

IN THE twelve years during which JESUIT MISSIONS has been published our

readers have come to know a great deal about the missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus. Through these pages friendships have been made and cemented between the missionaries and their allies back home. These friendships have resulted in real financial aid for and, better still, strong prayerful support of the work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands.

Though our pages have been replete with illustrations and articles that have told the stories of efforts made, obstacles encountered, successes gained and progress effected, very very seldom has there appeared an appeal for money except on this first page of each issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. Our failure to appeal for money has been studied. We have wanted JESUIT MISSIONS, as it were, an encyclopedia, not a mere begging sheet. Nor shall our policy be changed.

However, as we appeal for financial help for one we plead for all. Accordingly, we humbly suggest that the New Year be started well for the missionaries. May we then make a frank and open request that you, dear reader, send even a dollar now to help lighten the burden of the Mission Procurators, and through them make more effective the work of the American Jesuit missionaries in spreading the Faith in foreign lands? You may be sure your gift will be acknowledged with sincere gratitude. You may send it to one of the Procurators here listed or to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift—FOR THE PROCURATORS' NEW YEAR

Rev. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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Rev. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.

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

BEST WISHES

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

But we have never been unmindful of the needs of the missions and of the particularly

difficult task which is that of the Procurators for the missions. They have to raise thousands of dollars each year, and that with a minimum of publicity and fanfare. Theirs is an endless job because there will always be financial needs connected with the preaching of the Gospel to every creature. During the coming year, then, we shall try month by month on this page to make known in greater detail the task of each Mission Procurator.

The question arises—which mission of the American Jesuits will be given this more extensive treatment first? We might decide our choice in various ways.

But it seems fitting, as A is the first letter in the alphabet, and as Alaska is part of continental U. S. A., and as the mission has been styled

the most difficult of all the missions, that the Alaskan missions should be the first in the series.

Rev. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.

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is Procurator for the foreign missions of Patna in Northern India in charge of the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio.

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

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

Rev. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.

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

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



A camera-shy sheep in the pastoral land of Syria held in focus by a willing shepherd lad. Today, mindful of the Good Shepherd's plea for one fold and one shepherd, American Jesuits of Baghdad, Iraq, are working hard to keep the wolves of unbelief far from the fold once scattered by the false shepherds of Israel.

EDITORIALS

FRANCO ON THE MISSIONS

A RECENT dispatch from Spain carried the rather astonishing announcement that the Franco Government had ordered a "Day of the Missions" to be proclaimed throughout the country. On this day there will be special services in all the churches and a special collection for foreign missionary work. The same dispatch contained the report of the Pro Deo International Commission which set the total number of religious centers wrecked in Spain at 25,879, and estimated that in thirty-seven diocese from forty to seventy per cent of the clergy had been murdered.

Twenty-five thousand religious institutions in ruins, forty to seventy per cent of the clergy killed, an unfinished civil war before them, together with the staggering problem of national reconstruction, and these people are actually preparing to help the foreign missions! Is this just a grandiose gesture or is it the real thing? We of America who sometimes give the "reticence" as a reason for cutting down on our aid to the missions are inclined to look upon it as just a gesture.

Well, perhaps it is a gesture, but let us not call it an empty one. Granted that the amount of money for the foreign missions obtained from these war-burdened Catholics on the "Day of the Missions" will be very small, the fact remains, none the less, that a beginning will have been made, a principle will have been proclaimed, and that solemnly by the government and the whole people. General Franco has enunciated this principle in a statement made to an N.C.W.C. correspondent: "Spain," he declared, "will aid and further the missions because they are the most powerful instrument of its civilizing work in the world."

That is no empty statement. It rests upon centuries of inspiring history, much of which took place in the continent on which we live and that to the south of us; and it is full of promise. No European nation has left more impressive or lasting monuments of its civilizing work in the New World than the Spain of Salvatierra, Kino and Junipero Serra. That the New Spain of Franco will, like the old, consider the missionary and not the commercial man and the soldier as the chief ambassador of its civilization is good news.

So we congratulate the Franco Government on its "gesture." May other sister nations copy it. And from the spectacle of the Spanish people giving their mite on the "Day of the Missions," may we, the people of America, learn the lesson that in helping, as we do, to support the work of the American missionaries we, too,

are doing not only a Catholic work but a patriotic work. We are effectively seeing to it that the civilizing work of the United States in foreign lands may not consist solely in commercial expansion, the unloading of shoddy goods, the exploitation of native labor and native resources. This sort of "civilizing" work does not increase our national prestige among people in missionary countries. We must give them something. We must give them the Faith of Christ, schools and orphanages and hospitals, the liberalizing social doctrines of the encyclicals and the tradition of American liberty. This is the best in our civilization and that is what our American missionaries are doing all over the world today—thanks to you.

TRAFFIC INCIDENT

THE car in which we were taking two young Jesuits to the Cunard line pier turned off Park Avenue into the slower traffic of Fiftieth Street. The ride uptown had been a silent one; these young men were bound for India and they were taking their last brief look at a land they loved and were proud of. Park Avenue in the late afternoon was at its stateliest. So we were all glad when a traffic jam prolonged momentarily these few last minutes. As we waited, we all noticed a rather well dressed young lady going from car to car, shaking a collection box. She was now standing at the window of our car, a very amused but friendly look breaking over her countenance. We all laughed—the young lady because she saw our Roman collars, and we, because of the sign we read on the collection box: "Help the Protestant Foreign Missions."

The traffic began to move again. We were on our way to the pier and to the boat that would take these two young missionaries down the bay and out of sight of the land of their birth. How comic, we thought, that one of the very last pictures of this land they would take with them to India would be that of a young lady trying to collect a few cents for the missions from those who were giving their lives to the cause. Comic, yes, and a little sad, too. For they saw the sign on the collection box.

Would it have helped had we hastened to assure them that there were plenty of Catholic young people whose mission spirit was as generous and as self-sacrificing as that of this Protestant lady? We don't think so. The practical support that they will receive from these Catholics, whom the good Lord chose to hide from them on that last day, is the only thing that can do that.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Count Tornielli of Alaska

William A.
Keating, S.J.

HIS Excellency is dead! The hovering shade of immortality enveloped Father Philibert Turnell, S.J., at dawn on the twenty-sixth of October. After a life brimming with labors of love, this noble soul took flight to the throne of his King. At Sacred Heart Hospital, Spokane, Washington, where he died in his eighty-ninth year, this aged missionary was known simply as Father Turnell. Very few, even of his own brethren, knew that he was in his own right Count Philibert Tornielli. But all knew that he had come from Venice to be a missionary in Alaska and that he had spent fifty-five years in missionary labors, thirty-five of which were passed in what has been

called the hardest mission in the world—Alaska.

Father Turnell was born in 1850, the son and heir of Count George Tornielli of Venice, Italy. We may only surmise how he lived his life among the nobility of that city of romance. Philibert was a mere boy when his mother, the Countess, died. Shortly thereafter, his father left the Court life to become a priest. The young Count at that time showed no inclination to follow his father in giving up worldly honors, but instead had himself enrolled at the University of Padua to study law. It seems that he had determined to become a great figure in the world. His father had been a brilliant lawyer. His grand-uncle had been Pope Gregory XVI.

THEN came the sudden death of his father, and at the funeral oration the son also heard the whisper of a call to Christ. Perhaps it was fancy and a sorrow-laden heart, the young Count reasoned. Still, the call persisted. At length Philibert decided that he must answer. To the Jesuits he betook himself—to those Jesuits whom he did not like but whom his father had always loved. At Turin he made the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius and came to a definite conclusion as to the call that he had heard at the funeral oration.

So, on the eve of the Annunciation, 1873, he entered



Father Philibert Turnell, S.J., the former Count Tornielli, as he appeared at his sacerdotal Diamond Jubilee celebrated last Spring.

the Jesuit Novitiate at Monaco. A few months later the Novitiate was transferred to Cheiripiedmont, and there, on Holy Thursday, in the year 1875, he pronounced his first vows. Three years later on the feast of Pentecost, he was ordained to the priesthood on the Island of Lerin, off the coast of France. Ten days after this great event, the young priest had answered the call for workers of Father Pascal Tosi, S.J., Alaska's first Prefect Apostolic, and was on his way to America and, as he thought, immediate mission work in Alaska.

He began his career in this country at Santa Clara University by learning the intricacies of the English language. Shortly after he taught at the old St. Ignatius College in San Francisco. But he had come to America to be a missionary and a mis-

sionary he became. For twenty years he labored among the Indians at Colville, Washington, at St. Peter's in Montana, with the Crow Indians of St. Xavier's, and finally at St. Ignatius Mission. Father Turnell had already been a missionary for twenty years—a long time—but his missionary career was just beginning. For this twenty years was followed by thirty-five years in Alaska.

It was in 1898 that he at last obtained his great desire of going to the Northland. He sailed from Seattle on March 4, for Juneau and at once was sent to historic Skagway at the head of the picturesque Lynn Canal. It was a romantic town, this Skagway, for there hundreds of gold seekers remained rather than risk life en route to Klondike gold fields. When Father Turnell reached there on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, he could find no church or chapel in which to celebrate Mass. A Catholic family, overjoyed at the sight of a resident pastor, took him in and there he blessed the humble home by calling Christ from heaven.

SEVEN years later with his parish of some thousand or more square miles in extent, Father Turnell left Skagway and founded another mission. For three hard years this aged priest labored at his task and then returned to Skagway. There he resumed his post until

1916. The following year he spent in Juneau serving the outlying mission posts; then he returned again to Skagway for another year; then he went to Douglas and again in 1920 he took up his labors in Juneau. Anchorage saw him working desperately for a year. In 1927, he went to Fairbanks.

The hard years of work on the Alaskan Mission were beginning to take their toll. In 1932, the complete loss of his eyesight forced him to return to the States. Of all he had to suffer, he felt this forced departure from Alaska the most. Constantly he begged to be sent back to his beloved Eskimos. This request was at length granted to him and for a few months he tried to work at Ketchikan. An accidental fall brought further disaster to his already frail health and he was obliged again to return to the

dence. . . . You are on a holy mountain with our Lord, spending your night in prayer. Your night is a twenty-four hour night since your eyes do not serve you as of old. And your defect of hearing adds still more darkness to your night”

AGAIN on January 21, 1937, Bishop Crimont wrote: “You seem to be like Our Holy Father who is determined to work, in spite of his dreadful suffering and physical condition, and I cannot help admiring your intense and repeated request for active work again in Alaska. . . . Your pleading for the benefit of the Catholic Pioneers in Sitka is certainly backed by good and strong arguments which persuade my heart. Would to God that they could also convince my mind and those of



Along the Yukon trail where white snow fields meet black and craggy mountains—amid such scenery Father Turnell longed to die.

States. But he did not give up the hope of going back to Alaska.

AS late as April, 1936, and again in January, 1937, the old warrior of Christ prayed his Superiors to send him back. At last he had recourse to Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., and begged him to intercede for him. He was eighty-seven years old, yet the one favor he sought was to work in Alaska until he died. The letters that came from Bishop Crimont show with what earnestness Father Turnell was presenting his cause. On May 3, 1936, the Bishop wrote: “This time my gladness is not unmingled with sorrow . . . I cannot advise your return to Alaska at this time. Later on, God may show His good pleasure through the play of circumstances controlled and guided by His wise and bounteous Provi-

my consultants. So until that last point be gained, I must resign myself to the pain of seeing you knock at the door of Alaska without saying ‘Come in’” What a picture of this blind, aged man of God these excerpts give. Noble of birth, noble of soul, the heir of a love of souls that made his grand-uncle Pope Gregory XVI, and had made his cousin, Blessed Bonaventura, O.S.M., worthy to be raised to the altar.

FOR a few years Father Turnell acted as Spiritual Father at Bellarmine High School in Tacoma but even this proved too much for his waning strength. He was finally sent to Mount St. Michael’s College, Spokane, there to end his days in peace and solitude in communion with the Lord. But even then he did not give up his desire to go to Alaska. (Turn to page 28)

Drama à la Maya

John T.
Newell, S.J.

THE Mayas of the village of San Antonio, Cayo District, British Honduras, had planned to make their fiesta this year in honor of their patron San Antonio the best ever. To further this end, they decided on the presentation of a double performance of the famous Spanish comedy entitled the "Moros."

It happens that a very intelligent and English-speaking Maya is the one who introduced the "Moros" into this district. With typical native generosity, he gladly consented to whip some of the rough talent of San Antonio into shape for the production. Three whole months were spent by him in impressing the lines of the lengthy script on the minds of the players and in coaxing their awkward bodies into some semblance of gracefulness for the intricate ceremonial and dance involved.

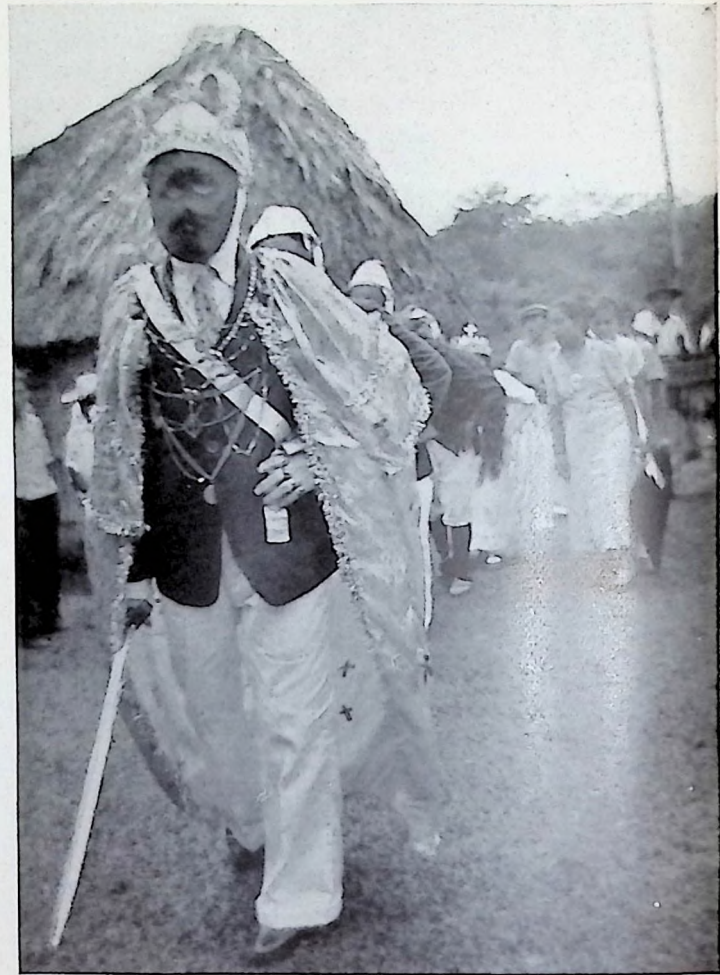
The capable and energetic director of the "Moros" also decorated the church for the fiesta. His decoration is of permanent nature, since he wished to leave a little memorial of himself.

To the eyes of all, the interior of the church surely presented an unwonted and beautiful sight. An arch of palms festooned with gay banners framed the flower-decorated altar and trains of banners hung suspended from the ceiling. The walls were covered with designs, painted in vivid colors; Christian symbols and texts from Sacred Writ found a place in the general scheme; slipping in unobserved, as it were, a few typical Maya representations also found a place.

