

# Stepping Stones

## Rev. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.

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

## Rev. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.

160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada  
is Procurator for the Canadian Indian missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, north of Lake Superior, and along the Albany River which are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada.

## Rev. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.

1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.  
is Procurator for the foreign missions of Patna in Northern India in charge of the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio.

## Rev. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.

Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada  
is Procurator for the missions in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada, which are Sūchow Mission in China and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal.

Well have the Philippine Islands been styled "Isles of Gold." They constitute the only Catholic nation in the Orient. Their people bear eloquent testimony to the zeal of Spanish missionaries through three hundred years. But today in these Isles of Gold the Church is poor, woefully poor. Its poverty is largely in its lack of priests. In such poverty none suffer so much as the Filipinos themselves. If only their more fortunate fellow Catholics in America would help them to provide for more priests, their Isles of Gold would be as stepping stones to heaven for their benefactors. Recently the Procurator for the American Jesuit missionaries in the Philippine Islands wrote:

"In the Philippines, there are over 10,000,000 Catholics, more than half as many Catholics as in the United States. They have few of the advantages we enjoy, such as easy attendance at church and frequentation of the Sacraments. They are fortunate if they die with the Last Sacraments and Mass is for most of them a rare event. With one priest for every 10,000, in contrast to our one priest for every 1,000 Catholics in the United States, these souls are asking you for aid in their need."

Can you, will you help Father Cannon provide the American Jesuit missionaries with the means necessary to relieve the spiritual needs of the Filipinos? Can you, will you help the other Mission Procurators who have similar burdens in supporting their missionaries in the other foreign missions entrusted to the American Jesuits? Make of all the missions stepping stones to Heaven. 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—STEPPING STONES!**

## Rev. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

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

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

## Rev. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.

6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.  
is Procurator for the Southern States Missions, home missions in the rural districts of the South. The Jesuits in the New Orleans Province, which embraces the Southern States, are tilling these fields.

## Rev. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.

221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.  
is Procurator for the missions which are cared for by the Jesuits of the Midwestern States that comprise the Missouri Province. These missions are American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota, and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America, amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, as well as four Negro Missions (three in and near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska).

## Rev. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.

2440 Interlaken Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.  
is Procurator for the missions among the Indians of Alaska and for American Indian Missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana. These missions are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is coextensive with these States.

## Rev. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.

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



### From Pius XI to Pius XII—the Grandeur of the Foreign Missions

Pius XII, as Cardinal Pacelli, is shown here kneeling beside his predecessor, Pius XI, during the canonization of the North American martyrs. In its magnificence the scene is symbolic of the glory given to God by the gigantic mission work of the late Pope; while the presence of the new Pontiff contains a promise that this glory will be repeated.

# EDITORIALS

## POPE PIUS THE ELEVENTH

"GOD grant that We may spend whatever activity in life remains to Us, for the salvation of those countless souls who still linger in the shadow of death." That the late Supreme Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, of blessed memory, richly redeemed this 1932 Pentecost pledge strikes one with stunning conviction when confronted with the facts in figures. For not only did the impetus given by His Holiness practically double the number of mission vicariates and prefectures from 280 to 535, but it was responsible for increasing the total of Catholics on the mission front from 12,965,147 in 1923 to 21,143,328 in 1937. Within this identical span of years the total of Priests mounted from 12,712 to 21,212, the enrollment of Brothers from 4,019 to 10,055, and the number of Sisters from 24,012 to 55,349.

In the Papal homily already quoted, we read again, "The magnificent vision of the Church's universal mission impresses Us deeply today with the thought of being, though unworthy, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Who shed His Blood for souls. Today We feel in the very depths of Our heart that sense of universal fatherhood to which God has called Us." With fatherly instincts His Holiness provided for a native clergy in his missionary *Magna Carta*, the Encyclical *Rerum Ecclesiae* of February 28, 1926, while protecting his far-flung flock by insistent trumpet calls against exaggerated nationalism, atheistic Communism and the great American fallacy of attempting to divorce Catholic Action from Mission Action.

"Nationalism" he continued, "has always been the bane of the missions. It would be no exaggeration to say it has been their curse." In his Encyclical, *Divini Redemptoris*, he exposed and refuted the insidious propaganda of atheistic Communism designed for the mission lands of China, India and South Africa. From that day until this, the Third International of Russia and the great Catholic Missionary International have been linked in mortal combat. Finally, His Holiness was always careful to link together both Catholic Action and Mission Action, "the one representing missions abroad, the other missions at home."

While time alone can prove the full value of the Pontiff's rapid missionary organizations, we need on the other hand, merely the space of one Papal reign to convince and persuade ourselves and future generations that Pope Pius XI has amply fulfilled his own famous prophecy: "I, too, shall be a Missionary Pope."

## POPE PIUS THE TWELFTH

THE coronation of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli as the 262nd occupant of the Chair of Peter has been joyfully acclaimed with a few understandable exceptions by the whole civilized world. Partly because of his intimate relations with his illustrious predecessor, while Papal Secretary of State, partly because of the new Pontiff's own personal charm, approved statesmanship, and innate ability for leadership and organization, and partly again because of the recognized influence of the Papacy in world affairs, his plea for peace has been answered by an invitation to act as arbitrator in mediating the solution of racial persecution. We are interested in this issue as it affects the missions.

Intelligent Catholics, including members both of the clergy and of the laity, would deprecate any part in the heresy of racism as this is preached and practiced under Hitler and Mussolini. Yet, due either to vincible or invincible ignorance, these same Catholics make themselves guilty parties to the brand of racism which crops up in every discussion on the relative merits of the native versus the foreign clergy.

They concede the fact that Christ commanded His Church to "Go and teach all nations." They grant that the glad tidings of great joy in the world's first Christmas carol were destined for "all the people," irrespective of race or nationality. With prayer and money they gladly promote the propagation of the faith. And yet, they shy at admitting natives in mission territories to positions of equal dignity with missionaries from abroad.

There is every reason to believe that in this issue Pope Pius XII will follow the lead of Pope Pius XI and, by insisting with equal energy on the establishment of native hierarchies and native clergy, give his approval to the following contention of his predecessor: "He errs grievously who considers such natives as of an inferior race and of obtuse intelligence. . . . We have under Our very eyes the example of certain natives, who as students in the college of Rome are not only the equals of the others in ability and in the results obtained, but frequently even surpass them. . . . Let there not be any discrimination, therefore, between European and native missionaries . . . but let them be united in the bonds of reverence and love."

For the solution of this and all the problems which confront our new Vicar of Christ on Earth, JESUIT MISSIONS feels privileged to be able to pledge its cooperation through the apostolate of prayer and the press.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.; JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; WALTER BURKE-GAFFNEY, S.J.; ERNEST LALANDE, S.J.

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

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

# To Lala with a Song

Andrew F.  
Cervini, S.J.

“**L** A la La la Lala La la La la La.” Thus sang the Padre as he rode high beside the chauffeur in the 1925 Model T Ford out of Kolambugan on toward Lala forty kilometers away. We (when I say “we” I mean my altar boy, my secretary, my Cantor and myself) had left Iligan, the central town of this vast parish at 9:15 in the morning to begin a ninety-one kilometer journey to the town of Lala where they were celebrating their annual fiesta.

On our way we stopped at a town called Liangan where we left the car on the main road and hiked in through the coconut grove for a kilometer to the bamboo chapel.

There by previous appointment two young couples were waiting to be joined in holy wedlock and nine infants nestling in their mothers’ arms, some quiet and some not so quiet, if you know what I mean, were waiting for the saving waters of Baptism. As it was near to noon when we got through administering the sacraments a kind soul invited us to his house which was near by for dinner. We gladly accepted.

**B**ACK to the car and on the road again to Kolambugan. We reached this lumber town at 12:30 p.m., and there the people of Lala had the ancient Ford wait-



*Father Cervini's former convento or parish house, Jasaan, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.*



ing for us. Why you might ask was the Padre singing? Well, he thought something had to be done to cheer up the occupants of the car. In the rear seat of the Ford of '25 were his three companions and the good lady from Lala who had come to greet us and to escort us to the town. That meant four people sitting where two would be a crowd. And on each running board were two men.

Well, it was a party, so why not sing? Something had to be done to make us forget our discomfort and to keep our minds off the skidding rear wheels, a tendency they displayed every time we rounded a curve. It was three o'clock when we reached Beroy, and we still had twenty-seven kilometers to go. For a while it looked as though we were not going to get beyond the town of Beroy. For here was a bridge and the gate was down. There was no trouble with the bridge. But the road on the other side led through a forest. And it had rained that morning. Rain works havoc with the roads in this country, especially if the roads, such as this one, have not been surfaced yet.

**T**HE gateman at the bridge had orders that no car was to go through. It was too dangerous. There were at least four cars ahead of us. The chauffeurs and occupants of all these cars had gathered around the gateman and in chorus were trying to persuade him to open the gate and allow them through for they, too, were going to Lala for the fiesta. But no luck. The gateman locked the bolt and strode away.

It was then the good lady who was with us got him aside and talked “turkey” to him.

*The Author—A Padre to young and old.*

“She was responsible for the Padre getting to Lala.” “How

could they have a fiesta without the Mass?" "Did she not have the engineer's permission?" He agreed to let us go through but only after all the other cars had turned around and gone back to Kolambugan. It was four o'clock when we crossed the bridge. And when we had crossed the bridge we began to wonder if the gateman had been wise even to let us through. For almost a stretch of one kilometer the mud was so bad that the workmen had laid tracks of twelve inch boards for the wheels of cars to pass on.

Then came the road where we were to turn into Lala. Seven kilometers still to go. Though we got stuck in the mud three times we finally managed to come out of the forest into the open and suddenly into the town of Lala. And at 5:30 we reached the house where we were to stay for the night. It was a half of a kilometer away from the church.

**W**E had arranged to hold the procession that afternoon and to perform what Baptisms we could. But, but, but . . . we had no more than unloaded our baggage from the car when the skies opened and the rain fell in torrents. That it continued to do for the most part of the night. Well, we sat around and had a good rest until nine o'clock when we had supper. To my surprise I found that the lady of the house had been married civilly two years before and had never had her marriage revalidated. We did that right there in the house before going to bed.

Then dawned the morning of the twenty-eighth. What a day that was to be. I got to the church early (had to by horse it was so muddy), and began preparing things for confessions and for the Mass. Gradually the couples for marriage began to come in. Believe it or not there were twelve couples in all. What a job it was listing them. But my patient secretary came through in good time. We lined them up and they stretched right across the church. I read the exhortation before marriage to them, went to each couple, received their consent, proceeded with the blessing and the ceremony of the rings (in this country the bride and groom both receive a ring), and so we had twelve pairs of newlyweds.

**N**OW we were ready for the procession. It was the first ever held in the town. I lined up the children, started them off, and gradually the adults fell in line. We even had some Moros with us. Needless to say, we returned to the church with a crowd that would have filled any one of your big city churches. The result, half

of the people had to hear Mass from the town plaza.

After Mass the fun began. It was Baptism time. Don't ask me where all of those people with babies came from. I am new in these parts. But the altar boy, the secretary, the Cantor and two other men were busy listing the babies for an hour and a half. When they finished they had listed one hundred and forty-four babies. I lined up seventy-six the first time. There was no room for any more. With all the shouting going on I made myself hoarse trying to get the questions out and the answers back. It was not so bad with the next group of forty. So we decreased in numbers until the last batch was six. And when I finished with them it was exactly 2:00 p.m.

We packed things up and went back to the house for dinner. And do you know during dinner I got a sick call? The house of the sick person was a mile away and the trip could only be made on foot. On my way back I was thanking the Lord it was all over. I could start for home. Oh yeah! At the house three more babies were waiting to be baptized. We unpacked the bag again and performed the ceremony.

