

THOUGHT FOR FOOD

We have not garbled the old phrase. We are simply prompted to write the above title by a letter recently received from Father Murphy, the Procurator for the Missions in Jamaica, B.W.I., and for Baghdad College, in which two places there are fifty American Jesuits for whose daily sustenance he must provide. Father Murphy writes:

"It does seem strange but it is a fact that it is easier for me to get a contribution of \$50.00 for a chalice than to get \$5.00 for food for a missionary; easier to get \$1,000.00 or more toward a chapel than to get \$50.00 toward the living expenses of a missionary.

"And yet, MISSIONARIES HAVE TO EAT if they are going to be able to use the chalice in the Holy Sacrifice and fill the chapel with devout followers. They must live if they are to exercise their priesthood for the salvation of souls in arduous circumstances."

There is food for thought which we hope will provoke thought for food for all the American Jesuit missionaries. Can you help Father Murphy with his problem? Will you help the other Procurators who have similar problems? Please send your gift to one of the Procurators here listed or to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift—THOUGHT FOR FOOD

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PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • AMERICAN INDIANS • JAMAICA • CHINA • BAGHDAD • INDIA

CONTRIBUTORS

THIS MONTH

In *Scarlet Warriors* WILLIAM J. MOORE, S.J. has written what is perhaps the best of his series of studies on modern-Sioux life. He is a scholastic at St. Francis Mission.



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J. (*Straw Socks for Cold Feet*) is Superior of Akulurak Mission, Alaska. Lost in a fog near Bering Sea recently, his faithful dog team led him home safely; straw socks staved off frozen feet.

Recent news from India makes FATHER JOHN A. MORRISON, S.J. (*Boy Meets Man-eater*) the new Editor of the *Patna Mission Letter*. He was formerly stationed at Poreya Hat and has been a frequent contributor to *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

FATHERS HENRY AYROUT, S.J. and STEPHEN d'AUTUME, S.J. (*Jesuits in Upper Egypt*) are French Jesuits attached to the Upper Egypt Mission.

FATHER THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J., brings to a conclusion his survey of Jesuit leper work in the Philippines. Father Cannon is director of the Jesuit Seminary Aid Fund and the Philippine Bureau of the New York-Maryland Province.

FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J. (*Eskimo Jubilee*) tells how the double barrelled jubilee at his mission in Hooper Bay degenerated into a berry picking fiesta.

FATHER FRANK B. SARJEANT, S.J., vice-rector of Baghdad College tries in *One of the Hottest* to settle the worries of FATHER EDWARD MADARAS, S.J. Pictures by Father Madaras.

FATHER FRANCIS ROULEAU, S.J. of the California Province (*My Old Boys Carry On*) when he is not busy dodging Japanese bombs teaches at Shanghai, China, in the Jesuit House of Studies.

FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J. (*What is a Zealot?*) is pastor of Dansalan, Lanao, P. I., and a former Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.



Francis A. Rouleau, S.J.

In *St. Francis Comes to Patna* FATHER JOHN BRENNAN, S.J. of Gokhla, India, tells a story that is true and also somewhat prophetic.

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COVER—Philip Black Elk, six-year-old Sioux Indian boy, is in the primary grades at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, and can speak only four or five words of English, but he knows how to handle a basketball. So do many other six-year-olds at St. Francis where basketball is an all-year sport and has produced champion teams. Read "Scarlet Warriors" on p. 60.



EDITORIALS

IT HAPPENED IN HONG KONG

THE spectacle of large numbers of Chinese in tears at the funeral of a European is a rare one. But it was witnessed not long ago in Hong Kong when Captain Michael MacCarthy was buried. And here's the reason.

An Irishman by birth, Captain MacCarthy was the skipper of the *Kong Ning*, a West River boat. During the twenty-five years he plied the coastal and river routes in South China his chief business was shipping but he found time for another interest too—the missions. On his ship was always a complete Mass outfit for the use of traveling missionaries. The arrival of his vessel at a river port brought out large numbers of poor and needy Chinese who filled the good Captain's ears with the story of their troubles. He invariably helped them with food, with medicine, a generous supply of which he always kept aboard, and with money. He adopted a number of deserving Chinese boys and girls and sent them to school in Hong Kong. Indeed, the full extent of his benefactions was known only to God.

Captain MacCarthy lived frugally. He spent nothing on himself, and when he died large crowds of Chinese came to his burial and wept, yes, shed large, round oriental tears of sorrow over the loss of their Christ-like friend from the western world.

Had we been present in Hong Kong at the grave of Captain MacCarthy we might have consoled these poor Chinese as they stood weeping there. We could have told them that although their Captain MacCarthy was dead, there were many other "Captain MacCarthys" still living in the western world—in the United States. We know them. Like the good skipper, they also have work that takes up most of their time, but they are missionaries at heart. Though they may not be sailors, they cover, none the less, many corners of the world through the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*; they learn of the plight of the millions without Christ, they see the sick and the needy, the uninstructed and the hungry, and they see them as Captain MacCarthy saw them, not just as curiosities but as worthy objects of Christ's charity. Out of their meager means they give to supply medicine and food, to educate and to help the missionaries in their work of winning them to Christ.

The spectacle of many Chinese weeping at the burial of a European or American may be a rare one, but it would not be if these poor people, be they Chinese,

Eskimo, Hindu or Filipino, could only know the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* personally as they knew Captain MacCarthy.

"GOOD MEDICINE"

UNUSUALLY "good medicine" was the 30,807 pounds of it sent out by the Catholic Medical Mission Board during 1938. We don't refer to the quality of the medicine which, of course, was carefully tested by the Board's hospital-trained nuns, Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, but to the fact that the medicine was sent to missionaries all over the world to be used in that best of all good works,—the cure of souls.

That modern missionaries have need of great quantities of aspirin, quinine, boric acid and surgical dressings to aid them in their efforts to win souls to Christ is not news to those who are familiar with conditions in the missions where frequently it is impossible to reach spiritual diseases of the pagans except through a Christ-like care of their bodily infirmities. Isaias' description of Christ's coming—"The blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them"—is fulfilled again today in the person of the representatives of Christ in mission lands.

That the Catholic Medical Mission Board plays an important part in this work is evident from the recently issued Annual Report of its founder and president, Father Edward F. Garesche, S.J. The 30,807 pounds of medicine which went out from the offices of the Board at 10 West 17th Street, New York City, was shipped in 345 boxes to missionaries representing thirty different religious communities in eleven foreign countries.

Due to war conditions, China, of course, led the list with 104 boxes. The work of preparing the boxes is in the efficient hands of the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, a Medical Missionary Community founded by Father Garesche in 1935. The Report attributes the increase of medical supplies sent out last year to the growth of this Community which has now sufficient numbers not only to take care of the work of inspecting and shipping but to send nuns into mission fields.

We congratulate the Catholic Medical Mission Board, the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, and the generous contributors to this splendid cooperative effort. And in the name of all Jesuit missionaries we offer our sincere thanks for the aid given them.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Scarlet Warriors

The Sioux are on the war-path again, but it's basketball this time. Introduction of the sport solved many mission problems—and produced champions.

William J. Moore, S.J.



Hero Worship. When the "big team" has its picture taken, all the grade school youngsters gather around and hope some day they'll be champion Scarlet Warriors.

BASKETBALL for the Sioux Indians at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, was a golden discovery, the importance of which might be compared to the finding of gold by White invaders of the Black Hills. The game revolutionized recreation periods, provided excellent entertainment for hundreds of Indians, young and old, and, much to be emphasized, greatly lightened the burden of prefecting which is the task of Jesuit Scholastics.

The Indians became splendid basketball players. So successful have the teams been, that eight times they have competed in the National Catholic Tournament held at Loyola University, Chicago. In 1935, the Redmen from the plains won third place, losing only to St. Xavier High School of Louisville, the team which won the championship. And St. Xavier had a thousand students, whereas St. Francis could show only sixty boys on its register.

Twice the cup for the best coached team has been awarded to the Scarlet Warriors, and twice its superb guard, Quick Bear, was named All American.

AT a mission school where the funds for sports are quite limited, and the children are not gifted with initiative for organizing their own amusements, the problem of recreation is difficult. When, about fourteen years ago, basketball was started in earnest, a big part of the problem was solved.

It was Mr. William Birmingham, S.J., who led the Indians to discover basketball. He it was who cleared away their prejudices and pointed out its golden role as a wholesome, manly sport. Patiently he urged the

backward Sioux lads to try this odd game played in such strange attire. But only when a St. Francis team, coached by the persevering young Jesuit, won a surprise championship in competition with White teams, did basketball overnight become, as it now is, the enthusiasm of the whole Reservation.

Father Birmingham, as he became later, died shortly after his ordination, but the good which he initiated lives on in the brown-faced Sioux whom he loved and guided.

Basketball at St. Francis is now an all-year sport, a game for first graders and high school seniors, fun for boys and girls both, entertainment alike for students and the six thousand six hundred Sioux who live in the Rosebud country. Furthermore, it is relatively cheap. Of greatest moment, it serves to develop character, preserve purity, and teach cooperation to youngsters who tend to narrow clannishness.

AT 6:45 A.M., the Scholastic in the dormitory rings a big bell to wake the boys. At 6:40 little brownies with "shining morning faces" are already bouncing rubber balls in the playroom and shooting baskets. They will have twenty minutes of sport before line-up for Mass. Mass and breakfast over, the empty playroom again is alive with youngsters playing basketball.

At nine o'clock some go to work and some to class. Sly kiddies will lay aside a broom or a coal bucket when the prefect isn't looking, and sneak a few shots. Recess is a pandemonium of flying balls and racing boys. The pillars and the big stove in the playroom are no obstacles. Nobody ever rams his head into these hazards, so shifty

and wide awake they all are on the basketball floor.

After supper, the high school boys, big husky lads from the ranch land, practice. They play in the gymnasium, one of the finest in South Dakota. It was built by Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J., the Mission carpenter, assisted by boys whom he had trained. Here the first and second string players go through the drills which have made the Scarlet Warriors, as they are called, the most colorful participants in the National Tournament.

NO wonder good players rise from the ranks of the grade school, where basketball season begins September 1 and runs until Commencement Day late in May. No wonder the boys are hardy and long-winded: they are used to a life devoid of upholstered chairs and luxuries. They train on tobacco, for Indians begin to smoke at home at a very early age; yet their speed seems undiminished, and few White teams can rival them in swift floor play.

Newspaper reporters find the St. Francis Scarlet Warriors subjects for superlatives.

"No team in eleven years of the tournament has excited the gallery as much as the South Dakota Redskins," wrote Jimmy Corcoran, Chicago sports scribe, in 1935.

Collins Jordan, whose Sioux name is Red Hawk, was termed the "trickiest player to compete in Loyola meets." Quick Bear, twice All American, was applauded without stint for his "uncanny" shots. Spalding's Official Basketball Guide declared the 1935 team was "without a doubt the most colorful team of the tournament." Similar high praise has been bestowed by the newspapers on later teams.

St. Francis earns its right to go to Chicago by winning the South Dakota State Catholic Championship, as it did in 1937 and 1938. Last year Willard Iron Wing, a graduate of St. Francis in 1936, trained a fast, fighting quintet which won for him the cup for the best coached team, a team which lost to Leo High, Catholic title holder of Chicago, by only one point. The big Chicago school has eight hundred students compared with St. Francis' sixty high school students.

