter. Asked if he still agreed entirely with all that he had said before departure, Father Reith replied:

"I am not taking back anything. Missionary life, like every other, is what you make it. Sometimes it shames me to behold the great reverence and awe with which our good Catholics regard the missionary; we may not be worthy of it. And often those who esteem our labors highest are doing ten times or a hundred times more for God than we are in the mission field."

When requested to tell how he felt about the hardships of missionary life after his years of editorial work amid the comparative comforts of America, he

launched forth into the following inspiring epitome:

"Missionaries, it seems to me, speak very little of the purely personal hardships that beset them in their line of duty. To entice sympathetic support for their apostolate, they might on occasion narrate some of the external difficulties that their foreign field presents,—the poverty, the degradation and unresponsiveness of their people, hardships of travel, of climate, natural calamities, persecutions and the like. But all these are external and physical. A prospector in oil or gold or rubber in the same region might suffer like discomforts.

"But that inner desolation, those hardships that press down upon the missionary's sensitive and cultured soul,—the separation from family and friends, from refinement and comforts, the lonesomeness, the monotony, the temptations, the absence of other priests, of confession, the sadness occasioned by the sins of the natives, their lack of appreciation, of understanding, of correspondence with God's grace,—all these must and do at times weigh heavily on the spirit of God's ambassadors. Yet they rarely tell of these. Like the soldiers who fought in the bloodiest battles of the War, the missionaries prefer to remain silent about their innermost experiences and emotions.



Left to right: Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., and Father Joseph Reith, S.J., former Associate Editors of Jesuit Mission Press, now laboring in Cagayan and Dansalan missions of Mindanao respectively.

the great mission cause of Christ. They are his secret, intimate gift to his real Friend; his mystical union with the First Missionary, who left Heaven for the ungrateful foreign mission of the world. As such, they are outside the realm of communicable subjects. Jogues and Brebeuf could write of their physical sufferings and miseries; of their spiritual agonies, they manifest only their joyful acceptance. God will tell of these in His own good time. Sometimes He does it in the glory of canonization."

In these words, Father Reith has indicated a principle, old as Christianity itself, namely, that unless the seed die, the seed itself will remain alone. So it is that unless the missionary accept in silence and in a spirit of faith the frustration at times of even legitimate ambitions, the Divine Husbandman will give no increase either in the number or quality of new Christians.

"THIS reticence arises, it would seem from an unexpressed conviction of the missionary that these interior sufferings and sacrifices are his personal oblation, his private contribution to

The Mission Field of Korea

The Mission Intention for November

AS released by the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the story of Christianity in Korea reads like a spiritual romance with missionaries fighting their way through persecution after persecution to the final conquest of what was once the Hermit Kingdom of the world. Wooed from its policy of isolation, Korea stands forth today a kingdom of 20,000,000 souls with 138,000 Catholics and 3,000 Catechumens, under 3 Vicars and 3 Prefects Apostolic. There are 344 Church buildings and 140 elementary schools with 19,055 pupils, 3 industrial schools and 3 hospitals. Besides the 50 foreign missionary Sisters, there are 225 Korean Sisters. The clergy numbers 102 native and 100 foreign priests.

Out of the mythical past comes a legend that the Creating Spirit, having taken his abode in Chosen, Land of Morning Calm, in the year 2733 B.C., lived over 1,000 years and was then buried in the district of Kangtong where his supposed grave is still venerated. The successors of this legendary king known as Takoun (Lord of the Sandalwood Tree) were driven out by a Chinese invasion and a new kingdom was established about 1122 B.C. In 57 B.C., however, legend gives way to historical science and we read of 3 kingdoms in Korea, the territorial limits of which extended into Manchuria. Constant wars between these kingdoms and China and Japan lasted till about 681 A.D. when the country entered upon a period of national unity and comparative peace.

In the Tenth Century, Korea, Country of Wonderful Mountains, became a vassal kingdom of China and a little later suffered much from a Japanese invasion. "To prevent any further and all future invasions into the Land of Morning Calm, Korea introduced in 1637 A.D. the strange policy of isolation which gave her the name of Hermit Kingdom or that of The Forbidden Bridge."

One of the most interesting studies in missiology is to search for the link by which the Holy Ghost brings non-mission countries into initial contact with Christianity. In the case of Korea the contact was most natural. As a vassal kingdom of China, ambassadors were sent yearly to Peking with tribute for the Chinese government. It was during these visits that Christianity was discovered by the visiting representatives who returned to Korea with some of the Catholic texts and commentaries then available in the kingdom that had been evangelized by the successors of St. Francis Xavier. Korean savants versed in the lore of their native land were captivated by these new teachings and applied themselves to a thorough study of the same. However, it was not until 1783 that progress was noted. In that year Ri-Syeng-hun-i went to China for instruction and was baptized with the name of Peter. On his return to his native land he brought with him crosses, rosaries, statues, and books of instruction. Peter's first convert was his friend, Pyek-i, who was christened John the Baptist.

In the incident of Ri-Syeng-hun-i's own conversion we

catch the unique note in the story of Korea's progress. For while other nations await the coming of missionaries, Korea went forth in search of them. Then, having found the truth, but "being unable to obtain a priest from China, and ignorant of the sacerdotal character, some of them assumed episcopal and priestly functions that gave to their church an exterior appearance of Hierarchy, imitating what they heard was done at Peking." When the authorities of the Church heard that these Catholics were attempting to function without benefit of clergy, the over-zealous converts were made aware of their error and the self-appointed clergy and Hierarchy were disbanded. With genuine docility they "ceased their functions and submitted in all things, but begged that a real priest be sent to them. None could be sent at that time, but the lay Catholics continued to make converts until the number reached 4,000. It was not until 1795 that the first Chinese priest, Father Yjyou, was able to enter Korea. And on Easter Sunday, 1795, the holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in Seoul, Korea's capital." In 1801, the persecution accounted for 300 martyrs out of the 6,000 converts that had been added to the Christian flock.

Father Andrew Kim, the first native Korean priest who had been prepared for ordination in Macao, was ordained in 1845. He had hardly reached his native land when he was seized and martyred for Christ on September 16, 1846. Then followed twenty years of comparative peace. In 1855 we find 15,206 Catholics. In 1865 there were two Bishops, ten priests, one seminary for native priests and 25,000 Catholics. Another era of persecution followed in 1866 and once again for a decade the Church in Korea struggled on without benefit of clergy. Finally the turn in the tide of fortune for the Catholic Church came in the year 1882 when the nation abandoned its policy of isolation.

While in 1910 Korea was formally annexed to the Japanese empire and the king was deprived of all political power and the title of the country was changed back to Chosen, still an Imperial Rescript of 1919 prescribed that Korea was to be treated as an integral part of Japan and that the natives were to be on the same footing as the native Japanese. This is the political status of the people today. The people have pronounced Mongolian features and a language intermediate between Mongolo-Tartar and Japanese, with a large admixture of Chinese words. The language is polysyllabic in contrast with the monosyllabic language of the Chinese. An alphabet is used in writing.

Due to the fact that Koreans have been trained for the priesthood with real success and that last year one entirely new prefecture was erected and entrusted to native priests alone, His Holiness feels that this Land of Morning Calm that was formerly the Hermit Kingdom of the world is now well on her way to achieve new glory for the Catholic Church. For this reason he begs our readers to pray "that missions may flourish among the 20,000,000 Koreans."

Afield with American Jesuits

AMERICAN INDIANS

A tangle of flame and smoke once again pulsed within the narrow Okinagan Valley, as the large Service Building at St. Mary's Mission at Omak, Washington, burned to a smouldering ruin on the morning of July 30. The fire was of unknown origin. Possibly a spark ignited the dry worn shingles of the wooden portion of the building that was built fifty years ago. Damage was estimated at forty-five thousand dollars. Fortunately, no lives were lost in the swiftly enveloping blaze. At ten in the morning, flames raced across the roof, and within forty minutes the building, together with its brick addition constructed twenty-five

morning. The bakery, laundry, class rooms, chapel, together with all the patient toil necessary to care for the children and brighten their lives—the polished floors, the cellar of canned foods, the pairs of graceful vases for the altar—all was lost. But school began, as usual, this September, for St. Mary's is a remarkable Mission.