**I**T was four o'clock when we got into the car that was to take us to Kolambugan. It was another Ford of the vintage of '27. One of those bakery delivery wagons turned into a jitney. As usual the Padre rode in front with the driver. In back of us was an improvised seat where sat an army sergeant and his wife and a policeman. Facing them were my three helpers. And in the back where the luggage usually goes were stowed two old women. This time we had one boy on each of the running boards.

Recall the trip we had yesterday; remember it rained most of the night and you can well imagine what condition that road was in. But this boy could drive. He knew his stuff. I wonder what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would have given for a shot of that trip. Remember the old two-reel slapstick comedies we used to see back in the 'teens, when the hero in one car would be pursuing the villain in another? Remember how the producers always managed to have a wet road at the time and how those cars would skid across the road and do an about-face or rise on two wheels? We did all of that and more with a bit of joy-riding between trees.

Every once in a while the driver would ask his boys on the running boards: "Are those two old ladies still with us?" But as I said that boy could drive. I did not feel the least bit afraid with him (Turn to page 111)



*Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., newly appointed Pastor of Iligan, Lanao, P. I. We recommend to the charity of our readers Father Cervini's mother who passed to her eternal reward March 5, 1939.*

# The Blackrobes Return

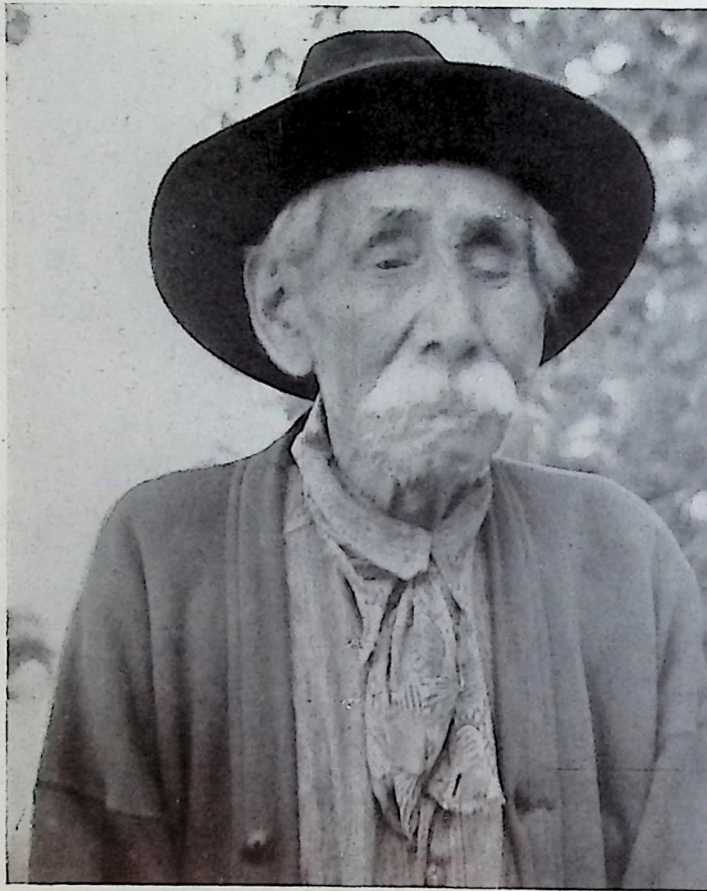
Anthony J.  
Adams, S.J.

**O**N Easter Sunday of 1938, the Pottawatomie Indians began to receive again the spiritual ministrations of the Society of Jesus. To understand the significance of that word *again*, it is necessary to review, at least briefly, the history of this tribe.

In 1833 the United States Government entered into a treaty with the Pottawatomies who relinquished five million acres for an insignificant sum. Part of the tribe, the Prairie Band, moved to southwestern Iowa and settled in the vicinity of the present Council Bluffs; the second group, chiefly from Indiana, built their homes along the north fork of the Osage River and Sugar Creek, about twenty-five miles south and a little west of Kansas City, Kansas.

Here the Jesuits, led by Father Christian Hoecken, S.J., and under the competent direction of Father Felix L. Verreydt, S.J., established their first successfully organized Mission west of the Missouri line. By 1847, the Mission plant was well founded. From the records we learn that there was a large church, there were schools well attended and efficiently taught. Agriculture was encouraged and shop work was done.

**B**UT the Pottawatomies were no exception to the Government Indian policy of those days. After spending about ten years on the Reservations at Council Bluffs and Sugar Creek, the Pottawatomies were united on a new Reservation fifty miles square, situated just west of Topeka along both sides of the Kaw River. According to a new treaty made with the United States Government, both bands had to move to the new site in 1848, and the old Mission at Sugar Creek had to be abandoned. Father Verreydt selected a fertile tract of land on the north bank of the Kaw, and in the very center of the Reservation, as the location for the new church and school, which through the years evolved from an Indian school to Saint Mary's College for boys who attended from nearly every State in the Union, from Mexico, Spain, British Honduras and Canada. The same college today serves as a theological seminary for



*Francis Regis Nukkwefasuk, 100-year-old Pottawatomie, who was baptized by the early Jesuit missionaries and was on hand to welcome the Blackrobes back.*

Jesuit Scholastics from three United States Provinces, for Scholastics from Germany, Colombia, Mexico and Canada.

The early beginnings at Saint Mary's, however, did not portend such development. When the Pottawatomies were forced to leave the Mission on Sugar Creek many scattered. Baptisms dropped in number from 178 in 1846 to 48 in 1848. The Indians and missionaries both found it difficult to readjust themselves; log cabins had to be built, new ground broken, and in general, a new beginning made in every endeavor.

Through unremitting toil and hardships, the Fathers and Sisters were soon making splendid progress and the value of their work was recognized at Washington. Father Christian Hoecken was

prematurely snatched away by death in 1851, and his place as foremost friend and advisor of the Indians was taken by Father Maurice Gaillard, S.J., who labored among them with untiring zeal till his death in 1877.

Some ten years before his death, however, the Saint Mary's Mission ceased to be the home of the Pottawatomies. For in 1861, this band of Indians elected to become United States citizens and to own their land in severalty. This was the beginning of ruin. They soon lost the land to clever land sharks; three hundred thirty-nine thousand acres were sold to the railroads at one dollar per acre. The money was soon spent leaving the Indians homeless and penniless. They lived on charity or wandered over the country.

**I**N 1868, the Federal Government allotted to the Prairie Band a Reservation on Soldier Creek, known today as the Pottawatomie Reservation which is eleven miles square and situated twenty miles northeast of Saint Mary's. Many of the Citizen Pottawatomies moved to a new Reservation in Oklahoma, but others joined the Prairie Band in 1871. Work among them was continued until churches were built near or on the Reservation and secular priests took charge. Thus the Pottawatomies passed from the Jesuit Fathers to the secular clergy.

*(Turn to page 111)*

# Stop That Elephant!

Joseph Staquet, S.J.

A TAME elephant is usually a quiet animal. But sometime ago the Christians of Hisri, a village of the Ranchi Diocese, had a different experience.

Not far from their village there is a forest. One of those petty Rajas, so numerous in India, sends his elephant there every year when feeding it at home is a great difficulty. He did so this year, about February 1st. The mahout or keeper was with the animal and every evening he brought it to Hisri for the night.

Things went well till a market day. On that occasion the mahout paid a long visit to the shop where they sell native gin. On coming back, he must have ill-treated his animal for that night it broke loose. From that day, the elephant still recognized the mahout but only to pursue him. The animal spent the day in the jungle, uprooting trees and fairly big ones too! At night he came down to Hisri, destroying the enclosures of the gardens and eating up the plantain trees, uprooting clusters of bamboos and breaking them to pieces.

SEVERAL times the mahout tried to approach the animal but he very soon realized that he had better run for his life. One evening he did not succeed in reaching safety. It was again a market day! It seems that he tried to console himself over the loss of a friend by getting another one—a bottle of gin. At any rate, the poor man had to be carried to the hospital where he soon died.

On hearing of these happenings, the Raja got afraid. He despatched messengers to the neighborhood, asking those who possessed elephants to send their mahouts with their animals to catch the mad one. Ten mahouts were soon assembled with the Raja in Hisri, but no elephant was brought.

In the meantime the wild fellow was carrying on its work of destruction. Often did the mahouts try to argue with it, but several times they had to seek safety in flight. Finally, somehow they managed to secure the beast between two mango trees. All the ropes and chains of Hisri and of the next village had previously been gathered. Two big ropes, six inches thick, had been made and all the chains joined together. The hind legs



*The stoutest ropes in the village could not hold the elephant. So ten blacksmiths were called in . . .*

were attached to the roots of the mango trees by means of the ropes and one front leg was attached to a post, buried some six feet in the ground.

For the first time since many days, people slept in Hisri. Before they dared not, for the elephant had brought down several huts. The harvest has been bad this year; so many people found this a nice occasion to increase their provision of rice to the detriment of the people of Hisri. These thieves preferred the risk of meeting the elephant rather than having to suffer from hunger later on.

THE villagers were just getting asleep when they heard some noise. After some hesitation the brave ones came out; they were just in time to see the elephant running away carrying the post, around which he had folded his trunk! What they thought were strong ropes had been no fetters for this giant.

The Raja wanted now to shoot the elephant and have finished with it. He was persuaded by the mahouts not to do so. They called some ten blacksmiths who were busy for two days making three strong chains half an inch thick. When these were ready, the mahouts set to work. One night they called the elephant. The animal made for them and half these men took refuge in one of the strongest huts of the village while the others disappeared in another. The elephant (Turn to page 111)

# Pauper in Purple

William A.  
Keating, S.J.

FATHER WALTER J. FITZGERALD, S.J., is leaving the historic old building of Gonzaga University. He is not clad in the simple black of a Jesuit but arrayed in the royal purple of a prelate. Preceding him are a host of Monsignori, some in mourning, some in the colors of their rank. There are several canons in black motzettas, Abbots in black mantellets, Bishops and their Chaplains, an Archbishop, and then the officers of the Mass, chaplains bearing the offerings for the Mass, Masters of ceremony and their myriad assistants, the Bishop-elect looking for all the world as though he were traversing the bloody way of the Cross with hands clasped in fervent prayer and eyes down, seeing nothing but the awful dignity that is about to be conferred and praying God to accept this supreme sacrifice of a Jesuit. He is followed by the Assistant Consecrators and their chaplains, the aged Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., Consecrator, and the stately Archbishop of Portland, His Excellency, Most Reverend Edward D. Howard, D.D.

IT is a colorful procession that wends its way to St. Aloysius Church in Spokane, Washington. Never before have we seen so much purple, so many dignitaries. There are hundreds of priests and religious marching down the aisle as the hierarchy are leaving the College a block away. As the principals of this ceremony near the church door, the unsheathed swords of the Knights of Columbus are drawn in medieval salute. It might be the pageantry of the middle ages were it not for the flashes of cameras and the grinding of movies. This alone makes it of our age.

The Bishops enter the church and the choir of almost a hundred male voices breaks forth in the triumphant "Ecce Sacerdos." Hundreds of hearts thrill as the Bishop-elect walks down the aisle. Hundreds who know the man, the priest, the Jesuit, as a friend and father whisper their prayer to God for his success. The sanctuary is reached and before the high altar, all kneel to



*His Excellency, Most Reverend Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., the new Coadjutor Bishop of Alaska. His consecration took place February 24th at Spokane, Wash.*

greet the Bishop of Bishops. Then the Consecrator, with feeble step, mounts his throne and the vesting begins. He is old, this Bishop of Alaska. But it is not age that makes him tremble. It is the thought of his great power, that of anointing another apostle.

The ceremony begins. From his throne Bishop Crimont looks to the altar of St. Joseph where the Elect and the Assistant Consecrators are sitting. A signal is given, and from either side of the crowded sanctuary come the processions to the high altar. Deacons and Sub-deacons, Presbyter Assistant, Assistant Consecrators, the Consecrator, are all dressed in rich gold. The one light spot in all this is the white-coped Elect. They are seated and the Papal Bull is read. Even in Latin, this is impressive. Then the reader of the mandate mounts to the pulpit and reads it in English. No one can doubt but that this is a great dignity; to be named a Bishop. And the

weight of such a dignity is brought home by the very forceful language of the mandate.