THE scene was thus brightly laid for the great influx of visitors from pueblos far and near. As customary the routine during the first six days of the novena was slow, but a spirit of carnival prevailed during the last three days. At about three o'clock in the morning, the night stillness was broken by the sound of exploding bombs and of the merry rollicking of the *marimba*.

Thus, very early the people repaired to the church lit with many candles to offer up the first prayers of the novena for the day. During the day, the center of interest was largely the house of the patron, where the festive *bolos* had been duly prepared in great abundance. In the afternoon occurred the procession, the marchers bearing fresh flowers to adorn the altar of San Antonio. Upon this followed again the recitation of novena prayers. In the early evening, the patron for the day saw to it that the dance got off to a good start. It ended at a seasonable hour, so that all would be fresh for a new and lengthy day. At this point, it is well to remark that the conduct of all, particularly the men, was quite satisfactory all the while, no quarrelling or heavy drinking being in evidence.

On the two days preceding the feast of the Saint itself,



One of the actors in the Maya drama. Note the mask and the odd mixture of modern and ancient garments.

the greatly anticipated "Moros" was presented. The first performance had as special guests three professors from St. John's College, Belize, Messrs. Robert L. Hodapp, S.J., Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J., and Thomas J. Kelly, S.J., who had been interested observers during two days of the fiesta. They were in the company of the regularly visiting Padre from El Cayo, the Reverend John T. Newell, S.J., who offered up Mass and read the novena prayers for the concluding three days. The Honorable Mr. Bradley, District Commissioner, together with his wife braved a disagreeable and rainy day on horseback to be present at the second performance, after which he took photographs.

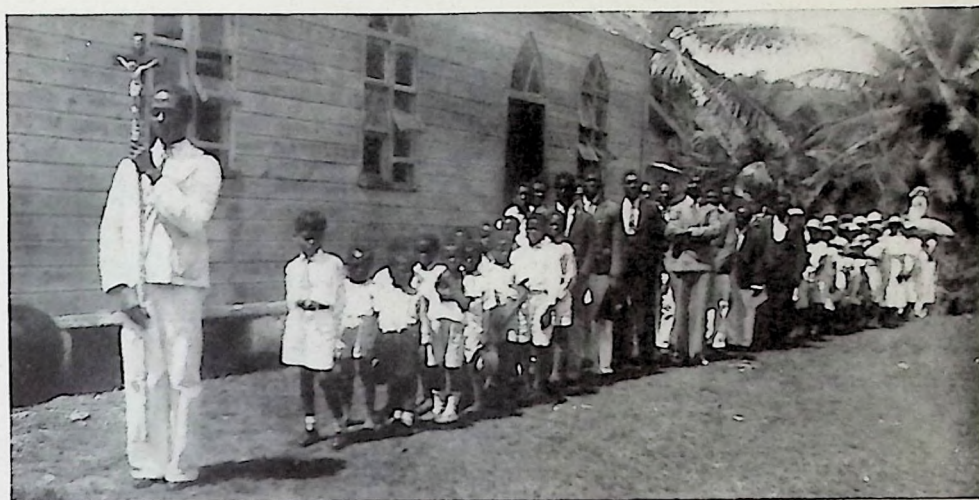
The "Moros" which has become somewhat of a standard production in this district, has won the interest of not a few throughout the Colony, chiefly, perhaps, because it is commonly and falsely viewed as something purely Maya. Originated in Guatemala, the several plays depict with a great deal of ceremony the victories of the Spanish Christians over the pagan Moors.

A STRIKING feature of the "Moros" is the colorful costuming, the players wearing somewhat fantastic masks and headgear and two of their number, clownish fellows, being clad in silly fashion. The mood of the dances is impressively interpreted by the lively tunes of the *marimba*, and, as the action intensifies, the solitary and ominous beating of the drum makes one feel the warlike sentiment that is being expressed.

Donnington in the Bush

James M.
Harney, S.J.

DONNINGTON is away out in the country or, to speak Jamaican, away out in the "bush." I go there on the first and third Sundays and stay around till Tuesday or Wednesday, and if the tropical rains have not swollen the nearby river I have the consolation of seeing a very good attendance at Mass; if the heavens have taken their vengeance on Mother Earth, swelling the river and making the "bush" paths tracks of mud, I still have the consolation of seeing a good attendance which wakes one to the realization that the Faith has taken deep root in the fertile soil of Donnington.



Smiling pickneys and their elders in procession brighten the drab life of Donnington.

The church is a wooden structure and though only sixteen years old, it is somewhat decrepit. Things deteriorate quickly in the tropics and Holy Cross Church has been no exception to the rule. Today the interior looks more like a barn than a church and high above the altar a bird has built its nest. One feels bad that he has to cradle Christ in the stables of Donnington but he consoles himself in the thought that Christ was first cradled in a stable—Donnington is another Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM in many respects: poor, forsaken and unknown, like the first Bethlehem, but wealthy in its resemblance to the first earthly house of the Christ Child. For just as a little Child has brightened the cold damp grotto of the Nativity, so little children brighten the drear, drab walls of Donnington.

About two hundred and sixty of them bring the sunshine of their smiles and their beaming simplicity to brighten the overcrowded and drab appearing school on week days. On these days, Holy Cross Church becomes the Donnington School. A calico drapery is pulled across the front of the sanctuary, the church benches are arranged for classes, the roll is called and the "pickneys" do not recite but actually sing the multiplication table.

I remember the first time I heard them go through the performance of singing their tables. It was a new world to me, something novel and almost unbelievable. When I was a youngster you could have bribed me to recite the multiplication table for a quarter, but if you asked me to sing it, you would be asking for the impossible. But here were little children actually singing with enthusiasm that masterpiece of prosaic language. And the funny part of it was they were getting a lot of fun out of it. Just imagine an American school boy or girl singing his tables with the gusto of a Broadway hit. And yet that is what these little "pickneys" were doing.

How account for it? Well, it is God's compensation to the poor. They are not able to buy happiness with

gold, they purchase it with poverty. And poor they are with a vengeance. You would pity these little tots at lunch time. Some have brought a little rice from home; others will patronize the "Igglers"—a few big business women of the "bush" who gather at the school gate with their wares. This little "pickney" has a farthing or a half a cent; he will buy a cup cake; this one has a half-penny or a cent, she will buy a cup cake and a fish fritter. After devouring this canary banquet for a noonday meal, she will be off to dance and play slap-slaps with her friends; he will grab the end of a cocoanut bough and wallop the daylights out of a cricket-ball and if it should become too beastly hot for cricket, which is almost unbelievable, he will scoot down to the river and, after laying aside the encumbrances of blouse and pants, clothed in his birthdaysuit he will take a swim in the flowing stream.

THE school is my special joy. It has grown phenomenally in the last few years and despite its terrible overcrowded conditions it has received splendid reports from the Department of Education. One of our little "bush" children won third prize in an Island-wide essay contest. Because of the growth of the school, the Department has given me permission for two extra teachers. Fortunately, one of them is able to go home daily but I have no place to lodge the other. My first problem is a new teacher's cottage to lodge the staff; then a new and spacious school so that many of the pickneys will no longer have to stand or to sit upon the floor; and when I have the school out of the church, I shall make this latter edifice more worthy a place to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

How shall I accomplish this? Well, the people and the children are doing their part, gathering and breaking stone. But I have to have money before I can make buildings out of stone. How am I going to get the money? I don't know. I haven't got it now but I have confidence that with God's help it will come.

Ram Chunder, Untouchable

Charles P. Miller, S.J.

THE ferry boat that crosses the Ganges had reached the dock. On the upper deck was a man wearing the conventional *topi* (sun helmet) of the *Sahib*, but clothed in a long white gown that reached to his ankles. Around his waist he wore a belt of the same white cloth. The gangplank was run over the side and the coolies swarmed on board like a drove of monkeys. Ram Chunder was not a licensed coolie so he did not board the ferry, but waited for what chance might offer. And Lady Luck was shuffling the cards for him that day.

As the gowned figure crossed the gangplank a gust of wind lifted the helmet and tossed it into the water. In a trice Ram Chunder plunged into the river, retrieved the hat and brought it to its owner. The latter patted him on the shoulder and gave him a four-anna (ten cent) piece as *baksheesh*. Ram Chunder smiled till all his white teeth showed, salaamed, and asked if he might carry the handbag of the illustrious Father. "I do not want any *baksheesh* for that," he smilingly lied, "just let me carry it to the top of the bank." The bag changed hands. As the two climbed the long flight of stone steps the Father said:

"Who are you? I have not seen you before."

"I am Ram Chunder," was the reply.

"Where do you live?" was the next conventional question.

"In the village of Kurmi," was the equally conventional reply.

"Go to school?" asked the Father, who was now breathing heavily from the exertion of climbing.

"No sir," came the prompt reply.

"Why not?" persisted the Father.

THAT was a question Ram Chunder did not discuss. He sidestepped it by remarking: "I am sorry, Your Honor, but there seems to be no conveyance. If Your Honor will wait here a moment perhaps I can find a carriage."

It was true. The progress up the steps had been rather slow and every available carriage had been taken. The Father laughed, "Never mind, Ram Chunder, my house is only a mile distant and I shall walk, provided you carry my bag." Ram Chunder agreed. It was about 3:00 p.m. when the pair reached the Father's bungalow. Ram Chunder deposited the bag on the verandah and

stood at attention, waiting for the expected recompense. "How much do you want for the trip?" asked the Father, smiling.

"As Your Honor pleases," replied Ram Chunder, throwing himself on the mercy of the court.

"It pleases me to give four annas," rejoined the Father with a twinkle in his eye, "Provided Ram Chunder will visit my school. I want him to see where the Dussads sit."



One of the "Untouchables"—a boy of the Depressed Classes.

SCHOOL,—Ram Chunder squirmed mentally at the mere sound of the word. And here's the reason. Ram Chunder was the son of a father who was a confirmed drunkard and of a mother who was the closest thing to natural sanctity that pagan India produced. It was her great ambition that Ram should be educated and to this end she made sacrifices to send him to the village school. Ram went and there met the greatest humiliation of his life. For instead of being admitted into the same classroom with the other boys he was assigned a place on the porch outside the classroom where he could barely see the Master. Was there no room inside? There was. But not for a Dussard which was Ram Chunder's caste, one of the Untouchables, as the sixty million of these Depressed Classes are called.

So the boy, broken-hearted, quit school and became a coolie, much to his mother's sorrow.

NATURALLY, the last thing in which he was interested was school. He knew where the Dussads were made to sit. No need to go and see. He tried to plead his wet clothing, which in fact was dry by this time, but to no avail. He lied solemnly that he had not eaten for two days, but the Father was inexorable. "Come along, the sooner you come, the sooner you eat," was the laughing retort. So the vanquished Ram accompanied the Father to see the school. The building was to the rear of the bungalow. It had two rooms that plainly were once used as servants' quarters. Both rooms were crowded with pupils singing their lessons as is the custom. Ram's keen eye scanned the faces of the boys. Some of them he knew by sight. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. Here were high cast boys sitting beside the sons of Dussads, Chamars and Washermen. He stood there and gaped. The Father took him by the arm and led him to the other classroom where there were younger boys and not a few girls. The same experience awaited him here, high and low caste children, all in the same room.

Suddenly a bell rang. The children all stood at at-

vention. "Make the Sign of the Cross," sang out the Master. The children made some queer motions with their right hand over their face and breast and then began to chant some song that began "Pranam Rani" (Hail Holy Queen). When that was finished the same queer motions were repeated, and then all scampered out of the classroom. The Master appeared with a football. There was a shout of glee and the game was begun. "Join in," said the Father to the entranced Ram Chunder. Ram forgot his excuses about wet clothes and an empty stomach. He needed no second invitation to kick that ball.

That evening a tired but happy Ram Chunder trudged back to Kurmi. The next morning his mother nearly fainted from sheer astonishment when Ram Chunder left the house early carrying his slate. A half hour later he was enrolled among the boys at the Father's school.

AS the months went by one could not help noticing the attraction which our religion had for him. He soon learned how to pray, and seemed to realize the value of prayer. As proof of this it may be cited that he not only said grace before and after meals, recited his morning and evening prayers on his knees, in a pagan household, mind you, but he insisted that his parents and younger brothers and sisters join him. He talked much at home about the "Father *Sahib*," and tried to persuade his parents to invite the latter to their house. They hesitated and then finally consented.

Ram Chunder's next idea was not so easy to realize. He wanted to be baptized. The Father did not doubt the boy's sincerity nor his fitness. But he did doubt the prudence of the act at that time. Ram Chunder was advised to consult his parents' wishes. They counselled him to wait until he had finished his education. But Ram Chunder was not to be put off so easily. Being an Indian, he knew the full significance of the word "Wait." He was firmly convinced that the Catholic religion was the true religion, that Hinduism was not the true religion, that Christ was the true God, and Krishna was not, nor was Kali Ma. Therefore, why could he not become a Christian? The Father told him to obey his parents' wishes, to pray earnestly and God would surely take care of the rest.

RAM CHUNDER was absent from school for several days. On inquiry it was learned that he was ill with fever. Father paid him a visit that very day, and he found a very sick Ram Chunder. The boy's temperature was nearly one hundred and five degrees, and he was delirious. Father hurried back to his house for medicine. That same evening he called again. The fever had subsided somewhat and the boy was conscious. No sooner had he greeted the Father with the customary salutation: "Praised be Jesus Christ," than he asked for Baptism. The Father explained the boy's wish to the parents. They consented, and thus Ram Chunder received the favor for which he had prayed. The next day his fever rose again, and Father obtained admission for him into the hospital. This

was no easy task when the hospital was already crowded.

Imagine the disappointment of the Father the following morning when he called at the hospital and learned that Ram Chunder had been taken away an hour after he was admitted. Why? Ram had been admitted at 3:00 p.m. A patient had died a few hours previously and his bed was given to Ram. No sooner had his parents learned this than they took their boy away without asking anybody's permission. It took much questioning to learn that he had been placed with some relatives in another village.

A WEEK later he was brought back to his own home. Father called to see him. What a change! The boy was still running a fever, but he was so weak that he was unable to rise from his bed. He was delighted to see the Father. His mother said that he had given them no rest while he was in the house of his relatives. He insisted on having the Father called or else be taken back home.

"But why did you wish to see me?" asked the Father.

"Because over there," he said, referring to his relatives' house, "all was dark. Nobody knew anything about Jesus. When you come into the room everything is bright."

And while his pagan mother listened in wondering silence, the boy spoke with the Father about the goodness of Jesus, and how much he loved Mary, His beautiful Mother, and how sorry he was that his parents and others would not believe.

"They do not understand these things as you do," protested the Father. "You must pray for them and offer your sufferings for them. And when you get to Heaven you must give Mary no rest till she listens to your prayers and brings your father and mother to our Lord, the good Jesus. Will you do that?"

"I do pray all day," replied Ram Chunder. Then he asked me to place a crucifix on the wall at the foot of the bed, and on either side of the crucifix a picture of the Sacred Heart and of Mary (Turn to page 28)



Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., (on motor cycle), the friend of Ram Chunder, sets out to visit his scattered flock.

They're Bombing Our Train!

