

DANGEROUS SPECULATION?

Speculation almost always, and even investment in good stocks sometimes entails a real risk of money. But as the Procurator for the Missions of the Chicago Province puts it—
“A gift to the missions is a profitable investment for eternity and not a dangerous speculation.” Recently he wrote:—

“Five priests were sent to Patna Mission, India, in February 1921. Today there are one Bishop, forty priests, thirty-nine Scholastics and five Lay-Brothers. Of this number sixty-one are Americans, and twenty-nine Indians. New missionary stations are multiplying and the number of converts made each year, especially among the Depressed Castes and Aborigines, is surprisingly great. But the yearly budget for current expenses amounts to no less than \$75,000. The Indian converts can help but little. Most of them do not earn more than six or eight cents a day. Let us show these Jesuit missionaries that we will back them up. A gift to the missions is a profitable investment for eternity and not a dangerous speculation. It is a sure deposit with Christ as bank President. A benefactor of the missions is a shareholder in thousands of Masses and in the spiritual works of self-sacrificing missionaries.”

Will you make your deposit with Christ as bank President through Father Kilian, or one of the other Mission Procurators here listed? Just send your gift for the American Jesuit missionaries to one of them or to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please mark your gift—NOT FOR DANGEROUS SPECULATION

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His Excellency, Most Reverend William A. Rice, S.J., Titular Bishop of Rusicarda and Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras. Founder and first Rector of Baghdad College and for the last two years Acting Apostolic Delegate of Mesopotamia, Kurdistan and Lower Armenia, the new Bishop for British Honduras was consecrated April 16th in Boston.

EDITORIALS

FOR HE MUST REIGN

“ART thou a King then?” This question which was once proposed to Our Lord by an official of the Roman Empire is one, it seems to us, that stands at the very beginning of the month of June. It is a question we also should ask of Christ as we enter the month dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The answer we receive may tell us something of importance about the effectiveness and solidity of our devotion.

“Art thou a King then?” Kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, protesting our total and entire consecration to Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, we ask this question today frankly and sincerely. And from the living Heart of Christ will come the answer, the same one that was given to Pilate: “Thou sayest that I am a King. For this was I born and for this came I into the world: that I should give testimony to the truth.”

It is entirely possible that this divine reply may cast a rather ironic light on our own devotion to the Sacred Heart. It will certainly do this if it finds our devotion consisting merely in what seems to be a warm, personal love of our Saviour and nothing else, no desire to prove that love by deeds, no effort to reach the interior of the Divine Heart to find what are Its desires, what It wants us to do.

Let us make no mistake, the deepest desire of the Sacred Heart today, as in Pilate's time, is to rule, not over a few chosen souls but over the hearts of all men. And if our love is genuine it will make us sensitive to this desire, it will make us dissatisfied until we find something to do that this consuming desire be fulfilled.

“For He must reign.” These words which St. Margaret Mary repeated so often sum up the reason for Our Lord's appearance to her at the beginning of our modern world. Through her, He asked our world for love, not any love, but an apostolic love, a love that would long to make sacrifices to extend His rule over all men.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart has always been an apostolic devotion. Its purpose is to spread the fire of apostolic, of missionary zeal. The chief instrument of the propagation of the devotion is appropriately called, “The Apostleship of Prayer.” Moreover, since the beginning of this century the Popes have been particularly insistent on its apostolic character, especially Pope Leo XIII, and most recently and most emphatically Pope Pius XI.

No love of the Sacred Heart, then, can be called genu-

ine or real, no matter how warm it may “feel,” which does not long to prove its love, its sensitiveness to the desires of the Sacred Heart, by doing something to spread the Kingdom of Christ—the central desire of the Heart of Christ.

The spectacle of millions of men and women in large areas of the world who do not yet know the sweetness of Christ's reign would be a cause of intolerable grief to true lovers of the Sacred Heart if they did not also know of the great work that is being done by missionaries in every corner of the globe to bring these people to Christ. We are encouraged by this, but especially by the knowledge that we also can increase their work, make it more fruitful and hence become real co-workers with them by prayer and sacrifice.

We suggest as a practice for June that our readers make a special effort of love to associate themselves with the labors of those whom they read about in *JESUIT MISSIONS*. This is the desire of the Sacred Heart. “For He must reign.”

DARK CLOUDS

AS we write this, the *Conte di Savoia* stands off Ambrose Light waiting for a heavy fog to clear before she can enter New York Harbor. Waiting also on board is Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., returning to this country after many years in Patna, India.

His last letter sent from Port Said on the Mediterranean contained dark and ominous news for the missions. It ran: “There's war and rumors of war in the air. English officers on board are expecting orders in Port Said, cancelling their leave. And Italian sailors are talking about the war which they are sure is coming. So we are wondering just what news will await us.”