IF the Scarlet Warriors go to the National Catholic Basketball Tournament in Chicago this year, sports writers and fans will again be thrilled by the smooth basketball of the team that represents the Mission. Even though the High School can only boast of sixty students, all of these students, with very few exceptions, are clever basketball players. Because of the early age at which the average Sioux boy begins to handle a basketball and the

energy he gives to practice, by the time he reaches high school, shooting baskets has already become second nature to him. That is why Chicago sports writers had such high praise for Leonard Quick Bear and what they called his "uncanny" one-handed shots.

Much of the shiftiness they observe on the Sioux teams owes its origin as much to the conditions under which the boys at St. Francis have to practice, as to the natural shiftiness which is common to Indians. In the play room at the Mission, for instance, besides the five men of the other team, the Sioux has to contend with other obstacles including several pillars and a huge stove. It is no wonder that the Chicago fans find them shifty. Compared to their own play room the basketball floor at Loyola Gymnasium must have the open appearance of their native prairies over which their fighting ancestors used to ride in pursuit of the invading palefaces.



These Sioux boys are ready to play basketball from 6:50 in the morning until bed-time. (Left to right) Philip Black Elk, Adam Spotted Elk, Calvin Bear Horse, Peter Hawk Wing, and Vincent Wolf Guts.

WHAT do the Indians think of Chicago, its skyscrapers, its thick traffic and surging crowds? They would not like to live there. Although impressed by the energy and accomplishments of White men struggling to make a living in the metropolis, yet they fear that Chicago is no place for a Sioux; they would be drowned in its turbulent ocean of humanity.

The quiet, rolling prairie is a welcome home on their return from Michigan Boulevard, Sheridan Road and the Loop. On Rosebud Reservation there is plenty of room for pitching tents a mile apart on winding wagon roads; and there is time for smoking and dreaming "when the battle's lost and won."

BASKETBALL, then, does not make the Sioux dissatisfied. Instead, it is a teacher of cooperation and unselfishness. Best of all, it is a safeguard of purity. As one priest said, the best preservative of purity for young people, after the sacraments, is sports. That is the chief reason why basketball is an esteemed factor in the Jesuits' program of education for the Sioux youth.

Straw Socks for Cold Feet

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

IT has often been said, and with reason, that Alaska is a country of contradictions and contrasts. This is apparent in so simple a thing as straw. Nothing is so fragile yet we may seek in vain for a stronger protection against the cold. It is about the only natural product outside of fresh air that we can find in abundance on the tundra. Its rank growth can be seen far and wide over these bleak flats of the Lower Yukon Delta.

I have spoken before about the ingenuity of the Eskimo. Let us for a moment contemplate his resourcefulness in the use of common tundra grass. There are many varieties of these weeds and I need not say that they look all alike to my untutored eyes.

Not so to the dimming eyesight of the old grannies. They can go out in the fall and return with their arms loaded with a special variety of hard fibre-like grass that they patiently weave into huge egg-shaped baskets. Into these baskets a hundred pounds of dry fish are packed so tightly that not even mildew can seep in. Black fish fresh from the traps are also packed within them. They are then hoisted up into their stilted fish-caches to be hoarded for the hungry days of winter.

FINER and shinier strands are fashioned into pretty baskets to be sold to the traders. Designs of various colors are meticulously dyed on these baskets which make one feel that artistic temperaments are even found among the Eskimo. Strong cord or rope are often hard to get at a lonely fish camp and, of course, straw takes their place. I have often seen long rows of fish heads drying on these straw cords. They are sanitary, wonderfully resistant to the corrosive elements of the country, and in general superior to any manufactured article.

Here at the Mission the principal use of straw is for foot-wear. We have a special house set aside to store our straw and to keep it dry during the winter. The straw is cut after it has been thoroughly seasoned by wind and frost. Much is needed, for it is put to almost daily use in packing the boots of one hundred children.

It is rounded and shaped to fit the size. Of course, a larger boot can be made into a snug fit by the simple introduction of more straw. It makes an excellent cushion for the foot besides giving the warmest possible protection against the cold. Incidentally, too, it absorbs the moisture from the foot and keeps out the dampness that inevitably seeps through the *mukluk* sole during soft weather.



No cold feet in this Alaskan family. Straw socks made by the Eskimo mother do the trick.

It really takes a woman to properly condition an Eskimo *mukluk*. On the trail I invariably hand over my hip sealskin boots to an old grandmother. In doing this I know that my boots will be dried, softened, and restrawed by the morrow. It is no small item to have your boots in good condition when you are going to be exposed to bitter and penetrating cold for eight or nine hours at a time. I know by experience that these short-sighted old ladies are far more seeing in this matter than the bright-eyed Eskimo lassies.

I know, too, that my large "understanding" will be the topic of an amused but necessarily hushed conversation. Eskimo feet are unusually small as compared to White standards and I confess with shame that my *muklucs* are regular gunboats. They must be large enough to house first, a straw matting, then my ample pedal extremities covered with two pair of woolen socks and topped with a pair of rabbit Eskimo over-socks. Truly, they are enormous. One facetious old dame told me that all I needed for summer travel was an outboard motor!

BUT to get back to the uses of straw! Not so long ago I stopped in an igloo with nothing but a dirt floor. I presaged a chilly night lying on that cold ground. My host, however, was equal to the situation. After I had finished my instruction and night prayers, a nice straw matting appeared from nowhere and was rolled out on the floor for my convenience. Needless to say, I slept warmly and soundly.

The following morning when we opened the door the cold air rolled in like steam. It was going to be cold traveling. I noticed my Eskimo host slipping on a very cleverly made straw over-sock. He assured me that a rabbit sock was not equal to the warming power of straw.

We see then that nature provides the simplest remedies against the inclemencies of this ruthless country. And it takes the genius of the Eskimos to use them.

Boy Meets Man-eater

John A.
Morrison, S.J.

THE tip of the leopard's tail twitched nervously,—just the tip. From where he crouched, flattened down against a smooth rock and protected by overhanging bushes, the boy whom he intended for his next meal seemed too far away to reach in one quick dash.

The lad was herding water buffaloes, three of them, and the leader, a magnificent old bull with horns that could easily impale a leopard, seemed uneasy. Their little shepherd had let them wander dangerously close to the squat, fortress-like hill that lay on the edge of their grazing ground.

The leader seemed to sense the danger that lay lurking in the rocky thickets and often raised his head questioningly towards them, sniffing suspiciously. The youngster himself, brown skinned, *dhoti* clad and flute to lips, was mingling the mellow notes of his bamboo reed with the soft breeze that whispered across the fields.

This old spotted devil had turned man-eater months before. Villages in his beat lived in fear of him. Pitu had heard of him and guarded against him, but no harm had come to his village for a long time. Now he was careless, and "Spots" was back.

THE buffaloes wandered a bit farther from the rocky hill, leaving the lad even less protected. The leopard's chance came. Breaking cover he dashed, hoping to paralyze the boy with his roar and make off with him before he could reach the protection of the buffaloes. But Pitu was not made of stuff that paralyzes. When



On Patna's hills a Santal shepherd boy makes sweet music on a home-made flute. Into such a scene a leopard came.

the leopard roared, Pitu yelled, and streaked for his four-footed friends. "Spots" faced, not a defenseless, tender boy, but a line of angry water buffaloes.

"Spots" crouched, but he dared not leap. The buffaloes would not have let him return alive, and the leopard knew it. And Pitu knew it, and enjoyed it. Pitu proceeded to give the man-killer a volley of abuse that would have made the leopard blush under his spots if he could have understood Santhali.

Meanwhile, the commotion had attracted the attention of men down the valley. They came running with spears and bows and arrows. The line of buffaloes held. "Spots" concluded that a hungry leopard was better than a dead one and withdrew in snarling defiance.

A FEW months after the experience with the man-eater, a missionary passed through this district in the Santal country. Pitu heard a Message that had been almost two thousand years in reaching his people. He not only heard the Message, he believed it. So did his father and mother. The result was that he became a changed boy. As far as appearances went he remained a carefree shepherd lad, but something had happened to him. He received one of Christ's sacraments, the sacrament of Baptism, and his pagan soul was now bright with sanctifying grace.

A few more months passed. The missionary came again and said Mass in Pitu's courtyard. The Mass was said on a plank laid across the legs of an upturned bed, but it was the same Holy Sacrifice that is offered up in the great cathedrals of the world. Pitu made his First Communion and received into his young heart the Good Shepherd of souls.

Pitu later left his village and came to our school (Turn to page 83)



A rustle in the bushes and the Santal shepherd's bow is ready for action.

The Jesuits in Upper Egypt

Henry Ayrout, S.J. and Stephen d'Autume, S. J.

I AM just back from Egypt and Upper Egypt—that is to say, from the south from Said—where I accompanied His Eminence, Monsignor Khouzam, Bishop of Thebes, Administrator of the Patriarchate of Alexandria, on a part of his pastoral visitation.

We visited twenty villages, all alike in their dust, their squalor, their densely-packed humanity; yet everywhere I was struck by the even greater misery, the social inferiority, the position of a "minority" people and often, alas, of victims, which is the lot of the Catholic part of the population.

What a joy, then, for these *fellaheen*, what a return to confidence, what a gain in prestige, when every two years they welcome their Bishop with all the priests of the neighborhood in his attendants and the uniformed *kawass* marching before! To the Moslems who humiliate them they can reply: "We belong to a great party; we have a magnificent Pontiff." And the mighty conceive a new esteem for those whose Bishop has come to visit them, for whom he intercedes, whom he calls his own.

BUT a single Bishop for five hundred square miles is indeed little. However peripatetic he may be—and Monsignor Khouzam is tireless—he cannot be everywhere. Yet this has been the condition of the Coptic Church ever since the death of Monsignor Bistauros four years ago. At last the Pope has provided for the See of Hermopolis Magna (Minia in Upper Egypt). On July 8, 1938, he appointed Monsignor Guirguis Baraka to the post.

The consecration took place on October 16. It was unlike any other, an occasion of historic importance, in that for the first time since Christianity has existed in Egypt, a Bishop, Catholic or Orthodox, has been consecrated in Upper Egypt. This is a breach with the tradition of ten centuries' standing which would have the Bishops of Egypt consecrated at Alexandria or Cairo.

For the first time, too, the consecration ceremony was performed by the Coptic Metropolitan assisted by a Bishop of the Latin and one of the Syriac rite. This is Catholicity. The Church, young with the unaging youth of Christ, knows the secret and the significance of beginnings.

That day, in the very thick of schism and of Islam,



Centuries of history are in this scene at Cairo where the Jesuits labor.

the Church arrayed herself in beauty and flashed forth her brightest light. It is October 16. Since day-break, since yesterday evening, in fact, the peasant folk have been crowding into the vast unfinished cathedral, packing tight as only Egyptians can.

The two towers were finished in haste but a few weeks ago, thanks

to the subscription of hard-saved pennies offered by the Faithful as a gift to their new Bishop; upon them two fine crosses of iron were raised dominating the city. The great bell, too, presented by the Abukurkass Sugar Refinery, was hoisted and set in position. Just in time, all was ready for the great event.