THERE follows the Examen. They are grave questions, these. But each response rings through the great church. There can be no doubt as to the attitude of the Elect on these points.

The Mass begins with the Elect standing to the left of the Consecrator and saying the prayers with him. Just before the Gospel, the Holy Sacrifice is interrupted and the Consecration of the new Bishop is under way. It is an impressive sight, this. Kneeling at the high altar is the little figure of Alaska's beloved Pastor. Beside him are the Assistant Consecrators, and to the left of the mitred trio is the prostrate form of the Bishop-elect. The choir chants the Litany of the Saints and during all this there is a solemn air of some great impending event. Great it is. It might be the saddened Master prostrate in the Garden, praying that the chalice might pass away.

The litanies are finished, the chosen one rises and kneels before Bishop Crimont. The awful moment has come. An assisting priest places the book of gospels on the shoulders of the Bishop-elect. It is a heavy burden he is assuming, or rather, that he is forced to take. The Assistant Consecrators mount the altar steps. There is

a pause. Then as the three Bishops touch the head of the trembling priest there rings out through the silent church the essential, terrible words: "Receive the Holy Ghost." Father Fitzgerald is now His Excellency, Most Reverend Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Titular Bishop of Timbrias, Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. The choir chants the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, as the head of the new Bishop is anointed, and then bound in linen bands. About his neck is placed a linen band into which he places his hands when they have been anointed.

They are sacred hands now, more than ever. With them will be led to the true fold the sixty thousand stray sheep of Alaska, so that there may be but one fold and one Shepherd. He is given the Shepherd's staff, the pastoral crosier. Upon his finger is placed the blessed ring of fidelity. He is bound to the Spouse of Christ for eternity.

**T**HE Mass continues. The Gospel is sung. Now, Archbishop Howard of Portland in Oregon ascends the pulpit and preaches. His words are most inspiring as he traces the unbroken tradition from Christ to Peter and thence down the ages until it touches the Christmewed Bishop Fitzgerald. His words are touching, and who can resist the few tears as he sketches the life that lies ahead.

It is a hard life, this. For any Bishop there must be crosses which follow so great, so awful a responsibility. For this Bishop there are even more. Has he not the most difficult mission in all Christendom? There will be little of the splendor that surrounds him today. Crowds of friends he will not meet again. He will be alone but for Christ.

The Mass continues, and the new Bishop moves from his side altar to the high altar. There by the side of the Consecrator, he continues the Mass until the Consecrator

has given the Episcopal blessing. Again, there is a pause in the Mass, as the Consecrator sits at the high altar, blesses the mitre, and with the aid of the Assistant Bishops, places it on the anointed head of the new Bishop. It is a touching sight to see with what dignity this mere man is crowned. Each of the assisting Bishops holds one of the pendants as the scintillating mitre is placed on the brow of Bishop Fitzgerald by Bishop Crimont. Then, the gloves are blessed and drawn on the hands which can scarce keep from trembling.

It is a sight which few can forget. Kneeling in humble submission is the new Bishop; he seems afraid of his new power. Then, this old man of Alaska, Bishop Bishop Crimont, rises, takes his spiritual son by the hand, raises him from his knees, and leads him to his seat. There he places the crosier in Bishop Fitzgerald's hands, and stands back. He seems pleased with this new Apostle who will relieve him of much of his duty. He is old now and feels he cannot care for his flock. For months he has been requesting a helper. At long last that boon has been granted. Aye, more. Could a better choice have been made? And this greatest of all favors: he has himself consecrated to Alaska and for Alaska a brother Jesuit.

**T**HE *Te Deum* is intoned. With what tremors of emotion this old Pastor of the Northland sings "We praise Thee, O God." The choir takes up the jubilant hymn, as the new Bishop descends from the altar, leaves the sanctuary and walks down the aisle of the crowded church blessing the more than a thousand friends who have gathered for this solemn occasion. He stops at the first pew where his sisters and brothers are trying to hold back the tears of joy. There he blesses and offers his ring to each.

He is back at the high altar now, and pauses before he turns to bless the kneeling congregation. It is a picture. This new Bishop, this new Apostle, giving his first Pontifical blessing. Immediately he kneels and sings "*Ad multos annos*" thrice. Then, with tears of joy he turns to the Consecrator who gives him the kiss of peace. The aged Bishop is crying with the joy of the Lord. One can almost hear him whisper, "*Consummatum est.*"

And it is finished—for him. But for this anointed of God's elect, it is just beginning. Hardships lie ahead. Labors that will cost. Worries—we fear to mention it—worries about the many indigent missions under his care. He is entering a land where debt is second only to snow and ice. The late Pope Pius XI called the Alaskan mission "the most difficult in the world."



The two Bishops can be seen vesting for the Mass. Bishop Crimont at the throne; Bishop Fitzgerald at the side altar.

# Under Three Flags

John F. Magner, S.J.

TRAVELING on the Yangtse-kiang in foreign gunboats is not the usual method of procedure for missionaries in China. However, during the past year, more than one Jesuit has had to resort to this unusual means of communication. As for myself, since December 7, of last year, I have been the guest aboard the gunboats of no less than three nations.

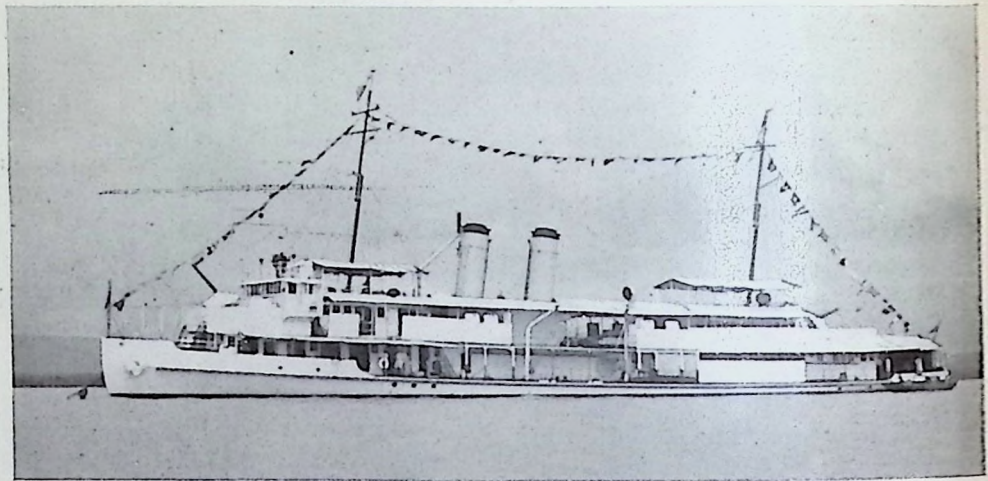
Along with my fellow-Tertians, our Father Instructor and a group of Spanish Mercedarian Sisters, I left Wuhu on December 7, for Anking. Wuhu had been bombed from the air for two days already, and our superiors, desiring us to continue our course of studies in safety, sent us off to Anking on the French gunboat, the *Admiral Charnier*, leaving the Mission in charge of the Spanish Fathers. Two days later we recrossed the Yangtse in a junk and made our way back to Kwei-chin, some fifty miles nearer to Wuhu.

EARLY on Christmas morning, just as we were finishing our three Masses, word was brought us that a British gunboat, *H. M. S. Bee*, awaited us on the river three miles away. I am sure that none of us will ever forget that Christmas Day, and the exquisite hospitality of the Captain and officers of the *Bee* on our trip homeward to Wuhu and its grim reminders of the ten days of agony the city had gone through since our departure.

Having returned to Shanghai in June, also via the Yangtse, but this time in a Japanese passenger ship, I received my appointment to join Fathers James F. Kearney, S.J., and John K. Lipman, S.J., in Nanking. Faced once more with the question of how to get to my destination, I now had the option of taking the train, with the possibility of being waylaid by guerrilla bands en route, or of going up the river once more, this time under the Stars and Stripes. The latter won the decision, and my naval hosts for this trip were the Captain and officers of the U. S. S. *Oahu*.

The gracious treatment I received during my stay on board almost caused me to regret that I was not a Chaplain in the Navy. But now that there are no other foreign ships on the river to play host to me, it looks as though I shall be content to stay peacefully put here in Nanking and get down to work.

But if this means of traveling is a bit unusual, the sight of the great river and its banks is still more unusual today. Where is the erstwhile Yangtse teeming with its burden of every imaginable sort of craft? Where are the bobbing sampans plying back and forth across the stream? Where the graceful junks carrying their



*The U. S. S. Oahu, Yangtze River gunboat—always ready to give the harassed American Jesuits in China a lift.*

varied, and so often, malodorous cargoes from town to town? Where those sturdy river steamers with their happy, chattering human cargoes? Where all those gay pleasure yachts which not so long ago we saw flitting along the estuary? Where, finally, the countless sons of the soil who heretofore greeted the eyes of the passing traveler?

YES, even the great river seems now to bleed and suffer along with the land it waters. It, too, is laid bare and abandoned even as the scorched earth. From December till June the great sweep of the river which we gazed down upon from the Tertianship at Wuhu looked more like a placid lake than China's greatest waterway. Its only burden then was the low grey Nipponese men-of-war dotting its calm surface.

Coming down the river in June, the only things we saw were more men-of-war and countless cargo vessels carrying men and supplies up and down. Coming up again just a few days ago, I was more than surprised to see that there were very, very few of these on the river now. For miles and miles we made our way upstream with not another moving thing in sight save now and then a flock of geese beginning their long trek southwards.

Standing one day on the deck of the *Oahu*, one of the sailors who happened to be at my side turned to me and said, "Do you see what's coming down the river, Father?" I looked in the direction he indicated, and I perceived floating with the current what on drawing closer to the ship turned out to be a corpse. "Is it a soldier?" I asked. "Very probably," he answered. "We see many of them on some days. I remember not so long ago when within four hours we counted as many as nineteen."

This is surely not the first time in its history that the Yangtse has carried such a burden to the sea, but it was the first time, except for the day after the first bombing of Wuhu, that I had seen (Turn to page 111)

# It Began With a Stolen Goat

Frank J. Welzmler, S.J.

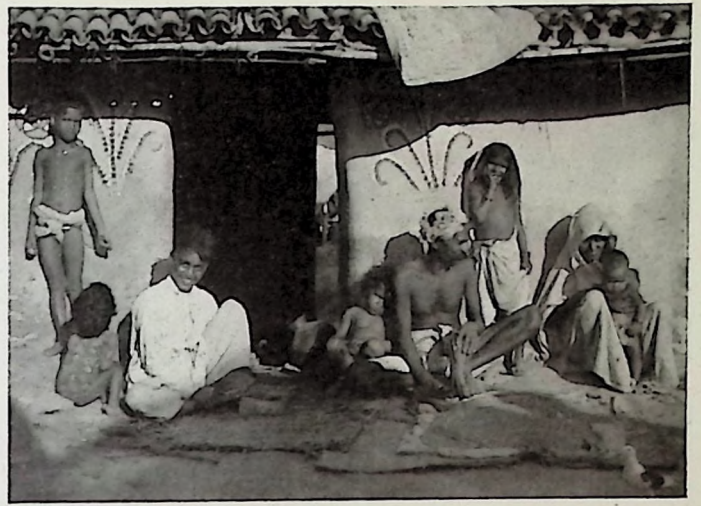
THE sultry stillness of the July noon was suddenly broken by the last bleatings of a young goat. Two Chamars (leatherworkers) started up from the shade where they lay resting. As they skirted the cactus hedge, they were in time to see two of the Rajput (landlord caste) making for a sugar-cane stand to hide the victim of their spite.

The kid belonged to one of the Chamars of their village. It was just another of their pranks to harry their serfs, growing daily more resentful of the slave labor extorted from them. The animal was worth perhaps a dollar. But it was theft; and it is easier under the Indian Penal Code to get away with criminal assault or kidnapping than with theft. One may go up for two or three months for pilfering a mango. Here they were—caught red-handed.