PATNA, INDIA

During the latter part of November, four American Jesuits, three of whom are members of the Chicago Province and one of the New Orleans Province, will be ordained priests at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India. We offer the newly ordained our heartiest con-

pioneer group which opened the new Novitiate of the Sacred Heart at Milford near Cincinnati, Ohio. Following the regular course of training for a Jesuit he pronounced his first vows in September, 1927, and began his classical studies. Filled with zeal for the missions, Father Bonnot volunteered for work in Patna and at the end of his juniorate course in 1929 his wish was realized. On his arrival in India in November, 1929, he was sent to the Jesuit Scholasticate, Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, South India, to make the three-year course of philosophy.

"At the end of this course, Father Bonnot was appointed, in January,



Members of the Province of Lower Canada who have been assigned to the Süchow Mission in China. Left to right: Father Maurice Bégin, S.J., and Father Paul-Emile Gauthier, S.J., who have just completed their Tertianship at Chicoutimi, P.Q., and Roger Fortin, S.J., and Roland Dussault, S.J., who have just finished their studies in philosophy at Montreal.

years ago, was completely destroyed. With the first outcry of "fire," Father Joseph A. Balfe, S.J., Superior of the Mission, rushed into the chapel to rescue the Blessed Sacrament. Returning a few moments later to the flaming structure, he snatched a few vestments, but all else perished. In addition to being the residence of the Sisters, the building also housed the bakery, dining rooms, laundry, store rooms and chapel.

Indians about the Mission shed their characteristic leisure and rushed to the fire. Ladders were thrown against the burning building. Axes slashed into the roof, but the black smoke pouring from the attic were livid coils of doom. Hatless, in rolled-up sleeves, Father Balfe organized the men into bucket-brigades to save adjoining buildings. The Dominican Sisters and aged Indian ladies labored bravely to salvage portable articles on the first floor. Indian men, as a rule, are disappointing in rescue work. Despite their loss of everything, even what few personal articles they had, the Sisters were saddened more by the thought of the

gratulations and our best wishes for a long and blessed apostolate in India. The new priests are Fathers Charles R. Bonnot, S.J., John H. Lane, S.J., Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J., and Father Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J. For the brief sketches which follow, we are indebted to John S. O'Connor, S.J., of Patna Mission.

"Charles R. Bonnot, S.J., is the son of Mrs. Katherine G. Bonnot of St. John's Parish, Canton, Ohio. He was born in Canton, November 11, 1906, and received his primary education in the class rooms of St. John's Parochial School. For his high school training he entered Cathedral Latin School in Cleveland, Ohio, but when the boarding hall connected with the school closed at the end of his first year there, he transferred to Campion, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. It was at Campion that he came into close contact with the Jesuits and developed his vocation to the Society of Jesus. After his graduation in June, 1925, he applied for admission to the Jesuit Novitiate and in September became a member—the first Jesuit from Canton—of the

1933, to the Middle English School of the Bettiah Parish. Here he had plenty of opportunities to become proficient in Hindi, the language of Patna Mission, by teaching in that tongue. At the beginning of 1934, Father Bonnot was transferred to the Catholic Boarding School for Santal boys at Bhagalpur. Shortly after his arrival there the great Bihar earthquake damaged the school so badly that it had to be moved to Gokhla—the 'Mission in Mud,' as it is called (all its buildings are constructed in mud). Here he again played the role of pioneer. During the first two years of the new school's existence he acted as prefect of discipline, teacher and infirmarian to the hundred Santal boys enrolled in the school. In January, 1936, he began his theological studies at Kurseong."

* * *

"Father John H. Lane, S.J., was born in the Visitation Parish, Chicago, Illinois, October 23, 1906. His father, Mr. George A. Lane, who was for many years an official in the Peoples' Gas, Light & Coke Company of Chi-

Chicago, died in 1935. His mother died during Father Lane's childhood. John Lane received his primary education in the Corpus Christi Parish School under the Sisters of Mercy. In 1920 he entered St. Ignatius High School and after the completion of his course there, spent a year at Loyola University in the Arts course. In the fall of 1925, he left Chicago to enter the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. He pronounced his vows of Religion on September 8, 1927, and began his classical studies, at the end of which he was assigned to the Jesuit Philosophate at Milford, Ohio. He received his A.B. degree at Xavier University, Cincinnati. In 1930 he was transferred to St. Louis University where he finished his philosophical studies.

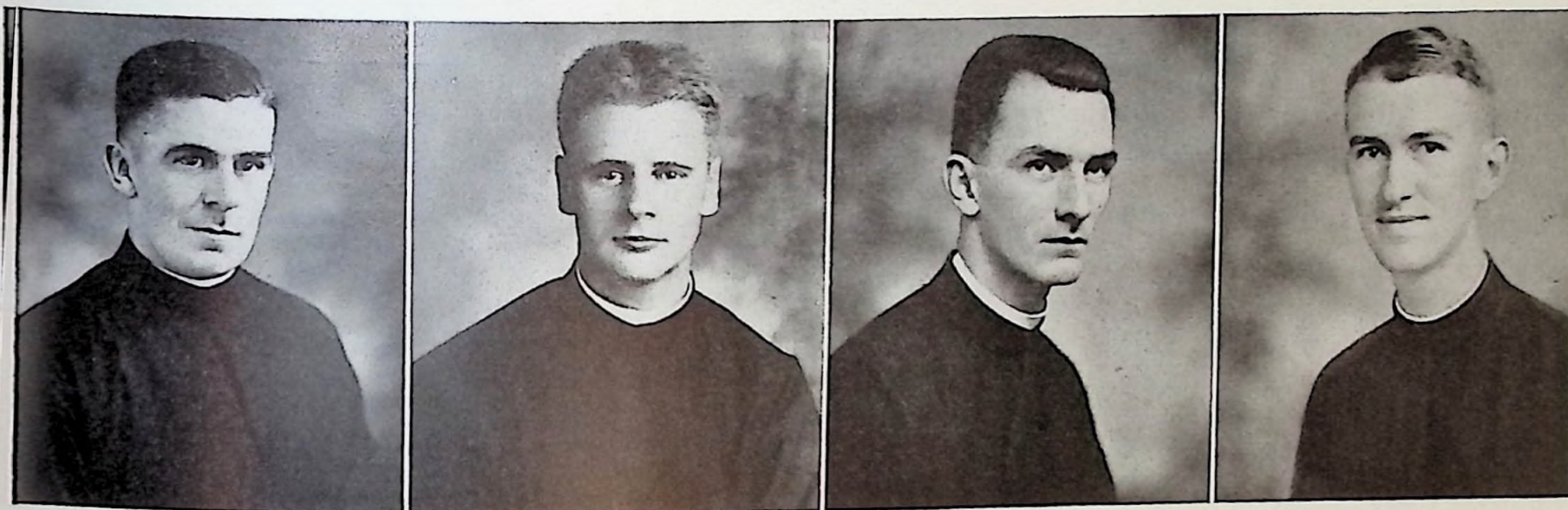
"In the summer of 1932, he was chosen for work in Patna Mission,

high school were spent in the Harrow Public High School. In 1921, he entered the high school department of Assumption College at Sandwich, Ontario. Here he had the now famous radio preacher, Father Charles E. Coughlin, as his instructor in history and English literature. In September, 1923, he enrolled in the College of Engineering at Marquette University, Milwaukee. At the end of his first year of college he dropped the engineering course with the intention of becoming a priest. During the next year he worked with a construction supply company in Detroit, Michigan, and in the fall of 1925, entered the Arts course of St. Mary's College, Kansas. In 1926, he applied for admission to the Society of Jesus and was accepted as a Novice at the Milford Novitiate where he pronounced his vows on September 8, 1928. The following two years

school. His engineering and architectural abilities have benefited more than one station of Patna Mission since his arrival in India, as he has planned a number of mission buildings. In January, 1936, he was assigned to St. Mary's College, Kurseong, for his theological studies."