IN the choir stalls were Monsignor Hiral, Bishop of the Suez Canal; Monsignor Ousta, Vicar of the Chaldean Patriarchate in Egypt; Monsignor Carlo Perico, Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation, who read the Pontifical decree; Reverend Father Provincial of the Lyons Province of the Society of Jesus, come specially for the ceremony with Father de Bonneville, Superior of the Jesuit Mission of the Near East and Father Margot, Rector of the Jesuit College in Cairo.

The Orthodox Coptic clergy were represented by the Coadjutor Bishop and several *gommos* (arch-priests). Beyond the Communion rails were the Mussulman civil and military authorities: the *Moudir* (Chief Magistrate), the *maamours* (other magistrates), the Commissioner of Police and so forth. The crowd, estimated at over five thousand filled nave and aisles with men, the vast galleries with women and overflowed upon the terrace and into the courtyards. There were people even inside the confessionals and on top of them and in the pulpit. Hundreds who had come from the neighboring villages were unable to get in and had to turn sadly home, while others declared: "Since they won't let us in, let's kick up a row."

As the consecrator Bishops advanced solemnly up the church, the enthusiastic crowd applauded, hundreds of women burst into joyful *zagharits* (yodelling); cries of "Long live the Pope!" were heard.

Amid the uproar it was very difficult to hear the reading of the Pontifical decree and its translation, or even the liturgical prayers. Then, if ever, would loud speakers have been a boon. But our Lord spoke all the same,

and the two thousand schismatics, the two hundred Moslems who had come to mingle in fraternal harmony with the Faithful went away the better for it.

NOW the festival is over. The illustrious guests are gone; there is no more gay bunting or acclaiming roars to distract us from cold facts. There is left a Bishop, alone, to face his diocese, his unfinished cathedral, his rural schools which are being closed because they cannot afford to comply with the sanitation laws, to face appeals innumerable, from priests, from converts, appeals for protection, appeals for help—just a Bishop in the heart of Egypt, the center of Islam, helpless, needy, alone, faced with a gigantic task. One can almost hear him murmuring with Paul: "Gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me."

Fifty years ago the Mission of Upper Egypt was entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers of the Province of Lyons. In October, 1887, Father Autefage opened a Mission in Minia, two hundred and fifty kilometers up the Nile from Cairo. Minia was then a little town of sixteen thousand inhabitants, chiefly Mohammedans and Schismatic Copts. There were only two hundred Catholics, one hundred and fifty Copt Catholics, and about fifty Catholics of different rites. There was a Copt Catholic Church, two Protestant schools, a Government Mohammedan school, but no Catholic school.

The first thing Father Autefage did was to open two schools, one for boys and one for girls. The girls' school was entrusted to the Oriental Sisters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; the boys' school was staffed with lay teachers, chosen and directed by the Jesuits. Thanks to the schools, conversions grew little by little. The original one hundred and fifty Catholics had grown in 1928 to twenty-two hundred. Today, they are over three thousand five hundred.

MINIA is situated on a strip of land between the Nile and an irrigation canal flowing from the river. Hence it developed rapidly, thanks to the cultivation of cotton which is the mainstay of the country. A beautiful new city with expensive residences has been built beside the old city. It was there that the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons, who replaced the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, opened their convent, leaving in the old city their dispensary and school for the poor which has about five hundred pupils.

What has been the occupation of the missionaries during these fifty years? Their principal objective was to open schools in the villages of Upper Egypt. Here

live a large number of poor *falabs*, Mohammedans or Schismatic Copts whose children get no education and grow up like little savages in complete ignorance. If there is a school, it is often a Mohammedan school and the little Christians, learning the Koran, little by little, become Mohammedans. Hence the opening of Christian and Catholic schools is of the greatest importance. Last year when His Excellency, Monsignor Khouzam was visiting the Sovereign Pontiff at Castle Gondolfo, the Holy Father said to him: "open schools, Monsignor, open schools!"

And, indeed, in Egypt, especially, it is the chief means of bringing about conversions and solid conversions.

SOMETIMES, as in Upper Egypt, the opening of a school will begin a whole movement of conversions.

This was the case in Arabian Ekhouage. A school was opened there a few years ago. Shortly after the Coptic Schismatic priest returned to the Faith bringing with him a part of the Faithful. Today the school has more than one hundred pupils. They have remained faithful, in spite of a terrible persecution carried on by the teachers of the Mohammedan school. The same thing happened in Beni Chgeir. A few years ago a school was offered us, even though there were no Catholics yet. Today there is a very suitable chapel and a large room for a classroom. There are one hundred neat looking students with a good knowledge of their catechism. There is a priest resident there. Two hundred recently converted Catholics form the parish. Beginnings were small, the harvest abundant.

We hope that the same thing will take place in Oum el Kousaoura, large village of ten thousand inhabitants, half Christian, half Moham-

medan. We have been offered a school and we will have no competition for there is no other school there. Little by little and at the expense of the Copt Schismatic Church which has about nine hundred thousand souls, the Copt Catholic Church is increasing every year and is now nearly fifty thousand strong. If we were not so held back by the question of money, how much good could be done amongst these poor Copts, ignorant but full of good will.

WE have forty-one poverty stricken schools to maintain and to visit in Upper Egypt and also one in Koulali, the poor section of Cairo. We need about twice as many. We have only five missionaries in Upper Egypt, though there is work for ten, visiting the school, instructing the converts, preparing First Communions, retreats for the Copt Catholic priests, and preaching.

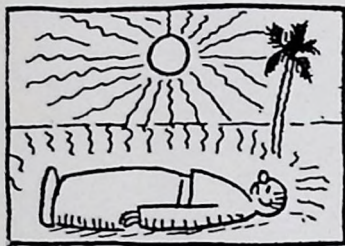
We need means to maintain and extend our schools for the poor, and to build a chapel in Minia.



Father Henry Aryout, S.J., who describes the Bishop's consecration, is the Jesuits' first Melchite priest in Egypt.

One of the Hottest

Frank B.
Sarjeant, S.J.



FATHER EDWARD F. MADARAS, S.J., looked troubled. Those who know him will understand that it was not the empty cash box that brought him to this condition. For Mission Procurators cannot afford to worry

about short funds. The strain would be too constant. It was his passion for truth.

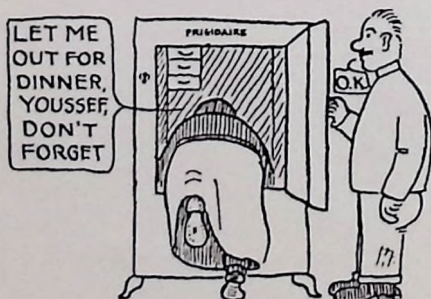
He had been reading JESUIT MISSIONS on the piercing cold of a Baghdad winter. "I am afraid," he remarked, "that people will get a wrong impression of Baghdad from this." I felt guilty. For I was responsible for the deception, if deception there was. "Well, I shall write and tell them it is not always cold here" was my penitent reply. "They will not believe you" said Father William D. Sheehan, S.J.,—not unkindly, but bantering-ly. "Mine the risk, but the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS must have the whole truth." So here it is.

In the Father's library at Baghdad, you will find the very latest in International Atlases. Browsing through the best of them, one meets the most marvelous things—the heights of mountains, the depths of seas, the course of the winds, the climates of the world. Four purplish sections stand out prominently on this latter map, marking the four hottest places in the world—places where the average July temperature is ninety-six degrees or over. Three of them are in North Africa, and the fourth is Baghdad. Come and spend a summer with us there.

When the "second" on your trans-desert bus closes the windows tight, he is not merely protecting you from the dust. He also wants to keep you "cool"—that is, as nearly as he can. For he knows well that once the hot desert breeze reaches you, you may think the country a huge coke-furnace. Stepping off the bus at Baghdad, you will wonder why that Atlas-maker was so modest and so cautious with his ninety-six. For you will never find Baghdad less than one hundred—and more probably it will be near one hundred and twenty-five. Well it is, though, you did not wait for August—for then it might be one hundred and twenty-seven.

At the College today you will not be troubled by the noise of workmen building the new Baghdad College. For Mahmud, the foreman, has sent them home because the bricks are too hot to handle! The boys who deftly toss them up to the mason on the wall are not spoiled children. They know what hot and cold are—but they also know when a brick is so hot that it cannot be handled.

And tonight



when the electricity fails you (and it almost certainly will) you will have to use your flashlight. For the candle which is in the wardrobe for such occasions is bowed like a Moslem in prayer. Your thermometer will tell you why. Now that the sun has set for some four hours and given the room a chance to

"cool off" from the one hundred and twelve degrees it was at 4:00 p.m., it is only ninety-six. If you leave the doors and windows open all night, when you come down from the roof in the morning you will find it only ninety-one.

But you are a guest and hence entitled to one of the few *sirdabs* we have in the house. Down there you will find the walls are thicker and the floors below the ground level. And over the windows hang reed frames with

an abundance of camel-thorn (a desert grass) between them. They do more than keep out the sun. When George wets them down, they will change the hot breeze that blows without

into a most refreshing draught and drops the temperature some eight degrees in five minutes. And here comes Youssef with some sherbert and his ice-cubes. For here we give the lie to the accusation that religion and science do not go hand in hand. Children of a machine age, we shall give you some ice-cubes from a modern refrigerator. And now I can hear you say "Your climate is not so hot." I leave you to decide that.

Just to satisfy Father Madaras completely let us top off with some testimony from himself: "When we tell you that it has reached 120 in the shade and more it does sound terrific. But inside the house it is only 94 and since, as we have said before, it is a dry heat with humidity about 10 degrees and not a bit sultry or oppressive, we manage to keep quite comfortable. You may wonder, however, just why the temperature does get so high here. We have the same latitude as Macon, Georgia, consequently you may suspect that our summer temperature is about the same. We have figured out that it is the desert that turns the trick for us. There are no trees or grass to absorb the heat waves and to utilize them in making chlorophyl. So the desert just sizzles and waves of hot wind are thus wafted to us here in the City during the day. At least that is the way we have figured out the matter for ourselves."



THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

"A Carrack Sails Away"

Miss Helen Speer gives us a lead for our March pamphlet, "A Novena of Grace." She writes: "After reading 'A Carrack Sails Away' I cannot help but be all enthused about St. Francis Xavier. Now, knowing the miracles wrought by his relics and also the ones which St. Francis did long, long ago I am very much interested in spreading devotion to him. I particularly liked the 'Novena of Grace' which you included in the pamphlets given to me today. I mean the five-cent pamphlet which is more instructive than I can well explain in words. To come down to the point, Father I should like to buy ten of your five-cent "Novena of Grace" pamphlets and as many of the Prayer Leaflets of the Novena that I can get for fifty-cents. I shall be asking for more around March."

A limited supply of both "Novena of Grace" pamphlets and leaflets is on hand at Jesuit Mission Press. Will our readers kindly order these in advance of the Novena itself which takes place from March 4th to March 12th?

The Astor Bridge

On Friday evening, May 5th, 1939 on the roof of the Hotel Astor, Times Square, New York, N. Y., our Pamphlet Promoters are holding their annual Bridge and Dance. Past successes plus an ever-increasing rollcall of pamphlet conscious enthusiasts point to an unprecedented success. The objective is a fund for Pamphlet Promotion.