The goat was Dhora's. He lost no time in making a detailed report at the *thana*. Before the Inspector got through with Dhora, it had cost him rupees 40, some fifteen dollars. Dhora earns about ten cents a day during a six-month working season. Besides that he has, or rents, a small field.

BY this time the culprits were in hot water. The case was strong against them. As a retribution for their smallness, they had now to eat humble pie in begging the Chamars to stop the case. They were willing to pay for the goat and refund the expenses incurred. Dhora was nothing loath since he had come to see how much it cost to buy justice in India. Yet he feared there might be a fly in the ointment. "Padre Saheb has a lawyer. Maybe he will help."

A committee of five showed up at the Padre's bungalow not long after. After a long *batchit*, the Padre said he would do what he could to effect a compromise. All the while the men insisted that he must come to the



A Chamar (Untouchable) family at home. The father is winnowing rice.

village; all wanted to be Catholics. The Padre was inclined to cross his fingers; still it was worth a chance. He promised.

On a sticky morning soon after, the Padre took the train for the station nearest the village. The bike was of no use now in the middle of the rainy season. From the station there was a hike of four miles through the jungle, or scrub growth.

AS the tramp came near an end opposite the village, a group of young Rajputs were leaving for school in the town recently left behind. The oldest, of perhaps twenty years, rather abruptly asked what the Padre's business in the village was. The Padre, whose disposition was under par after the sweltering trek, answered quite as bluntly that that was *his* business.

Not the least taken aback, the young fellow asked point-blank: "Are you going to see the Chamars?"

"Yes, I am," with a grin.

Then another direct thrust: "But I tell you they don't want to be Christians."

The Padre felt like coming back with his old theology professor's, "That's what you say." A little more himself by now, he replied, "We'll see."

"You must come to my house first."

The Padre went along. While he enjoyed a belated breakfast of *dahi* or curds, the Rajputs went over the case of the goat with him. Fear seemed to make them sincere in their terms of compromise. A number of the Chamars were called over. Both sides urged that the Padre should ask the *daroga* to submit a final report and end the case out of court. The time for a meeting was set.

Then the Chamars called the Padre to their cluster of mud huts. Two or three hours of chatting and instruction seemed to show real desire for the Faith. The Padre signed up over one hundred persons as catechumens. There were twenty-five or so boys and girls for a school. This was a good beginning.

In due time the meeting with the *daroga* took place. He told the Padre that he would do what he could; yet the nature of the case made it very (Turn to page 111)



The Chamars at work. They are India's shoemaker caste.

# Just Across the Road

William R.  
Hussey, S.J.

**B**ELIEVE it or not, villages closest to a mission station are generally the hardest to convert. This was the sad experience of the Divine Missionary Who wept over Jerusalem and Who was rudely cast out of Nazareth where He was brought up. Every missionary shares in this experience. It is simply part of the heroic work of trying to win souls.

Standing at the door of my room I can see a single thatched roof of one of the many mud houses of Bahapur, a typical Santal village, snugly nestling in a dense grove of trees. This same dense array of bushes and trees that hides the village from the view of passers-by seems likewise to cut it off from the Grace of God.

The village fields border our own. Most of the villagers, men and women, have worked, at one time or another, for the Mission, ploughing land, repairing our mud houses or cleaning rice. Father James A. Creane, S.J., has been a welcome visitor to the village ever since 1927. When St. Mary's Mission, just across the road, was established in 1933 the people were given even greater opportunities of learning about the Catholic religion. Our schools have been open to the boys and girls. In time of sickness the people seek medicine and relief from the Sisters. They always get the first; generally the second too. Father Creane's catechists visit the village regularly to see if there are any sick to be cared for and to ferret out possibilities of conversions.

**B**AHAPUR, however, is still a staunchly pagan village. The people are friendly (friendliness, you know, is a genuine Santal trait). At the approach of the missionary they stop work to greet their visitor. They will talk about the weather, about this year's promising rice crop, about anything but . . . religion.

"Let's not talk about that, Father! Some other day we'll deal with it!" Religion is an unpleasant topic. They prefer to be left to their *bongas* or evil spirits. A sufficiency of fertile land, well-built houses, and a good supply of rice have given the people a much coveted independence . . . even of God and His gifts. Children of Satan they have been born. Such they wish to remain. Years of patient endeavor on the part of our missionaries have brought only one Baptism—that of the headman's son.

Thakur (that was his pagan name) was a boarder at our school then located in Baghalpur. Home for the summer vacation, he suddenly fell ill. His first thought



William R. Hussey, S.J., the author, chats with two Santal "gupies" (cowboys).

was to call for a Father. His request, of course, was denied.

"Thakur," said his father with truly paternal affection, "don't think about the Father. We'll call the village *jan guru* (witch finder) and his secret powers will cure you and you will soon be hunting in the jungles again."

Weakened by fever but still stout of heart, Thakur surprised and hurt his devoted parent by his answer, "The *jan guru* serves the devil! I won't see him! Please call a

Father!" Dismayed by this sudden disrespect of Thakur for his ancestral religion, his father offered a truce.

"Perhaps a chicken sacrificed to the evil spirits will placate them."

"No, father! Such sacrifice is wrong! Please call a priest!"

Thakur's insistence finally triumphed. It was a stroke of Providence that Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., on tour, was close by. Summoned by the excited parents, he was soon at the bedside. Death he saw was tightening its hold on a body exhausted by fever.

**I**NFORMED of his condition, Thakur asked for Baptism. Almost simultaneous was the flat refusal of his parents. A fervent plea from Thakur and persuasive words by Father Stoy and the distraught father yielded. Father Stoy had the happiness of enrolling "Charles" in the army of Christ. Less than five minutes passed and the boy was dead. That's years ago. There hasn't been a Baptism in the village since. As one missionary puts it, "The rest of the people are so close to the Light that they are blinded by it."

Hard cases seem to be Father Creane's specialty. As long as he is able he will patiently work to win the people of Bahapur to Christ. A short time ago we paid a night visit to the village with two catechists and some school boys and the "crowd-getter"—a gramophone and records. We insurgents made a night attack upon Satan's stronghold. The villagers were friendly and interested but no converts resulted.

Just ten years have passed since Bahapur's Guardian Angel wrote the name of one of the villagers in the Book of Life. He hasn't been able to do it since. But Father Creane works on in spite of the apparent hopelessness of the task, buoyed up by the knowledge that Charles, happy in Heaven, is winning graces for the conversion of his village that is "just across the road." May they both succeed.

# THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

## *Feathers in their Birettas*

Lest we permit ourselves to parade under false pretenses, we submit the following character study from *The Tablet* of London, October 29th, p. 574 b: "*Feathers in their Birettas*—'The Jesuits are originally a savage Indian tribe, who emigrated very early in history to Spain via Arabia, and settled down in Northern Spain where they were made Catholics. For their savage and unscrupulous fierceness the Popes took them into their service as the Church's vanguard. How disastrous they proved for Germany is clearly shown by the historical fact that it was the Jesuits who urged Charlemagne to the merciless massacre of the Saxons at Verden.' (Extract of a lesson in a labor camp in Nazi Germany, sent on to me from a letter of a young German there.) So over the Farm Street confessionals should be placed the real names, Big Chief Laughing Dogma, and Great Chief Whacking Penance."

For those further interested in the geneology and customs of this strange tribe we recommend a ten cent pamphlet on sale at Jesuit Mission Press, and entitled, "Those Terrible Jesuits."

## *Jubilation in Spanish Missions*

During the war in Spain volunteers for Spain mission fields were necessarily unable to realize their desires, while the training of new candidates was seriously retarded. Humanly speaking, therefore, General Franco's Decree of Restoration is a source of intense jubilation for the mission world.

## *Vindication*

We quote the following translation:

"The secret forces of the revolution in their incessant labor for the destruction of Spain, again made the worthy and most Spanish Society of Jesus the sure target of their hatred, by decreeing its dissolution on January 23, 1932, in a law promulgated, according to the preamble, to

carry out article twenty-three of the Constitution which, far from expressing the wishes of the country, embodied, in the shape of legal precepts, the dictates of the Lodges that are irreconcilable foes of the great Spanish Nation.

"One of the principal parts of the glorious reawakening of Spanish traditions is the restoration of the Society of Jesus, in its full rights, and this for several reasons. First, to atone adequately for the injustice done to the Society of Jesus.

## *Glorification*

"In the second place, because the Spanish State recognizes and affirms the existence of the Catholic Church as a perfect society in full use of its rights, and, therefore, must also recognize the legal personality of the religious orders canonically approved, as the Society of Jesus has been since Paul III and again by Pius VII and his successors.

"In the third place, because the Society of Jesus is an eminently *Spanish* order and of vast worldwide character which made its appearance in the zenith of the Spanish Empire and took a great part in its vicissitudes, for which reason, by happy coincidence in history, its persecution inevitably goes together with progress of anti-Spanish movements.

## *Restoration*

"Finally, on account of its vast educational contributions which have done so much towards the greatness of our country and towards an increase of the scientific store of humanity, wherefore, Menendez Pelayo called its persecution 'a death-blow for Spanish culture and a brutal obscurantist attack against knowledge and human letters.'

"For all these reasons, on the proposal of the Minister of Justice and after previous deliberation by the Cabinet Council,

I ordain:

"Article One. The Decree of January the twenty-third, 1932, on the dissolution of the Society of Jesus in Spain and the forfeiture of

its possessions, and all the laws, whatever their nature, dictated as a complement to them or for the execution of the said Decree, are totally abolished.

"In virtue whereof, the Society of Jesus has full legal personality in Spain and may freely carry on all the ends proper to its Institute, and remains, as concerns property, in the situation it possessed before the Constitution of 1931. . . .

"And this I do ordain by the present Decree, given at Burgos, on this third day of the month of May, of the year of Grace, One thousand, Nine hundred and Thirty-eight.

(Signed) "Francisco Franco."

## *Pamphlets in the Trenches*

Among others laboring with the troops in the front-line trenches, one Jesuit Father has brought into the Church two captured members of the International Brigades, one a Russian schismatic, the other a Hungarian Protestant. A Jew, a Greek and an Arab are now under instruction. Not content with the apostolate of the spoken word this same Father has inaugurated a service for the distribution of pamphlets. Assisted by troop commanders, military chaplains and Jesuit lay Brothers who are serving as ambulance aides, he has sold or distributed during the past few months 200 copies of "The Life of Christ," 1500 books on Catholic dogma, 9,750 paper prayer books for soldiers, 3,600 Sacred Heart badges, 200 *apologetic pamphlets*, 640 novels and other recreational reading, and 1,700 *religious pamphlets*. This same Father has also founded a Circulating Library at the front and collects boy magazines from the students in Jesuit schools to be forwarded to the poor children who were carried away to other lands by the Reds.

## *Key for Study Groups*

Joseph F. MacDonell, S.J., and Joseph F. Quane, S.J., have just issued "A Key to Sources on Christian Social Reconstruction" for study groups.

# Modern Social Work for Jamaica



*Typical Jamaica outpouring taken at the blessing of the church at Jeffrey's Town.*

**T**HE Church is the greatest ally of the home in preparing human lives for this world and the next. Just as our Lord not only preached to the thousands who flocked to hear Him in the desert but also gave them food for their bodies as well as their souls, so, too, the zealous missionary is anxious to bring to those who have not yet seen the Light, the Bread of Life and also, following the example of the Master, to go about "doing good," clothing the hungry and giving drink to the thirsty.

It is for the fulfillment of such a program that His Excellency, Bishop Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J., of Jamaica, B. W. I., has assigned the writer to devote some time to the study of modern Social Work technique, in the hope that these efforts will help to spread the Kingdom of Christ in Jamaica and prepare starving souls for the Feast of the King of kings.