* * *

Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J., was born February 5, 1907, in Mexico City, where his father was a bank president and his uncle a member of Huerta's Cabinet. When Carranza took up the office of President of the country, the Glennies were exiled and took refuge in New Jersey and then in Florida. Entering the Society in 1925 at Grand Coteau, he was sent, after his novitiate and juniorate, to Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, for his philosophy. After finishing at Mt. St. Michael's he was sent to teach at



Left to right: Marc Hardy, S.J., and Guy Painchaud, S.J., who have just completed their studies in philosophy at Montreal and have been assigned to the Szechow Mission in China, and Joseph Octave Bégin, S.J., and René Paquin, S.J., who have been assigned to the Beirut Mission in Syria, after having completed their studies in philosophy at Montreal. All are also members of the Province of Lower Canada.

India. He arrived in India in November of that year and began his teaching on the Faculty of Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah. In addition to his class room work, Father Lane was prefect of the boarding hostel for the Catholic Indian boys of the school. In cooperation with the late Father George Dertinger, S.J., he developed an active high school sodality which plays a prominent part in the religious life of the students. Father Lane's zeal as a missionary was evident in times of cholera and plague epidemics in the neighboring villages. He brought medical help to the people, and when cures were impossible, he prepared them for Baptism and death. After three years of teaching he began his theological studies at St. Mary's College, Kurseong."

* * *

"Father Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Pollard of Harrow, Ontario, was born in Harrow, March 10, 1905. He received his primary education in the public rural school there. His first two years of

were spent in the classical studies of the juniorate at Milford. During his free moments Father Pollard made use of his engineering knowledge, and the St. Ignatius Shrine, a neatly constructed domed structure in stone, now stands on the juniorate grounds as a mark of his skill.

"After completing one year of philosophy at Milford, he was transferred to St. Louis University where he completed his course, received his M.A. degree and made special graduate studies in chemistry. In September, 1932, he was appointed to the Faculty of St. John's College, now De Sales College of Toledo, where he taught chemistry, continuing at the same time his graduate studies at the University of Detroit. Having received his appointment to Patna Mission, Father Pollard came to India in November, 1934, and joined the Faculty of Khrist Raja, Bettiah. While teaching at Khrist Raja he installed the electric plant and system of the school, the gift of the American Benefactress who built and equipped this model mission

the Jesuit High School in New Orleans. Having volunteered for the foreign missions, he was sent to Ceylon, India, where he taught at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa. The last three years he has spent at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India.

IRAQ

From Father John J. Williams, S.J., of Baghdad College, comes this interesting word picture of an outing on the Tigris:

"We were about to witness a miracle. No, the days of miracles are not over and should you doubt it, try to figure this out! Take five grown-ups, together with fourteen boys, ages twelve to twenty and weighing from ninety to one hundred and fifty pounds apiece, and two extras; add to that two burlap bags filled with kitchen utensils, pots and pans and a small stove; food, two half sacks apiece of wheat and rice, a whole goat, slaughtered and quartered for cooking and two bags of laundry—take them, I say, and see



James M. Finnegan, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, who has been assigned to the Beirut Mission in Syria, after having completed his studies in philosophy at Woodstock College, Md.

if you can get them into an old, open five-passenger Ford!

"The 'weighs' of Fords are many and strange. Twenty-one of us piled into the flivver—don't ask me how for I could never explain it—and chug, chug, 'Lizzie' pulled away from her moorings and left the monastery doors. Slowly she coasted down the slight incline and we were on our way for an outing, on the banks of the Tigris. The Ford in Iraq is expected to do the unexpected, so no 'Ohs' or 'Ahs' escaped our lips when we arrived at our destination.

"Perhaps it is even more strange that two Jesuit Scholastics were squeezing in among so many Arabs! We have been living at Mar (Saint) Behnam's, a monastery dating back to the fourth century and now dedicated to the restoration of monastic discipline, to learn the spoken Arabic of Iraq. Mr. William R. Hussey, S.J., and I have refused to understand French, so when the Fathers and Novices speak to us it must be in Arabic.

"The picnic is their monthly outing a day of play for them but one big dose of Arabic for us. And it was a typical picnic! The auto returned to the village and the meat was in the back seat!

"It was near dinner time when we arrived. We ate, swam and drank tea the rest of the day, lolling and talking in the shade of an irrigation pump house. Twelve o'clock, Arabic time, the sun went to rest and a slight breeze sprang up. Time to go home, via shanks mare. We saddled the two jackasses—no they didn't come with

us in the flivver—and were on our way. That night slumber came quickly, we didn't need anybody to rock us to sleep in our beds under the stars for we had spoken more Arabic in one day than we had during our whole stay at Mar Behnam—we were a wee bit tired!"

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

To the many friends of Father James V. Kelly, S.J., who has recently returned from Jamaica, B.W.I., the following poem will be full of meaning. It is the *finale* of a most interesting volume written by Father Kelly and entitled, "Humours of Old Mission Days in Jamaica." It is hoped that this volume will be out for publication soon.

GOOD-BYE!

To long passed struggles and doubts and fears,
To happiness wet with grateful tears,
To the nights and days of buried years,
Good-bye!

To gladness not unmix'd with pain,
To the earthquake and the hurricane,
To the toil of sowing the Gospel grain,
Good-bye, good-bye!

To old friends under the cross-crowned sod,
Who trod the ways the Saints have trod,
And their day's work done, now rest with God,
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

CHINA

From Shuyang, China, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., after giving



Henry Fikermant, S.J., of the California Province, who has sailed for mission work in China after having completed his college studies at Los Gatos, California.



Thomas J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, who has been assigned to the Beirut Mission in Syria, after having completed his studies in philosophy at West Baden College, West Baden Springs, Indiana.

an account of a recent attack of a Chinese robber band on a Community of Nuns in his district, remarks that conditions due to the war are very unsettled:

"So you see that while we read of Americans having the Communist jitters and Fascist jitters and Bias jitters we have material for our own little jitters. The Japanese have not yet come, though we are still expecting them to do so. Two days ago, for the first time in several weeks, we heard heavy cannonading from warships fifty miles away, where a small landing of Japanese had been made a long time ago. Were they landing more troops to provide for a minor offensive or an earnest 'mopping up' of the regular and irregular troops that have been overrunning the country ever since the fall of Suchowfu? We do not know. But when they do come, the Chinese will engage in a guerilla warfare as they do now around Shanghai and elsewhere, which, incidentally, will give the irregulars and the bandits a free hand, and then the country will be troubled for fair.

"Don't let these jittery lines stop you from gathering up and sending on any gifts you may be able to. Even if one of us goes get cracked over the head, the other might like to buy him a coffin; and if both get it, well, the successor might have use for a few cents after he has gathered up the pieces. We hardly expect anything so tragic as that, however, for as yet not one of the missionaries in the north of Kiangsu Province, even the Canadians around the much fought for



Father Leo J. Belanger of Butte, Montana, who has departed for India, where he will enter the Jesuit Novitiate and will later work with the American Jesuits in Patna.

Suchowfu, has received any personal injury this year, either from soldiers or bandits—until my Presentandines were battered up the other day.”

Father John K. Lipman, S.J., who is now back at Nanking, reports that he is finding a renewal of interest in Christianity among the people of the city. He writes:

“Next month we plan to resume the radio broadcasts in Shanghai and have them every two weeks as before. I hope to get down there early in September and make the necessary arrangements, but won't give my first talk till the end of October. Father John O'Farrell, S.J., gives the first, and then Father Leo McGreal, S.J. Father James Kearney, S.J., has worked out a regular series of talks explaining the what and why of Christianity, and I think it will prove very popular here—at least I certainly hope so. Father Zacheus Maher, S.J., wrote recently highly commending the radio work, so we are certainly not going to let it drop. It appears that there won't be much difficulty in getting down to Shanghai and back, though one must always get the necessary military pass for the trip.”