"Put Me Down For . . ."

For the convenience of our readers we indicate four ways in which they may participate in making this Bridge a success.

This may be done, first by listing one's self as a Patron or Patroness at ten dollars; secondly by the sale of tickets at one dollar each; thirdly by the sale of chance books on a money prize at twelve chances for one dollar, and fourthly by sponsoring ads for the Journal at the following rates: \$25 for a full page;

\$15 for a half page; \$8 for a quarter page, and \$4 for an eighth page.

Both tickets and chance books may be obtained by writing to Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Jesuit Mission Press, Inc., 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Leaves from the Letters of Xavier"

On April 7th, 1541, twenty years after Magellan had completed the second half of his circumnavigation of the globe, Francis Xavier set sail from Lisbon for the Indies landing at Goa, May 6th, 1542.

A map of his travels with an exact chronology, leaves from his letters, and biographical briefs of his correspondents are available in an excellent ten cent pamphlet entitled "Leaves from the Letters of Xavier."

Our supply is limited and orders will be filled as received.

A Saint Does His Stuff

Scene, New York Hospital, 525 East 68th Street, New York, N. Y. A white capped Protestant nurse is wheeling a huge frame of a man into the operating room. Clutched in his right hand is a crystal reliquary. Catching sight of this the nurse exclaims, "What's that thing?" and is summarily informed, "That's a relic of St. Francis Xavier." "So what!" she continues, "Think that's going to help you?" "That's going to pull me through" protests the patient. Now here's the story:

The operation over, our patient begins to sink. His breathing becomes weaker and slower and finally reaches the point when he is convinced that he has drawn his last breath. Completely exhausted he suddenly thinks of the relic in his hand and rallying for the moment sends up a prayer to Francis Xavier which must have tickled the whole heavenly host. Here it is:

"St. Francis Xavier do your stuff." The Saint did his stuff and the patient, one of our most enterprising Pamphlet Promoters, consecrates his energies during March

of each year to the distribution of our "Novena of Grace" pamphlets and leaflets as a token of his gratitude to Saint Francis Xavier.

Dry Tinder

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., Catholic Mission, Gajhi, Chakai, P. O., Via Simultala, Monghyr District, India, leaves no room for misconception in the following letter:

"I am sure you have noticed that since the Free Thinkers Convention in London ten thousand propagandists are to be let loose in India to destroy religion and social security. If for us it is true that the field is white with the harvest, the same is true for the Communist. The appalling poverty, social and economic inequalities and also the illiteracy of the masses make them so much dry tinder for the Communist talks.

The Hammer and the Sickle

"I live in a sort of back-wash of civilization in what has been termed the most backward province (state) of India. Yet almost every time I travel on the train or bus or go to a small centre I run across evidences of the spread of Communism. The Red banner of Moscow with the hammer and sickle are seen (I, myself, have seen them) in parades of peasants and working men.

Every Pamphlet a Candle

"As Christians we are like a drop in the ocean. Yet, the vibrations of only one drop can affect the mass. It is no use fighting Communism by talking against it. We must set forth the right doctrine that can be grasped by the readers and the Communistic audience.

"As Father De Nobili, S.J., so well puts it: 'We do not use a broom to sweep the darkness out of a room; no, we light a candle and the darkness disappears'.

"So please furnish me with pamphlets. Every pamphlet is a candle. The Communists know this only too well."

My Old Boy



"Feng-Cheng-chih, offspring of a family of scholars and gentlemen—" The sack of Nanking stopped a brilliant career

WAR has bitten deep into some of my old boys. Smartly trained at our French Jesuit Aurora University here in Shanghai, these young Chinese doctors and lawyers and engineers, scions of old patrician families, have been caught up like everybody else in the maelstrom that is blasting China's ancient towns and valleys into vast shambles and driving the frenzied millions on a trek that our missionaries call the most harrowing in history.

Lovable chaps, these old pupils of mine. Thoroughbreds in cultured manners, and, on top of that, educated for years by our Fathers in the best of western training. No wonder these youthful Aurorians have left their stamp all over China, giving prestige and credit to the Jesuit institution that trained them.

A hobby of mine has been to keep track of as many as possible—Government officials working their way up to important posts and preferment, scores of capable physicians in charge of interior mission hospitals, post-graduate students after their doctorate in Europe, landed gentry looking after the family affairs. An interesting hobby. That is, until the war cyclone bowled everything over . . .

IT was only the other day, for instance, that I got any word about Ying Pu-chih. A tall, handsome Anhui boy, just two years out of medical school, he is up in Hankow, I hear, working with fine patriotic zeal among the thousands of wounded combatants and the still more thousands of disease-stricken refugees—and over the operating table still dreaming, no doubt, of becoming a priest.

That's the tragedy in his story. It all began when Ying Pu-chih, then a bright, laughing Freshman of eighteen, renounced the age-old superstitions in which he had been brought up and received Baptism. None of us was surprised. Earnest and clean-living, he had somehow grown to know our Lord and to make unobtrusive little visits to Him in the college chapel. Well, shortly after his Baptism he slipped up to my room for a friendly *causerie*—a radiant figure in his new silk gown.

"My Baptism is only the first step," he was soon telling me, scarcely able to restrain his exuberance. "The second is the priesthood. I want to be a priest, a man of God like the Fathers whose example brought me over from paganism."

Capital, I told him; but . . . well, according to the rites, you know, the inescapable duty of sons is to honor their grandsons. Take care lest the family get wind of such an unfucian ambition.

UNFORTUNATELY, that's just what happened. Not two weeks later he received a wire summoning him home post-haste to the bedside of his dying mother. A frame-up, most of us suspected. But one can never be sure. He had better go. Arriving upcountry, he was met by his irate mother, instantly clapped into a bolted room and told tartly that he couldn't get out until he was securely married. How else could the ancestors be sure of their sacrifices? Geomancers had predicted the season propitious and a damsel, picked by the mother, was all in breathless readiness for the ceremony. That would settle his foolish ideas about becoming one of those occidental priests.

Fervent young Ying, of course, refused outright, wept, cajoled, and stayed locked up. Several blustering days of this impasse. Finally the distraught mother played her trump card: she would cut her throat or jump into the village well if the son didn't come to his senses.

Heartbroken at this threat, the lad stole past his sleeping guard one night, made his way stealthily through the darkness and laid his perplexity before the local missionary. No use, however, to plead his ardent desire for the higher life. Seasoned in the ways of the un-believers, the missionary promptly decided that the young man had better yield to such strong family pressure. That settled it.

I shall never forget Pu-chih's return to classes shortly afterward.



Always a studious fellow, he now plunged into medical books with unusual grimness as though seeking in them some recompense for a shattered ideal. My Aurora boy in my day exerted such a healthy influence over the student body as he—a daily communicant, Sodality leader, militia propagandist. Nor was any secret among his fellows that he always kept praying, with magnificent naïveté, God would somehow or other "patch up" this domestic tangle of hell and let him enter the seminary.

And there, in face of the advancing Nipponese columns, while bandaged shell-torn flesh and nursing palsied derelicts, he prays . . . and dreams . . .

Another Aurora University officer who is fighting somewhere in China.

Carry On

Francis A.
Rouleau, S. J.

into these
uates of the
n Shanghai.

I tried for a long time to get news about him; but the most his old classmates here knew was that he was last stationed up at Lishui, not far out of Nanking, when the mighty Japanese assault rolled out of Shanghai Harbor and up that way like a tidal wave of molten brimstone. That was enough to make one's flesh creep. The Lishui outfit, said the reports, suffered devastating bombing and shelling before the survivors fought their way out farther inland. What chance would a young scholar, just out of medical school, have in that savage destruction? But he did get out. Just the other day the boys told me he had slipped down into Hunan, keeping up the grand fight with scalpel and antiseptics.

Of course, it's just like Harry Lee to be a war surgeon, gaily sacrificing his young body for the wounded soldiers. I could have guessed it when, on our long rambles together through the green rice paddies, he would brood fiercely over his country's woes (that was in the humiliating days following the first Shanghai embroglio in 1932) and with passionate frankness pour out his plans to do something big for the new China of the future. Hadn't his ancestors done it for the Manchus—those traditional physicians at the imperial court, wise in the lore of Chinese herbs?

And even now under the new regime his father was everywhere revered as the "honest Mandarin" in one of the Chekiang Prefectures. Peking bred and raised, the son had indeed the blood and the bearing of the literary caste. He would make an invaluable Christian, I reflected on the very day he registered with me at the university hall.

One awkward obstacle, though. A sensitive thinker with a penchant for literature and philosophy, he had not only read but remembered everything he could get his hands on in his high school days, including Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Rousseau and others of that breed. That's why, during our animated discussions on God and the soul, he had the disconcerting habit of pulling little philosophical poignards from out the ample sleeves of his robe, every objection sharpened through personal meditation. Odd for a premed student of only nineteen or twenty! Anyhow, our talks in the winter evenings long after the student bedtime made us fast friends. That was a starting point.

It was some months before the first opening came; and then not through a clash of wits but in the most trifling of human incidents. At his suggestion, we hiked out one day near Zi-ka-wei to visit the grave of his mother. Exquisite was his devotion to this long-buried woman.

"Harry," I said as we translated the tombstone inscriptions, "you don't believe in God or the afterlife. But I do. This grave is not the end of your mother. I'm going to say a little prayer for her soul."

And I knelt down in the grass and prayed.

NO priest would Lee Chih-chung become. He is another one of "my boys" now a military doctor in one of the worst-punished divisions of the army. Harry, I call him—and a more charming, personal, straightforward young pagan you could never hope to meet. Moreover, about the cleverest student in the Aurora Faculty of Medicine.



Many of them have become officers in the embattled Chinese Army, as this young Aurora graduate. Where are they now?

Nothing but a simple act of charity—but it seemed to strike the lad like a splinter of shrapnel from an exploding bomb. He could hardly keep back the tears as he stood there thinking . . . pondering . . . gazing at the chiseled granite . . .

A MOMENT or two of silence and then, turning round shyly, he said in a voice buoyant with appealing directness:

"Father, you are the first person, I think, who has ever prayed for my mother. I promise you, I'll never forget it."

Nor did he. Later on, when up for an important medical test, he showed no embarrassment in asking the Fathers to make a memento for his success. It was clear from then on that God was working in this high-minded young Chinese; and I feel sure that (Turn to page 83)



Dress parade of Aurora Cadets on the University grounds.

The Eleventh Hour

Joseph Ford. S.J.

THIS year has a special interest to Jamaicans, commemorating as it does the hundredth anniversary of their emancipation from slavery. To me, however, it recalls one of the most interesting cases I have had in my twenty-two years here as a missionary.

A few years ago, my sacristan at one of my country stations, asked me to come to her grandmother whom she said was one hundred and fourteen years old. You can imagine my excitement at the prospect of meeting such an interesting person, although I must admit I was skeptical about the accuracy of that immense age.

Arriving at the house, I met her, a very tranquil looking old soul with very little in her face to indicate her great age, although she was feeble in her movements about the room.

At the turn of the century, Father Rodick converted the granddaughter and her mother, but the old lady said she would listen to his advice some day in the future. In the meantime, she had gone back to her Protestant relatives and now she said she was ready to listen to Father's advice and become a Catholic.