No one but a missionary in the field can understand what a catastrophe for the missions the outbreak of a general European war would be. The work of decades for Christ's Kingdom in many lands would be wiped out and the prospects for the future, never brighter if peace prevails, would be obliterated. These missionaries do not fear air-raids, and the destructive work of high explosive. This aspect of war would probably never reach the mission lands. What they fear is what happened in the last European war—the paralysis of the sources of missionary energy in those European countries whose people have made the great Catholic expansion in the Orient possible. War would direct these energies elsewhere and to destructive purposes. Pray for peace.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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From Boston- a Bishop for Belize

Thomas J.
Feeney, S.J.

ON the morning of Sunday, April 16, in the historic old Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Boston's old South End, in a setting of ecclesiastical splendor before an altar festooned with blossoms of spring and in a sanctuary crested with the Cross and lighted with giant candelabra, Father William A. Rice, S.J., of the Province of New England, founder and first Rector of Baghdad College, and for the last two years Acting Apostolic Delegate of Mesopotamia, Kurdistan and Lower Armenia, as well as Apostolic Administrator of the Archdiocese of Babylon of the Latin Rite, was consecrated Titular Bishop of Rusicarda for Belize, British Honduras, Central America.

In accordance with the ancient Canons as well as with the general custom of the Church throughout the ages, three Bishops were present: the consecrating Bishop, His Excellency, Most Reverend Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, British West Indies, and the co-consecrators, His Excellency, Most Reverend Thomas M. O'Leary, Bishop of Springfield, and His Excellency, Most Reverend Francis X. Spellman, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston at the time of the consecration, and now Bishop of the Archdiocese of New York.

A host of friends, clerical and lay, rallied for the occasion and as the procession of dignitaries and clergy approached the sanctuary a strange feeling of spiritual exaltation, a prescience of the majesty of the sacred hierarchy of the Church of Christ, descended upon one and all, especially upon those who, in the days of his youth, had spoken, laughed and played as favored friends with the anointed of the Lord. Three questions of the Examination held special significance for the new Bishop.

Question: *Will you teach the people for whom you are ordained both by word and by example the things you understand from the divine scriptures?*

Answer: *I will.*

THIS command our Bishop-elect had already fulfilled in signal manner during his stay in the Near East, for it was in the once glamorous city of Baghdad, capital of the mandated land of Iraq that, in direct compliance with the wishes of Christ's Vicar on earth, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, of blessed memory, Bishop Rice founded Baghdad College and was appointed its first Rector on February 8, 1932. Though it is still too early to expect vocations from Baghdad College, it is not unreasonable to hope that in answer to prayer these may soon be forthcoming. A few more years, a few more



En route to the consecration. Bishop-elect William A. Rice, S.J., left, and His Excellency, Most Reverend Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I., the consecrating Bishop.

prayers, together with the living memory of their first Rector, and these boys of Baghdad will set forth to evangelize their homeland. Already they are an integral and essential part of the city's life and activities. These boys and the College from which they come are the gift of Bishop Rice to the land he is leaving.

The second question:

Question: *Will you yourself observe and likewise teach others to observe humility and patience?*

Answer: *I will.*

THE most irritating tests of patience and humility in the mission field today are misunderstanding and suspicion on the part of civil authorities, the tactlessness of the uneducated, the gauche and the absurd, and an exaggerated combative spirit of nationalism. The fact that Bishop Rice won both the affection and esteem of his oriental friends in Baghdad, the most sensitive political sore spot in the world, proves that he possesses these virtues in an extraordinary degree. On January 20, 1939, Baghdad gave our Bishop-elect a most impressive farewell celebration. In the words of the Vice-Rector, Father Frank B. Sargeant, S.J.: "Father Rice was genuinely loved by everybody . . . and I mean *loved*. Cromwell once said: 'Paint me, warts and

all.' Father Rice had his warts but he made a beautiful picture of a most unselfish Christ-like apostle. I shall miss him. Even the orientals here know that they have lost a real friend in the truest meaning of the word."

The third question runs as follows:

Question: *Will you for the Lord's sake be affable and merciful to the poor and the pilgrims and all those in need?*

Answer: *I will.*

The Bishop-elect's new mission field in British Honduras is filled with the poor, with pilgrims and with those in need. Indeed, a more apostolic field for the exercise of the mercy that falleth like the gentle dew from heaven can with difficulty be conceived. The new Bishop's beloved predecessor in Belize, His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., has bequeathed to him an organized mission field with twenty-two Jesuit priests, two secular priests, three Jesuit Scholastics and four Jesuit lay Brothers, spending themselves in educational work at the High School in Belize, in parish activities at six Residences in Belize, Benque Viejo, El Cayo, Corozal, Orange Walk and Punta Gorda, and in regular trips to more than fifty outlying mission stations. His work among these people will be the work of a Bishop prescribed by Canon Law, namely, to judge and to interpret, to ordain and to consecrate, to offer, to baptize and to confirm.