The term "social work" is of recent origin. Not so its ultimate object and aim. It is really only a new method of attacking an old problem, namely, that of helping people to meet their temporal needs and problems when these are beyond the ability of the individual to solve. In the past various forms of charity, philanthropy and relief have existed and in the Christian dispensation the Corporal Works of Mercy occupy a prominent place in the practice of Faith. Indeed, many religious communities in the Church devote a great amount of their time to this phase of Catholic life.

However, the changed and constantly changing conditions of social life especially under the influence of industrialization and the large influx of rural population into the cities have gradually rendered inadequate the older methods of dealing with human needs. The problem of treating poverty, sickness and disease has been more complex and has elicited a more specialized approach.

**I**T is, of course, equally true that the conditions under which many individuals or groups are forced to live have been brought about, or at least rendered more acute, by the deadening of the religious sense among a vast section of the community. Moreover, it may be affirmed on justifiable grounds that much of modern social work is entirely materialistic and purely humanitarian in its approach and outlook. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that there is a place in modern social life for Catholic Social Work, not only in large industrial countries and congested urban centers but also in smaller and less populous communities such as we find commonly in the missions.

It is our purpose in the present article to take a glance at one of our mission fields from the point of view of the application of these modern methods as a phase of missionary activity. We have chosen the Island of Jamaica, British West Indies.

The Island of Jamaica is one of a group of four islands in the Caribbean known as the Greater Antilles. The other three are Cuba, Haiti and Puerto Rico. It is ninety miles long and wide of Cuba and one hundred miles wide of Haiti. It has an area of approximately four thousand five hundred square miles or slightly less than the size of the State of Connecticut. Its fauna and flora is typically tropical though there are no large forests and dangerous wild beasts usually associated with the tropics. It is also

dominantly agricultural, the main products being sugar cane, bananas, citrus fruits and rum.

**T**HE population presents an interesting cosmopolitan admixture in the million or so of its inhabitants with a preponderance of African strain. On a very conservative estimate it could be stated that over ninety per cent of the population is Colored. East Indian settlers number about twenty thousand, Chinese five thousand and Syrians about a thousand. The distinctly European population is mainly represented by English, Scotch and American officials, merchants and plantation owners.



Religiously, the Church of England claims the largest adherence of between one-fifth and one-fourth of the entire population, followed closely by the Baptists and Methodists. Nearly all the other American and English variations of sectarian worship have a following. Indeed, the number of individuals who have not come into contact with some form of Christianity is practically negligible. In this sense, missionary work in Jamaica is more difficult than in many other mission fields that present a virgin soil.

At the present time, Catholics number about eighty thousand of whom more than one-third reside in the city of Kingston, the capital of the Island and its suburbs. The spiritual welfare of these Catholics is administered by thirty-five priests of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus under the direction of the Vicar Apostolic, Most Reverend Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., D.D. They are helped in their work by one hundred and fifty Sisters representing four different Religious Communities. The value of the work of these Religious women cannot be easily overestimated and in the application of new techniques of modern social work the Bishop looks to Sisters for the main supply of volunteers.

At the present time, Catholic welfare work in Jamaica is limited to the activity of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, one Industrial School for boys and another for girls conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. There are also several primary and secondary schools mainly staffed by the Sis-



*A group of tumble down shacks all face one common yard. In these Jamaica yards there is no privacy worthy of the name. No real family life is possible.*

ters, and one hospital. However, these latter especially are not in a position to meet the needs of a large section of the population.

NO private or public organization for family welfare exists in the Island at the present time. In this field the community is still in the stage where the public social agency is simply a relieving agency without the equipment to evaluate actual needs or adequate appropriation of funds to meet these needs even if it were possible to make a fairly accurate estimate of them. The few private agencies lack trained personnel and funds.

A health program which would naturally remove several families from a state of dependency is also completely missing. There are no private hospitals and clinics, Catholic or non-Catholic, where the poor may obtain treatment and the public institutions are clearly inadequate to meet the demands on their services. Other elements that enter into the fabric of family life, such as recreation and housing also require urgent attention. It is quite evident, therefore, why the Church is deeply interested in aiding the development of a desirable background on which to build up the ideal spiritual structure of the Christian family among the individuals to whom the Faith is being preached.

INSTITUTIONAL care for dependent or delinquent children exists under public and private auspices. But there is no development along the lines of foster-home care, or for individualization in the treatment of the children.

So far, the work carried on in the two existing Catholic institutions for dependent children is the most developed form of Catholic Social Work in the Island. Nevertheless the limitations are quite evident. There is no opportunity for after-institutional guidance on the one hand nor for day-care of infants or dispensaries for medical assistance. The problem of juvenile delinquency is yet to be met.

Ill health is one of the most important factors in our poverty cases. Bad living conditions, poor wages and low moral standards tend to accentuate this problem. A program of education in methods of hygiene, proper nutrition, and child-care is one that would have far reaching effects both temporally and spiritually.

*A beauty spot in the Jamaica hill country is New Castle, the Military Concentration Camp ministered to by Jesuits from Kingston.*



# Strenuous Days In Ontario

James I.  
Mackey, S.J.

**I**T was fatiguing, almost, to read the letter. It was one just received from Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., Jesuit missionary among the Canadian Indians in northern Ontario. As I allowed the five closely written sheets of notepaper to slip from my fingers onto the desk before me, I thought for a moment of other communications I had seen recently from other missionaries, Father Rolland's fellow laborers, Fathers Timothy Dwyer, S.J., and Oscar Labelle, S.J.; and I realized that our Canadian Missions are by no means the least strenuous in the world.

A moment's further consideration of the climate of northern Ontario, the fearfully cold winters, the awful loneliness, the extreme poverty of their Indian charges,—and the great selflessness, the labor and sacrifice of these men who are literally killing themselves for Christ stood out in clear and admirable prospect before me.

**B**UT here is the substance of the letter that inspired this writing so that you may judge of it for yourselves. Father Rolland had written to tell of an experience he had had a short while ago on a visit to a Catholic family at an extreme point in his forest parish. It seems that the outing involved a one hundred and fifteen mile drive by motor and then a considerable trip by water into the real backwoods country. The motor drive was made with an Indian youngster, an orphan, who was to be adopted by a childless couple called Tuffy and Adele, Tuffy being the guide who was to accompany the Father on the latter part of his journey.

This latter part of the trip was a series of unfortunate mishaps. While unloading their canoe from the car top it slipped and crashed to the ground. Repairs made, they launched their craft to find that there was something wrong with the little outboard used to propel it. Another delay and it was not until 2:30 p.m., that the combined forces of tinkering and prayer got them under way with thirty-five miles of river between them and their destination. Even then after four miles of travel they had to abandon their motor for the paddle, for their way lay along a weedy, winding river where their outboard was utterly useless.

It was at this point that they had the one bit of good



*Father Rolland's Indian guides negotiating some difficult rapids in northern Ontario.*

fortune in the entire outing. The Indians in the district were short of fresh meat and Father Rolland and his guide had been asked to keep their eyes open for game. They surprised a moose and were fortunate enough to drop him before he could get away. There was bitter mixed with the sweet, however, for there was a further delay to cache the animal which they would pick up as they made the return journey.

The result of this succession of halts was that at nightfall, unprepared for sleeping out, they had sixteen miles to go. In the blackness they missed a portage and were swept into a rapids before they could do anything about it. There was nothing then to do but jump into the racing water and try to negotiate the fifty-foot drop slipping and swimming as best they could with the canoe held upright between them.

**H**ERE is the description of the rest of the evening as Father Rolland details it in his letter. "This went on it seemed for hours. I had only light shoes and one change of socks. These were soaked, as were my portable altar and sick call bag, by the gallons of water that flooded the bottom of our canoe. One short rapids was followed by another. The same work again and again. . . . Fatigue finally drove us into the bush to seek the portage we had missed. We tramped supperless through the forest, over logs, through swamp and tangled undergrowth. At last we found the portage and descended it to see how far we had yet to go. Our journey was almost at an end. A couple of rapids more and we would have accomplished the lot of them. But by this time we were too tired to go any farther, and we slept on the bank of the river. During the night a big blaze awoke us. Our tarpaulin was on fire. In the excitement my guide knocked my socks into the fire and they, too, were consumed in the flames. The greater part of our equipment perished, (Turn to page 111)

# Indian Nationalism and the Catholic Church

## The Mission Intention for April

ON December 29, 1938, the Sixth All-India Catholic Congress completed its three-day session in the Academy Hall of St. Aloysius College, Mangalore. Because of the rapid growth of Indian nationalism and the political power already wielded by the Indian National Congress, the topic for discussion, namely, "Relations between Church and State" was extremely vital. Its timeliness is now further reinforced by the publication of the Mission Intention for April in which His Holiness, Pope Pius XI of blessed memory, pleads for prayer in order that the spirit of nationalism in British India may not prove hostile to the Catholic Church.

In the belief that no lasting solution to this problem will ever be found unless both Church and State clearly outline their respective claims, the President of the Congress, Mr. A. Soares, presented a masterly summing up of the supernatural character of the Church and of its purpose, in India. As reported in *Fides Service* for January 20, 1939, "Indian Catholics," he said, "are grateful to the British for having given them a fair field and scope for development, but they know that the fortunes of the Church are not bound up with those of British imperialism. Between the Church and Indian national aspirations there is no clash of rival claims. From nationalist India," he continued, "we ask for no special favors and privileges. We ask merely for a fair field and free scope. We ask for elementary freedom of conscience and religion which includes the right to win over adherents to the Faith by peaceful means. We ask for the right to maintain our educational institutions for our children and such others as may wish to share in the benefits of that education. We ask, finally, for the recognition of our own personal law in specific matters like marriage, which to us, as to the orthodox Hindu, is not a mere civil contract, but a religious sacrament. These are the things that, as Catholics, touch us deeply. We want freedom to preach Christ and teach His doctrine, not because we want more political power, nor



*With something akin to sadness the traveler in India beholds countless Hindu temples surmounted by Vishnu's trident or a symbol of some other equally prominent Hindu god.*

because we wish to destroy the old Indian culture—we Catholics are as proud of this culture as any one else and Catholicism left to itself has a knack of absorbing and assimilating the best there is in any culture—but because we believe we have a message to deliver, tidings of great joy, to this country. We believe that this message has an immense power for good, and that in conveying this message we are doing as great a service to India as to the Church."

Of itself, of course, nationalism is by no means incompatible with Catholicism or with friendly relations between leaders of the State and missionary representatives of the Church. Unfortunately, however, the nationalism rampant among the followers of Gandhi today is veering full tilt towards an exaggerated xenophobia or hatred of all foreigners. The peril for the Church comes immediately from the fact that lying propaganda broadcast in large cities and penetrating remote country villages seeks to paint our missionaries as agents of a foreign power whose aim is the political control of this ancient country. Is it difficult, therefore, to understand how, in the light of such publicity converts to Catholicism are treated as traitors to the fatherland?

To this age-old issue of political jealousy, there is only one, permanent, practical answer, that given by our late Pope of the Missions in an Encyclical Letter published as early as February 28, 1926, and advocating a native clergy. For "Suppose," His Holiness writes, "that on account of a war or on account of other political events one government supplants another in the territory of the mission and that it demands or orders expulsion of foreign missionaries of a certain nationality; . . . what great harm would accrue to the Church in those regions, We ask, unless the native clergy which has been spread as a net-work throughout the territory could provide completely for the converts to Christ?" May our new Vicar of Christ follow in the footsteps of the Pope of the missions!

# A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PATNA, INDIA

### India Smiles

Joseph A. O'Brien, S.J., newly arrived at Patna, is impressed by the smiles of India's Catholics:



The smiles of Patna's Catholics made a deep impression on Joseph A. O'Brien, S.J. A Chamar (Untouchable) boy is showing him what it means to be a Catholic.

"One of the greatest blessings in this vale of tears is a smile, a contagious smile, a smile that radiates true peace and happiness. It is my contention that the thing the world is searching for is the genuine smile of peace, the smile that can only come from Christ.