Francis A. Rouleau, S.J.

IT was after crawling out of his family dugout, with several Japanese light bombers still humming like lazy summer flies high up in the darkness, that old Dr. Wang shook his head worriedly and uttered in a soft prophetic undertone:

"Going to Shanghai is dangerous business these days. They are bombing everything along the way."

Of course, they were. Every night brought us over the radio tales of fresh bombing operations designed to blast trunk lines striking into the interior and to block the movement of military supplies and troops. The exigencies of war tactics, they call it. Air fleets were sweeping up off the improvised field on the Whangpoo, hurling their lightning bolts over picturesque towns rooted for ages among the green meadows and hills of the Yangtse Basin, leaving in their wake a trail of smoking ruins and blasted human flesh.

Unexpectedly, however, a wire from our Superior had summoned us to leave Nanking, the much-bombed capital, for the time being and hustle down to Shanghai where gigantic relief work was under way among the thousands of poverty-stricken refugees; and so we were booked for the only passenger train pulling out of Nanking the next day—arrival time never scheduled.

JAMMED with poor farmers and small tradesmen in third class, but roomy enough in second class where my associate, Father James F. Kearney, S.J., and myself could chat with officers going down to the battle-front, the eight-coach express steamed out of the city on a clear morning—an ominous sign these troublous days. Yes, there was a group of strapping Chinese soldiers on the train. They had bunked the night before in a lodging house across the street from the station. Did their enemies at the other end of the line know of their return? You can buy photographs in Nanking showing batches of Chinese spies roped hand and foot and stretched out on the ground awaiting the great scimitar-blade of the executioner. . . .

Anyway, we shot past four or five lumbering troop supply trains with their field guns and armored cars camouflaged with vines, halted nervously for a brief half hour when a four-plane Japanese squadron wheeled menacingly overhead, and then, shortly after noon, rolled swiftly into the great industrial mart of Susih, about midway between Nanking and Shanghai. It was here that hell broke loose!

Milling leisurely about the station platform a sizable crowd stands ready with bundles and baskets to board the train for down-country villages. Strange enough, the engine does not slow down. It gongs and clanks on at full speed as though racing madly from the claws of some unseen pursuing beast, leaving the waiting throngs gaping at us wonderingly. Evergreen trees and brownish-yellow fields fly by in blurred kaleidoscopic succes-

sion. Already we are four or five blocks out into the countryside. And then . . . a giant tuning fork suddenly struck by an iron mallet . . . one of those metal monoplanes is whining an unearthly scale right over on top of us . . . a terrific orchestral crash of cymbals and horns and drums and thudding lead. We knew immediately what was up. We had heard that awesome drone and explosion for weeks . . . Screams. Wild commotion. Splintered woodwork and shattered windowpanes. Iron wheels screech under locked brakes, but the train's momentum keeps pushing it ahead through a powdery cloud of smoke and falling debris.

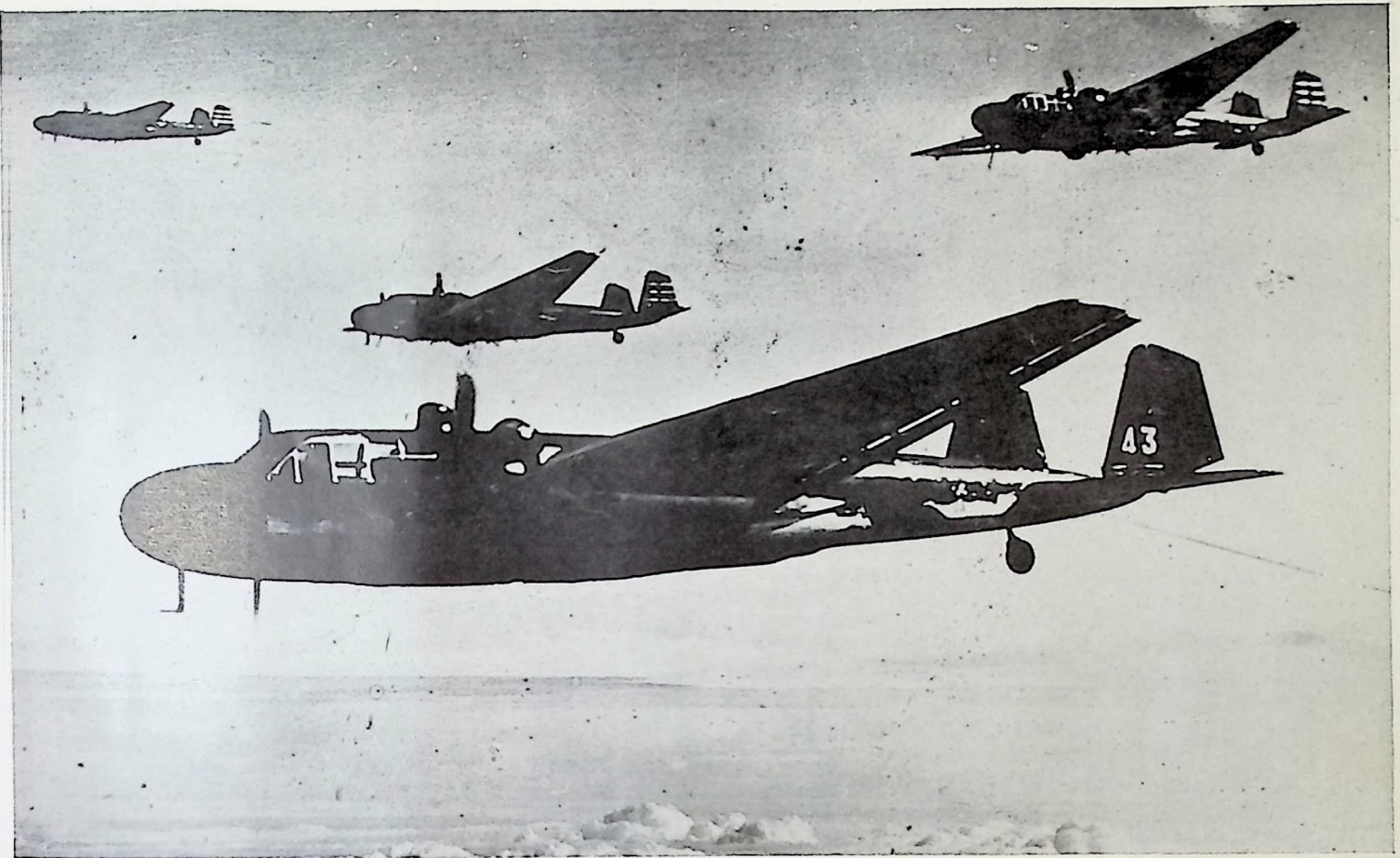
"*Mon Dieu*, they're bombing our train!" I shouted.

IT occurs to us in a flash why we had plunged on past the depot. Nervy engineer: he had spotted the war planes zooming in over the distant skyline and had rushed his human freight directly into the steel snouts of that incoming squadron, but out into the open and away from the station buildings, ordinary military objective of aerial bombardment. Parked in between the railway warehouses and the military cars, we should have been locked in under a rain of bursting brimstone.

Well, the officers whirl out of their seats like swinging acrobats, instantly fall to the floor and begin squeezing their hardened frames under the low benches in order to dodge shrapnel fragments and machine gun bullets. Father Kearney follows their tactics. The bulk of the frenzied mob of passengers begins tumbling out of windows and doors like rats scampering off a sinking ship. Jostled along by the cyclone, I make the same trigger-decision: What if the bombers continue to unload their dynamite on the coaches? Better get out of this charnel house and take a chance on the shrapnel.

No sooner thought than done! Tucking up my suitcase, I nimbly hurdle through the open window, drop on the cinder roadbed as squarely as a pole-vaulter, cast a quick apprehensive glance at those black machines rumbling around in formation, sprint agilely through the soggy paddy fields and sink down flat into a muddy furrow some one hundred feet away from the tracks. Hard on my heels the frightened hosts come scurrying . . . out into the rice land, a plush carpet of russet gold splashed here and there with the dark-green of grave mounds. Out into the open they crawl on hands and knees or shuffle along bent over double or flop under the first cluster of vines . . . anywhere from under those blasting explosions. Chopped and blistered by exploding metal, grimy bundles of humanity reel out of the "death car" (the one smashed by the first bomb), tumble down in the bushes beside the iron rails. Only the dead are left inside. No time to think of them now. . . .

SWERVING off from the formation, the second plane of the fleet is power-diving over us at a precipitous angle. A whining crescendo like an insect's hum quickly amplified to seismic resonance . . . a black



ACME PHOTO

"Fei-chee! Fei-chee!" (The planes! The planes!) is the cry that greets the sudden appearance in the skies of these black Japanese bombers.

bomber hurtling down from the sky as we lie there on our stomachs in the bog, with only uncut rice-straw shielding our quivering bodies from this high-gear engine of destruction. . . . Like a rabbit hypnotized by the beady stare of a serpent, I follow the panting monster with my eyes. If it unlatches its bomb-rack now! They'll hear about it at home, perhaps . . .

BUT the great winged machine curves away to the railway station, and there unlooses three large black pears, one after the other. I twist my head to the other side, watch the bombs fall . . . one, two, three. A second later, three rocking explosions like sudden claps of tropical thunder. Crowds of poor people waiting for the express! Did they have time, after hearing the first crash on the train, to scramble to some refuge out of the shadow of that dynamite dropping down like heavy rocks?

Within a few minutes, another machine detaches itself from the circle, drones down over the fields, roars on past like a flying limited, drops its three bombs and banks round to rejoin the fleet. Three explosions again. Smoke and fire swell up from the neighborhood of the depot, pitching skyward in vast rolling columns. Ghastly but fascinating spectacle! I gaze on it awestruck, even while my heart thumps in nervous jerks and I pray almost incoherently and wonder what the end of this sickening experience will be. . . . But the third is swinging around in plunging position, shoots out an explosive paw near our coach, howls on toward the station like a maddened demon and empties its horrid entrails

there. Fresh fires flare up on the other side of the tracks. How are the heroic handful of passengers faring under the benches. I wonder. . . . The next iron bird comes moaning down overhead. . . .

AT last a lull, thank God! Five minutes, perhaps . . . though, under stress of this kind, one easily loses the sense of time duration. The planes are still droning around in circle formation. Some instinct or other prompts me to change my position . . . to crawl farther out . . . anywhere. Foolish impulse! Where to? Even if you shamle out a hundred yards, you are still lying under the shadow of those giant wings. Just then a bush of oily black hair, half covering a human head, thrusts itself through the grain stalks at my side.

"Get down, old fellow!" he hisses over to me, his blanched face twitching and scowling.

Get down where? My stomach is already in the mud! But, anyway, I bury my head an inch farther down under the straw if that will make the poor lad less jittery. The face jerks back into its own little rice coffin.

This isn't his first experience of aerial warfare, I soon learn. No wonder he is nervous! The bombers are settling down over us again. This time there is something dangerously wrong. They don't sweep away to the station. Wrecked and burning houses there show that their work has been done with deadly precision. Whom are they after now? Soldiers hiding in the fields, undoubtedly. . . . But we are there, too . . . the hundreds of us lying flat or curled up or squatting under the rice or the mulberry bushes.

(Turn to page 28)

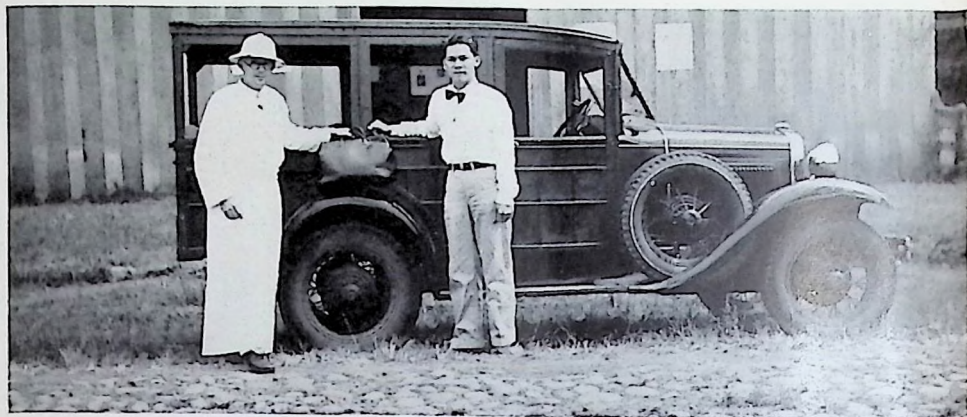
Jungle Route to Kibaoi

Austin V. P.
Dowd, S.J.

KIBAWAI, or Kibaoi, that is a name to conjure up thoughts of wild inaccessible places, deep in virgin jungles, the beating of tom-toms and half naked savages dancing weirdly around the fitful glare of a camp fire. It perhaps was all of that at one time. Now it is a rather flourishing village, of fairly well built wooden and thatched houses, situated in the middle of a virgin forest close to Cotabato. It is just about eighty-five kilometers from Malaybalay. That sounds prosaic enough, but when I tell you it took me nearly two days to get there, and that we rode horseback through a real honest-to-goodness jungle, it begins to have proportions of a real trip.

It was. Being in the southern end of my extensive parish, I had to go first to Maramag. I started out Easter morning at 5:45 a.m. Thanks be to God, a visiting priest took care of my center and so I could go. We first stopped at Valencia and had Mass there; that is only thirty-two kilometers from Malaybalay. Here the good roads end, and we must take a sort of trail. However, the trail was good and firm for there had been no very heavy rains. We arrived at Maramag a little after eight in the morning, and the people were coming from the recital of the rosary, a Sunday ceremony in lieu of Mass. However, we sent messengers to recall them, and tolled the bell, and soon the church was filled. Next day we again had Mass and more people went to Holy Communion than ever before in Maramag. After breakfast, Mr. Paulican, the Deputy Governor of this district, with my Fiscal and myself started out. In the middle of a large plain we passed through I noticed a few posts sticking up, all that remained of a *barrio* which was raided and burned a few years back by some warlike Manoboes from the nearby mountains. We were going to visit these people!

AFTER a short run across the plain we entered a deep forest and had to proceed slowly. The trail was muddy and full of slippery puddles where many carabaos had cut the trail with their sharp hooves. About noon we reached Kitawtaw, a small village, and donning my cassock, we called on the people to bring their children for Baptism. No priest had been here for seven years. We soon had dinner, took forty winks, and were off. All afternoon we rode through the forest. It was a painfully slow task, with an occasional shower as the rain soaked leaves, whipped by the wind, drenched us as we passed beneath the trees. We had hoped to reach Kiawai for supper but as night began to descend upon us, a heavy rain fell. And we dashed for the nearest building and shelter. Any port in a storm was good enough.



Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., Pastor of Malaybalay, with Jose Cruz, first assistant, prepared to board his "Leaping Lizzie" for a trip over the hills.

This happened to be the *Municipio*—City Hall to you—of the fair village of Gipalma. City Hall! A poorly constructed thatched roofed affair about twenty feet square. The town is very primitive, having no water supply but the neighboring river. So we had to boil our water so we would not get dysentery. In the fitful glare of a little oil lamp we ate our supper.