ALASKA

Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., Superior of the Alaskan Mission, returned recently to Nulato after a two-month survey of the whole Mission. He writes:

“The visit to the missions has been a glorious, if somewhat humbling experience for me. When I consider what some of the men have to put up with and how zealous they are, I am

ashamed to class myself as an Alaskan missionary.

“How I should like to be able to take you the full length of the Yukon and into the side streams that lead out across the Delta of the Yukon. Akulurak, for instance, is thirty-five bends from the south branch of the Yukon. The way leads in at Akorpak Slough, and then the twisting and turning begins until finally the cross is seen over the top of the trees. The cross marks Akulurak.

“The next stop was made with Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., of St. Michael. In the language of the day, ‘Wot a man!’ His various chapels are models of neatness and good taste. He lives simply, and is utterly devoted to the people of his district.

“The next stop was in Nome where I had the pleasure of meeting Fathers Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., and Thomas Cunningham, S.J. Father Lafortune, ‘The Little Father,’ as he is called by the King Islanders, is seventy years young. For years he has taught the King Islanders the truths of Faith, guided them in their business affairs, in a word, has been everything to them.

“Father Cunningham is of the breed of Brebeuf and others to whom fear was unknown. When spring came he wanted to get to Nome, one hundred and eighty miles away over the stormy waters of Bering Straits. With one companion, an Eskimo boy, he went to Nome in a skin boat ten feet long. Even the toughened old whalers who have seen long years of service in the Arctic say that it would be too much

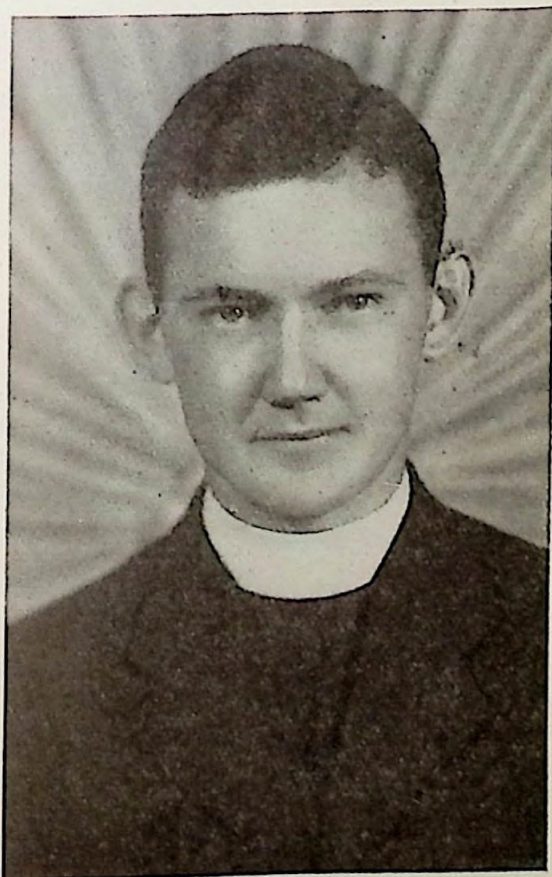


Father Joseph L. LeRoy, S.J., of the New England Province, who has returned to Jamaica, B.W.I. He completed his Tertianship at Pomfret Centre, Connecticut, last year.

for them. How I wish I could get a benefactor for Father Tom's work on Little Diomed. Any man or woman who will guarantee Father Tom five hundred dollars a year will be named benefactor-in-chief, or custodian general or even Grand Knight or Knightess of Little Diomed. Take a look at a map. See the Bering Straits and right in them the Little Diomed of Ingalik. If time permits, I shall write you some more impressions of what I saw on the visit to Nome.

“Sixty miles across the mountains from Nome is Pilgrim Springs. There we have a boarding school for the children of Seward Peninsula. It is a surpassingly beautiful place, hedged by mountains on two sides and by the Umruk Basin, an arm of the sea on the west. Through this valley flows the limpid Pilgrim River which furnishes fish in abundance to God's poor little ones. Father Edward Cunningham, S.J., brother of Father Walter F. Cunningham, S.J., of Washington, D. C., is Superior there. He is heart and soul in his work, so devoted, in fact, that he makes everybody work for his mission. We are all amused at his very simple attitude towards everything that is not Pilgrim Springs. The Fathers in Nome are given long lists of errands to run for him, etc. Of course, we are at the same time edified by his complete absorption in his work. Thank God for such men.

“I also saw Father John Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay. Poor man, he looked so tired. He does not spare himself in any way. Work, work, work, that is his sole thought. Just now he is busy putting up a building for the Sis-



Ferdinand F. Geiger, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has been assigned to St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, after having completed his studies in philosophy at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.



Brother James P. Marchand, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has been assigned to Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. He was formerly stationed at Florissant, Missouri.

ters of the Snow. Hooper Bay is one of the toughest mission assignments in Alaska.

"This letter has suffered several interruptions, so please excuse its choppy style. Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., of Akulurak, deserves more than just a passing notice. To solve the real problems of Akulurak, he uses all his skill and charming personality. I marvel that a man of his ability and evident charm can find so much happiness in talking Eskimo with some inhabitant of a loathsome hovel on the Delta of the Yukon. Father O'Connor is so very much alive, so very aggressive that an Eskimo cannot stay in his district without being urged to become a good Catholic. In Father Paul's field of work all must be Catholics. God bless the work!

"I want you to know that we all deeply appreciate your constant kindness to us dwellers on the fringe of the world.

"Before I close I must give you a late bit of Status news. Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., left Nulato last night for Kotzebue to take over the place vacated by Father Francis Menager, S.J., when he went to Holy Cross. Father James Spils, S.J., a new recruit, will go to Holy Cross. Father Edmond Anabel, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, will arrive in Akulurak within the next three weeks where for the first year, at least, he will devote himself to the study of the Eskimo language under the famous Father John Sifton, S.J. We have had so many fine reports about Father Anabel that we have been at a loss

to place him. Various places asked for him. At Akulurak he will learn how to be a missionary from two real men, Fathers Sifton and O'Connor. From time to time he will meet Father Lonneux who will give him a lot more to think about."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Joseph Buxo, S.J., Pastor at Dapitan, Zamboanga, P. I., forwards the following account of the Inter-Parochial Eucharistic Congress at Dapitan:

"From the twenty-first to the twenty-fourth of June a Eucharistic Congress was celebrated at Dapitan. In this Congress the parishes of Dapitan, Dipolog, Catiponan and Sindangan combined to offer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus reparation for the offenses of Communistic atheism. Dapitan was chosen as the place of the Congress because it is considered the mother and fountain of Christianity in this part of Mindanao. Special splendor was lent to the occasion by the presence of four Prelates: Archbishop Reyes of Cebu, Bishop del Rosario of Zamboanga, Bishop Lladoc of Bacolod and Bishop Mascariñas of Palo.

"The sermons and discussions of the Congress centered about the Encyclical of Pius the XI on atheistic Communism. The theme was developed during the five Holy Hours. All of the ceremonies were well attended, but perhaps special mention should be made of the Children's Mass celebrated on the twenty-second in Rizal Park on the spot where the Filipino hero, Rizal, lived for four years. In this Mass



Brother John F. Toller, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has been assigned to St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. He was formerly stationed at St. Louis University.



Brother William P. Siehr, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has been assigned to Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. He was formerly stationed at Florissant, Missouri.

more than a thousand children received Communion. Afterwards they attended a solemn Mass in honor of St. Aloysius, Patron of Youth, whose feast had been celebrated the previous day. After the Mass there was a procession in honor of the Saint. On the twenty-third there was a special Mass for the women celebrated by Monsignor Lladoc and again more than a thousand received Communion. At eleven in the night of this same day there was held a Holy Hour for men which was very well attended. At the end of the Holy Hour at midnight, Monsignor del Rosario celebrated Mass.