"It is, therefore, a source of genuine consolation, a legitimate, longed-for pleasure that the tired, dust-stained, foot-sore missionary experiences when he visits his cheerful little flock. The little ones rush forth from their straw or mud hut to bid their ever-welcome Padre a heart-felt salaam, *Jesu Ke Berai*, or *Jesu Merang*. The Padre's presence is soon announced throughout the entire village. Young and old issue forth from their very humble dwellings, smile, salute and endeavor in their simple way to make Christ's representative as comfortable as possible.

"The salutation, it is true, may vary with the different locality. Southwest of Patna in the independent state of Bhopal, the greeting is a simple: 'Salaam, Father, Father salaam.' After saluting the priest the Catholics

then kiss the back of their Padre's hand and raise it to their forehead.

"In many sections of Patna the refrain is *Jesu Ke Berai*. Among the Santals, that lovable, clean,

semi-nomadic race of Indians, the people raise their sparkling black eyes and say: '*Jesu Merang*.' The common denominator, however, is always the same. The cheerful smile is there, happiness is there, Christ is there.

"It has been said that when Merry England turned Protestant merriment disappeared from the land that bred the like of St. Thomas More. With regard to oriental India the case may be said to be just the opposite. This pagan land never really absorbed the Faith, it never accepted the Lamb of God, it never really became cheerful. Consequently, the cheerful Catholic is indeed a rarity in India compared to the teeming millions who only stare unemotionally, ignore coldly, or despise contemptuously. With only about four million Catholics out of approximately three hundred and eighty million people India can hardly be said to be really a merry country.

"Obviously, therefore, it is the sincere wish and prayer of every true missionary to spread sunshine up and down this dark, poverty-stricken land by making the people smile, by making them

know Christ Who came into this world that these His little ones might have Life and have it more abundantly."

### "Biggest Missionary"

Another new arrival in Patna, Charles J. Fox, S.J., sends us some impressions of Ghokla:

"We left Ghokla on Wednesday noon just a week ago and took the train for Bhagalpur, the old parish of the Capuchins, which is now in our hands, but which will soon be relinquished in favor of the Third Order of Clerks Regular of St. Francis from Loretto, Pennsylvania. Father James A. Creane, S.J., the Pastor there for the present, who is known as the 'Santal Tramp' because of his great work among the Santals, met us. We were familiar visitors, for we had jumped off from his place just a few days before.

"We stayed in Bhagalpur that night and the next morning we were off for Godda, back in the Santal country again, where we were fortunate in catching Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., just back from a motorcycle tour of his mission stations in the hills. Father Ernst was a Scholastic in charge of the lunch room at St. Ignatius in Chicago when my brother Fred and I first went there back in 1930. He is the biggest man on the Mission. He is about six-four or five.

"I would like to say a little more about his work out in his district, and some other time I intend to do so. Suffice it to say now that we ate with him and Father James Gibbons, S.J., who had come over from Poreya Hat with the mission lorry—just an old Chevy truck with a top and a kind of screen wiring going all the way around."

### Santal Celebrations

According to word from Patna, Father John A. Morrison, S.J., has been appointed the new Editor of *The Patna Mission Letter*. He describes his preparations for departure from the Santals at Poreya Hat:

# ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

"Christmas with our Santal shepherds here at Poreya is about as close to the real thing as you can get. And our Christmas banquet was a hundred and sixty pounds of pig meat and four hundred and eighty pounds of rice, a huge hill of it. We must have had between five and six hundred here. And in the afternoon we sent the bus to get Father John Brennan, S.J., and Father Charles Bonnot, S.J. Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., and Father Edward Scott, S.J., came from Godda, so with three Franciscans we had ten for Christmas dinner—the biggest crowd that Poreya has had for a long time."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

### Go East Old Man!

Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., Tangub, Misamis, P. I., mourns for the Mission he must soon desert:

"The number of Filipino priests is so far below the battalions required, that, even with the annual crop from the seminaries, of those who have persevered until priesthood, it will be years before the dream of Pope Pius XI for an adequate native clergy will be realized.

"Our Jesuit Fathers are turning over to their successors, the Columban Fathers, an ecclesiastically-organized Mission, with liveable quarters in the central stations. The long awaited Provincial Road has just been completed, so that travel by launch is mere history. In time, the trails up the mountain slopes will be further developed, and in a few years, even the horse may have to yield to the auto in covering the outlying districts. The anxieties of travel will be reduced; long periods without food, and the longing for a safe drink of water, after hours on horseback under a blazing sun will be only hearsay.

"But the battle to preserve the Faith against the termites of Evangelicalism, Sabbatism and Aglipayanism must still go on. What will become of our once flourishing schools under the apparently anti-Catholic pressure of

the school authorities of the Government, is a problem. Then, too, the gathering-in of the semi-civilized pagans back in the hills must continue. The field of the Church in Occidental Misamis has been harrowed and planted; the weeding and the harvesting must be taken up by new reinforcements, younger priests and more numerous: that the labors of the past may still fructify, that the Kingdom may become more and more a reality, as the Master wishes it!

"The Missions of northern Mindanao, to the east, are beckoning to us for help, when we shall have been relieved of Occidental Misamis. The call will be: Go east, *old man*,—for, tropical years have two summers and age comes on apace. Oriental Misamis, Bukidnon and Lanao still depend on American Jesuits."

Jasaan, repairing churches, visiting the mountain *barrios* practically every month. His knowledge of Visayan is constantly growing. At our last patronal fiesta of Tagoloan, Father preached a fluent sermon in the dialect. His spirit of unselfish devotion to the Mission and to his brothers in Christ is inspiring and an earnest of many years of solid lasting good for souls."

### What Would You Do?

Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., new Rector of Iligan, Lanao, lets us in on his first problem with his new flock:

"I have been averaging twenty-five Baptisms every Saturday here in Iligan alone. Remember I visit two *barrios* every week also and we always have Baptisms there. That is the next Saturday, the 28th, I should



Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., with native Sisters and Catholic Action group returning through the fields of Membalang, Mindanao, P.I., after a church fiesta.

### On to Iligan

Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., St. Mary's Church, Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, pays tribute to a fellow missionary, Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J.:

"Father Cervini is no longer our next door neighbor. He's Pastor of the great Iligan. Really, he did splendid work while at reason why I am not supposed to

leave Iligan on Saturdays. Yet be in two other places besides Iligan, Lugait and Beroy. Both of these last two have gone and picked that date for their fiesta. Even though I have warned them in time.

"I gave Beroy, thirty-six bags of cement for their chapel floor on condition that they would not take Saturday for their fiesta.

# BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

That was last October. They agreed heartily, got the cement and went ahead and picked Saturday. Of course, I should have known that this would happen. But I thought I would try."

## Zamboanga Bootblacks

Father Eusebius G. Salvador, S. J., writes from the Ateneo de Zamboanga:

"We had a group of twenty bootblacks on December 27th make their First Communion. It was a job rounding them up for instruction but we did it as our contribution towards the movement for Social Justice abroad in the Islands at the present time. This parish of Zamboanga contains about nineteen thousand Catholics and about four thousand Mohammedans, together with an equal number of Protestants. We have all we can do at the present time trying to keep the church from leaking without attempting to convert followers of Mohammed or the Evangelicals."

## IRAQ

### Who's Who in Baghdad

Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J., tells us some of the news that's fit to print on Who's Who in Baghdad:

"A formal reception was held recently at the College in honor of our new Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency, Rt. Reverend George de Jonghe. Two of our boys welcomed His Excellency in Arabic and in French. In his address to the students Monsignor de Jonghe visualized his hopes for Baghdad College and stressed the great need for unified, vigorous Catholic Action and devoted patriotism. This occasion also marked the first appearance of Rt. Reverend William A. Rice, S.J., as Bishop-elect of Belize, British Honduras.

"Bishop de Jonghe, a Belgian, is a member of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris. He studied at Brussels and Namur in Belgium, and at the Gregorian University in Rome.

"Ordained in 1910 by Cardinal Mercier, he went immediately

thereafter to China where he did active missionary work for the next twenty-six years—during which time he founded a primary and secondary school which he directed for ten years; by appointments from Monsignor Constantini, Father de Jonghe became Administrative Director of the Committee of the Hierarchy, Chairman of the Chinese Catholic Men's Society and Inspector-General of all Catholic Educational Societies in China.

"On May 23, 1933, the Holy Father appointed Father de Jonghe Bishop of Amatos and Vicar Apostolic of Leonango. A year ago Bishop de Jonghe returned to Paris to recuperate from a serious illness, caused by his long and indefatigable labors for the Chinese people. Once again in vigorous health, Bishop de Jonghe was appointed on



Main entrance of the new Baghdad College as of May, 1938.

October 14, 1938, as Apostolic Delegate to Iraq.

"Last week the former students of the school tendered a farewell party to Rt. Reverend William A. Rice. Two of the graduates bespoke the heartfelt appreciation of the boys for all Bishop-elect Rice has done for them. Responding, His Excellency reviewed the history of

the College from its very humble beginnings in 1932, thanked the boys for their kind cooperation and urged them on to greater initiative in the lay apostolate of Catholic Action.

"Father Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J., Vice-Rector, has recently returned from Beirut, where he made his annual retreat.

"Father Edmund K. Cheney, S.J., has entirely recovered from a streptococcus infection. Credit must be given to Father John A. Mifsud, S.J., who has successfully treated two cases of this dangerous infection.

"All of us are very well, thank God. Our only proximate menace is the possibility of getting stuck in Baghdad's mud or (more probably) in the sea of financial depression. To all the friends of JESUIT MISSIONS we send our humble thanks and prayerful wishes for a blessed 1939. Please ask our dear Lord and the Blessed Queen of Apostles to bless our work."

## CHINA

### Consoling Wall

From Nanking Father James F. Kearney, S.J., writes that guerrilla warfare is going on almost everywhere in his district outside of the big cities:

"We have a very consoling wall around Nanking so don't suffer from any attacks; but we see truck loads of soldiers going out hunting daily and Red Cross trucks bringing in the local casualties.

"There are peace rumors as this is written, but it is doubtful if anything will come of them as the differences are so fundamental that it is hard to see how any settlement can be reached. Peace is what we want and are praying for.

"However, it looks like a pretty hard future for missionary activity in the next few years, though we must admit that the war has had its compensating blessings from the point of view of apostolic opportunities. The Church certainly has plenty of 'face' right now for the war work."

# JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

## Good Ship Oahu

In a recent letter Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of Nanking, tells about the friendly American gunboat *Oahu*:

"*Oahu* is one of the Hawaiian Island group, and the other river gunboats are named after various other insular possessions, e.g., the *Guam*, *Luzon*, *Panay*, *Tutuila*, etc. Just an old American custom, it seems. Right now the *Oahu* is up at Hankow, with every prospect of being there for some time. The other boats that spent the last eighteen months up there arrived in Shanghai just before Christmas, and I believe the *Guam* is going to take over the Nanking-Shanghai run that *Oahu* had. The Admiral's yacht, *Isabel*, on which I came up last June, will be here next week for a visit.

"Things here are going along quietly, as I wrote you recently. There are now three Catholic Dispensaries or clinics running, and business is good. The original one at the church handles around ninety to one hundred and twenty every morning; the one down at the river at Hsiakwan, which is open three afternoons a week, has reached seventy-five per afternoon now and will rapidly increase; the third is at the newly opened hospital and after one week has thirty-five patients each morning.

"So far there are only two inpatients at the hospital, but as soon as it becomes known I think the difficulty will be to keep people away. Father John Magner, S.J., is doing fine work at the hospital and Hsiakwan clinics now and seems to like it immensely. He is the official director of the hospital, though, of course, the Sisters run the place.

"Since Father James Kearney, S.J., has been in Shanghai,—he went down January 5th, and will be back the 19th—I have been working on the job of investigating applications of relief, and we visit the homes of those who have asked for help to see what and how much they need. It is really an education in itself, and

I hope to have time soon to write a short article about it.