Came the dawn and ten parents with children for Baptism. This was soon attended to, and we were again a horse bound for Kibawai. After thirty minutes we arrived there and I erected my altar in the *Municipio*. There were few people at home. Most of them had gone down the river to the next town where they were having a pagan festival! The Manoboes were very attentive at Mass. They know the rudiments of Christianity through the Spanish Jesuits who roamed all over this mountainous province for almost thirty years. The Protestants have taught them also of our Redemption through Christ and they know something about the Trinity. I took the Crucifix and tried to explain how the Mass was the unbloody sacrifice of the Cross. Their eyes were dull and incomprehensive, but I felt consoled for once in a while there seemed to be a glimmering of at least memory, if not intelligence. Anyhow there were fourteen children and adults to be baptized after the Mass. I then married the Vice-Mayor, after I baptized his wife. We had our breakfast, Mr. Paulican finished his business with the Mayor, and we prepared to start.

AFTER about four hours we reached a large village whose name I forgot. We stopped here for lunch and it began to rain. It was a veritable deluge. It was the occasion of a rain of grace also. Twenty-four children were baptized. It will be several months before I can return to these poor friendly people. There they are in their dark forests and their poor clearings where they eke a miserable living from the soil, waiting for someone to give them the Word of God. I consoled myself that Kibawai would soon have a chapel and this would be a means to make me try more and more to visit these new found friends and to bring them closer to God.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Group organizations, study clubs and individual readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have requested one specific way by which they can cooperate with us during 1939 in our Pamphlet Promotion Plan. Here is the answer:

Pamphlet Packs

Advertising the Catholic Church" which is published by Jesuit Mission Press. With the exception of the Catechism, I know of no pamphlet of greater practical teaching value for the mission field. This was my own personal experience when from 1921 to 1924 I was stationed at Vigan in the Province of Ilocos Sur, northern Luzon, P. I., and my own experience is supplemented by tributes from the Philippine Hierarchy. An edition of 25,000 copies of this pamphlet will enable us to allocate about 2,500 to each of the nine American and Canadian Province mission fields. Contributions towards the printing cost may be sent to Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Start your Catholic Action for 1939 by sending New Year Pamphlet Packs to our missionaries.

We are living in an era of cooperative endeavor. Pamphlet Co-ops are not only in order but are functioning merrily. Wish- ing to forward 25,000 copies of "Advertising the Catholic Church"

Pamphlet Co-ops

as Christmas Gift Packs to our missionaries who can use many hundreds of thousands of this little booklet, we wrote to the presidents of our American and Canadian Jesuit universities, colleges and prep schools, as well as to Pastors, dividing the cost of publication between them and requesting an immediate return letter with check enclosed. To date answers have been received from St. Mary's College, Kansas; Boston College, Boston, Mass.; Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; Catholic Rectory, Trinidad, Colorado; St. Peter's College, Jersey City, New Jersey; College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City; St. Aloysius Church, Leonardtown, Maryland; Immaculate Conception Church, New Orleans, La.; St. Mary's, Cleveland, Ohio; Loyola University, Los Angeles, California; St. Leo's Rectory, Tacoma, Washington; Loyola High School, Los Angeles, California; Campion High School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; Holy Trinity Rectory, Boston, Mass.; Church of the Nativity, New York City; Fordham University, New York City; Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.; University of Detroit High School, Detroit, Michigan; St. Paul's College, Winnipeg; Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Ignatius Parish, New York City. This response was immediate and encouraging.

Father Andrew V. Graves, S.J., Pastor of the Church of the Little Flower, Box 183, Route 3, Marshall, North Carolina, focuses our attention on a section of the country that could appreciate pamphlets on marriage as a means of converting non-Catholics in our own home missions to the Church.

Pamphlets on Marriage

Father Graves writes: "On August 7, one of my baseball pitchers was baptized after Sunday Mass and on the following morning was married to a Catholic young lady at a Nuptial Mass during which both received Holy Communion. The church was crowded to overflowing and if those on relief had not been away for their supplies, our congregation would have filled a church twice the size of the one we have. The public school children who are permitted to attend the morning revival services in the Baptist church were also permitted to attend our wedding. As the bride failed to make her appearance on time the groom had to walk up the road 'a piece' for her. After explaining the misunderstanding and cause for the delay, I offered to make the time pass a little faster by explaining to them the dignity of Christian marriage. I spoke for twenty minutes on the beautiful comparison from Saint Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians of the love and life of man and wife to the love and life of Christ and His Church. With time still on our hands, I explained the Mass and the vestments. Several families indicated their intention of becoming Catholics." Pamphlets for Father Graves will be shipped directly from Jesuit Mission Press, upon request.

From the Missionary Helpers, Servants of the Sacred Heart,

Joppa Road West of Charles Street Avenue, Towson P. O., Maryland, our Pamphleteers have just received a "Thank You"

A "Thank You" Note

note to this effect: "We have just noticed in the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS that you have printed a letter addressed by us to one of our literature benefactors. We thank you very kindly for giving this publicity to our needs and trust the good work of promoting Catholic literature in all forms may be steadily increased for our long experience in missionary work has shown that it is productive of great good."

We have on hand at Jesuit Mission Press an excellent set of pamphlets on the lives of the eight Jesuit Martyrs of North America, together with a pamphlet novena to the same. One of these Jesuit Martyrs, St. Charles Garnier, is called "The Cheerful Giver." The pamphlet biography of his life was handed from one girl-

friend to another and before the day was over the donor had received this note from the reader: "It took me exactly twenty-five minutes to read this. I thought it was great. The main idea I got from it was that in spite of all adversity and trouble if we give to God cheerfully we will be amply rewarded. There was a lot more to it. . . . I found the accounts of the burning and tortures vivid and grand reading, but do not let Jackie read them because she will get sick—thanks for the book." These Martyr pamphlets sell for 5c a copy, \$4 per 100, \$35 per 1,000.

It will be obvious to our readers that the viewpoint expressed in the following note from one of our Pamphleteers is only a description of the non-Catholic attitude of mind in regard to many of our Catholic dogmas. The note itself is one more appreciation of the pamphlet, entitled, "Advertising the Catholic Church." We quote:

"Advertising the Catholic Church" Scores Again

"The one pamphlet entitled, 'Advertising the Catholic Church' I think is the best of all. At least it is to me because it explains so many practices of Catholics (being half a heathen myself I need all that). You wouldn't understand it, but out our way it is not at all unusual for a person educated in the Catholic Faith (if one can call Sunday School education only, Catholic education) to give up the Faith. Recently two Catholics married a Presbyterian and Episcopalian respectively. Soon both calmly announced that they were joining the faith of their non-Catholic partners in marriage. In a way I don't think they can be blamed. After all, if one doesn't have a good foundation in religion, one doesn't know enough about it to be much interested in staying a Catholic. The fault all goes back to a non-sectarian education. I know, because after I started working I had to prove to myself the reasons why I should be a Catholic and due to the able direction of a Christian Brother whose sister I went with, I received a very thorough education in the rudiments of our religion. Thanks loads for the pamphlets." By our Pamphlet Promotion Plan, readers of JESUIT MISSIONS can do much to undo the evil influences of a non-sectarian irreligious education.

A large part of the economic troubles of the day circle round the problem of distribution of the country's resources. This problem of distribution is likewise perhaps the most difficult in our Pamphlet Promotion Campaign.

The Problem of Distribution

It can only be solved by quoting the local habitations and the names of those who have successfully solved it for themselves. We instance one now: "I belong to the Mercier Club of Montclair, Glen Ridge, etc., which has about three hundred and fifty members and we have different activities several times each week. Thus far, I have confined the distribution of pamphlets to the group which is taking public speaking with me. I broke the ice to this by having one of my speeches on the work you are doing in making Catholics pamphlet-conscious. (I hope you like that word as I kept using it over and over.) So, of course, I have had no trouble in disposing of the pamphlets, just telling each person to pass it on after he has read it and to please tell the next person to do likewise."

Mei Li's Second Christmas

Wilfred J. Le Sage, S.J.

CHRISTMAS EVE! The night was still, and then as the hour of midnight approached they heard singing in the distance . . . "Adeste Fideles . . ."

"What is that?" whispered the child to her mother.

"Hush, Mei Li, you will awaken the others, those are the priests singing in the church."

"Only the priests?" asked Mei Li.

"Yes, only the priests tonight. The big church bell did not ring. But, hush! We must not speak, others are sure to awake."

"Listen!" said Mei Li. The church window was opened



Mei Li practiced Christmas hymns with these girls of the war refugee camp.

slightly, and now the soft strains of the hymn could be heard more distinctly by the refugees as they lay in their rough beds of straw. "Venite, venite, in Bethlehem . . ."

AT dawn the bell of the Zi-ka-wei cathedral called thousands to come and adore the new-born Babe. As the Christians passed along the road, Mei Li and her mother watched them through the bamboo fence of the Refugee Camp. Mei Li and her mother were war refugees in this camp next to the famous Mission Compound at Zi-ka-wei. It was one of those camps established during the devastating attack of the Japanese on Shanghai.

"Are those the Christians?" the child asked.

"Yes, they are," replied her mother.

"But how can you tell?" questioned Mei Li.

"The women do not carry their market baskets, fathers are leading their young sons, and you see, Mei Li, they turn to the right toward the church." Mei Li noticed that they did.

"But see, mother, even the poor like ourselves are turning that way. Perhaps some day we could become Christians and go into the big church!" The child's eyes were sparkling as she spoke.

Thus their first Christmas at the Zi-ka-wei Refugee Camp came and passed. What did it mean to Mei Li and her mother? Little do they remember of it now save the hymn at midnight, the church bell at dawn, and the worshippers passing by. And yet down deep in their hearts, though Christ has not been born, something had come. A desire had been born, the little star for them to follow.

Exteriorly life seemed just the same to them with its and sorrows among the refugees who numbered eleven sand souls. In the meantime, Mei Li had taken to her more rapidly than did the other children. When she was at her mother's side, she was certain to be found in the pany of the Nuns. She watched for them to come every ing and hurried to be the first to carry their basket of med

MEI LI watched and learned, for she would often her hand into the basket for some particular bot medicine.

"It's this one, isn't it?" she would ask with a smile. Mei Li was usually right.

One day while making the rounds of the the Sisters stopped where Mei Li's mother wrapped in a blanket.

"This is my mother," said Mei Li, "but she sick."

The Sisters thought differently and stopp take the woman's temperature. Mei Li wa them anxiously for she knew that her mother be a little sick. Yes, it was true, Mei Li re bered that her mother coughed more frequently before.

That night as they lay quietly together in straw bed, Mei Li realized that her mother fever. Besides, she was breathing heavily. M could hear that, and she felt her mother's become very warm, and pulling away from own. She was gasping, lifting her hand over head as if to protect them both. Mei Li be frightened for she had never heard her mother plain of their former sorrows—but now M could hear her feverish voice. "Mei Li, the fir

must hurry, my husband is dead, my son where is he? W is he? Hurry Mei Li, my feet are bleeding, O, Mei Li, v shall we go—where is my son?"

Mei Li grasped her mother's hand and held it tightly. "F mother, you must not think of those things. Hush, I will your hand, you must try to sleep; yes, mother, you must to sleep."

THE following morning Mei Li watched her mother being carried on a stretcher to the refugee hospital. A priest passed by and spoke to Mei Li kindly, assuring her that just as soon as her mother was a little better she could go over to the hospital to visit her.

But days passed by, and Mei Li was not permitted to see her mother. A week passed by. Ten days! And then Mei Li was sum-

Zi-ka-wei Cathedral towers over the nearby refugee camp.



Zi-ka-wei

moned to the hospital. She hurried to her mother's bedside. A Sister was there whispering something into the ear of the dying woman; a priest was reading some prayers. Mei Li went over to embrace her mother, and at the touch of that familiar face, the woman opened her eyes, and looked above. Her lips were moving:

"Mei Li, dear Mei Li, I hope you find him—find him, Mei Li, find him—Jesus—Mary . . ." And then God called another Christian soul to her reward.

"Find him, Mei Li, find him," the words echoed and re-echoed in the child's brain for days to come. Had they not tried every possible way to locate her little brother? Had not everyone, except her mother, given him up as dead? Almost a year had passed since that dreadful fire when—but Mei Li did not want to think of that, she wanted to talk to someone, but whom? She remembered her mother's last words and then repeated them softly . . . "Jesus . . . Mary."

Mei Li was now an orphan. She would have to live alone in the Refugee Camp. True, she had many friends, but who could take the place of mother? And when at night she tried to sleep, "Find him, Mei Li, find him!" was always ringing in her ears. How can I find him? she said to herself. And when the light came, she repeated again—in a whisper . . . "Jesus, Mary, find him."

THE next morning the Sisters came as usual with their medicine basket. But Mei Li was not at the gate to carry it for them.

"Where is Mei Li?" asked one of the Nuns. Children scampered in all directions shouting her name. But Mei Li did not answer, nor could she be found during the rest of the day.

At nightfall someone heard a voice at the gate. "*Kai-men!*" ("Open the gate!") And when the gate was opened there stood a tall policeman leading Mei Li by the hand.

"The little girl was lost, and said she lived in this Refugee Camp—so I brought her here," said the policeman, releasing Mei Li's hand. She turned to thank him, then hurried inside, sat down, covering her face with her hands.

"Mei Li, here is a bowl of rice, you must be very hungry." She looked up and in the dim light saw a missionary standing there.

"You know, we have been looking for you all day. I telephoned to the police to search for you. Where did you go, Mei Li?"

"I went in the direc-



After Mass on Christmas morning at the Zi-ka-wei Cathedral. The sight of these Chinese Christians had a profound effect on little Mei Li.

tion of Sih-Ching, but I could not remember the road and got lost," she replied.

"But why did you leave the Camp?" questioned the priest.

"I went to look for my brother," and her eyes filled with tears.

"Didn't you know, Mei Li, that for months all the missionaries around Shanghai have been trying to find him? But finish your rice now, it is getting late." Mei Li finished her bowl of rice, slipped into her little straw bed and fell sound asleep. "Jesus, Mary . . . find him," was her only prayer that night.

THE next morning, Mei Li told the Sisters all that had happened on the previous day. They understood and spoke to her kindly, however, with a warning never to leave the Camp again.

"You know, Mei Li, how we need you to help us every day. Today we have a larger basket, do you think you can carry it?" asked the Nun.

Mei Li took the basket with her usual smile, seeming to forget how tired her feet were from the long walk of yesterday. Then they visited the sick as usual. That same afternoon one of the Sisters called Mei Li aside:

"Mei Li, we are going to practice the words now for the hymn, '*Adeste Fideles*.' This year all the children will sing at Christmas time, and you know Mei Li this Christmas you will . . ."

"Yes, I know, on Christmas morning, I will receive my first Holy Communion."

"Listen now to the song," said the Sister: "*Adeste Fideles laeti triumphantes* . . ."

"Now I remember it," interrupted Mei Li, "that's the same song we heard last year," she said, pointing toward the Seminary. "Mother and I were awake and . . ."

"Mei Li! Mei Li!" someone was calling for her. Mei Li dropped her book and ran toward the gate.

"What do you want?" she shouted. The gate was opened.

The first person she saw was the same tall policeman—and the second she had grasped around the neck. "Mei Li, Mei Li!" the lad choked. But still she clung to him. The policeman took off his hat, wiped the perspiration from his forehead and the corner of his eye. For Mei Li's prayer was answered at last.