I immediately began to check up on her age. She said she was born in Valuation Time which was a usual answer amongst the old peasants in Jamaica. Like the Irish and the Big Wind, they mark their ages by the visitations of Nature, hurricanes, choleras and even revivals. Around Mandeville, where I reside now, the two cholera epidemics, 1851 and 1863, mark the birth periods and still later in the sixties, a famous revival fixes the year for other nativities.

KNOWING a little Jamaican history and recalling that before the Emancipation two valuating committees were sent out in the late twenties of the last century, I could see there was something in the great age after all. I also had the advantage of knowing the family of the rich land-owners who possessed her as a slave and could check up on that score, too.

I make a rapid business of instructing and receiving her and thought no more about her except her great age. On my return the next month I was surprised to hear that her Protestant relatives, hearing of her conversion, marched up and down the road, outside the house, yelling that they were going to rob me of my convert.

Led by a young man they seized the old lady, took her away in a car to her Protestant daughter two miles away. She stayed there two years and when she was dying, they refused to let me see her. She, however,

sent word not to worry, as they had her body, but Christ had her soul.

She was buried in the Presbyterian churchyard, and the young man who led her away was now foremost in cursing all her Catholic relatives and also me. He was quite a drinker and immediately after the funeral he became to all intents insane.

WHEN I came the next month I was met by a petition to come to take off the curse that they thought I had put upon him for cursing me. I promised to come to the Catholic relatives' house and pray for him then, believing myself that his insanity was more likely due



Cloudscape, Jamaica, B. W. I. Just plain sky for the tourist but a little bit of heaven for the missionary.

to the drink, although it was too prolonged almost for that. Soon after my visit, he became normal and on my next Fair came over to help.

I was told by the people that the age on the old lady's coffin made her one hundred and ten, but at any rate, she was well over the century-mark and her conversion stands out as the most interesting of all mine thus far.

Sometimes one is so close to his mission that he cannot judge the spirituality of the people as a visitor would. Recently I was entertaining my priestly brother Father Martin Ford, C.P., who was here on a Silver Jubilee trip. When he sailed he let me know in no uncertain words that he was deeply impressed with the scenery, but particularly with the spiritual work being done here. I am hoping to produce even greater results now that my latest chapel has been completed. It is dedicated to St. Robert Bellarmine, S.J., and is about twenty feet by thirty—small, but useful. I am also venturing something new in the nature of three parochial schools together with living quarters for the teachers.

Christian Rights in Palestine

The Mission Intention for March

WHILE profanation of the land of Palestine by Jews and Arabs clashing in bloody and mortal combat may not be sacrilege as defined by canon law, it yet does violence to the sensitive religious instincts of over 600,000,000 Christians, of whom 400,000,000 are members of the one true Church of Christ.

For, deep in the hearts of all Christians is rooted the irrespressible conviction that Palestine, the Holy Land of Jesus, site of Jerusalem, the Temple City, with its daily sacrifice to the one true God and its altars for the priesthood of Aaron, ancient home of the patriarchs, earthly pulpit for the Prophets of Yahveh, land whose rocky mountainsides were sounding boards for the psalmist's song, country of Bethlehem, Nazareth and the skull-shaped Golgatha, earth whose very dust was sanctified by the foot prints of the God Man, garden fastness for the lone Lily of Israel, stage for the Mystery of the Incarnation with its denouement of Redemption, should, while time lasts, be forever sacred, a sanctuary land immune by all the rights of sanctuary from ought that would defile or desecrate or that might disrupt the peace which the Prince of Peace would bring to men of good will.

Today the collision between these feelings and the facts leaves the minds of Christians in a state of ominous suspense. To begin with, as statistics for 1938 prove with crushing finality, Christians in Palestine are numerically a very small minority. For, among 8,481,342 Mohammedans and 370,483 Jews there is a top total of only 106,473 Christians. Of these merely 22,000 are Catholics united with the See of Rome. It must be clear that such a group not only are physically incapable of defending themselves in the event of attack by Jew or Arab, but will be likewise unable to preserve the consecrated shrines themselves from defilement or sacrilege. Even their right to visit these holy places, while legally theirs is without sufficient police sanction and may soon be enjoined completely.

It is both an indication of the wisdom of His Holiness and a reflection on the governments of nations that in



Church of the Annunciation, Nazareth. Strife between Jews and Arabs may damage this and other Christian shrines in Holy Land.

seeking the way out of this impasse, Pope Pius XI placed his hope not in the machinations of men, not in concordats of convenience, not in any guardian mandate, nor opportunist trade treaty, not in long term land leases, or concessions of natural wealth sources, not in any political maneuvering whatsoever, but in a peace which mere worldly prudence can neither provide nor sanction, in that peace of Christ which reigns in the lives of those alone, who are loyal subjects of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, i.e. of the Catholic Church.

In so praying the outstanding peacemaker of our day is only trying to enthrone in the hearts of men Him whom Solomon in the seventy-first psalm foretold to the Jews of old as the King of Peace. Let Jew and Arab turn to this King and Palestine shall be ruled with His "spirit of fair judgment"; the very fruit of the soil will be "justice and peace";

false witnesses will disappear and "protection for the weak," the most convincing indication of justice either in the East or Far East will be assured.

This is that Prince of Peace who will "look down with pity" on the lives of those crushed beneath the tyranny of the usurer, common in Palestine and the East. His sway shall be universal and forever, and fertility will be a blessing of His reign.

By prayer Jew and Arab can find in the Messiah alone, the type of perfect happiness and that tranquility born of order which must be the essence of all political or moral peace.

The lack of this peace in Palestine today is testimony that the Prince of Peace Himself once rejected by the Jews has not yet been welcomed home by those who were once His chosen people. Mutual danger may, in the providence of God, drive the dissident Christian sects back to Rome for protection. Yet, we must not forget the larger issue, namely the world problem of Jewry of which present day Palestine is only a token. Upon the solution of this problem depends in great part not only the rights of Christians in the Holy Land but throughout the world.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Dogs vs. Planes

From St. Michael, Alaska, Father Martin Lonneaux, S.J., writes:

"Your kind letter of September 8 reached me on the Yukon by the very last mail of the summer, early in October. I could not send any more letters then and we have yet to wait for our first winter mail. Formerly we had the mail service by dog team but this year a plane took the contract and we will have a very poor service as this section of the country is hard on planes. If we had the dogs, our first mail would already be on its way by now.

"I appreciate deeply your kindness in sending me the generous gift. I needed it badly as I am my own procurator also and do not even get my food supply from our Mission Procurator.

"You have no idea of the work I have before me. Besides attending to this big district I also do work on the language. I just finished last spring the prayer book in Innuut and I am working now on the big catechism with explanations. Since last September, I have not been able to read a little. All my papers and magazines are still as they came. However, if after the rush I find something good, I will make a trial and will send it to you to show you my good will."

His Huskies Are in Trim

Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., promises visitors (if any) to his Mission at Akulurak a few thrills, seldom felt by White men. He writes:

"Since I last wrote to the JESUIT MISSIONS I have been dry-docking boats for the winter, getting the wood sawed, cutting straw for boots, emptying water pipes, draining tanks and a host of other things incidental to the preparation of a stern Alaskan winter. I rather should say that I saw that the things were done. Of course, the really big thing around a Mission of this size—some hundred children—is the

getting of the *mukluks* ready for the children's use. Fortunately, the Ursuline Nuns take care of this job and do it very efficiently. Keeping youngsters properly shod in Alaska is one job and a half.

"Happily all things are now under way for the winter and the winter is already with us. My



Father John A. Mifsud, S.J., with Baghdad College Mascots.

huskies are in trim and ready for a long hike any day. They have been put in form by daily trips to the Black Fish traps. I have three new pups who pulled the very first day they were put in the string. I took care of the Masses, but trust that some day or other I might get something substantial for my orphan Eskimos. Getting food for this gang is no joke."

IRAQ

The Delegate at Last

The following is from Father Frank A. Sarjeant, S.J., Vice-Rector of Baghdad College:

"Two days before I left for my Annual Retreat the new Apostolic Delegate arrived. Monsignor Georges Jhonge, a Belgian Father from the Paris *Missions Etrangères*, is fifty-one years old and has spent twenty-seven years in China. There at one time he

was in charge of the schools. At another he was secretary to the Delegate for some five years. He attended our college in Belgium. Father Rice was busy showing him the work that awaits him. It is well that Father Rice is at last relieved of the suspense he has been in for over two years—to be or not to be.

"This year our enrollment is encouraging enough. We have about one hundred and ten boys and a good sized entering class. Our fifty high boys all have the Government intermediate certificate and hence will be allowed to take the secondary examination. That means we shall have no shifting of our programs to primary school work as we have had in the past. We are far from out of the woods yet, though."

Not So Hot

Father Sidney MacNeil, S.J., also of Baghdad College, tells us that:

"Winter kicked up her heels for the first time last night and she blew tons of sand from the quiet desert into the milling city of Baghdad. Repenting of her miserable deed, she tried to make amends shortly thereafter in the form of a cloudburst.

"When the rains come, winter is not 'far behind' but already with us. In fact, 'winter' and 'rain' are so identified in the Iraqi mind that the same Arabic word is used to express both. This is not surprising since a downpour outside of the winter season is an almost unheard of rebellion of nature. From April to November in this country an umbrella is about as useful as a hot-water bottle is in July.

"Even on the coldest days the temperature does not go below thirty degrees Fahrenheit. However, this is viciously cold when one considers that, for the most part, homes and schools are not heated, that floors are of stone and that the humidity, due to the nearby Tigris River, is excessively high.

"The winter season also reminds us of the genuine poverty

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

of many of our boys. Despite the fact that our school tuition is only twenty-five dollars a year, one-third of our boys are unable to pay it. How can they, when they are unable to clothe themselves even half comfortably during the damp cold months of winter?

"We earnestly hope that the generous readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* will aid us in helping Christ's poor, who, already possessing His Kingdom, will, in turn, help them and us to come ever nearer to the Eternal Lover of the poor."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Irish Are Coming

His Excellency, Most Reverend James J. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan announces the transfer of the missions in Occidental Misamis from the American Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province to the Irish Columban Fathers:

"The Irish Columban Fathers, eleven in all, will come to Occidental Misamis in December and after six months of study will take over the work.

"We hesitated a long time before we accepted this kind offer, but when Father Hurley returned and told us that there was very little hope that we could ever get all the men needed to man the four provinces in charge of the Jesuits we decided it was best to give up that very prosperous and promising field to these good missionaries who can supply all the men that are needed for the work in the coming years.

"Those on the West Coast now will come to the East later on and we hope to have at least two men in every house. Thus we will be able to begin some real missionary work in the barrios and the hills and the mountains."

Listen World!

Father Austin V. Dowd, S.J., Malaybalay, Bukidnon, P. I., on the air:

"I understand that money is scarce at home, because this year, very little of it is coming this

way. That is the story of all the men I have talked to about the situation. It is hard on some of us because our income from the people is very small. Life now is a hand to mouth existence.

"Running a school is a headache, but it must continue, or I do not know what will become of the Faith. It seem to me if we could spend a great deal of time on adult catechism, the children might be saved. But the adults in most cases do not seem to be interested.