"After some delay, Station XMHA finally has the short-wave going and is now conducting tests. It should be in permanent operation in another week or ten days. The frequency is 12.10 megacycles, but since the power is only 500 watts I hardly imagine you could pick it up



*It is not always winter in Alaska. Father Martin Lonneux, S.J. (right) of St. Michael's, sits in the Spring sun and skins a muskrat.*

regularly back there. You could hear the Mass at 10:00 P.M., Saturdays, New York time, and our Catholic Hour at 6:30 A.M., Sunday mornings. Perhaps some of your friends with good sets might try it."

## ALASKA

### Number 597

Christian Number 597 was baptized at Hooper Bay according to a letter from Father John P. Fox, S.J., Superior:

"Our freeze-up came early this year. We had about a foot of snow on the level, and it is hardly possible to get along with a sled except following a beaten trail. Last year we did not have this much snow until about the first part of February. Much snow is a blessing as it protects everything against the cold, serving as a kind of blanket that the dear Lord spreads over His family of creatures to keep them warm.

"We just baptized our 597th Christian, beginning with the year 1920. The vast majority of these were babies, as adult Baptisms are comparatively few in this district. Our early missionaries baptized all the children they found in their annual trips through here, even though at the time instruction was impossible. Around here, considering the

high mortality of children, it is the only sensible thing to do. For that reason the number of adult Baptisms by which folks generally judge the number of converts is disappointing. Practically all our converts are so only nominally; they begin to take instruction in the Faith in which they were baptized, but which they never had a chance to learn."

### Some Litter!

"All's well in the Arctic," reports Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., in a brief note from Akulurak. "The weather has been quite mild thus far. Heavy fog, though, near the sea and pretty easy to get lost. I went some five hours the other night in the darkness giving the dogs free rein. They brought me to an igloo at last in a biting wind and cold. Good dogs are one grand asset to a tramp missionary. Father Edmund Anable, S.J., has a litter

# AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

of eight male puppies and one female. Just a nice team for next year."

## Hungry Wolves

"I have just returned from a long trip to the country beyond the Arctic Circle," writes Father Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., Superior of the Alaskan Mission. The trip included visits to the missions on Bering Sea and Kotzebue Sound, as well also as a rather thrilling airplane journey.

"Our new missionary in Kotzebue, Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., is rapidly becoming acquainted with his icy field of work. From Kotzebue I went up the Kobuk River to Kiana and then across the hills to Selawik and Neeliuk. From Neeliuk to Nulato the daring aviator took me across the unmapped and very inhospitable regions between the Yukon and the Selawik. In that desert country wolves roam in large packs, living off the reindeer and caribou herds. The aviator grimly remarked to me as we flew over the headwaters of the Husli, 'It would be a long walk to civilization if we were forced down here.'"

## AMERICAN INDIANS

### Red Stories

Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., of St. Andrew's Indian School, Pendleton, Oregon, has collected a group of incidents which he calls "Little Red Stories":

"We had a mission for the Indians after Christmas. After the first night we had between two and three hundred in attendance. The war dance this year was a failure owing to the mission. The last morning we had fifty-five Holy Communions. Much good resulted and still continues.

"There are slight increases in the size of the school and the catechism classes of Public School children.

"An Indian woman with a boy and a girl came into church. As she knelt down to pray she looked across the pew to see whether all was well with her little ones. The boy was capped, the girl unhatted.

The mother removed the cap from the boy's head and put it on the girl. After that she prayed in peace.

"At the time of the 'flu' epidemic at St. Andrew's School in January, 1937, the 'bugs' had captured one Indian child after another. The prefects were making the rounds with thermometers, when Jimmy Williams all but swore up and down the 'insects' would not get him. He would beat them with his skis. Much of the snowy day he was trudging up the hill and sliding down on slippery barrel-staves. But that evening Jimmy was flushed in



The American Scholastics at Zi-ka-wei, China. Front row, Albert O'Hara, S.J., and Ralph Deward, S.J., who will be ordained to the priesthood June 7th. Back row, Gerald Pope, S.J.; Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J., and Wilfred LeSage, S.J.

the face and felt off-tone.—Comes bedtime—'Well, well,' thought the prefect with the thermometer, 'so the bugs did get Jimmy.'

"Alphonse had gone to confession during the Sunday Mass and it was just time for him to go up to the altar railing to receive Holy Communion. Still he made no move. At this point his grandmother, the long-haired Indian, Louise, gave him an unobtrusive sign. No movement. Then Louise came over to our little friend and gave him a stout box on the ear. No stronger argument was needed. Alphonse advanced to the Communion rail. In the training of Indian children their elders believe that, if need be, they should spoil the rod."

## JAMAICA

### To Strike Or Not to Strike!

Under the shade of the Half-Way Tree, Holy Cross parish, Jamaica, B. W. I., Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., philosophizes on strikes and unions:

"One of my parishioners told me this morning that all lumber yards here are going to shut down tomorrow and will not sell a stick of wood until the laborers come to their senses. If a man is discharged, no matter on what score, his fellow workers strike. Even strikers are getting fed-up with sympathy strikes. All the employees at the Constant Spring Hotel struck on New Year's Eve and left the management and guests flat. What the outcome will be it is hard to say."

### On the Sands of Montego Bay

Father Harold J. Sullivan, S.J., writes from Browns Town of the work being done by his brother Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J., and himself:

"There are many odds and ends entailed in the reconstruction of the Duke Street school burned to the ground last year. Here again Father Raymond's genius for the work has been called into play with the result that the Franciscan Sisters will be able to see their way clear to rebuild and give to the work of God a bigger and better school right in the heart of the Capital City, Kingston. It means the extension of an influence that is already reaping rich fruits in the womanhood of the Island.

"Today a gentleman from Minnesota told me that on the Beach of Doctors Cave in Montego Bay another man from the States who is making his fifteenth annual visit to Jamaica said as he saw the preparations at Alvernia: 'There is no question of it. The Roman Catholic Church is the most certain mark of progress a country has. What it has done for this Island is tremendous and yet it moves as quietly and smoothly as a passing cloud.' He is a shrewd observer and absolutely correct."

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Mutual Admiration

To the Editor:

Please send to the above address 20 copies of the pamphlet, "Advertising the Catholic Church" at five cents the copy, as stated on the cover of JESUIT MISSIONS. I like the title of the booklet, as I am a Catholic Publicity writer myself, and have been for twenty years through the columns of *Truth* and *The Sign*. I want these pamphlets for the rack of our Cathedral here. Next month Jesuit missionaries will conduct a two weeks' mission here, and I want to get ahead of them (not an easy thing to do) by getting "Advertising the Catholic Church" into the Cathedral before they come! I hope they will collect some subscriptions for JESUIT MISSIONS, the most interesting of all missionary magazines. It is the only one I subscribe to, for I am a wanderer and have no permanent address. But I feel under obligation to JESUIT MISSIONS for one of your staff wrote the best review of my little book, "The Gracious Years" that I saw anywhere. It was published in 1936 (St. Anthony Guild Press) and is now in its second printing.

I enclose cheque with twenty-five cents extra for postage. Also please send me a catalogue of JESUIT MISSIONS pamphlets and of *The Queen's Work* pamphlets.

St. Augustine, Fla. M. P. Hilliard.

## Win and Lose

To the Editor:

Your second letter of the 27th was really embarrassing to me. I ought not to have been so dilatory in sending my subscription for JESUIT MISSIONS, but it really could not be helped.

All along, I have been wondering just who sent me the magazine last year, for I did not subscribe for it myself. Indeed I love very much to read it and I enjoy the wonderful pictures as much as any small child. In a big place like this, there are all sorts of magazines that one comes across now and then, and I had seen JESUIT MISSIONS before it was sent to me.

It will interest you to know that the venerable Bishop Crimont is a personal friend of mine, although I am not able to do much for his great work other than to pray for it. I dedicate the Hour of None to the wants of the missionaries and of the missions, for which I have intense interest and love. Actually, I entered a prize contest to try to win five hundred dollars to send to Bishop Crimont. Of course, I did not win the prize, but I intend to try another time, if I may.

The statement that you gave me a special memento in Holy Mass calls for my deep, sincere thanks. As long as I have a dollar at my disposal, I shall keep on subscribing for JESUIT MISSIONS.

When I read your two very earnest letters, I could think only of those words concerning you: "Zelus domus tuae comedit me." May our hearts be fired with love and zeal for Christ, more and more.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. F. X.

## A Budding Orator

To the Editor:

I received your card a short time ago and I wish to thank you most sincerely for your daily remembrance of me at Mass. I consider it a very great privilege to be able to subscribe to your wonderful publication, JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. I am a student at St. Michael's College here in Toronto and while in the process of preparing a speech for our English teacher, came across the story, "Boys Will Be Boys," written by Joseph I. Stoeffel, S.J., in your April, 1938, edition of JESUIT MISSIONS. I promptly decided that this was a most appropriate subject upon which to speak. Having memorized and delivered this story it gained for me a B plus which pleased me to the utmost. So you see your magazine is useful and educational along with being interesting to a student in his first form.

Bruce Macdougall.

Toronto, Canada.

## A Source of Joy

To the Editor:

With the greatest pleasure I enclose the sum of \$1.25 for my renewal of JESUIT MISSIONS for the coming season.

I can truthfully admit I never received more joy or interest from any book before. Travelling over the different parts of the earth, one minute in India, another in Alaska, learning about the actual experiences of those working in the far away fields, brings to our minds a broader view of conditions among both the poorer people and the missionaries themselves. We little seem to realize just how much misery is undergone by those of our brothers, less fortunate than we, until we read for ourselves. In JESUIT MISSIONS I find these very things, and share in a special manner the joys, sorrows, trials and interests of those working so earnestly in the far away fields.

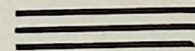
May JESUIT MISSIONS have a very prosperous New Year—may it bring to others the joy it has brought to me.

St. John, N. B., Canada. M. E. L.

# THE PORTUGAL OF SALAZAR

by Michael Derrick

Here is the story of a tremendous and remarkable work. Dr. Oliveira Salazar, head of the Portuguese State, has brought order and prosperity to a country where confusion and disorder reigned before 1928. Read the story of the first successful Christian Corporate State of modern times. This important new book is the first general survey of the Portugal of Salazar.



This is the book that will be mailed this week to thousands of alert Catholics throughout the world as the April Catholic Book of the Month. There is no reason why you cannot join these thousands of readers in securing each month the finest in Catholic literature. This month the Book Club is offering to its members as a special bonus, "The Anthology of the Catholic Poetry Society." Write today for complete information about the Catholic Book Club.

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# Columnist Visits Guadalupe

Newspaper columnist Heywood Broun, who is not particularly famous for his friendliness to the Church, paid a visit in February to Father Carmelo Tranchese, S.J., at Guadalupe Mission in San Antonio, Texas. He had heard about Father Tranchese's work among the Mexicans of the slums and he wanted to see for himself. The following tribute to the "Slum Missionary" is reprinted from his syndicated column, "It Seems to Me" with permission of the New York World-Telegram and United Feature Syndicate, Inc.—*Editor.*

"IT may be dangerous if you go with me," said Father Carmelo Tranchese, S.J., "for there are many who have made threats because I am in favor of the housing project."

One in the group whispered, "It would be very curious if I were killed fighting in the same cause with a Padre." And then he raised his voice and called, "Let's go."

The Church of Guadalupe stands upon the fringe of what had been described to me as the most fearful slum in all America. It covers four square miles. At first I thought that the extreme description might have been dictated by local pride. It was my notion to protest and say, "Why we in New York City know worse than that." But after we had gone up the third back alley I had to confess defeat gracefully.

YOU can see shacks as bad as these in several States, but I do not know of any place where they have been so ingeniously huddled together. This is flat, sprawling country, and there is much of it, and so it seems devilish that one crazy combination of old lumber and stray tin should be set as a flap upon the side of another equally discreditable. I did not quite comprehend the character of the alley until I discovered that what I took to be a toolhouse was a residence for a family of eleven people.