"Jesus, Mary . . . find him." And they had found her little lost brother. This would be Mei Li's second Christmas at Zi-ka-wei and the happiest.



Moody Maud

Bernard A. Tonnar, S.J.

“D O you think she will go?” asked the priest as we approached the garage.
“Well, Father, she might be a bit upset this morning.”

“Maud,” St. Mary’s Mission car is just that way—extremely moody, gets upset and will not go. But we must forgive her for the many pranks she plays. She does get us to the mission stations even though it is a little later than according to schedule.

For several years, “Maud” has been on the rough red clay roads of southern Alabama taking the Jesuit Fathers out to St. Mary’s Mission on Cottage Hill and to St. Edward’s near Spring Hill College. Great and lasting success has been the reward; many poor people have received instruction, the sacraments, and heard the Word of God. And for all this good done, “Maul” must get a big share of the credit. Recently, moody “Maud” was called upon to perform another job and, although when she heard the news her ignition wire fell right off in astonishment, nevertheless, she has been as faithful as usual.

W HEN the Father Provincial recalled his Philosophers back to the Province to make their studies at Spring Hill College outside of Mobile, Alabama, most people did not know what it would mean for them. But it did not take long for them to find out. Special catechism classes were begun in the College Chapel for white and colored children under the young Jesuits’ supervision. The Pastor, Father Andrew Fox, S.J., was delighted and so were his parishioners but the Philosophers were not quite satisfied with the small number of children attending the classes, especially when the baptismal records showed many absentees. The colored children seemed to have the ascendancy in this. There was only one thing to do: if the children did not come to the chapel then the Philosophers would go to them. That is how moody “Maud” gets into the picture. She was unanimously selected as the *moyennes de transport*. After her astonishment, she became resigned and so far has been right on the job, rattling along at top speed—thirty miles per hour.

Across the hill from Spring Hill College is a small Negro settlement with the unique name of Sand Town. The name is most *apropos*. Sandy lanes (they do not deserve to be termed roads) lead to Sand Town. Nestling among tall stately pines are nearly a hundred shanties of all shapes and designs. It was to this village that “Maud” took the Philosophers. From house to house they went, always asking the same question: “Any Catholics living here?” When the day was spent, around fifteen colored children, all Catholics, were found. Most of them were baptized but lacked instruction. Their parents were much in the same condition. Indeed, this was a fertile field that needed cultivation. The tools to be used



Moody “Maud” and friends. This rear view flatters her. She looks her age from the front.

were five cent catechisms, plenty of zeal and absolutely no discouragement. The Philosophers did not hesitate to begin work. Immediately they located a Catholic home, well centralized, and scheduled weekly classes for all children, parents and even potential Catholics.

T HE following Thursday, the day for instruction, found a full house of eager children dressed in their Sunday best. Class began with two Philosophers teaching. A little experience among the colored people shows that they are a sincere race and most anxious to know and love God. But to stir up this love in their good hearts, they need a little urging. It proved true in Sand Town. After a few classes with the Philosophers doing the urging, Sundays found the College Chapel with all the colored Catholics from Sand Town in the pews.

Farther down the hill from Sand Town is another colored settlement. It is near Crichton, Alabama, and has a large number of Negroes living there. “Maud,” much against her will, was steered towards this new field of prospects. On the way, she needed gas, and in her excitement the ignition wire dropped off the switch but she got there and started the regular rounds—house to house campaign. About twenty Catholic colored children were located. Some of these were attending a Catholic colored school in Mobile but the majority were uninstructed. One colored family (Protestant) was very anxious to become Catholic. In fact, the mother intended sending her children to a Catholic school. The whole family was invited to the center founded in Crichton under the patronage of Blessed Martin de Porres. It is hoped that there will be other Protestants ready for instruction.

These colored Catholics both in Sand Town and Crichton each week look for moody “Maud.” They can hear her bumping along before she comes into sight. “The Fathers are coming,” is the yell and games are stopped and all rush to the gate to greet their teachers. “Maud” is not noticed but she does not care. All she wants is rest—to get her wind back. But the Philosophers all love her and would not change her for the world. “Maud” can go places where even a V-8 Ford would find it hard. Oh yes, “Maud” is an old-fashioned Nash.

Church Unity

The Mission Intention for January

FOR some years now the seven days extending from January 18 to January 25, have been set aside annually as Church Unity Week with specific intentions indicated by the Vicar of Christ on each of these days as objects for the prayers of the Faithful. Following are the intentions with a brief explanation of each:

January 18. "The return of all the 'other sheep' to the one Fold of Peter, the One Shepherd." This first intention is general in scope and surveys the entire non-Catholic world as an object for conversion. Out of a total world population of 2,300,000,000 people, only 400,000,000 are members of the soul and body of the one, true Church of Christ. Lest this proportion be an occasion for suspecting that the salvific will of Christ is one in name only, the Faithful are reminded that even if the ordinary means of salvation are not available to non-Catholics, God, in His justice and mercy, is bound by His own perfections to supply extraordinary means, which may be different, if necessary, in the case of each individual non-Catholic soul. On the other hand, the fact that God does supply such extraordinary means does not release His Church or the members thereof from the obligation of endeavoring to supply the ordinary means of salvation. This is an inescapable corollary from Our Lord's command to "Go forth and teach all nations."

January 19. "The return of all Oriental Separatists to Communion with the Apostolic See." "Oriental Separatists" include not only the schismatics of India where St. Thomas preached the Gospel and where during the last ten years a wholesale mass movement of conversions has been successfully accomplished with His Lordship, Mar Ivanios, at its head, but also the members of the Greek and Russian Orthodox churches. The Russian Orthodox Christians variously estimated at between 158,000,000 and 172,000,000 members have had their ecclesiastical organization smashed to impotency by the Communists. For these especially does Our Holy Father invoke a daily memento in the prayers and Communion of our readers.

January 20. "The submission of Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ." Anglicans are designated in particular, partly because of their leadership position among Protestants generally and partly because of their pronounced sympathy towards Catholic dogma. Sympathy rather than antagonism characterizes the mental attitude of most Catholics towards our Anglican brethren whose ancestors were led astray by Henry VIII, "Protector and Supreme Head of the Church of England."

January 21. "That the Lutherans and all other Protestants of Continental Europe may find their way 'Back to Holy Mother Church.'" It is an ill wind of persecution that blows nobody spiritual good. Even the most pessimistic must feel that the persecution which is harrowing Catholic and Lutheran in Germany today may be the grounds for a mutual sympathy and understanding that may, with prayer and God's grace, result in a united religious front and an ultimate unity with Rome

of these long separated followers of Luther.

January 22. "That Christians in America may become one in Communion with the Chair of St. Peter." It is a coincidence that the numerical proportion of Catholics and non-Catholics in the world is practically identical with that of Catholics and non-Catholics in our own United States of America, namely, one Catholic to every five or six non-Catholics. While Protestant and Jew lament the discord in matters of dogma and administration which exist in their respective organizations, Catholics, on the other hand, fail to capitalize on the unity of Faith and moral viewpoint which is their divinely protected *forte*. Personal good example, plus participation, with ecclesiastical permission, in the various inter-faith movements are some of the ordinary apostolic means at the disposal of American Catholics, both individuals and organizations. What these cannot accomplish, prayer will.

January 23. "The return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics." More difficult often than the taking of a city in war time is the conversion of a lapsed Catholic. For such a conversion, a miracle of God's grace is not infrequently needed. Yet, when the conversion takes place, Our Lord Himself assures us the very heavens are moved, since "there is more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner doing penance than over ninety-nine just who have no need for penance."

January 24. "The conversion of the Jews." We pray on this day that Our Blessed Lord may come again and be received by His own who once rejected Him. Today, out of a world population of Jews, totaling 16,000,000, there are in our own United States, between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000, of whom almost 3,000,000 are in the city and state of New York alone. No matter what the occasion given, the extraordinary measure of persecution taken against the Jews by Germany and Italy today are both unchristian and unnatural. Germany's pagan program of racism, violates the most fundamental facts of science as well as of Catholic philosophy and theology. Christians should pray that as Our Divine Lord Himself used suffering and persecution as a means of redemption and salvation for all men, so the Jews may turn the persecution which they are now enduring into a like means of redemption and of reunion with the one, true Church of Christ. It will be at least a matter of interest for our readers to know that among persecuted Jews in Germany and Austria today there are approximately 12,000 Jewish Catholics.

January 25. "The Missionary Conquest of the world for Christ." The last intention for Church Unity Week cites the particular purpose for which Jesuit Missions, Jesuit missionaries and our own JESUIT MISSIONS magazine exists. In addition to the prayers requested by His Holiness, we suggest as a practical proof of missionary zeal that our readers make JESUIT MISSIONS known to others and by subscriptions to the same, guarantee a greater knowledge, love and support of Catholic missionary endeavor around the world.

Afield with American Jesuits

PATNA, INDIA

Father Frank Welzmler, S.J., of Buxar on the Ganges still continues to forge ahead in his work among the Untouchables in his district. In a recent report he says:

"Baptisms have been proceeding steadily since November. Now they are over the two hundred and fifty mark. This brings the year's total of my Baptisms to about one thousand three hundred, scattered in a twenty-five mile circle. Right now the heavy rains which have flooded the countryside and the damp heat make traveling far from practical. However, three days ago I went out and signed up a village of over one hundred people for instruction.

"The mud and water make village life miserable now. The people are out standing in the water, transplanting rice, rain or shine, for eight cents or less a day. This is scarcely enough to live on, even in India. Many fall sick and must lie in their stuffy, dirty, windowless, often leaky mud huts, till they live down the disease, or are released by the merciful hand of death.

"These are the poor of India who are gradually turning an ear to Christ's call. From them we can expect no help materially in planting Christ's Kingdom here in the midst of Hinduism. It is the American home missionary's privilege to share in the good work by helping the man in the field to carry on. God's providence is his only hope. May he inspire you to become a silent partner in winning these souls for Christ from the devil who is so active in this land of idols and sin."

* * *

Father Michael D. Lyons, S.J., writes from Gaya that his work among the Untouchables is also progressing nicely:

"This winter I hope to reap a harvest we have been planting and watering for the last six months or so. This should mean a nice group of Baptisms. I am starting my campaign of Baptisms already. I would like to hire a few more catechists but that is dependent upon cash which is scarce. I have an old Ford but can seldom use it for want of money for gasoline. So you see money is important. It oils up our machinery."

* * *

From St. Xavier's, Patna, where he is recovering from a serious illness, Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., writes:

"I am still in bed. I really believe, though, that I am getting better. Even in bed I am trying to get a bamboo basket business started. If successful (and it should be) it would double the earning powers of my Dom (De-

pressed Class) tribe. It's worth praying for."

* * *

Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Godda, keeps on visiting his district despite the rains and floods. He writes:

"I drove down to Poreya yesterday afternoon, and to my surprise found Father John A. Morrison, S.J., there to greet me. His love for the Santal mission and its people is as great as



"*Brave Bear Cub*" was the Indian name given to Gabby Hartnett, manager of the Chicago Cubs, on a recent visit to St. Francis Mission, South Dakota. Father M. A. Connell, S.J., (left), Superior of the Mission, and Father J. V. Fallon, S.J., (right), director of the Boys' Band which attracted *Brave Bear Cub* to the Mission.

ever; so he seems pleased with his appointment to Poreya, though it was a surprise to me, and I believe it was to him too. I spent the evening with him and Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J., and drove home in the evening. It had not rained for a day and the roads were dry enough to enable me to get down with a motorcycle. We have had rains this year the like of which this region does not often see. The monsoon started about two months early at the beginning of May, and the rain has been going ever since. My well is filled with dirty water at Godda. The earth is softening under the buildings and the walls are falling. Gokhla school is finding greater difficulties than we. Father P. L. Frank, S.J., writes that the Santal school and church is hardly safe. The water level seems to be at the surface of the ground right now, and still it stops raining only to start again. Yet, I found one of my Santal Christians

sleeping on his *parkomb* (bed) last week. He explained that his rice field was not wet enough to plow. The two Santal catechists who were with me enjoyed that one about as much as I did. They are a happy go-lucky race, courteous and hospitable, but improvident."

AMERICAN INDIANS

The demands that Christmas makes upon the Indian missionaries is told by Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., in a recent letter:

"When we celebrated the Golden Jubilee of Holy Rosary Mission this year, we missionaries thanked God for our dear friends and renewed our intention of continuing the good work of the missions.

"Holy Rosary is the central Mission. In those fifty years, nearly thirty stations with chapels and missions were started and must be continued. Not only the big Mission School with about four hundred and thirty children must go on, the stations also must be looked after with many children in day schools.

"My eight stations keep me busy and demand much traveling. Now when Christmas comes children and grown-up Indians expect the Father to put in a good word with Santa Claus for gifts. Such must be practical and useful. I would like to donate a good, nice picture of the Sacred Heart to every family to have God's blessing in their home. Prayer books, rosaries, medals are always in demand. The old Indians, however, appreciate most some smokes, matches or warm clothing. Indian women cry for remnants, patches, quilts and children's garments. Little 'Injuns' enjoy the toys and dolls as much as their White companions.

"My traveling Christmas Crib will enter upon its twenty-second round trip this coming Christmas season. It goes from chapel to chapel. All the Indians come to it after Mass to show reverence and joy. It is their custom to place a little offering at the feet of the Christ Child. Our friends would be deeply moved to see the faith and respect these poor Indians show toward the new-born Savior."

* * *

At St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota, on September 8, Brother Wendelin Waible, S.J., celebrated his fiftieth anniversary in the Society of Jesus. Born in Germany, Brother Waible lived in Boston before applying for admission to the old Buffalo Mission. He came to St. Francis Mission and except for a few years at Santa Clara University on the coast, has labored here ever since as boys' infirmarian or community re-

fectorian.

A Lakota Grammar, a work of three hundred and sixty pages on the Teton Sioux language, has been completed by Father Eugene Buechel, S.J. It is expected that the book will have an excellent sale to universities and learned societies, for Father Buechel is one of the greatest authorities on the language, and is one of the few white men who can speak Lakota fluently.

In the office of head Prefect, James E. Whitehead, S.J., has succeeded Everette J. Morgan, S.J., who is now studying Theology.

First-day registration was larger by fifty than in any previous year. High school and upper-grade school students helped pick a crop of two thousand two hundred bushels of potatoes grown on the Mission farm. The potatoes were stored in Brother Joseph Parry's cellars to supply a staple at winter meals for our four hundred and fifty hungry Sioux boys and girls.

IRAQ

Father Frank B. Sarjeant, S.J., Vice Rector of Baghdad College, Iraq, offers the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* some interesting and practical hints on how to become a missionary.

"Wait patiently for several hours after the time appointed by the chauffeur who has agreed to take you from Baghdad to Mosul. When he comes, try to find a hole in the luggage piled on the car by natives who think that every automobile is a truck. As you bounce across the pontoon bridge and pass the golden domes and minarets of Khadimain, realize that you are in a land that for centuries has been predominantly Moslem. Recall the days when myriads of monks filled the countless Christian monasteries that covered this land. Settle back in the hole that deep ruts and constant bouncing have made for you, and prepare yourself for twelve to fifteen hours of desert heat and dust. And as you grow thirstier and thirstier, you might think with profit of Christ and the well at Samaria, and of Iraq's urgent need of water.