"Personally I often wonder what is the best. We see many of the older people who have great devotion, who apparently pray a lot, but yet who have a profound ignorance of our holy Faith. I meet hundreds who appear interested, but not to the extent of going to the Sacraments, while many of those in my



"Padre of the Forty Tongues," Father Francis X. Rello, S.J., consoles a leprous woman of Cullion.

vast parish, have no idea of what a Sacrament is.

"Recently I went on a trip by carabao. The carabao, I must say has won my respect. Over muddy country, and fording rivers, and going through all

sorts of rough country he is slow but sure. Forging rivers he has it all over a horse. In mud he is much better and apparently does not tire as quickly. The cloven hoof seems to be a much better equipment for mud than a single hoof. On good hard ground, however, he is inferior to a horse except that he can carry apparently infinitely heavy loads. He has one defect; one speed, coupled with his own 'notions' of the pace he should set.

"One must be very careful on these trips of what water one drinks, and if possible one should bring a mosquito net. That is necessary to avoid malaria. The old timers here, both Filipinos and Americans tell you that after a time you can drink any kind of water with impunity, but always to take a mosquito net with you.

"I have met now real primitive people, who wear clothing of abaca, made by themselves, but I have never seen how they made it. Their houses though are fairly well constructed and some are of wood rather than bamboo. Yet they go about in some cases half naked. What ideas they have on religion are hard to ascertain. They have listened to priests, and also to several Protestant ministers, and some can give you a fairly good story of creation and Adam and Eve. Others profess to know little, limiting themselves to a profession of a belief in a God of some kind."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Double Wedding?

Brother William P. Siehr, S.J., tells of two weddings and a basketball game at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota:

"The other day we had a wedding. Mr. Jim Grass, seventy-six years, and married four times already, married the now Mrs. Grass, sixty-seven years of age. The major witnesses were Brothers Henry Billing, S.J., and Theodore Strum, S.J., all of them about the same age. 'It was a grand wedding with those four old people,' said Brother Billing. Father Stroh said: 'Was it a double wedding?' At any rate,

BAGHDAD — BRITISH HONDURAS

Brother Billing said he hoped this one would finish Jim Grass. His other four wives are buried on the cemetery hill here. So

be the authoritative manner in which the Church speaks. It made me more thankful for the gift of the one true Catholic Faith."

PATNA, INDIA

Bright Spot

"My last trip had its bright spots and its dark ones, as well as several Baptisms," writes Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Godda, P. O., Santa Parganas. "I happened to arrive in two villages just in time to bury two of our promising young men who had spent several years in school. But the Lord saw fit to call them rather suddenly.

"Another brighter incident was to see a young Santal girl carrying a six weeks old baby walk seven or eight miles to Mass and Holy Communion. She was ready to start home again without any very substantial food when I stopped her and told her she had better eat first. She is a product of the Sisters' school and is an example of what can be done with these people if they are gotten young and given a thoroughly Christian education. They are our great hope.

"The only difficulty is our lack of funds for buildings and expenses. We can baptize the older people, but to tell the truth, one never knows just how much they believe or how long they will remain practicing Christians. One never knows just where he stands with many, nay most of them. The children, if educated, are different. And you can understand how necessary schools are with such home conditions. To provide schools and chapels for so many converts is a proposition that is not easily solved.

Catechist Shortage at Gajhi

"Many villages have been calling in vain for catechists," reports Father C. P. Miller, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Gajhi, Chakai P. O. Via Simultala, Monghyr District. "During the past year our Mission has made real progress. As you know, in the beginning we concerned ourselves chiefly with the Santals, an aboriginal people. Many of them were converted. Six chapels and schools had to be built to enable me to minister to their spiritual needs. The prayers of these converts as



Boys of Akularak, Alaska, gathering tundra grass, out of which the Eskimos make many things, including socks.

times goes on and we do too.

"During the holidays the Scholastics visited over at St. Francis and those from there also came here. Father Burton Fraser, S.J., came over the night we had a basketball game with a professional team known as the City of David, a House of David team. The crowd all had beards and called themselves the Bearded Aces. They were mostly college men, some from Notre Dame, Wisconsin, and other schools. They gave our boys a good game, the cleanest game so far. They won 45 to 40. Next Friday, the thirteenth, we play St. Francis Mission there. It ought to be a thriller. Though we only have the first two years of high school our boys do nearly as well as those of St. Francis Mission. We are optimistic this year and expect to win.

"On Christmas Day I went with Father George Stroh, S.J., to some of the stations, one at Wolf Creek, where we had a very impressive service due to the fact that a young married woman was received into the Church. She received three of the sacraments of the Church in that one morning. She was well instructed and said the formulas necessary for Baptism in a manner that showed she meant it.

"What made the most impression on me just then seemed to

Culdesac

The following very welcome lines arrived from Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., of St. Joseph's Mission, Culdesac, Idaho:

"We had a very nice Christmas here. Our church was crowded for the midnight Mass and there was a good attendance at the other two Masses. The altar and crib in our old church were very pretty. The girls and boys did very nicely with the High Mass and especially with the old Christmas hymns, at which the Indians thrill as much as the Whites.

"There were Indians from little towns and villages all over our Reservation, where it is not possible to attend Mass every Sunday. I was hearing confessions all through the afternoon and especially in the evening. There were a good number of Holy Communions, which is one of the greatest sources of happiness to all priests, missionary and others.

"Father A. Boll, S.J., said midnight Mass at Lapwai and a morning Mass at the Sanitarium and had a very good attendance. Father Cataldo and the early missionaries would have been very pleased.

"Things are going on about the same. The Indian children who attend the Sisters' school have now returned. They have lately received two new Indian girls."

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

send to Heaven in behalf of you, their benefactors.

"Before long, people from several castes of the Depressed Classes, notably the Bulas and Mussahars, asked for instruction. Many have become Catholics, and these two tribes alone have about one thousand catechumens today.

"This is no doubt very consoling. It shows that God's grace is at work. But a catechumen must be instructed before he can be baptized. And therein lies my greatest need,—namely, catechists to instruct the catechumens. Just think of it, for the past six months several villages have repeatedly asked for a catechist but I could not send even one, because I cannot pay his salary, five dollars, or one pound per month.

"In the wake of the catechist follows the teacher. The illiteracy of these people is appalling. Amongst the Bulas I have found one man thus far who can read the Primer and write his own name. The batting average of the Mussahars is even lower,—among them I have not discovered to date a single literate person.

"If the children grow up illiterate then at best we shall have a poorly instructed, illiterate Catholic generation. It is imperative, therefore, for the spiritual and moral uplift of these people that we open Catholic schools."

Oriental Studies

Very Reverend Frank N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, in a recent letter gives a few items of interest:

"A school of Oriental studies has been begun for our Scholastics at St. Stanislaus College, Hazaribagh. Three such schools in India have been opened at the instance of Very Reverend Father Visitor with the approval of Very Reverend Father General. Not only language, but custom, history and geography will come in for special study. Our new recruits, Messrs. Charles J. Fox, S.J., Joseph P. Martin, S.J., and Joseph A. O'Brien, S.J., will go to Hazaribagh to follow these studies this next year. John J. Barrett, S.J., former Editor of the

Patna Mission Letter, will also go to follow these studies for one year.

"The Mission Band formed early this year now numbers four. **Father John G. Sloan, S.J.**, is Superior and shares the honor of being the pioneer with **Father Richard A. Welfle, S.J.** There are two new members of the Band, **Father James Nolan**, transferred from the Madura Mission, and **Father Joseph J. McGowan, S.J.**, of the Maryland-New York Province, but for many years a missionary in the Philippines, Bombay and Ahmedabad. From parish to parish, and town to town all over India these Fathers are going to revive Catholic life. The results have already been very abundant and promising."

CHINA

Fighting Near Shuyang

From **Father Charles D. Simons, S.J.**, comes the news that the two contending armies in the Sino-Japanese undeclared war are at it again in the vicinity of his Mission at Shuyang, Ku.:

"Right now the Japanese and

nothing but a clear road without a soldier between Sou-t sien and Shuyang, the people of Shuyang lost no time in scattering to every direction, except southwest.

"But they seem to have made a mistake in scattering too soon. Most believe that the Japanese have no direct intentions on such an unimportant place as Shuyang, but are heading naturally for the actual seat of the Provincial Government, directly south of us. When that place falls, then they may 'mop us up' a bit just to make a good job of it. Incidentally, all the catechumens and students at Shuyang went home, and for prudence as well as for utility's sake, the two Chinese nuns were transferred from here to Machang, some twenty miles away, where I am trying to establish a new center.

"We have a nice bunch of women catechumens here that the Sisters are working on. By the time the Japanese 'mop up' around Machang, we hope to be able to have put a good number of catechumens through their paces, and then slip the Presentandines (the Chinese Sisters) off



His Excellency, Bishop Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J., of Jamaica, British West Indies, adds another cornerstone to his credit. This time it is that of the new Seaford Town school. The Pastor, Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., is on the Bishop's left.

the Chinese are thundering away at a point not far from Shuyang. At Sou-t sien, some thirty-five miles to the southwest, where our nearest missionary neighbor in that direction is stationed, a Canadian, Father Audet, has just fallen to the Japanese. As there was

to Shanghai to make their annual winter retreat—already overdue just one year.

"**Father Marcus A. Falvey, S.J.**, is holding the fort at Shuyang, not knowing when he may be bottled up by Japanese, or retreating soldiers, or bandits."

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

Radio Shanghai

Friends of the American Jesuits in China will now be able to hear the missionaries on the radio from Shanghai according to Father John K. Lipman, S.J.

"Your very welcome letter and the enclosure were waiting me when I arrived back in Nanking after a trip to Shanghai which I made for the purpose of taking my turn in front of the mike on the Catholic Hour, and at the same time to see if I could organize a Catholic Radio League which would defray the cost of broadcasting for this whole school year.

"You will be glad to hear that the permanence of our Catholic radio broadcasts is now fairly well assured in Shanghai. While I was down there I managed to collect enough money to pay for the broadcasts up till the end of June, and at the same time to cover the cost of printing all the talks in one booklet at the end of the year.

"And furthermore, our programs have been extended now to include the broadcast of High Mass every Sunday morning at 11:00 and a half hour program every Sunday evening from 7:30 to 8:00. On alternate evenings this consists of our regular talk and the Zi-ka-wei choir, and the other two Sundays are given over to a half hour organ concert played from the Church of Christ the King on their Hammond electric organ. This last Sunday evening, the choir also sang in the church accompanied by the organ, while the talk was given from the studio; the timing was perfect and the program went off without a hitch.

"At present the station XMHA is installing short wave, probably on the twenty-five meter band, so perhaps if you listen in at 10:00 p.m. on Saturday evenings you can hear the Mass, or from 6:30 to 7:00 a.m. on Sunday mornings for our evening programs. Incidentally, our costs for the year are about eight hundred and fifty dollars Chinese money, and we have around three hundred dollars for the printing.

"Here in Nanking there is not

much news; conditions are just about the same, except that preparations are now under way to help the refugees out during the winter months. The Franciscan Sisters are opening a baby hospital next week and will be opening another clinic soon, while their sewing rooms are working on winter clothes for the poor.

"More shops are opening up every day, mostly Japanese, and were it not for the presence of soldiers in the city, you would



The brothers, Fathers Frank and Edward Scott, S.J., await in Patna, India, the arrival of their other brother, Father Charles Scott, S.J., who sails this month to join them in missionary work there.

never dream that war was going on in the south.