"At eight o'clock in the morning of the following day, the Archbishop of Cebu celebrated a solemn Pontifical Mass at the altar which had been erected in the town plaza. The other Prelates were present and a crowd of the Faithful. Bishop Mascariñas preached. At four o'clock in the afternoon the procession of the Blessed Sacrament left Rizal Park and followed a three Kilometer route to the altar in the plaza where the provincial governor, Mr. Matias Ranillo, read the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. The Archbishop of Cebu delivered a stirring sermon and Bishop Lladoc of Bacolod gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Fruits of the Congress have been seen in many marriages which have been set aright, in the return to the sacraments of many lapsed Catholics and in a general spiritual renovation. In the town of Dapitan arches were erected and houses decorated, especially along the line of the procession."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

What the Sioux Do!

To the Editor:

The article titled, "What the Sioux Do" in the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS is very interesting, but I hope the author won't be offended if I point out that his pun is not nioux. Some years ago one of the popular magazines incited a rather extensive controversy among its contributors with respect to the pronunciation of "Sioux." I happen to remember that one anonymous member of the "00" school of phonetics undertook in the following jeering jingle to chide the "Ooze" people:

"Now trouble brioux among the Sioux,
Because the whites their rights abioux.
The sky is red with battle hioux;
Big Injuns, squaws and young pappioux
Are on the war-path by the slioux,
They swear their lands they will not lioux."

But what I really wanted to say is that my wife has decided to move, and I suppose I shall have to go along with her, so will you please change my address on your records?

Baltimore, Md.

John J. Iago.

The "—ites" Are In Again

To the Editor:

I have been following your "Communications" closely during the many months that you have given your readers an opportunity to know what your other subscribers write to you about. I have been interested particularly in what has been written by a Pittsburgh Patnaite, and a Topekan Honduranite and have waited hopefully to see a letter from an Alaskanite, a Filipinonite, or a Jamaicanite. Perhaps others have been waiting too, so I guess it is up to me to proclaim myself as one of these "ites" for the benefit of the other watchful waiters.

In the first place I wouldn't want you or your readers to think that I am put out that Patna and British Honduras have such loyal friends. May God be thanked for such loyalty. But I wonder that the "ites" of Jamaica, Alaska and the Philippines have not come forth with their suggestions in behalf of the missionaries. I guess the missionaries and their Procurators would never object to worthwhile suggestions that would result, if tried, in an inrush of the coin of the realm to ease the burdens of "Unsung Heroes." But I must lack the ability to make the necessary suggestion. I am but a poor man who could well use the coin with Caesar's image myself.

But I have a suggestion that may be in order, which if taken, may result, indirectly, in added receipts for the missions. After all, in other temporal needs we fly to the Lord in prayer, and hope for His favorable answer. If, then, for ourselves why not for the missions? Here's the suggestion.

There is hardly a city in our land wherein there is not a church which conducts a perpetual novena to Our Lady or some Saint. The answers to prayers in these novenas are numerous and marvelous. But how many of us have thought to plead for the missions and missionaries? After all, their needs, may I say, are perpetual. What more proper, then, than that there be perpetual supplication for the alleviation of these needs? But lest our prayer be too general, and so probably listless and ineffective, why could not those who live in New England decide to adopt in prayer the missionaries of Jamaica and Baghdad? Inhabitants of the Middle Atlantic States the missionaries of the Philippines? California—China? the Northwest—Alaska, etc.?

Again, that our prayer may be practical and particular, I suggest that when we begin our novena we scan the pages of the current issue of JESUIT MISSIONS to learn what missionary and mission in Alaska, in the Philippines, in Jamaica, etc., is written up. For the nine days of our novena pray for that missionary. When we are about to begin our next novena again scan JESUIT MISSIONS. Thus will prayers be offered perpetually for American Jesuit missionaries, and if every "ite" cooperates, every missionary will, sooner or later, have his share in the perpetual novena.

New York, N. Y.

Just another "—ite"

To the Editor:

Because you have been so nice in the past, and allowed me to talk Patna in the JESUIT MISSIONS, I'm going to impose on your good nature and again plead for Patna.

Most of your readers will soon be making up their Christmas shopping lists. I wonder if they have thought of giving a gift to the Infant Babe?

And I wonder too if they have thought of *our own* American Jesuits 10,000 miles away in Patna Mission, India? What will their Christmas be like? They are human, and their thoughts will surely dwell many times during the day on their parents, brothers, sisters, etc., etc. And their Christmas dinner—no turkey and all the stuffings—probably curry and rice, with rice for dessert.

Now here is one way that you can add a little happiness to their Christmas, and at the same time give the Christ Child His gift.

If you send one dollar to the Patna Mission Stamp Mart, West Baden College, West Baden Springs, Indiana, they will send you 100 Patna Christmas seals, to be used on your Christmas mail. Won't you do this for the Christ Child and Patna Mission? If you have a son, just think how lonely he would be if he were 10,000 miles away on Christmas.

In my last letter to JESUIT MISSIONS, I mentioned that I only knew one Jesuit in the United States, and that he was a Patna Jesuit. On September 8, I had the extreme happiness of meeting two more Patna Jesuits and of taking snaps of them—one Jesuit in thanking me for the picture I sent ended his letter thus—"Hoping you will not forget me in your prayers, and assuring you of mine." And the other—"I assure you I never let a day go by but that I remember our Pittsburgh Patnaite in my Mass, Communion, etc. Keep up that old Pittsburgh fight for Christ and Patna."

Do you wonder that I plead with the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to help Patna Mission when there are millions of souls to be saved there? And why we must help our Jesuits financially and spiritually. As a Pittsburgh priest said recently—"There must be seven home missionaries in back of every missionary."

I remember asking some of the readers of this magazine to start sending "a-dollar-a-month" to Patna, India. And for those who cannot do this, why not save all your pennies and your Catholic magazines—then when you have about four pounds of Catholic literature, empty your penny bank and it will pay for a trip to India for these magazines. And God will bless you for your effort to help His missions, and the Jesuits will shower you with spiritual help as they do.

Father Kilian, S.J., will gladly tell you where to send your Catholic magazines and papers, etc.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Pittsburgh Patnaite.

A Helpful Hint

To the Editor:

As a reader of JESUIT MISSIONS may I indulge in the presumption of congratulating its new Editor? I have followed the missions through your magazine for years and can assure you I have not been satisfied with turning the pages and merely looking at the pictures. I have read your missionaries' stories and feel almost as though I know many of them quite personally.

If again I may presume, I am going to offer a criticism though I sincerely hope neither past nor present, Editors or Assistant Editors will think that I intend to be personal. Honestly I think my remarks may help to make the best mission magazine even better. I spoke above about turning the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS. When I have to turn to some back pages every time I want to finish your excellent stories, I am, frankly, annoyed. Couldn't something be done to obviate the need of turning pages to get the left-overs of the stories? Perhaps the articles could be condensed a bit; perhaps the pictures could be a bit smaller to allow for more type space. As a result, couldn't the page or pages thus saved be used to tell us something about another mission or missionary?

I don't pretend to be an Editor, nor an Editor's counsel, but maybe my suggestion will please subscribers and missionaries.

New York, N. Y.

A. Gallagher.

A Call for JESUIT MISSIONS

To the Editor:

I am a poor missionary in the heart of Africa, and I am asking from you a great favor. I have been glad enough in these days to find a number of your magazine—JESUIT MISSIONS—which interested me very much, and raised in me a desire of reading regularly such an interesting publication.

Can you not, please, send it to me, or to find among your readers, a kind person who would send me the magazine after having read it. If you desire, I can send you, from time to time, some pictures interesting for your magazine.

Catholic Mission Icacaki,
Marague P. O., Africa.