"Arrived at Mosul, go down Nineveh Street to the garage and haggle with the drivers for a place in a car to Zakho. Do your best; even then you will get no bargain. Across the gently rolling hills to the north, keep your eyes wide open. For if it is spring, they may feast on the red and yellow and purple carpets of flowers that nature has strewn across these green fields. Be not surprised if the poppies dominate and their deep red takes your eyes. For that is symbolic. What more natural than that these hills which have been drinking the blood of martyrs for hundreds of years should have a leaning for dark red poppies? Over the mountain ridge and

down in the valley by the river, at Zakho, pay your chauffeur, resist his pitiful appeals for *bakshish* and meet Father Thomas, a young and zealous Chaldean priest educated by the Dominicans at Mosul.

"Be not jealous of his horsemanship; he has had more practice than you. Follow him and his seven armed companions—not merely a guard of honor in these mountains where shepherds replace the pipe and flute of Pan with the very latest thing in rifles. Father Thomas will lead you across the mountains up towards the Turkish frontier to the little Chaldean village of Birsevi, where Khouri Yonan, the village priest, and Misho, the village chief, will soon repair the wear and tear of this strange journey. Sitting around the burdened table in Misho's

years of persecution has dried their tears and brought them strength and consolation. Only to such men will it ever be known what the *Abouna* means to them. The pathos of a whole race is in that word. Say good-by to Birsevi and Khouri and Misho. And when for weeks and months you hear *Abouna* ringing in your ears like the sound of a distant bell, do not stifle it. It is the call of Christ."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Edward F. O'Keefe, S.J., Pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Windward Road, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., sends a few snapshots of life in Jamaica:

"The Silver Jubilee of Holy Rosary



Before a home-made hut in the mountains of Inishk, Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J., center, with Fathers and Scholastics of Baghdad College, steals a respite from a year of arduous labor.

diwan, look around at these village notables. Know that you are being honored in a special way by having one of Misho's sons as table server. Karim is his name and the two belts of cartridges he carries around his waist are no mere ornaments. He is only fifteen years old but already he knows that life is no game in these parts. If he rides and shoots well, it is for protection, not for sport. Lend an ear to his elders as they tell you how they stood on the church roof and defended successfully their lives and homes in days gone by against invaders; how they are loyal children of the Catholic Church and its Supreme Pontiff; how they are ready any time to lay down their lives for their Faith. For it is not mere talk.

"But listen most attentively when they call the priest '*Abouna*' (Father). For two centuries now the *Abouna* has fathered them and for a thousand

celebrated during the month of October, will long be remembered by the parishioners who took part in the many and various activities which were held. His Lordship, Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., auspiciously began the ceremonies by saying Mass for the living and dead members of the parish. Before Holy Mass he congratulated the members for their splendid support and fine spirit of co-operation. An inspiring sermon was delivered by Father Leo Butler, S.J.

"On the night of October 2, His Lordship conducted the services in honor of the Little Flower. He spoke to a large and attentive audience. On October 9, the Sunday within the Octave of the feast of the Holy Rosary, a special High Mass was sung at eight o'clock. At 4:30 in the afternoon there was a Living Rosary Procession. Little children made up the decades; larger children formed the *Pater Nosters*. Each in turn recited the



Father John A. Morrison, S.J., and some native boys and girls. Father Morrison has recently been assigned to Poreya Hat, India.

Hail Mary and the Our Father; in the center of the Living Rosary were Fathers Joseph Krim, S.J., James Armitage, S.J., and myself, who recited the *Glorias*. The Rosary wended its way about the grounds and entered the church. Here Father Krim preached on the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. After this excellent sermon, Solemn Benediction was celebrated. On the following Sunday, there was a High Mass sung and the evening services were in honor of the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

"On October 7, the Infant School celebrated the feast by going on a picnic at Hope Garden. In the class room, excitement increased daily as the days brought Friday closer, and when at last they were all packed in the bus and well on their way, their little hearts seemed hardly able to contain their joy at the fact that their first picnic was a reality. The various games played and the frequent call of the school bell for refreshments were interesting features. But the best of days must come to an end, and so when the bus drew up at the school, it brought back a crowd of tired but happy children. On October 31, a Hallowe'en social was enjoyed by the Holy Rosary Club."

CHINA

Father Leo-Paul Bourassa, S.J., of the Lower Canadian Province, writes from Tientsin:

"Father Oscar Doyon, S.J., and Brother Oscar Gauvin, S.J., have returned to Süchow. I'm expecting a word from them any day now, telling me what sort of a trip they had. Fathers Rosarius Renaud, S.J., and

Adrian Sansoucy, S.J., seem to be 'en route' for Tientsin and, according to all prognostications, they will probably arrive at Süchow before I will. The way that things are going, I think that I will have the good fortune of meeting the newcomers who are landing at Yokohama on October 4."

* * *

Leo Valois, S.J., is the only Scholastic now in Süchow, Aloysius Bouchard, S.J., Ernest Lalande, S.J., Leonard Levesque, S.J., and Cleo Ricard, S.J., having started their theology. Messrs. Bouchard and Lalande have come back to Canada and are now stationed at Montreal, while Messrs. Levesque and Ricard are studying theology at Zikawei, near Shanghai.

The news has come from Süchow that Father Albert L'Heureux, S.J., has had the visit of a band of brigands who took away almost everything he had. Father Armand Proulx, S.J., who was visiting Father L'Heureux at the time met with the same fate, though his loss was much less. The brigands climbed over the wall at night, terrified the servants to impotency, cornered the two Fathers and while some were watching the surroundings, the rest ransacked the place. The brigands, it was said, carried away practically everything but the two Fathers and the sacred vessels.

Communications between Süchow and the outside world were resumed after an interruption of almost five months. It is reported though, that the ordinary route from Shanghai to Süchow by way of Nanking and Pengpu is still impracticable. All travelers must use the northern route which is either by way of Tsingtao or Tientsin and then Tsinan and Süchow.

* * *

News of how the California Jesuits celebrated at Shanghai the tenth anniversary of their arrival in China is contained in a letter from Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J.:

"We celebrated the anniversary here at Gonzaga with a big dinner, with twenty-two American Jesuits present. The new men had just arrived and brought with them many thoughtful little presents which Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., had gathered for the occasion. That added something of a Christmas spirit to the festivities and we spent a very enjoyable day together. Unfortunately, the other Californians scattered about the country could not get in for the feast. Fathers John A. Lennon, S.J., and Thomas Phillips, S.J., were the only two of the original group who were present. We had a group picture taken and one will be forwarded to you in the near future. I will try to get some other pictures for you also. Some of the younger men should be sending in a few articles on school life later.

"We began the school year with just about a thousand children under

our care. There are 580 in the primary school and 315 in the middle school of whom 89 are boarders packed in an old army hut. We have an excellent group of boys in the middle school,—intelligent, lively and very serious in their studies,—a group that any school in the world would be proud of. Our only hope now is that we will be left in peace to carry on our work. Like the rest of the world, we are anxiously waiting for the turn of things in Europe. We cannot even imagine what would happen to us if things break out over there, but we have confidence in Divine Providence and know that we will be taken care of.

"We are most grateful for the twenty-five Masses which were taken care of immediately as we were down to zero when they arrived. The Columban Fathers have helped us a great deal with Masses during the past year, but they tell me that the supply is diminishing each month now. We have five priests in the Community and often we wonder how we are going to get Masses for their support, but there again Divine Providence has taken care of us and when we get down to the last Mass something comes along. Keep us in mind when you have a few extras."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The following letters are only a small number of those which have been forwarded in appreciation of refrigerators which were sent to the



Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., new Pastor of Stamm Creek, British Honduras. On a recent visit to his new post he solved the catechism problem by his movies and some shrewd thinking.

Fathers in Mindanao through the work of **Father E. Paul Amy, S.J.**, Business Editor of **JESUIT MISSIONS**.

From His Excellency, **Most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J.**, Bishop of Cagayan:

"It is too bad that you cannot listen in on Mindanao these days and hear the exclamations of joy as the ice boxes arrive. Please pardon the name 'ice boxes' but that is what we call them since we wish everybody to know that now we have *ice*. And you know what that means in a country like this. The big shipment came here last Tuesday and the neighboring Fathers came in to claim their share. Faces beamed as each one claimed his ice box, etc. Again let me express my very sincere gratitude to you for this gift that will mean so much to Father Secretary and myself. May the good Lord reward such charity! I hope you received my Clipper letter of thanks and that the note to the benefactors reached them before the closing of school."

From **Father John A. Pollock, S.J.**, parish priest of Mambajao, Or. Misamis:

"Having now experienced the Electrolux for a bit over two weeks, I can *sumpay* the thanks I sent before. It is a great comfort. Take today for instance. The morning started at 4:00 a.m., with confessions and Holy Communion for the early birds—a substitute for the milkmen's Mass, or something of the kind. With time out for a shave about 5:00, confessions were steady until 6:15, then a High Mass and sermon, then to a *barrio* by horse and buggy, confessions, Mass, sermon, a blessing, a sick call, two Baptisms, breakfast at 10:00 (I won't attempt to describe that breakfast—it was good in spots! for a hungry parson!) very warm water to top off with, and just imagine the thirst I had by that time!

"Just got home in time to go off on a sick call in the other direction. During the past years this often happened, and my throat just stayed parched for two or three days, but thanks to your Electrolux, it was cured at once. Ordinarily, I would not eat on a day like this and no dinner was prepared for me. But as the breakfast had not been up to the mark, about 2:00 p.m., I was famished. In other times it would have been a case of suffer it, or make a fire and cook, etc., quite a wait. But there was plenty inside the ice box to satisfy my needs. And so it goes.

"Outside of my trip to Manila last year for retreat, I doubt if I had had ice cream twenty-five times since September, 1929, and how good it does taste now! Yes, thanks again and again to you and your generous collaborators."

Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., stationed at St. Augustin's Cathedral, Cagayan, writes:

"I placed the refrigerator up the

day it came and my cook tried out ice cream the very first day. Since then we have had fresh butter, our canned milk will keep once it is opened, the meat is tender, fruit will not spoil in a day, etc. The Servel has given very fine service at about five *pesos* a month expense. The saving amounts to much more than that. I can tell you that this was one of the really big days for us all—when those crates came rolling in. You can imagine what a different place it is making Sumilao. With a refrigerator to keep food, it is becoming *the* place to make a retreat; and just this past week, **Francis Renz, S.J.**, one of the Scholastics, spent a week there recuperating from a nervous run-down condition. In the old days of foodless Sumilao this would have been impossible. Tomorrow is the Vow Day of **Father Harold Murphy, S.J.**, and while they are at a Lourdes' program in his honor, I am writing this letter, having just finished preparing a cold drink for the Fathers to enjoy after the program—something also very rare in the 'old days'—refrigeratorless days. Life will really be a different thing for many of the Fathers. God bless you! You have made Mindanao life into a new and better thing by an overnight revolution of ice!"

From **Father John R. O'Connell, S. J.**, at Tangub, Occ. Misamis, comes the following:

"The Servel makes life so pleasant, even in Tangub, that we can forget our exile more easily. Really, I have to alter my cuisine. I am going to get some chunks of meat and let them relax in the box before cooking. There will be less grinding of 'spring cow-meat' to make it fit for chewing. I may be able to get local pork chops and beefsteaks. A 'cow' is killed in the market on Sundays; a pig every morning. The butchery is a gory affair. Perhaps I may be able to teach the 'butcher' as he is called here, and get some civilized cuts. I've thrown off the water from the butter; am planning to buy a small pitcher to replace the can of evaporated, opened at the table, as needed; and have actually used up an old package of Jello which was awaiting just such a second spring for Tangub.

"Come and see us sometime and share our ice-cubes, cold butter and a cool drink to your taste. Meanwhile, throw in a few prayers during your Holy Hours. I do not forget you."

ALASKA

Transferred from Kotzebue, the most northern mission post in Alaska, to Holy Cross Mission, **Father Francis M. Menager, S.J.**, gives an account of his first few months there:

"I would have written long before this, but a sudden change took place in my career; from the Arctic shores I was shipped, guns and baggage, to the garden spot of the Yukon, our



Father John A. Pollock, S.J., Pastor of Mambajao, Or. Misamis, P. I., carrying the Blessed Sacrament, starts on a sick call to the barrio village of Tupsan.

Mission of Holy Cross.

"Put in charge there in July, I have been ever since a busy man: buildings had to be repaired and painted, and a thousand other details took my attention; now things are quieting a bit since we have seen the last boat and we expect the ice to start flowing down the Yukon almost any time.

"One thing we are proud of now is the inside of our church. It was repainted from top to bottom and decorated by the boys and girls of Holy Cross under the direction of the Fathers and Sisters and Brothers; and the pupils did a splendid job. Then to complete the renovation of the interior we built a good size furnace in the basement, dug for the occasion. Good Brother John Hess, S.J., was the engineer and he did a fine job, and good Brother Hugo Horan, S.J., is our fireman and he keeps us nice and warm.

"Many years ago when I was located here, I often had to use a cloth to hold the ciborium otherwise I would have pretty nearly frozen my fingers; we only had two little stoves then and they were not adequate to heat the church. We have a student body of one hundred and twenty-five Eskimo and Indian children and it takes a great deal of food stuff to feed these hungry mouths. This year, thank God, the gardens were better than ever. We raised almost ten tons of vegetables, cabbage, celery, carrots, beats, turnips and even in the green house tomatoes and cucumbers, whilst the potatoes, a thing very much needed, amounted to sixty tons . . . but it takes work and work and more work to raise all that under often very trying conditions. For the first time in the history of Holy Cross, it rained practically all summer and it made it very unpleasant to work in the gardens. But for the potatoes, we made a point of obtaining dry weather from St. Joseph and, though at times the skies looked threatening, the good

Saint managed to stop the cataracts of Heaven just long enough for us to get in our crop.

"I have two fine Scholastics here for prefecting and training our boys: Gregory Landon, S.J., and William McIntyre, S.J. They are learning Eskimo under my 'able' guidance. A few words present slight difficulties to them, for instance, this one: *ashilinerchestinnakomatlimtne*—one word. In the Our Father, it means: *When we are tempted to sin. Good one, is it not?*"

* * *

Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, writes:

"Many thanks for your very encouraging words regarding our poor efforts here. I assure you that they hit the right spot and, incidentally, were much needed to keep up our hopes. Our last year or two here have been full of worries and little troubles in different ways. Oh, nothing serious, I guess one should not be so childish. But as you know, I imagine, big men have big worries and small men small ones. Yet relatively, our small worries bother us every bit as much as the big ones bother the larger fry.

"We are just finishing our new Convent for the Sisters. Due to the fact that our building material was dumped on us here when the short summer season was just about over, August 13 to be exact, we have had an awful time with the weather. I guess we set a new high when we went out carpentering in hip boots and raincoats. We simply could not lay off under penalty of having the snow catch us without a roof over our heads and so we simply had to roll up the sleeves and go to it. My helpers are all Eskimos from my Mission here, and only one of them is some kind of a carpenter; all the rest can hit a nail much better with their rifles than with a little claw hammer."