"Travel between here and Shanghai is almost normal now, with three trains a day, one of them an Express making the two hundred miles in six hours, compared to the five hours it took before the war. There are still the usual passes required, but for the residents of Nanking these are easy to get. My next trip down will be toward the end of January when it is my turn to talk again, and when I have a retreat for the Madames there. As a matter of fact, though, I haven't yet used the train, for this last time I made the round trip on the U.S.S. *Oahu*. The *Oahu*, however, has now been transferred to other waters."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Christian Front

Some of the small towns and villages of the northern portion of British Honduras are so close to Mexico that there is danger of an infiltration of that religious indifference that has harmed so many of the simple men folk in Mexico.

Hence, it has been the avowed purpose of a group of friendly men in Corozal to foster Catholic Action among the men who are blessed with the religious freedom which they enjoy under the British flag. On several occasions this group, known as the Catholic Action Group, has given different public manifestations of their staunch Catholic purpose. Their influence has made itself felt even outside their own city.

Men living in small isolated communities will ever be marks for those propagandists who disseminate their harmful attacks against religion and the Church in particular. Conscious of this, the Catholic men of Belize have extended a helping hand to their weaker brethren in smaller communities, striving to impress them with a more exalted notion of the great inheritance which they boast as Catholics.

Recently, some eighty of these men got up early enough on a Sunday morning to be out on the bush roads toward the small village of San Joaquin at four o'clock in order to make a pilgrimage to that village where they were met by the men of the place and the priest missionary. Together villagers and visitors attend an open air Mass under the great spreading trees of the fertile tropical bush land. Although a rather heavy rain fell during the Mass, no man left his place or rose from his kneeling posture on the ground.

That the Maya Indians of this village and adjacent villages were properly impressed by this display was noted a little later when, on the occasion of the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., men from these villages came on foot over long distances and in procession.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

The Novena of Grace

In response to requests received we print below prayers for the Novena of Grace normally made from March 4 to March 12 inclusive. For the greater convenience of those who wish the prayers in a more handy form, we are happy to make reference to the pamphlet, "Novena of Grace" and the leaflet "Prayers for the Novena" as advertised on our back cover.—Editor.

Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

Most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this Novena (*make some petition.*) But if what I ask is not for the glory of God, or for the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is most conducive for both. Amen. (Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be.)

V. Pray for us, St. Francis Xavier.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY

O God, who didst vouchsafe by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xavier, to join unto Thy Church the nations of the Indies, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who reverence his glorious merits may also imitate his example, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Xavier's Prayer for Unbelievers

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

LET US PRAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, love of my heart, by Thy holy Cross and by the Five Wounds which Thy love has inflicted on Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood. Amen.

By a grant of Pope Pius X on March 23, 1904, confirmed by Pius XI on Janu-

ary 4, 1929, all who make the Novena of Grace either publicly or privately may gain:

1. An Indulgence of 300 days, on each day of the Novena; and

2. A Plenary Indulgence, upon completion of the Novena, under the usual conditions of Confession, Holy Communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father.

To gain these Indulgences, one must devoutly and with contrite heart recite, either publicly or privately, the prayer "Most loveable and loving" with one "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be, etc."; if the Novena exercises be held in a church or public oratory, it suffices to be present at the recitation of the prayer.

N. B. If the usual prayer be not available, one may say instead "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be, etc.," five times. The Novena may be made at any time of the year.

Venturesome Youth

To the Editor:

Would you kindly send a sample copy of your magazine and let me know how much it is a year. Sister tells us stories of the Jesuits. It's very interesting. I am in the Fourth Grade. I have my own allowance and paid for my Junior weekly myself. I love the stories.

James J. Murphy.

Watertown, Mass.

Appreciation

To the Editor:

May I take this opportunity to thank Mary Falvey of Quincy, Mass., for sending JESUIT MISSIONS to the land of the Sioux. Out here on the prairie all the missionaries from Brother Billings (Brother Good Horse), the sole remaining pioneer, down to the newest arrival read the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS with great interest. To see what our fellow missionaries are doing in different sections of the world is both an inspiration and incentive.

Pine Ridge, John M. Scott, S.J.
S. D.

Atonement

To the Editor:

I'm truly crestfallen at my neglect in renewing my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I dislike carelessness, indifference, and a myriad of small excuses in others yet how often I find them in myself! Thank you for your prayers for me at Mass.

Enclosed please find money order for a year's subscription for me and a year's subscription for some missionary in answer to your splendid suggestion in the February publication.

I have no particular favorite, either foreign or home will be all right. Except—well, if you had the time and could let me know who is receiving my subscription I could think of him as enjoying each new copy with me.

Detroit, Mich. V. M. P.

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“What is a Zealot?”

Joseph Reith, S. J.

APONONIO, a favorite dark-haired, eager-eyed school boy, asked me the other day: “Father, what is a zealot?” I was going to give him that harsher definition, a person overwhelmingly and immoderately devoted to a cause; but I remembered that the children had been learning the names of the Apostles, one of whom was Simon the Zealot, so I avoided complications by telling a story.

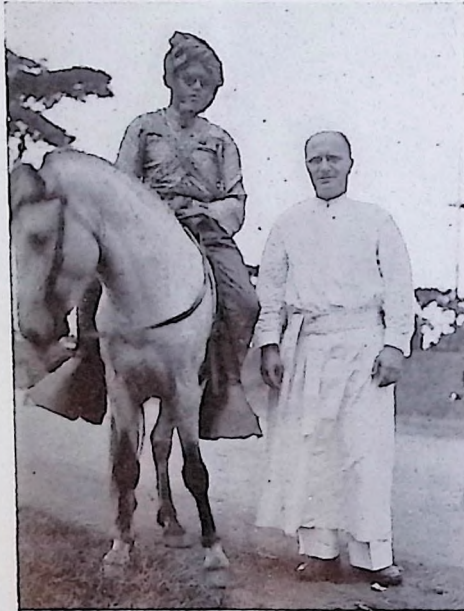
“When the good God made you, Apoñonio, He put inside you a little rounded box. It is not made of gold or silver, nor of alabaster such as Mary Magdalen used for her perfume; but it is a living flesh and muscle box that can palpitate and throb and beat against the bone of your chest. Into this box God poured the rich red stream of your life’s blood that keeps you living and strong day by day; and with the blood, another substance far more wonderful, a spiritual substance that we call love,—love for father and mother, love for country, for freedom, for the beautiful things of this world.

“And above all, and in a way, including all, He put a great supply of love for Himself, and gave an instruction that you should increase this love until you love Him with your whole heart, with your whole mind and all your strength. When you have heaped your heart full with the wonders of the love of God, naturally, you will want all people of the world, White, Black, Brown, Yellow and Red, to know what a delightful thing the love of God is, and you will ask the dear Jesus to make Himself known to them. The love in your own little heart will consequently increase and increase until soon it overflows, runs over, pours itself on all of God’s children. When your little flesh and muscle box is thus full and flowing over with love, then you are a zealot in its best significance.”

THERE is plenty of room for zealots in the sense just explained in this island mission of Mindanao. Let’s take the Moro for an example. Moro conversions get no easier as the years go on, and it would take the whole history of Mohammedanism to explain why this is so. It is somewhat startling to know that our Holy Father, the Pope, is providing special studies and developing a definite campaign against active Moslem propaganda. That is a matter of concern for us because the majority of the people here are Mohammedans—the Moros outnumbering the Christians five to one in the Province of Lanao in north central Mindanao.

There is one avenue of advance that we have not been able to use. Dansalan needs medical missionary Sisters. The Moros are only now awakening to the value of modern medical treatment, and the one who heals the body has a good chance of also being the physician of his soul. If you ask me why we do not get such medical missionary Sisters, I will tell you that they are really not very numerous and will also hold out to you a slippery purse, the awkward barrier of so much good for God’s glory. Material assistance is always welcome.

The two things upon which I count most in my efforts to win the Moros to Catholicism are the church and the school.



The author poses with the son of Sultan sa Romain who is being groomed as the leader of the Moros of Mindanao.

THE church building in Dansalan will soon be enlarged, an improvement made absolutely necessary by the greater number of people who come to Sunday Mass, and also by the fact that the back portion of the old rice-mill—that was—is crumbling with decay and the devastation of termites.

Our school this year underwent an advance and a set-back. We advanced by adding the sixth grade, leaving only one more grade to be added next year in order to have a complete school. The set-back was in the registration. Even with the added grade, there are fewer pupils this year than last. The people are poorer than they were last year and food is costlier; then, too, I had to introduce school fees. The result was, as expected, that many children dropped into the public school where in the course of the year they pay more than the little I asked.

I AM happy to say that the girls’ and boys’ dormitories are filled to their limited capacities. There is an admirable field for good in dormitory work here in Dansalan, and as soon as I can, I want to take advantage of it. The public high school here is crowded with students, and the majority of teachers are Catholics. I own a fine site, and a building will cost about five thousand dollars.

My first concern is naturally the Mission in general. Dansalan and its surrounding sections have, like the whole of Mindanao, been making tremendous strides of progress. Almost daily, people from other Provinces and Islands are moving in and with the aid of zealots both here and at home we still hope for much spiritual good for both Christians and Moros. It is these latter, especially who provide one of the greatest tests for the zeal of the Catholic missionary.

St. Francis Comes to Patna

John Brennan, S. J.

SOME three years ago on October 4, the Feast of the seraphic Francis of Assisi, the "Santal Tramp," Father James A. Creane, S. J., puffed his way up a steep incline on the rocky road that marks the bed of what in rainy weather is a stream that rushes down the jungle covered Rajmahal hills. In his heart there was joy at the thought of the saving waters that he would soon pour upon the heads of the inhabitants of a large village of hillmen.

In his heart, too, there was a prayer. He prayed to St. Francis. He was a practical man so his prayer ran something like this: "Now St. Francis, yesterday was the Feast of the Little Flower. She started the ball rolling with the baptism of some five or six families. This day we are to baptize the rest of the village. It is your feast. See if you can do as well as the Little Flower, or even better." And something told Father Creane that St. Francis would.

Wearily the missionary reached the end of his journey, a village of some twenty-five or thirty straw houses. But where were the smiles that greeted him yesterday? Even the baptized of the previous day wore a frown. Father Creane sat down on the little rope bed brought out for him with the presentiment that something had gone wrong.

HE was right. The headman who had been baptized the day before came with his rosary in his hand and returned it to Father Creane saying, "We repent of our action of yesterday and in token of our return to paganism we give you back these emblems of the Christian religion with which you adorned our necks yesterday." Then one by one the newly baptized returned their rosaries.

Father Creane talked to them, questioned them, begged them to explain their decision, but all to no avail. They were finished with Christianity; so after some time he went away heart-sore, but trusting firmly that the Little Flower would bring back her children to a better mind and heart.

Two weeks ago,—three years after this incident—before the door of my little room at Ghokla there squatted seven hillmen. Their leader, telling me that I was their all-in-all and that all their hopes were in me, presented me with seven ears of corn and five cucumbers.



Father Creane, the "Santal Tramp," being welcomed at a Santal village by some of the residents.