(Rev.) John Devalle.

The Editor will be very grateful if some subscriber will re-mail JESUIT MISSIONS to Father Devalle.

He has a Name for Them ^{John S.} O'Connor, S.J.

I AM writing these lines sitting at a wobbly table in the combination sacristy-parlor-dining-and-living room of the new brick chapel at Barh, Mokameh Mission, India. It is 9:25 p.m. A flickering candle gives enough light to write by. On the other side of the table Father Vincent McGlinchy, S.J. is using the rest of the candle power to finish his Breviary.

In the next room, or rather I should say, in the chapel proper, Father Marion Batson, S.J., is busy with a class of seventeen catechumens who in a few minutes will be "new Christians."

Father McGlinchy and I are visitors. We have dropped in for a short visit with Father Batson on our way back to Kurseong and studies after a business trip to Patna.

Through the open door from the sacristy to the chapel I can hear Father Batson questioning the catechumens. They have been well prepared by the zealous catechists who have gathered this class of seventeen from the villages of the district. But there is one question which none in the class has answered. "What name do you want in Baptism?" That is a sticker, for these poor illiterate sons of the villages have heard very, very little of the wonderful Christian heritage that is ours in the traditions of the Apostles, the Fathers, the Doctors, the Confessors and the Martyrs, through the various ages of the Church.

SO as he questions each one, Father Batson goes into consultation with his catechists. He comes to Tetu, a middle-aged hefty shoemaker. Tetu must get a saintly patron whose name will not be too hard for him to remember.

"Tetu! Tetu! Hum—" and Father Batson turns to the catechists. They scratch their heads for a second. They know that Father wants a Christian name that sounds something like the catechumen's original Hindu name. Tetu! Tetu! Hum— Ah! One gets a light.

"Petrus, Father. Petrus is the name for him."

And so down the line. Phagu becomes Paulus. Somber is transformed into a Solomon. Ragunath is a bit hard to match but a compromise is reached with the name of Robert. Another Apostle becomes a patron when James is chosen for Jetun. The class is composed chiefly of men; but now here comes a Susanne and a Miriam, quite satisfying names to the ladies.



Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., who is doing great work among the Untouchables of Mokameh Mission.

The questioning is over and now the ceremonies begin. It is quite late in the evening to be pouring the waters of Baptism, but these poor people have been at the beck and call of their masters all day long and only in the evenings is it possible to gather them for instructions at this time of the year. Cultivating the fields, transplanting rice, cobbling and such like occupations fill their working hours. After the harvesting season it will be possible for the catechists to find the people in the village homes or huts during the day.

FATHER BATSON'S mission territory covers a block of five thousand square miles in the District of Patna, east of Patna City. It was fallow missionary land until Father Peter Sontag, S.J., started cultivating it back in 1936. He

rented a small Indian house from a Mohammedan, organized his army (a small army indeed!) of catechists and started his campaign among the surrounding villages. Within a year's time his sector could boast of close to fifteen hundred converts. Then in July, 1937, Father Sontag in company with Father Paul Dent, S.J., went back to the United States for a rest (if you can call a lecture tour a rest). Father Aloysius Pettit, S.J., was temporarily put in charge of the sector until November when Father Batson, finished with his course of training, took it over.

Even though Father Batson is Missionary No. 3, to be in charge of this territory, he can still be called a pioneer. Fathers Sontag and Pettit opened chapels in the large centers (town or city) (Turn to page 280)

Father Batson baptizing some of his converts in the chapel at Barh.



Pangantocan

Austin V. P. Dowd, S. J.

AFTER riding about ten hours on a recent mission trip to Pangantocan, a little town in southwest Bukidnon in the Land of the Moros, we stopped at a tiny *barrio* for supper. The sky was suddenly lit up in the west with the last brilliant farewell of the sun and then darkness descended upon us like a blanket. I drank several cups of black coffee and then our host got two heavy horse blankets in which I rolled up and went to bed.

I was just about to doze off when a Manobo *Datu* came in to pay his respects to the priest. He had a close fitting hand-woven blouse of some dark color and trousers of the same material, his feet were bare, but on his head was a bright colored handkerchief, worn like a turban. He came close to the bed where I was lying and took my hand and placed it upon his head to signify his desire to serve me. I felt consoled and realized that the gift of Faith given him years ago through some zealous Spanish Jesuit or Recollete had not been lost. Thirty years ago these people were a fierce tribe; they did not take too kindly to civilization and living in towns, but through the aid of grace, and schools, they are now quiet and peaceful.

As I stopped my horse on a little peak before the night came on and cast my eyes all around to see not a sign of human habitation, nothing but a rolling plateau, surrounded by wooden hills and mountains, I had thought of our Spanish brethren who came to Bukidnon when the whole province was a wilderness, when the people were still war-like, and where cutting one's way through woods and fording dangerous mountain streams was all in a day's work. Now to a great extent, at least in many parts of the province, we have roads of some kind, bridges, and much of the forest has been cleared for farming or raising cattle. But to one like myself, lately from the big cities; it all seems very primitive indeed.

NEXT morning we rose early and were soon on our way. We descended into a broad basin surrounded entirely by the mountains; we rode through a terrain which looked like a huge cup and we were like tiny ants stringing along the bottom. Soon we began to ascend one of the sides of the cup and after crossing two more streams we galloped into Pangantocan. Some rascal of a boy shot off a fire-cracker (where did he get it from in this out-of-the-way place?) as I dismounted; my horse began to rear and plunge. I was so stiff from the unaccustomed riding, I went down in a heap. But only my pride was hurt and we were soon ready for the fiesta Mass.

As I turned around in that little grass chapel where for the first time Mass was being said, I saw a truly wonderful sight. All along the back were Moros from a neighboring *barrio*, near them were many Bukidnons,



Youthful Manoboes showing the technique of the native war dance. With only one shield between them, they were a bit handicapped.

in their bright colored dresses and head-dresses of blue and white feathers. And yet in this place which looked like something from a motion picture travelogue lecture, I was able to preach and to be understood by many in English. The public school had been able to make some kind of tangible results here in the mountain fastnesses, but the Church with but a few priests has been struggling to hold what she had gained years before when there were no schools.

AFTER Mass there were forty Baptisms, mostly adults. We had six marriages also. All of these couples had been married before by the so-called Bukidnon rite, a pagan rite. But many of these people, although Catholic are forced to go through this because it is impossible for the priest to visit some of these inaccessible places more than once a year. They feel that they should have some kind of a sanction on their marriages and worst of all, some of these Bukidnons, even though they have been baptized years before, wish their children to go through this ceremony even though they will have a priest marry them right after. I am inclined to think it is a religious rite, though it may be only a civil. At any rate, I discourage it as much as possible.

Between Baptisms, I took many pictures. The scenery, the costumes of the Moros and Bukidnons, were certainly subjects to placate the most rabid photographer. Then we witnessed several horse races. I tried to get the Moros to dance for us, as their *agongs* could be heard continuously from one of the houses. But they explained they were not so sure of doing them correctly and were too artistic to want to do them poorly. All of this by means of the sign language. The *Datu* of the neighboring village was a fine looking man of about forty-five and very friendly. I told him that I would try to visit his town and say Mass there. It was very consoling to find that the Moros had contributed to paying my expenses for this fiesta trip.

The next day, Sunday, we had Mass again and quite a few people went to Holy Communion. And then after breakfast we said farewell and started for home.

NEW BOOKS

Educational Foundations of the Jesuits in Sixteenth-Century New Spain

Jerome V. Jacobsen, S.J.