* * *

BRITISH HONDURAS

Making the daily supply of tortillas seemed to be occupying so much of their day that many of the married ladies in Orange Walk were finding it difficult to be regular members of the Rosary Sodality. Sister Servula, Superioress of the Pallotine Sisters in Orange Walk, knowing well the women of this district, and knowing the correct formula that could be used in the daily order of events whereby Maya women could both make tortillas and still attend Rosary Sodality meetings, went about among the married ladies to reveal the secret of this simple formula. Result: when Very Reverend Father Superior, Father Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., went for a visit to that town about the feast of St. Ann, he found some sixty women ready for reception into the Sodality, and he found a large number of the older members more regular

in attendance than they were before.

* * *

Having watched the splendid influence of the C. Y. O. upon the Catholic boys of the central United States, and realizing that boys are boys the world over, Father Marion Ganey, S.J., set about bringing before the boys of Holy Redeemer Parish in Belize, the advantages of this organization almost as soon as he had arrived in the Central American port a year ago. He began by conducting a quite successful Golden Glove Boxing Tournament. The boys who took part in these contests, many more who watched from the ring side, and a



Of interest to his many friends will be the news that Father Joseph A. McGowan, S.J., (right) of the Province of Maryland-New York, has been transferred to the Residence of St. Francis Xavier, Exhibition Road, Patna District, India. Father McGowan began his missionary career on the great Island of Mindanao, southern Philippines. Until his recent change, he had been attached to Mount Carmel Church, Mirzapur Road, Ahmedabad, Bombay Residence, British India.

good number of people interested in Catholic youth, saw immediately how fine would be the effect of such an organization among the boys of this little isolated capital of British Honduras. The idea has grown under Father Ganey's care. This year the Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament is much larger and an assured success, has an appeal for many more young boys, and is watched with greater interest by a larger number of sympathetic well wishers. Boxing is not all that C. Y. O. had accomplished in Belize.

It has a fixed organization, and regular meetings for many boys, who until now have not had many supervised means of recreation. A basketball tournament that stirred city interest was played and developed some lively competition. In fact, the interest was so contagious that the young ladies asked if they also could have a basketball tournament. A brand new venture as far as the Colony is concerned, is a Delivery Boys' Service which has more recently been introduced. The merchants and private persons in town have shown that they realize what an advantage such a cooperative scheme is to themselves and to the boys who derive profit by it.

* * *

Father John Halligan, S.J., former Pastor of Stann Creek, is now Chaplain of the Pallotine Sisters, whose local Novitiate is in Punta Gorda, where he is also acting as Assistant Pastor and missionary. Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., is now Pastor in place of the late Father Herman Tenk, S.J. Father Joseph Wade, S.J., latest arrival in the Mission has been assigned to Corozal where he will have his headquarters and whence he will go to visit the many Maya villages scattered along the Caribbean Sea and New River.

* * *

Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., is now Pastor of the Stann Creek district in British Honduras, but three months ago, when he went there, he went merely as a visitor. On that occasion he wanted to treat the children of the Stann Creek school to a show of some motion pictures of the Colony which he himself had taken. But it is so very hard to get regulation movie tickets in Stann Creek. Then, too, these same Carib children have been having much difficulty in supplying themselves with the penny catechism that is all important for their early religious studies. Maybe there could be some connection between the two. Can you think of any? Father Stevenson did. To gain admission to the motion picture show, each little Carib school child would have to show his penny catechism. That would be his admission ticket. Simple, isn't it? So Father Stevenson sent away for several hundred little catechisms. Need we add that even the smallest Carib child waved a catechism at Father Stevenson one Sunday afternoon as all filed into the school hall which became the temporary theatre, air-conditioned by the Caribbean breezes that sweep in from the sea about a hundred yards away. The children had a pleasant afternoon; Father Stevenson instructed them in some of the geography of their own Colony which they had not known and, best of all, the teaching Sisters of the Holy Family are rejoicing that now every pupil in school has his catechism book.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Catholic Charity!

To the Editor:

JESUIT MISSIONS!—this is the tenth small check I have made out today—sorry, but the other missions have their special plea, also I can't afford it this year—perhaps next will be more plentiful. If our home charities would not load us up with tickets so plentifully for their events, the strain would not be acute. I am in St. Columbans, Maryknoll, Graymoor, St. Joseph's (colored) Mission, Richmond, Va., Marquette, Bishop Ford's, Kayang, China, and four charitable societies in Brooklyn. I am explaining so you will not think I am indifferent—when through with JESUIT MISSIONS, a shut-in gets it, also other Catholic publications. A Happy Christmas—am not worthy to be remembered in Novena.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Name Withheld.

We take this occasion publicly to thank the writer of this letter whose charity is Catholic, universal. Who could be more worthy of our gratitude and of a remembrance in the Novena of Masses which was offered for the friends of JESUIT MISSIONS from December 17 to December 25, inclusive!—EDITOR.

Echo and Re-echo

To the Editor:

I have much pleasure in enclosing to you herewith money order, value one pound (South African), as my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS and I may state that I highly appreciate the contents of the magazine which has reached me continually for the past year.

Johannesburg, South Africa.

Mrs. E. Sheehan.

To the Editor:

Having read one of your articles in "The Catholic Digest," and never having seen your magazine, I wonder if you have a sample copy of JESUIT MISSIONS you can send me.

Monessen, Pa.

John Destefano

Hidden Generosity

To the Editor:

Periodically the JESUIT MISSIONS will be receiving money from me; these donations are intended and must be forwarded to missionaries in some form or other. If this money is not being used for the aid of the missionaries, please state so; therefore these donations must be for the aid of the Jesuit missionaries.

Enclosed is a check for five dollars (\$5.00) of which amount \$1.00 is for a thanksgiving Mass.

In the future I will merely forward a check to you without any letter assuming that you are certain for whom it is intended.

Please do not send me any letters of acknowledgment or thanks; if you wish to thank me, just say a prayer for me occasionally and refrain from writing.

Pennsylvania.

Name Withheld.

We are publishing the above letter to express our gratitude to the donor and to comply with the expressed wish that no letters be written. We also hope that the above letter may stimulate others to go and do in like manner. For all such benefactors of the missions we are happy to express our gratitude in prayer. In passing may we note that another "periodical check" has been received from our correspondent.—EDITOR.

Arm Chair Travel

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a dollar to renew my husband's subscription. In order that the year remain unbroken, won't you please, when time permits, forward the missing copies? I really enjoy keeping up going around the world with the Jesuits. The work they do in all parts of the globe is of great interest and should not be lost sight of. This year I intend, when finished reading, to place my copies over in the Public Library and in this manner bring to the attention of readers, who otherwise might never be able to get acquainted with our Society of Jesus, the fine work they are doing in all parts of our continent.

God bless you and keep you forever close to His Loving Heart. Many thanks for all your beautiful prayers.

St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Amanda M. Planthold.

Stimulating

To the Editor:

Enclosed find check for \$2.00—\$1.00 subscription dues for JESUIT MISSIONS—delightful reading for heart and mind especially when one comes from the class room, rather worn out, appropriate preparation for spiritual observances, inspiring for the Divine Office—and \$1.00 for two sets of your nine Martyr pamphlets. One set is in circulation among the Nuns; the second, which we beg you to forward, will be welcome food for our upper grade boys and girls.

Wish we could scatter such literature and send you another check with some zeros to our Eucharistic King and Pay-Master, Who carries a lavish account particularly for His own Society; vivat, crescat, floreat! In prayerful remembrance.

Columbus, Ohio.

Ursuline Nuns.

Children's Sacrifice

To the Editor:

Thanks to the sacrifice of the pupils of my class, the appeal for a renewal of my subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS will be heard. Your two letters were read to the class and voluntarily they decided to raise \$1.00 for this purpose. To children of their class this sacrifice costs, for they are not blessed with this world's goods. But their love for the missions together with their interest in this magazine, from which occasionally stories are read to them, has prompted this act.

After the class has used the magazine, it is usually carried home where an older brother or sister is able to profit by its contents. We are sorry that many more subscriptions cannot be added to this one. Daily the children remember all missionary priests by the recitation of the beautiful prayer for priests, "O Jesus, Eternal Priest, etc."

Louisville, Ky.

Sister Margaret Eulalia.

A Budding Vocation

To the Editor:

Enclosed check for \$1.00 which I believe is the yearly subscription rate.

I have two boys fourteen and sixteen who enjoy your paper and I hope some day they too may take their place in the mission field.

May I ask if there are any books or pamphlets published describing the work of the different Orders? One of my boys is thinking of the priesthood but has in mind mission work and I would like to provide him with informative material.

Royal Oak, Mich.

J. F. K.

Graceful Gesture

To the Editor:

Enclosed is money order \$1.50, covering "Al Baghdadi" received yesterday.

What a book! This one is for a gift but I think my own worn copy will have to be replaced soon. Apropos, Father, my eleven year old niece and a few of her friends "fell" so completely for these tales that we spent many a gleeful half hour last winter taking turns reading aloud from "Al Baghdadi." I trust our atrocious attempts at pronunciation did not detract from good intentions, because each of these reading periods was offered up for the missionaries. Though concrete evidence is lacking, the desert is well sprinkled. And pasted in the front of my book is this "Prayer for Priests."

Re: November JESUIT MISSIONS. It is splendid, Father. Would it be possible to furnish me three additional copies?

The main reason for not circulating the one I have is that I plan to submit to the next meeting of our Discussion Club your informative, concise remarks on Racism. From a second copy, the excellent clipping shall go into a scrap book.

Then, a Boston friend who has often spoken of two missionaries mentioned in "Baghdad Looks Ahead" will, I feel sure, welcome that article.

The whereabouts of Father Edmund Anabel, S. J., will interest another friend, now a Religious, in whose company it was my good fortune to attend Father's first Solemn High Mass and the reception.

All these photographs and little intimate notes in the magazine are enjoyed by those who at home miss and pray for the courageous laborers in distant Vineyards.

Please send me, also, two copies of "Why Are Jews Persecuted," and as many copies of "The Mass of the Missions" as will be covered by the remaining half of the enclosed paper dollar.

"The Mass of the Missions" is very, very popular here. My gesture of passing it out has become such a habit that I find it difficult to retain a copy for myself.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Veronica C. Burke.

"A Leper Am I—"

Joseph I. Stoffel, S.J.

*A leper am I; torn away
From the home of my love,
I live in Culion, banished,
In the isle of Sorrow.*

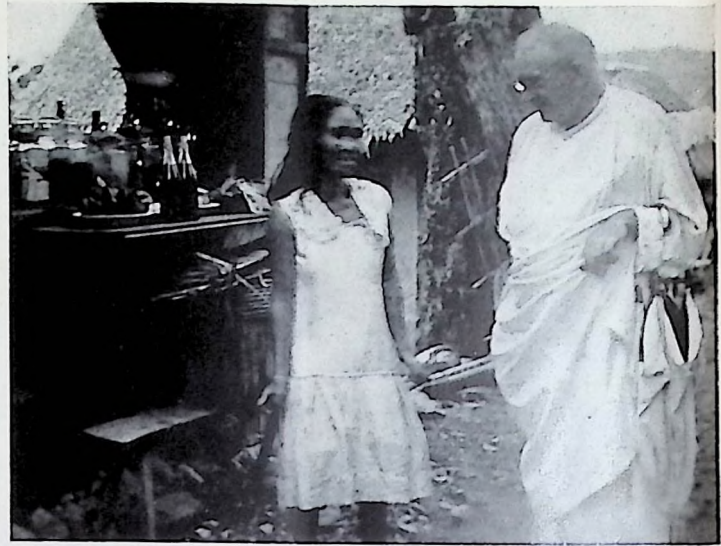
Culion Leper Song.

ON our return from morning Mass to the chaplain's house, Father Hugh McNulty, S.J., and I stopped at the morgue to see if there were any bodies to be blessed. This is a daily duty as there is usually at least one corpse in the morgue every day. One of Father Francis Rello's chief consolations is that he usually "gets" them before they die. And so, when the chaplain recognizes a corpse as that of a person to whom the last sacraments were given, he performs the last blessing in the morgue when he makes this visit on the way to breakfast after Mass. There is no further ceremony.

At a stated time every day, leper workmen employed by the Government for the purpose, carry to the cemetery all the bodies which happen to be in the morgue and bury them. Embalming is extremely rare, and the body is buried the day after death. The morgue is a simple little house with a concrete floor and shelves along the walls. The corpses were at one time simply wrapped in sheets, but rats used to come during the night and gnaw at the corpses, so simple coffins are now provided to prevent this.

LATER in the morning we took a trip around the Island in the mission truck and took some pictures of the landscape. The Island of Culion in its natural scenery, if you view it from a sufficient distance to allow the sordid details to fade into the landscape, is beautiful beyond description,—an emerald mountain set in a sapphire sea. It is inspiring almost to the point of ecstasy to sit upon the rustic veranda of the chaplains' house in the evening, peeping through the vines of bouganvilla whose ruddy flowers mingle harmoniously with the green of the foliage in the foreground, and to look down from this hillside perch upon the sea, whose blue waters are tinged with orange from the setting sun and bordered with the bright greenish-yellow of a coral reef slightly submerged along the shore, with a background of purple mountains on distant islands, and over all, brilliant wadsof-cotton clouds floating lazily in the tropical air.

We also visited a dormitory building for girls built by our Fathers and conducted by the Sisters. The poor leper kids are certainly as gay as any normal children and many are quite pretty. In another part of the colony there is a similar house built by our Fathers for homeless boys. It is horrible to think of what these happy, attractive youngsters will look like when they grow up.



Father Francis X. Rello, S.J., talks to the keeper of a candy shop in Culion Leper Colony, Philippines.

Their youth, however, gives them a good chance for a "cure."

There are quite a number of "cures." The doctors call them "negative cases," because it is not absolutely certain yet that the treatment really cures, and there have been some relapses. Some doctors contend that there is no such thing as a cure for leprosy.

In the afternoon we took a trip into the interior of the Island where there is a large, fertile plain enclosed by the mountains around the shore. The interior of the Island is also very beautiful. Going through the mountains, one would never think that he is on a small island. There is a fairly good unpaved road built by American Army engineers at one time when they planned putting an airplane landing field in this interior plain. This plain has been made into farm land by the Government for "negative" tenants who do not wish to leave Culion after they have been pronounced "cured." Some stay merely because they have come to like life on this beautiful Island, and others because it is difficult to live among healthy people if one has once been a leper.

RETURNING to the chaplains' house we passed several of the hospitals and heard the patients reciting the rosary. Each building has its own little shrine, and before this they say the rosary every evening. This, as well as the fact that the majority of the hospital inmates receive Holy Communion daily, is another tribute to the work of the Fathers and Sisters.

As we sat down to supper we heard the church bell ring the "morality curfew," which is a signal for all the policemen of the colony to blow their whistles. This is a warning that anyone found in a strange house between 7:00 p.m. and 5:00 a.m. is liable to arrest, according to a colony ordinance. The purpose of the ordinance is to prevent concubinage.

One morning the Prefect Apostolic brought Holy Communion to the inmates of the hospitals and I accompanied him. The "Viaticum Procession" (so called because for at least one of the patients nearly every day this reception of the Blessed Sacrament is Viaticum)

consists of four or five small leper boys in red cassocks, with bell and candles, followed by the priest with the ciborium. Brother Marianus Busque, S.J., holds the communion plate. They start out about 5:00 a.m. and must finish before 6:00 a.m., when the hospital patients receive their breakfast.