And these are not squatter dwellings. People pay rent for them, just as if a few rickety boards and a leaky roof constituted a house. They even have evictions and go through the solemn and obscene farce of removing a bed and a frying pan as indication that the landlord's two dollars-and-a-half rent has not been forthcoming. However, the Sheriff's men cannot very well put the belongings on the sidewalk, for a pool of stagnant water generally serves as the pedestrians right of way in any alley. I am not going to discuss the sanitary arrangements.

THE district which I visited is the home of the Mexicans. There are in San Antonio some ninety thou-

sand. I wanted to look, because I had read that Americans are being badly treated in Mexico. It seemed to me pertinent to inquire how Mexicans are treated here. And now I am convinced that there is something to be said on both sides of the border.

IT will not suffice to say that if the Mexicans do not like it here they should go back where they came from. Some of them, at least, were here before ever a Texas Democrat pioneered into this territory. This was their



*"The Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe stands upon the fringe of what had been described to me as the most fearful slum in all America."*

land until American civilization crashed through.

There is in San Antonio an old Spanish mission which is perhaps the most beautiful building within our borders. It was set up before the Texans came. And it is by no means impossible that descendants of those workers who did miracles in masonry and carving are now housed in bristol board and rotted pine.

I could not go all the way through the four square miles, because we came upon a most hideous, diseased and malformed dog. Nobody had thought to put him out of his misery. The Mexicans didn't notice it. They weren't getting along too well themselves.

BACK at the Church of Guadalupe, the priest said, "I have other letters from those who fight federal housing because they like their rents." He tossed over an anonymous message, which read, "I could start a story that there is a priest who writes love letters to young girls and gives jewels to women of his congregation."

"Doesn't this worry you?" one of us asked.

"No," said the priest, "last month we buried thirty-nine persons, mostly children, from this little church alone."

"I am worried," he said, "about people starving to death."

# Mayas—Past and Present

John T. Newell, S.J.

RECENTLY an American school teacher on tour made the rather difficult trip on horseback from the town of El Cayo, British Honduras, to the remote village of San Antonio, in order to register some first-hand impressions of a real Maya village. Superficially, he saw little to distinguish it from anything he had seen so far, and he asked the guide to show him something interesting.

He was led on a little expedition to a nearby cave and he returned from his trip enthused that he had been among the first to explore a dwelling place of the ancient Mayas. It has been since that I have learned that it was a few Mayas, fleeing from their enemies in the last century, who had inhabited this cave for a brief time. That was the first incident connected with the history of the little village.

Of the Maya *antiguos* there are abundant remains all about. An almost uninterrupted chain of Maya mounds (foundations of ruined homes) extends for many miles down the Belize River from the town of El Cayo, similar ruins being found along the Mopan River behind the town and even away up into the riverless area of mahogany operations at Vaca and Mountain Cow. The most important ruin, named Xunantunich (woman-rock), surmounts a high hill opposite the town of Benque Viejo which is the second of our two mission centers situated eight miles from El Cayo. Several large natural caves, one in the vicinity of Benque Viejo, another at Mountain Cow, and two near the village of San Antonio indicate by remains found in them that the Mayas had put them to some use. Cold and moist, they were hardly habitable for any length of time.

THE present Mayas live principally in the villages of Succotz, Bullet Tree Falls and San Antonio, their forbears having come here centuries after the *antiguos* had migrated northward into Yucatan. The early resettling of the District makes an interesting story. Benque Viejo and Succotz owe their respective Petenero and Maya origins to the immigration of their forbears into the Colony in order to enjoy the tranquillity that was not theirs in turbulent Guatemala.

The village of San Antonio, however, has a somewhat distinct origin. This is the story as told by the few old-timers who know it. As a result of the Insurrection of the Indians of Yucatan in 1849, many sought refuge and a domicile in the Colony. Of the small groups that fled down through the country from the north, one dwelt for a short time in a cave at ten minutes walk from the present San Antonio, and then pushed on. The



Two veteran missionaries, Father Anthony Kuenzel, S.J., and Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., visit an ancient Maya house uncovered near Benque Viejo

forbears of the present population arrived at what is now San Antonio several months later, made a clearing in the midst of the rich agricultural land, and dug the well that is still in use.

A year or two later, acquiring cattle and needing grazing land, the villages pushed out to the edge of the pine ridge not far away. Within another year or two, the cattle were sold and the people moved back to the site of their original village where they have remained ever since. During this time each year when a Father arrives from Belize on his annual visits to Cayo, a guide always comes to conduct him on a visit to the village.

THE Christianity of these San Antonio Mayas traces back to their conversion by the Franciscan missionaries as early as the middle of the sixteenth century, when the country was conquered by the Spanish. The people are genuinely religious—a good foundation for their Christian Faith. They are honest, self-sustaining, peaceful and home-loving. The men are, however, occasional heavy drinkers, though they will refrain from drinking during their grand fiesta in honor of San Antonio, in order not to offend him and to keep in his good graces.

A few of the pagan customs also still persist, but with the school begun as recently as 1928, already there are prospects that these pagan elements will die out with the younger generation. Like people who are prone to superstition, they do not like outsiders, especially the priest, to have any knowledge of the undesirable beliefs and practices. One man among them has assumed himself to be especially adept, acts as a sort of bush doctor, advising in serious sickness how to propitiate the spirit for a cure.

The *Nagoosh Tat* (Great Father) is the great spirit whom God has delegated to care for the bush. Minor spirits attend to the streams, fish, etc. Every villager, in order to obtain successful crops (Turn to page 111)

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## TO LALA WITH A SONG

(Continued from page 89)

until it became dusk and he kept going as fast as he had been going before the sun disappeared, and that with only one dim headlight working. Then I say I was not entirely at ease. But thanks be to God, we were near to Kolambugan by this time. Walking would have been too unpleasant, and as that driver had gotten us out of more than one bad fix, I figured he would get us there safely. He did. It was seven o'clock. We had another car waiting for us. After we purchased a pack of cigarettes for myself and for the helpers, we started on the last leg of the journey.

Home at 8:30 to find that my cook had decided not to wait for our return. Perhaps he figured we never would. Well, it was not the first time I had to get supper ready. And I am sure it will not be the last. Thanks to the refrigerator Father Amy of JESUIT MISSIONS sent us, I had some meat on hand. Soon I was cutting away at a juicy steak. I had to tell you that because the mainstay of the past four meals was rice. And we Americans were not brought up on rice. There is no need of the Padre telling you that he said an extra prayer to his Guardian Angel that night. Now whenever he has the urge to sing *Ja Da*, he sings *La la*.

## THE BLACKROBES RETURN

(Continued from page 90)

The solicitude they evidenced for the welfare of this tribe is reflected in the reverence and love with which the older people speak of Father Geinitz who had them under his care for many years. Five of the Indian girls entered Religion, two are Franciscans, one joined the Holy Cross Sisters, another the Sisters of Saint Joseph, and one is a Sister of Charity. The Pottawatomie tribe also has the distinction of giving to the Church the first Indian priest, Father Albert Negahnquet, who was born on the Reservation in Kansas.

Increasing needs on the part of the growing White population laid too great a burden on the shoulders of the new Pastor at Holton who has his own parish and two Indian Mission churches under his care. Consequently, His Excellency, Bishop Paul Schulte requested that the Jesuit Fathers take care of the spiritual ministrations of one of these Mission churches, Our Lady of the Snows, situated almost in the heart of the Reservation. And so it is that the Pottawatomes receive again the ministrations of Jesuits.

In May, after a procession and crowning of the Queen of May, all consecrated themselves to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Late in June a two weeks' summer school taught by two of the Jesuit Scholastics found seventy boys and girls enrolled, some preparing for First Communion, others for Confirmation. Classes were held from nine in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon in a school

two miles from the church. On July 3, thirteen boys and girls made their First Solemn Holy Communion. November 14th, His Excellency, Bishop Paul Schulte, administered Confirmation to forty-two boys, girls and adults. Father Francis Rudden, S.J., who has been going out each Sunday has baptized six converts and five babies since Easter.

Looking over old documents we meet one of particular interest. It is in Latin; the following is a literal translation:

"October 18, 1840, near Sugar Creek, I solemnly baptized Francis Regis Nukkwefusuk, who was two years old, a Pottawatomie, son of Wapenummit and Tchietiewe, unbaptized. Godfather, Peter Pokegan.—Signed: H. G. Aelen, S.J."

This Francis Regis Nukkwefusuk, known to the Whites as Jackson, came from Indiana as a baby, lived at the Mission on Sugar Creek until the Indians were forced to move, lived at the new Saint Mary's Mission near the Kaw until the Indians lost their land, then moved to the Pottawatomie Reservation. This venerable centenarian, now nearly blind but remarkably hardy for his years, still faithfully attends Mass at Our Lady of the Snows Mission. It is a touching scene when he kneels at the sound of the warning bell for Consecration and bows his head in loving adoration at the Elevation.

## IT BEGAN WITH A STOLEN GOAT

(Continued from page 95)

hard to settle out of court. The *Padre* told the Rajputs that all depended on the *daroga*. He went for the inquiry; the case died in final report, but not without an additional rupees 120, and the Chamars have a copy of the report for future reference. Quite an expensive kid.

The fireworks are not all over; if somewhat ominous, yet there is a lull. A Catholic school next door grates on the proud nerves of the Rajputs. The *Padre* wasn't intended to have such a permanent finger in Chamar welfare. Up to date things go merrily in the village. In good time there will be another solid nucleus drawing energy and salvation from Christ's Mystical Body as one of its million-fold parts.

## STRENUOUS DAYS IN ONTARIO

(Continued from page 100)

and the damage was a serious loss.

"In the morning, leaving our motor and gasoline behind, we went on for the remainder of our trip. Now in the daylight the rapids did not hold the same terrors and we shot one of them. An exciting and stimulating early morning experience. I said Mass at the Jaganaush place, our destination, and my guide received Holy Communion. We arrived too late to forestall breakfast, but though they could not receive, all the members of the Jaganaush family confessed."

## MAYAS—PAST AND PRESENT

(Continued from page 109)

from his *milpa*, must propitiate the Great Father. Having cut down the bush where he is to plant, he makes a bed of sticks in the center of it. Upon this he places cooked chickens, tortillas, etc., and a receptacle filled with *corn lab* (sort of corn mash). Some of the latter he casts out from the four corners of the field. The whole formula is wordless.

Of superstitions cures two may be mentioned. When a child is sick, a blessed palm is sought, set afire, and the ashes sprinkled in the face. If a child runs from a stranger, and then shortly gets sick, the family must go and secure a lock of that person's hair, burn it and throw the ashes in the face of the child to drive away the timidity (*sus-tado*).

We must not be quick to find fault with these people on the above scores. Is it not, for instance, ignorance of the merest scientific facts, that makes them beat pans and drums when an eclipse or some other peculiar astronomical phenomenon occurs, to drive away the evil spirits? We should also be careful not to attach too much significance or importance to any of these pagan vestiges that exist. The fact is that these people really have the Faith, and with that the last of their paganism has to go.

## STOP THAT ELEPHANT!

(Continued from page 91)

tried to bring down the first of these huts. While it was busy, the other mahouts prudently came out and somehow or other secured the brute. The three legs were so tied that it could not move and apply its full strength.

One of our Fathers was on a visit to Hisri, lately. Of course, he went to see the animal. There was a big piece of bamboo lying within reach of the trunk of the animal. It just missed the head of the Father who lost a little of his dignity in hurrying out of reach! For three months at least the animal will still remain in Hisri. A new mahout is trying to make friends . . . not with the bottle of gin but with the mad fellow!

## UNDER THREE FLAGS

(Continued from page 94)

it, and it was not a pleasant sight. And when I saw it, I could not but help thinking of the one ambition of every son of Han, one day to return to the Good Earth.

While of this sorrow and agony there is aplenty today, one must not get the idea that all the joy has gone out of China. Far from it. There is another and a brighter side of the picture, and would that I had the time to depict it here and now, but we'll save that for another day. The almost superhuman buoyancy of the Chinese character has never been more shiningly manifest than in these past months.

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