A more timely or valuable volume for American educators distressed and distraught by repeated efforts of the National Education Association to prove that the child is but an instrument of the State and is to be educated solely for State imposed objectives, will not easily be found. Educators will undoubtedly be impressed by the variety, number, and material excellence of the Jesuit Educational Foundations in Sixteenth-Century New Spain. Yet, from a pedagogical point of view the importance of these foundations will assuredly be subordinated to interest in the principles of the system responsible for the training of both the Jesuits themselves and of their pupils. The educational secret and power of the Jesuits stems from a threefold source, namely, the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, the Jesuit Constitutions, and their *Ratio Studiorum*. Working simultaneously to form the Jesuit character these three agencies make of the individual Jesuit at once a religious, a school master, and a missionary. As a norm for the heads of our State normal schools, the author submits the conviction of Ignatius that there can be no successful character building unless a deep foundation has been laid in virtues such as ordinarily escape the eye, but become manifest in action and crises. That it took, and still takes, fifteen years to dig such a foundation will startle many school masters whose interest in education is commensurate with the financial security accruing from a civil service teaching assignment. Using an excellent bibliography the author considers in succession the coming of Jesuits in the Sixteenth-Century in New Spain, their growth in Mexico, the seminary of San Pedro y San Pablo, humanism in Mexico, work in the little colleges and in the Colegio Maximo, as well as farther west. In the author's words, "The epic of Greater America is in the making." In proportion as American educators follow the principles of Jesuit education as herein outlined, education in the America of the future will be secure and a success.

University of California Press, Berkeley, California. \$3.00.

Morals and Marriage

T. G. Wayne

With the *Imprimatur* of the Vicar General of Westminster and against a background of Catholic theology, sex is here mainly treated not as a biological or hygienic function, but in terms of the deepest human friendship, penetrated in every part with the sacramental grace of marriage, governed by generous moral principles. Bodily and spiritual health

are closely connected and doctors and priests know that many marriages are damaged through ignorance or misunderstanding of moral principles. While explaining the physical aspect of marriage, the author very happily centers attention on that unique companionship and spiritual happiness that is the real abiding joy of the marriage state, but which is so utterly neglected or ignored by modern writers on the subject. A slim volume (there are only eighty-one pages of text) this book should be read by all who either contemplate marriage or are already married.

Longmans, Green and Company, New York. \$1.25.

A History of Catholic Education In the United States

Very Rev. J. A. Burns, C.S.C., Ph.D. and Bernard J. Kohlbrenner, M.A.

In his stimulating introduction, His Excellency, Most Rev. John B. Peterson, D.D., Bishop of Manchester writes: "In these days of unrest and warped vision it is well to reread the story of the past. Its treasures of good and truth and beauty cannot be utterly destroyed, nor can we its heirs be disinherited. Not even barbaric devastation of older cultures could sterilize the seeds of renaissance. The 'History of Catholic Education' should strengthen this conviction in the favored students who will use it as a school text and win a sympathetic welcome from every friend of true education."

The volume is written both for undergraduate and graduate students and according to the plan of the authors is a general account of all phases of Catholic education, except the seminary preparation of members of the clergy. It is more than a history of schools, including also principles, curriculum, organization, and similar matters. To obtain a proper perspective, the author traces Catholic education in this country in its relation to the growth of the Church and the evolution of public education. Problems for Investigation and Report are inserted for graduate student work, Questions for Discussion for both graduate and undergraduate. The authors organize their material so as to treat successively the Old World background, the beginnings of Catholic education in the United States, colonial education along the Atlantic seaboard, education from 1789 to 1840, the expansion of Catholic education, Catholic education and the state, development of school organization, progressive tendencies, secondary and higher education. The volume contains profitable lessons for such persons as Professor John Dewey of Columbia and his hapless disciples scattered throughout the land. It has much of value, likewise, for those who lightly discount the achievements of the past and attempt to dethrone experience with experiment,

who stress intellectual training to the neglect of moral formation, risk character building by excluding religion and end as slaves to an absolute state.

Benziger Brothers, New York City. \$3.20; net to schools \$2.40.

A Historical, Political, and Natural Description of California

Pedro Fages

In a very presentable and slender format Professor Priestley, professor of Mexican History in the University of California and Librarian of the Bancroft Library, makes available to a large circle of readers one of the earliest descriptions of California, written by one of the ablest, if not the outstanding, governor of the Spanish period. Pedro Fages, author of the original manuscript now in the Mexican Archives (*Museo Nacional, Documentos relativos a las misiones de California*, small folio series 4), and from which the present excellent translation is derived, has a large place in the history of Spanish California.

A young Catalan, he first appeared as a lieutenant of the Catalonian Volunteers, after having been on the Sonora frontier under Colonel Domingo Elizondo in 1768. From then until his death, which supposedly occurred in 1796, his untutored observations, gleaned from his many travels, are of intense interest and value for students of ethnology. In the words of the translator, the present report, which is a continuation of two previously printed accounts of the Galves Expedition, "is free from the burdensome detail of an actual diary and yet is not characterized by the vagueness and unreliability common to reminiscences." Of particular interest to students of misology are his descriptions of the technique employed by the Spanish missionaries in organizing the Indians into Reductions and their efforts to institute not only a regular religious program of life, but an economically self-supporting mission.

The practice of idolatry, primitive marriage customs, social life, and physical traits are observed with satisfying detail. The humane treatment of these Indians by the Spanish Conquistadores is in violent contrast to the policy of extermination indulged in by the Anglo-Saxon in his relation with the American Indian. This treatment is, in itself, a vindication of the true Catholic spirit of the old Spanish conquerors. In a day when American History texts are being exploited as instruments of propaganda for every ism except Catholicism, unbiased, scientific, historical texts, as well as historians who refuse to mangle original manuscripts in order to expunge all credit to our early Catholic explorers in America are a blessing and a boon.

University of California Press, Berkeley, California. \$1.50.

Communion of Saints

In the Communion of Saints

are they, who having fought the good fight, having finished the course, having kept the faith, are today gloriously reigning with Christ their King in His celestial Kingdom.

are they, who after lives of labor and love, or who only at the eleventh hour by a final act of repentance, have won salvation, but still must satisfy God's justice and are giving that satisfaction in Purgatory.

are they, who still in the world, members of the Church Militant, have given up all things to follow Christ in suffering, privation and labors, that thereby they might win salvation for themselves and for the pagans and neophytes for whom they have given their lives.

Dear reader, we may aspire to all of these grades in the Communion of Saints, but more immediately to the third by making ourselves one with the valiant missionaries of the present day. The American Jesuit missionaries offer you the opportunity, through JESUIT MISSIONS, to be a stay-at-home and yet a missionary; to have the comforts of home and yet to make sacrifices which by them will be used for the salvation of souls; to become a more militant member of the Church Militant.

Will you take advantage of the opportunity that is offered and

renew your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS now?
subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend of yours?
subscribe if you are only a reader but a non-subscriber?

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)

PAQUIN THE NAVIGATOR

(Continued from page 257)

failure of the Okanagan Indians to respond immediately to the invitation to come into the church for Mass.

"Hold on, young man," said Father Cataldo. "An Indian is the proudest man on earth; he will not surrender to anyone's will, but will do his own when he thinks proper."

Sure enough after a few minutes one man started and slowly sauntered to the church and the others followed.

Since those far-off days, Father Paquin had himself trained many a younger man; for at least seventeen times did he captain the ships of the Society of Jesus, namely, its colleges, missions and parishes. He was Superior at Wikwemikong when the final storm broke and till within a few days of the end this year he was busy revising a four-hundred page "log" of the Canadian Jesuit Indian Missions. "It may help," he said, "to foster the mission spirit, and give proper credit to our missionaries." The "proper credit" which is due to him cannot be expected to be found in this sketchy "log" of his own life, so we must leave it to Him Who called him to be a "fisher of men" and Who sees in him the likeness of one who was "in journeying often, in perils of waters . . . in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea . . . in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness." May he truly rest in peace.

CONQUEST OF COROZAL

(Continued from page 258)

song, dance and drama presented by the Scouts in the school building converted into a theater for the occasion. Titled "A Boy Scout in Corozal" and consisting of a series of attractive skits, the entertainment had been two weeks in the making. Pleased were the playgoers of Corozal, too, and to show their appreciation and gratitude to the boys, they voted that Brother Jacoby be offered half of the evening's proceeds—enough to pay for the trip to San Pedro.