Later, Brother Busque and I took a stroll along the beach where we saw boys fishing with bow and arrow. They were swimming on the surface, face submerged, looking through the water with water-proof glasses. When they see a fish they shoot him with a spear shot from a sort of tubular sling-shot with an elastic bow string at one end,—all under water. In these clear tropical waters, fish, both edible and fancy, can be seen in abundance. From the wharf I saw several kinds of fancy fish which are considered quite a prize in *aquaira* throughout the world. We had brought swimming suits along and the clear, blue water was very tempting, but we were discouraged from taking a swim when we heard that these waters were infested with sharks.

We also visited the chemical plant where the medicine for leprosy treatment is prepared. The treatment consists of hypodermic injections of a chaulmoogra oil preparation. This injection causes violent irritations which are very painful, and those patients who are so infirm that they cannot take injections are given the preparation in the form of pills.

WE also visited an American private foundation in the colony, the Wood Memorial Laboratory. Dr. Wade, an American, was its head at the time of our visit. The purpose of this foundation is not to help the lepers directly, for it is a research institution for the study of leprosy.

Since Culion is the largest leper colony in the world, it is an excellent place for the study of the disease. This laboratory has made valuable contributions to the study of leprosy. A research worker showed us some leprosy bacilli in a microscope. The bacillus is similar to that of tuberculosis. Those we saw were dead, of course. So far it has been found impossible to cultivate the Leprosy bacillus outside the human body. It dies as soon as it leaves the human organism, and it will live in neither artificial cultures nor in the bodies of animals. There is an animal disease called leprosy, but it is so called only by analogy, for it is a different disease. Leprosy is truly a disease of man.

Mr. McManus had the interesting experience of attending a sick call with Father McNulty. It was an advanced case of both leprosy and tuberculosis. As the dying man was having violent hemorrhages, Mr. McManus found it rather trying on the stomach, especially since they had been called during dinner.

Father McNulty, despite his gruesome work, had retained a marvelous good humor and his ready Irish wit. The Sisters, too, I noticed, were very cheerful and gay amid the most loathsome surroundings. This work is certainly a vocation within a vocation. Father Rello,

with his Spaniard's love of the poetic, says that the foul smells are as perfume to his nostrils and the rough stones (upon which he has had bad falls many times) are as beds of roses under his feet.

I am conscious of having presented in these notes a very incomplete picture of Culion, but I have tried to look at things objectively and to set them down in just the way they became known to me. So many things must remain untold. For instance, to the question whether or not the lepers are content with their life in the colony, my observations can give no answer. Certainly they seemed content. All I met were very pleasant and affable. They are very reverent to the clergy. And when a healthy person walks into their midst they step aside quickly so that the healthy person may not be embarrassed by direct contact with them. They do this in a gracious manner, too, that does not betray any sign of bitterness. On the other hand, a goodly number have been sufficiently dissatisfied with their lot as to escape or attempt escape from the colony. And it is estimated that there must be thousands of lepers in hiding through-



A cluster of lepers' huts in Culion, Isle of Sorrow.

out the Philippines. Yet, on the first hand again, more and more are voluntarily presenting themselves to the colony and quite a few refuse to leave the Island of Culion after they have been pronounced "negative" and are free to go.

OF course, I was interested mostly in the work of the chaplains. Living on a small Island, the only contact with the outer world being the weekly steamer, the life of the little community of two priests and a lay Brother is one of isolated simplicity. But they have plenty of work to keep them occupied. Eight thousand souls are on this Island, almost all of whom are, or should be, Catholics, and seven thousand of whom are afflicted with the most dreaded of all diseases. However, the work is full of consolation. They have always with them our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, Who, with the divine democracy of the Redemption whereby He died to save all men, delights to rest upon the tongues of all kinds of men, whether they be king or beggar, white, brown or black, clean or leprous.

On the last evening of our stay in Culion, we were entertained at the home of one of the doctors, and the next day we sailed for Manila.

NEW BOOKS

Some La Salle Journeys Jean Delanglez, S.J.

This is the first of the "Studies of the Institute of Jesuit History of Loyola University", the object of which is a new interpretation of Jesuit activities in the Great Lakes region and in the Mississippi Valley.

"La Salle and the Ohio" is reproduced from *Mid-America* with some modifications. The authorities here cited together with the cartographical evidence are equalled in interest only by the exposé of the prejudice and anti-Jesuit venom which induced Pierre Margry, curator of the Archives of France, to falsify documents in his misguided zeal to establish La Salle as "the Prince of Explorers".

"Penalosa's Expedition and La Salle" gives us the European background of the ill-starred adventure to Texas. The two main manuscript sources used are a volume of letters from Bernou to Renaudot written during the years 1683 to 1686 while Bernou was in Rome and the papers of Bernou which are explained by these letters.

The splendid achievement of this volume is the best apology for the publication of future studies of the Institute of Jesuit History of Loyola University.

Institute of Jesuit History, Chicago. \$2.25.

History of the Society of Jesus In the Philippine Islands 1581-1595 and 1595-1605 W. C. Repetti, S.J.

These two volumes are issued as the first history in English of the Society of Jesus in the Philippine Islands. American Jesuits became a permanent factor in the Philippine Mission in 1921 and the Mission was formally assigned to the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus in 1927. As this transfer of jurisdiction necessarily brought with it a plea for American interest and Mission aid, a need for information on the Islands in English was, and still is, imperative.

This need is supplied, in part, by the present volumes which are translations and correlations of matter already published in the historiographical works of Astrain, Chirino, Colin, Colin-Pastelles, and Argensola, in the latter's account of the "Discovery and Conquest of Maluco" and "Philippine Islands." The fifty-five volume set of Blair and Robertson on "The Philippine Islands" is likewise used as a source material. The order of events is arranged chronologically.

The History is published in two volumes, the first treating of events from the arrival of the first Jesuits in 1581 until the year 1595. The second volume outlines the growth of the Vice-Province from 1595 to 1605.

The work will be useful for a religious and historical study of the Islands.

Manila Observatory, Manila, P. I. (1581-1595) paper covered, seventy-five cents—cloth, \$1.30. (1595-1605) paper cover, \$1.40—cloth, \$1.90.

Foundation Material for Doctrinal Catholic Action Mother Bolton

The appearance of this unique volume at this time is most providential. Designed for the use of teachers of Christian Doctrine in homes, schools, catechetical centers, training classes for catechists, novitiates, and leaders of study clubs, it comes just when the activities of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, with approval and support of the Hierarchy, is endeavoring to find a foothold in the parishes of our country.

If this movement fails to function it will be due to one or both of two causes. First, the lack of method of teaching or proper pedagogical approach to the child and secondly, to the inert piety of the teaching personnel itself. By her contribution to the subject, Mother Bolton removes the first cause, supplying, as she does, a method which, in its pedagogical structure, canonical sanction, doctrinal truths, and theological and biblical background, will inevitably achieve that growth of spiritual power in the pupil which is the aim of doctrinal Catholic Action.

Moreover, the sense of efficiency inspired by this volume is calculated to energize those teachers whose listlessness and lack of confidence is indirectly due again to lack of method. With His Grace the Most Reverend John Gregory Murray, Archbishop of St. Paul we hail Mother Bolton's work as a "scientific development of aids to the teachers for a program of Christian Doctrine that is not limited to giving information but extends to the upbuilding of a Christian character that finds its highest achievement in the life of Catholic Action."

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. \$1.50.

Literature the Leading Educator Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

"Literature the Leading Educator" is a synthesis of the educational principles held and practised during many years of teaching by one of the country's outstanding educators.

Two planks in the author's platform sum up the experience of the author's lifetime. "During many years of teaching the classics I kept in mind in every lesson the practical purpose of making students better thinkers, better writers and better talkers. While I tried to keep informed in the many sciences which are useful to the teacher and of interest to those already interested in the classics, I have endeavored in class, in public talks and in published writings, to subordinate all sciences to literature as an art and to making students artists of language, an accomplishment of usefulness, if not

always of interest, to everyone."

Again, "If the classics are to be saved as ideals of literature, they should be taught with that practical and universal profitable purpose to which they owe their survival. As store-houses of science the classics interest the specialist as embodiments of the best literature of all time, they are of extreme importance to all. That is the faith I have held and taught and that is still the faith I hold and teach throughout this book."

That a growing number of educators, even among the directors of scientific schools, subscribe to Father Donnelly's thesis was indicated at the recent inaugural exercises in honor of the new director of Cooper Union, New York City. On that occasion the burden of the new director's address was a plea not merely for scientists, but particularly for scientific humanists, thus properly subordinating science to literature as an art which is the central thesis of the present volume and the heart of the humanities. Educators in our own United States will profit greatly by perusal of the chapters, Latin the Channel of Our Civilization, Progressive Conservatism in Education, Modern Hindrances to True Speech Style, Solving the Problem of Articulation, and Theses and Teachers. The contents of this volume confirm what Cardinal Newman so successfully held in his 'Idea of a University' "The simple question to be considered is how best to strengthen, refine, and enrich the intellectual powers. The perusal of the poets, historians and philosophers of Greece and Rome will accomplish this as long experience has shown; but that the study of the experimental sciences will do the like is proved as yet by no experience whatsoever."

Longmans, Green and Co., New York City. \$3.00.

My Changeless Friend Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J.

In his twenty-third series Father LeBuffe takes off from homely incidents in every day life to point a moral and to adorn the purpose of this little booklet which is to turn each reader into a Christ-bearer who will sally forth to do battle with a pagan world.

May this message of grace reach a circulation equal to or even greater than that of its predecessors.

Apostleship of Prayer, New York City. Thirty cents.

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This booklet includes an act of consecration and Stations of the Cross with the Mother of God, prayers of petition as well as Marian hymns designed to inspire devotion to Our Lady under the title of Our Sorrowful Mother.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Ten cents.

TO ALL
subscribers and readers of JESUIT MISSIONS

the Editors extend

the Best of Good Wishes for a Holy and Happy New Year

You have come almost to the end of the January JESUIT MISSIONS and perhaps you have thought we Editors have forgotten to wish you a happy New Year. Not only have we not forgotten, but we are conscious of our obligation. The least we can do for you who have done so much for the missionaries and JESUIT MISSIONS is to ask God's choicest blessings upon you now and throughout the year.

WE THANK YOU

- for the part you have had during twelve years in bringing JESUIT MISSIONS into the hands of upwards of 100,000 readers.
- for the part you have had in the prayerful support given to the American Jesuit missionaries by whose labors so many souls have been brought to God.
- for the part you have had in making it possible for us to send upwards of \$250,000 to the missions during these years.
- for the part you have had in the generous response given to our letter sent under date of December 1, 1938 to all our subscribers.

In view of the cooperation our subscribers have given to JESUIT MISSIONS through the twelve years of its publication, we venture to suggest a resolution at the beginning of our thirteenth year. We are not superstitious, rather, perhaps, we should be charged with being ambitious. In either case, we seek to double our circulation during 1939. If we succeed, our thirteenth year truly will be a lucky year. To that end we propose a New Year's resolution—

Be it resolved that you—

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COUNT TORNIELLI OF ALASKA

(Continued from page 5)

It was the gift he would have for his celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, celebrated a few months ago.

At this writing there is not much to tell of his labors on the Indian missions and in Alaska. But the simple statement that he worked for fifty-five years as a missionary tells volumes.

RAM CHUNDER, UNTOUCHABLE

(Continued from page 9)

Immaculate. When this was done he seemed highly pleased.

"I cannot hold them in my hands all the time," he explained, "and when I lie down I lose them or they fall on the floor."

A doctor was summoned. He said there was no hope. The boy was too weak to rally. That same evening Ram Chunder received Extreme Unction. He recited the Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, and the Act of Contrition. Then he became unconscious. The small crucifix he held slipped from his fingers. His eyes, now unseeing, were still directed towards the pictures on the wall and the crucifix as his soul left its mortal habitation and went to meet his Lord and the beautiful Mary, His Mother.

Ram Chunder's parents were pagans. So were all his relatives. It would be hazardous, therefore, on the part of the Father to insist on a Christian burial service.

"When will the body be taken away?" he cautiously asked.

Ram Jiwan replied: "That depends on you. The boy is yours. Bury him according to your religion." And so he did.

By a strange coincidence, as soon as the burial service was begun, the rain storm that had continued unabated all through the night suddenly ceased, the sky cleared, and bright sunshine flooded the valley. John Ram Chunder had been born in the darkness of paganism, he had patiently persevered in his resolve to serve the Crucified Christ. We may hope that his soul is now resplendent in the glory of the saints, the conquest of the Risen Christ.

"THEY'RE BOMBING OUR TRAIN!"

(Continued from page 11)

Machine-gunning! The air crackles with it above the pounding of the motors like huge bunches of fire-crackers at a Chinese wedding. So fearfully low do the planes thunder you could see the pilots in the cockpit . . . if you dared to look up! I muscle over to another hole. I don't know why. In an open field like this one, raked by a fusilade of hot metal, one furrow is as good as another. Not so soggy here, though. Over the legs of a young man whose robe was stiff with a dark-red glue. Next to another trembling lad whose left arm was bleeding

bright. Bullets, I say to myself, as heart flops in irregular bounds . . . more probably (an afterthought) had come out of the bombed car. Rat tat . . . tat . . . a rapid, murderous rattling on and on as though it were rend asunder the wide-spreading mater yellow earth cuddling a fitful huddle of brood at her soft ponderous breasts. head goes down: it is appointed for every man once to die . . . !

Not this time, however.

An abrupt silence for two or three minutes. I poke up my head. The steel floor is slowly muttering away . . . farther and farther it hums towards the blue-green Shanghai horizon. Unlimbering stiff joints, I hoist myself to my knees and survey the hushed world about me. Out of the russet grain one head quickly bobs up after another . . . a patch of black robe . . . a baby's red bonnet . . . black hair and yellow faces. Life pulsing again in the rice fields! Some of them, it may be, never get up. . . . Gingerly, we begin jogging back to the train, keeping a close eye on the skyline. Nobody seems to pay much attention to a ragged old farmer lying there pretty well shot to pieces but still breathing and moaning piteously. I ask the train officials if something can be done for him. They shrug their shoulders, these poor harried workmen, and by the Red Cross agents we come out of the town with their stretchers.

Back in our battered coach, I find a gallant few who had plummeted under the benches, cheerfully alive and grinning, despite the shaking up. We shove the broken glass off our tables, talk over our experiences with our neighbors. Everybody is sociable, sympathetic, fraternity forged out of a common rendezvous with death. The stretcher-bearers, come hustling out. They shuffle along grimly beside our car; a fever of rescue work while the sky is clear. When they return, after dumping their mangled freight at the emergency hospital, the stretcher canvas is as red-wet as an old shirt just wrung out of a dye vat. Redder and wetter still when more wounded bodies are lifted out of the splintered coach. What must it be like around the station! The train itself begins slowly puffing back into the station yards. Charly, though, for the planes usually come back . . . And soon they did, but no damage was done. It was only rain and heavy flying weather which made it possible for us finally to get to Shanghai.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit missionary.

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