"My dear brothers of the hills," said I, "it is indeed a pleasure to receive a visit from you. From what village do you hail?"

"Nangorbhita," said they all.

"Hmmmmm," said I to myself, "that is the village that Father Creane told me about. These might be the fathers of the families baptized three years ago."

"Are you Christians or pagans?" I asked.

"We are yours," they said.

"All of you?"

"Every one of us!"

"Just a second," I said, and I thumbed back to Nangorbhita in my Baptismal Register. One after another I called out the names of the five or so fathers of the families of that place. Two or three were present, and with evident pride said, "That's me."

"But I thought you said you were *all* Christians?"

"Well, you see these want to be," replied the Christians apologetically. "Yes, yes," they all said, "and our whole village wants to be Catholic. We want you to give us a school and medicine for our sick, so please come up soon as ever you can. Appoint the day and none of the men will go fishing or hunting or to the market. We'll arrange for that school and the instruction and Baptism of all the villagers."

I told them that I would come to see them some two or three days later on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. So they went away happy.

THE day before the Feast I saw that I would not be able to keep my date, so I sent a man to tell them that the meeting would be on the following day, the Feast of the Seven Dolors of Mary. During the early morning of the day appointed, when I was about to set out for Nangorbhita, there blew (Turn to page 83)

NEW BOOKS

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In Three Volumes—Volume I
Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., Ph.D.

What Parkman was to the Northeast, what Bolton is to the Southwest, Father Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., Ph.D., Research Professor of History, Institute of Jesuit History, Loyola University, Chicago, has become to the middle United States.

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roduction. In this present issue world facts are assembled for 1939 under an encyclical array of subject titles indexed for rapid finding.

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Eugene Seraphin, O.F.M., and
Jerome A. Kelly, O.F.M.

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The author's plan has been as attractively executed as it was practically planned. This is the type of publication that should be available in every Catholic home and school.

St. Anthony's Guild, Paterson, N. J. \$1.50 plus postage.

Mystical Poems of Nuptial Love Coventry Patmore

Edited by Terence L. Connolly, S.J.

Rarely has a volume of poems been edited with as scrupulous a regard for the character of both poet and reader as the one now in hand. The central theme of Patmore's poetry, to wit "Dieu et ma Dame"—first *Dieu*, then *ma Dame*, is thrown out like a life preserver by the author to those souls who "like drowning men, are everywhere grasping at nothing because they have relinquished their hold on a God Whom they have found too big for embracing."

With a similar desire to be of service to prospective readers, Father Joachim Benson, M.S., S.S.T. in his Introduction cautions the reader with the words of St. Bernard on the *Canticle of Canticles*: "The book should not be touched 'except by ears and hearts which are chastened and wise.'"

Finally, the author himself before unlocking the mystical significance of these poems issues a challenge to the reader

on his reactions to the poet's last word to his wife as reported by the only witness, his daughter Bertha. "Papa asked Mama to kiss him. He put his arm around her neck, and said, 'I love you dear, but the Lord is my Life and my Light.'" Only the reader who fully grasps the significance of that incident with all its inferences and implications prepared to understand and to enjoy the poetry of Coventry Patmore.

Too many understand by mystical poetry allegories conceived in temperament, nebulous in application, saccharine in sound but signifying substantial nothing. Not so, however, Father Connolly, whose exacting scholarship, refuses to waste time on the inane. His principle of interpretation is that adopted by his Irish ancestry and phrased with divine inspiration by St. Paul as follows: "For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

To his interpretations Father Connolly brings a background of theological wisdom, dogmatic, moral, ascetical, mystical an integrated and seasoned view of life a priestly prudence and an obvious attraction for his subject which combine to make him the ideal commentator. An unusually arresting jacket design has been executed by J. G. Mears, S.J.

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Seeking Only God Bierbaum-Hagspiel

Fallacies in the flesh might aptly denominate the lives and the persons of those priests who, ordained as intercessors for man with God, nevertheless permit man and the external activities of men to intervene between God and themselves. In his admonitions Father Hagspiel writes: "We dare not censure these external activities that are in accord with the Will of God but rather the priest who neglects the necessary cultivation of the interior life that God demands of us."

Assuredly the priestly ideal is neither absolute apathy nor inordinate zeal. The solution is a return to the interior life whose characteristics are enumerated by the author as follows: First, work consciously for God; second, intercourse with God; third, compare all things with the Divine; fourth, zeal for God; fifth, joy in God; sixth, reliance upon God; seventh, peace in God. To these, four more requisites are added, namely clerical knowledge, deep appreciation of our priestly vocation, a priestly heart, and clerical prayer.

The booklet like a sentry on a watch tower sounds a sharp insistent warning to our elect of God not only that an enemy is in their midst but that they themselves are in the midst of enemies.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.00 plus three cents postage.

BOY MEETS MAN-EATER

(Continued from page 63)

on the banks of the Ganges in Bhagalpur and that is where I met him. At first he was simply one of two hundred other Santal youngsters, but after some time I noticed there was something about Pitu that was different. That boy had a smile that was worth a fortune. Not a silly grin, but the real thing. That seemed to Pitu the natural way to take life. It was a smile that showed a soul that money could not buy.

When Pitu's first school year ended I left Bhagalpur to prepare for the priesthood in our college in the Himalayas. He remained for one or two more years and then returned to his village.

Four and a half years passed and I was sent as a priest for a month's stay at a mission station not far from Pitu's village. I had been there only a few days when I received a visitor. Four and a half years make a big difference in some boys, and Pitu had grown, but he still looked at life and his friends with that smile. I was genuinely glad to see him again and we had a pleasant time talking over old days. Then Pitu and I parted. It was the last time we would see each other, though neither of us knew it then.

In a few more months I was sent again to Pitu's district and there the boys told me about Pitu's death. Santals are a matter of fact people, not given to sentiment. Their hard life, close to nature, precludes much sentiment. But they were still talking about the way Pitu died. "Whoever heard of a boy who died talking and smiling," they said. Soon I got the story from his own mother.

He had gone to spend a few days with an elder sister, about a mile away from his mother's house. For a day or two he didn't seem to be well. He wasn't really sick, but he simply didn't feel his usual self. And then one morning Pitu told his sister with a smile: "Call my mother. Today I am going away and I want to see her."

His sister laughed at him, but the boy insisted and she thought it best to do as he asked. His mother came and Pitu smiled when he saw her: "Today I am going away Mother, and I wanted to say good-bye." For some reason she, too, believed him and stayed.

They spent the afternoon together talking. Pitu lying on a rope bed in the courtyard of his sister's house, his mother sitting on the sun-baked ledge or *pindah* that encircled the thatched house. Towards evening the boy seemed a little weaker, but still he did not seem to be in danger of death, smiling and talking with his mother and now and then pausing to pray.

Suddenly Pitu smiled again and said: "Mother, goodbye, I'm going"; and then still smiling, "My Lord and my God,"—and he was gone.

Missionaries meet with disappointments, sometimes bitter ones and they know what discouragement is, but deaths like Pitu's make up for much.

LEPER CHAPLAINS OF CULION

(Continued from page 66)

Since Father McNulty's departure, Father Carl Hausmann, S.J., is now acting as assistant Chaplain. Last year Father Hausmann wrote requesting for personal use a few copies of the Greek Classics, Demosthenes' Crown Speech and Philip-pics, Homer, etc. in the original Greek; saying "Father Rello and myself have not lost our love for the old Greek Classics and we'd like a few books for leisure moments." The sum total of contentment in a leper colony! After tending lepers for hours the missionary breathes a sigh of relief and pores over a Greek text!

Father Francis X. Rello, S.J., the present Chaplain of Culion is one of the most remarkable missionaries in the Philippines. He has been twenty-two years at Culion alone. He has seen fifteen thousand lepers die and over three thousand minor cases cured and discharged. Culion is a Babel of Tongues on account of the fact that lepers are brought there from all parts of the Islands; they may speak any one of the eighty-seven dialects of the Philippines. Father Rello has been called the "Padre of the Forty Tongues" and it is practically certain that he speaks that many languages. Father Rello is a Spanish Jesuit who studied at Woodstock.

ST. FRANCIS COMES TO PATNA

(Continued from page 81)

up a great storm and rain fell in torrents. It was out of the question to climb the hills that day.

The next morning I was up before the chickens and off to the hills at an early hour. Arrived at my objective I learned that the men had given up hope of my coming and had gone off to the market, whence they would return only after nightfall. What a disappointment, I thought! Just then it began to rain, and I took shelter on the front porch. Two of the baptized men turned up to talk. I got out my field book and inquired about each of the families that were baptized there by Father Creane three years back. Some of the children were married, and practically all the families had to their credit a natural increase. There were seven unbaptized babies ranging from three weeks to three years old.

These two men gathered the babies and Baptism was administered solemnly as the interested villagers looked on. Their mothers seemed as much at ease in the presence of the Father as if he had been a frequent visitor in that village.

That evening as I slipped (literally) down those hills to my camping place on the plains, I recalled that this was the Feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. That morning I had said the Mass of the Feast and the beautiful Office of the same commending that day's mission to the seraphic Saint of Assisi. Deep down in my heart a voice seemed to say . . . "not by chance was it that you were unable to keep your date on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross

or the Seven Dolors. Today St. Francis begins to answer the prayer addressed to him that morning of his Feast three years ago."

And I recalled that in another month the first contingent of the sons of St. Francis, the Franciscans from Loretto, Pennsylvania, would be here in the Santal field to engage in this work in which St. Francis has proved himself so interested.

MY OLD BOYS CARRY ON

(Continued from page 71)

the first letter I get from him from the far-distant front will contain the injunction to keep on praying for him. God knows that he needs prayer!

Feng Cheng-chih, offspring of a family of scholars and young gentlemen of the old school, is still another one of the many Aurora alumni who have been rooted out of their ancestral homes by the invading hosts and made to suffer the bitterness of exile in a strange place. I knew him best of all, young Feng, for we were fellow townsmen in Nanking before the sack of the Capital. Ten years at least did he spend at Aurora—a typical high-class product of the school.

His father, though a pagan, once remarked that he would have his son in no other school except a Catholic one, in view of the political bedlam that has everywhere affected educational instructions in China during the past decade or two. After receiving his degree in sciences, Cheng-chih began making preparations to pursue doctorate studies in France. Then the war came, squelching a life-long ambition along this line.

The terrific bombardment of the Capital during those first hectic months of the war did not dampen, however, his ardor for studies; and every day found him at my place, or I at his, going over English and Chinese lessons together. My most thrilling reminiscences of Nanking are the long hours I spent in his family dugout while those giant steel vultures power-dived overhead in a deafening roar and dynamite blasts rocked the ancient city of the Emperors from wall to wall.

It was experiences of this kind, a frequent rendezvous with death, that made this fine Aurora graduate and I stick together during the bombing of Nanking. Later on, Feng and his family, following the frenzied thousands, got out before the Japanese took and sacked the city. Their beautiful home, always open to our Fathers, as well as all their possessions, left to the caprice of the invaders. It was a heartrending exodus, by sampan along the river or overland on foot . . . fleeing from village to village before the conquering legions, until after a month of travel the family stopped in an out-of-the-way town in Hunan.

How many other Aurora boys are going through the same tragic experience! If I single out this particular case, it is simply because I know about it from personal first-hand contact.

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