That night on the pier the Committee of Catholic Action accomplished the one thing necessary to make the day a complete success—a rousing farewell to their guests of the day. At ten o'clock with anchors aweigh on the *Romulus* the enthusiasm of the morning was reproduced in the burst of cheers that swelled to a great, resounding *adios* as the boat pulled away. Flashlights from shore showed the way, engines groaned, and into the night sped the Holy Redeemer Boy Scouts, waving their hats and smiling good-bye to the many hospitable Corozal Catholics whose hearts that day had been filled with renewed faith and devoted zeal. Then the *Romulus* laid her course for San Pedro, which was already anticipating the Scouts' arrival.

"UNTOUCHABLE"

(Continued from page 259)

the most. But they were shrewd men—too shrewd, for in order to have the

Magistrate ignore the evidence in the case they had to pay out thirty-five dollars of their own money.

Musaphir is still happy, and smiles when he thinks how well his persecutors punished themselves.

WEST OF THE WANGPOO

(Continued from page 261)

shadow of the Ya-men. But everyone feels that this is only a shadow, too, a forerunner of the things that are to come."

As long as the Shanghai Mission is staffed, as it is, with Priests, Scholastics and Brothers who recognize no difficulty and measure no personal sacrifice, there will be wider swathes in the jungle of pagan life, larger tracts staked with the cross of Truth, more heroes to win for Christ that kingdom of havoc west of the Wangpoo!

A FIELD DAY

FOR THE BISHOPS

(Continued from page 264)

anniversary of Bishop Murphy's ordination. The whole colony turned out for this celebration. The people of his vicariate are a mixture of many races, including some few English and Americans, with a large proportion of Maya and Keckchi Indians, Caribs, Spaniards and Creoles. All these forgot cast distinctions in a united effort to prove to their beloved Bishop that they rejoiced with him on the auspicious occasion of his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee.

BAGHDAD LOOKS AHEAD

(Continued from page 267)

to take this building), we decided that the need was too great to delay. And Providence has shown itself so kind to this school thus far that we felt that God would take care of next year's problems if we took care of this. So on June 7, we announced it. It will probably give us many a headache before we are through—but at last the boarding school is a reality. We have already received eleven applications—a good number in a place where people generally let such things go until the eleventh hour.

Last year was a very encouraging year here. Our enrollment was much more than we had anticipated after our troubles with the Government. The classes went on more tranquilly than during the last two years. Our first Friday Communions, now held down in the Carmelite Church in the city, thus affording our "old boys" a chance to go, have mounted from twenty to an average of forty-five. Little by little we can see our work bearing fruit, even in some of the boys still with us. But there is plenty of work ahead and we must foster many vocations.

HE HAS A NAME FOR THEM

(Continued from page 276)

would hardly fit most of the overgrown villages of the district) and started missionary activities in them. There are yet, however, many, many places in this tract of mission field (over half the size of

the Diocese of Toledo, Ohio) that await the tidings of the Gospel.

By this time the ceremonies are over in the chapel and there are now seventeen new Catholics in the Barh mission district. The people, after a short exhortation from Father Batson, urging them to stand firm in the Faith and be ready for the persecution that is almost bound to come their way from their Hindu friends and relatives, spread fibre mats over the floor of the chapel to serve as their beds for the night. They will stay over-night so they can attend Mass and receive Holy Communion in the morning.

Father McGlinchy has finished his Breviary and now we shall have a chat with Father Batson about the future prospects of his field, and then we too will turn in.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Missions

E.C., New York, N. Y.	\$10.00
F.McG., Chestnut Hill, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. M.O'C., Elmira, N. Y.	5.00
A friend, San Pedro, Cal.	5.00
E.J.R., New York, N. Y.	4.00
S.McG., Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00
M.H., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2.00
A.M., New York, N. Y.	2.00
A.M.C., New York, N. Y.	1.00
J.R.D., New York, N. Y.	1.00
M.D., Indianapolis, Ind.	1.00
J. R., Newport, R. I.	1.00
B.A.H., New York, N. Y.	1.00
M.R.O'D., New York, N. Y.	1.00
M.A.B., New York, N. Y.	1.00
M.K., New York, N. Y.	1.00
H.W., Baltimore, Md.	1.00
A.McC., New York, N. Y.	1.00
R.H., New York, N. Y.	1.00

For Philippine Island Missions:

M.E.O'R., Woodhaven, N. Y.	15.00
R.E.M., Mobile, Ala.	10.00
E.F., New York, N. Y.	5.00
Rev.J.J.McC., Holyoke, Mass.	5.00
Anonymous, New York, N.Y.	1.00

For Patna Missions:

A.H.H., New York, N. Y.	30.00
R.J.C., Windsor, Canada	7.00
E.K.G., Washington, D. C.	5.00

For China Missions:

E.K.G., Washington, D. C.	10.00
E.M., Tampa, Fla	10.00
Mrs. W.D., San Francisco, Cal.	2.00
M.F.C., Worcester, Mass.	1.00

For Alaska Missions:

E.K.G., Washington, D. C.	20.00
-----------------------------------	-------

For Jamaica, B.W.I., Missions

St. F.X.M.G., New York, N. Y.	25.00
R.A.McM., Somerville, Mass.	5.00
E.N., Cincinnati, O.	1.00

For Baghdad College:

F.J.F., Chandler, Ariz	2.00
----------------------------------	------

For British Honduras Missions

M.S., Topeka, Kan	1.00
-----------------------------	------

Gratitude is also expressed for two hundred and fifty Mass stipends.



❧

FATHER
PRO
a
Jesuit
in
disguise

❧

Murdered in Mexico eleven years ago!

The Jesuit, Miguel Augustin Pro, "the personal friend of Christ," was done to death by foes of Christ on November 23, 1927, in Mexico City. Since then he has showered roses on the earth like another Little Flower. The cause for his beatification has been introduced at Rome.

The story of his life is told by a former intimate associate and classmate, Anthony Dragon, S.J., in the book entitled—

Miguel Augustin Pro

of the Society of Jesus

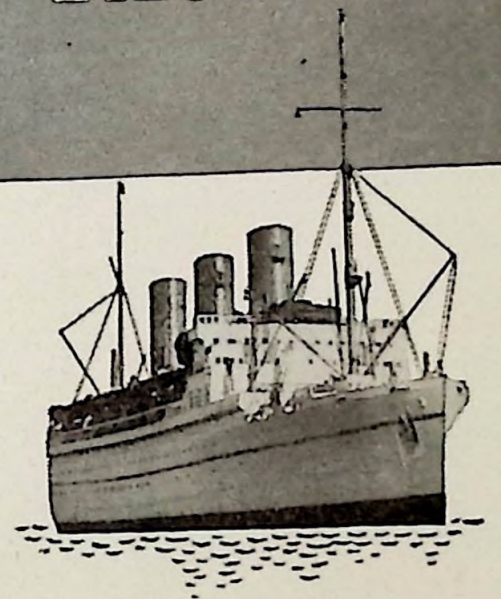
Price: \$1.50—by post, \$1.60

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Blue Ribbon
Ships
OF THE
PACIFIC



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

Facilities available for the celebration of Holy Mass.

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



Canadian Pacific

THE RUINED TEMPLE

A murder, mystery story of Patna, India, with 248 pages of thrills.

Postpaid \$1.60

BLOOD ON THE MOUNTAIN

A sequel even spicier and more thrilling than THE RUINED TEMPLE

Postpaid \$1.35

by



Rev. Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

If it is mystery you like in your novels, Father Welfle gives you plenty of it in these two books.

If it is the spell of foreign missions you like to have cast on you, again Father Welfle satisfies.

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Avenue

: :

New York, N. Y.

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

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

Dear Father:

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

Name

Address