OF strong Faith and a man of prayer, Bishop Rice has weathered the spiritual trials inseparable from the office of a Rector, a Founder and an Administrator. An exacting student of history he stands today with a background of learning that befits a Bishop of the Catholic Church. Ever eager to master new tongues his versatility in languages will be an invaluable ally for the propagation of the Faith. Time and time again in his discussions with members of the Iraqi Board of Educa-



Talking it over. Looks as if a "putsch" for the Faith in the Caribbean and Central America is under way as the Bishop of Jamaica, left, and the new Bishop of Belize get together.

tion, knowledge of Arabic enabled him to refute his opponents by referring them to their own law books. During the consecration ceremonies themselves, his triple intonation of the phrase: "*Ad multos annos*" was not only inspiring in its tonal quality, but in its resonance was indicative of a robust physical constitution which the new Bishop built up during his scholastic days by faithful adherence to his pet hobby of wood chopping. One needs a reservoir of physical energy for the bush mission of Honduras.

WITH the consecrating Bishop the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS invoke upon the anointed head of the new Bishop of Belize these blessings:

"Grant to him, O Lord, the ministry of reconciliation in word and in deed, in the power of signs and of wonders. Let his speech and his preaching be not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the spirit and of power. Give to him, O Lord, the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. . . . Whatsoever he shall bind upon earth, let it be bound likewise in heaven, and whatsoever he shall loose upon earth, let it likewise be loosed in heaven. Whose sins he shall retain, let them be retained, and do Thou remit the sins of whomsoever he shall remit. Let him who shall curse him, himself be accursed, and let him who shall bless him be filled with blessings. Let him be the faithful and prudent servant whom Thou dost set, O Lord, over Thy household, so that he may give them food in due season, and prove himself a perfect man."



Just a promise of what is waiting for the new Bishop of Belize, British Honduras, as he goes to meet his flock in the episcopal motor-dory.

Mushing up the Yukon

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

I HAD not finished my first winter rounds. In scattered villages near the Bering Sea I had baptized ten little moon-faces. Up from the fog and sea we came, for more were in line along the banks of the Yukon. The electric blues that wondrously shade the ice-blocks of the coast were now an artist's dream of yesterday.

Today no sun rounded the horizon to create diamond vistas along the river's broad surface. Instead a boisterous wind kicked up loose snow. The steel runners of the sled dragged and crunched over the hard dry trail. Two weeks of steady going had stripped my huskies to sheer muscle and bone. Every back was arched, every harness was taut but we barely crept along. The musher himself would do little mushing today!

Slowly we veered around a huge bend of the river and met the full force of the wind. The wide girth of the Yukon reached up for twenty miles giving the wind ample opportunity to gain momentum. Down it swept hurling snow in blinding blasts. Happily a slough branched off here and ran almost parallel with the river. The trail was deeper but it offered a sheltered lane for both man and beast. Only once when a fox inadvertently crossed the trail did the dogs show an extra burst of speed.

FOR three hours we plodded slowly along, listening to the sweep of the wind through the scrubby willows, and then, out again on the Yukon. Soon a tiny Eskimo village loomed ahead in the drifting snow. I had not intended passing the night here but it did not take long for me to decide now. We swung up the steep bank. One look at my panting dogs convinced me that they had enough for that day. Perhaps, too, the musher was a bit chilled and weary.

An old school boy rushed out to greet us, and as he was anxious to renew his acquaintance with his old malemute friends I turned over the team to him. The village consisted of three one-room cabins. I immediately established myself comfortably in the largest. It generally housed nine people but two were out at their trapping lines and left room for my boy and me.

After a light lunch of salmon strips and steaming tea I found out that two women were sufficiently instructed to receive their First Communion. I was glad that I had been forced to remain. Even bad weather has its good features.

Later on I had an interesting discussion with an aged Eskimo about the why and the wherefore of different popular superstitions. This is a delicate subject and



An Eskimo family of Akulurak show some of the magnificent furs of the trapping season on the Yukon Delta.

must be approached with caution. However, I knew the old man pretty well and we thrashed out the question. Much discussion revealed only that the old people had transmitted these ancient practices and that they had been implicitly followed by the young. Philosophic inquiry has never troubled the mind of the Eskimo. He takes things as they are and very seldom looks beyond the present. Very few old people bother much about the next life.

The evening passed very pleasantly. Christmas songs in native were sung, instruction given, rosary said, and confessions heard. I rejoiced the hearts of two little Eskimo lassies by giving them tiny dolls that had been dressed by the girls of the Mission. Mass and a little instruction to the First Communicants followed on the morrow.

THE Eskimo are invariably early risers and I was again on the trail long before the sun was up. A heavy fog made the darkness even more impenetrable, but the dogs knew the trail and sped on. They forgot the fatigue of yesterday as they dashed over a trail broken by an early trapper. The handle bars almost slipped away from me as a lone malemute came from nowhere and frisked ahead of my team. For an hour or more there was lightning speed and then the stray dog vanished in the darkness as mysteriously as he came.

The Yukon had been swept clean by the strong wind of yesterday. Twenty miles were covered in record time. No bark of dogs greeted us as we entered the next village. The men were all out at their trapping lines but would return before dark. Many of our old school children were here. We were made to feel at home at once. A fresh white fish was cleaned and cooked for us. It was good to see the unstudied hospitality of these old school children for their priest.

The hunters returned and I was glad to see that fortune had been kind to them. Foxes were plentiful this year. A team was dispatched to a neighboring village to bring in three more families. Later on a reindeer herder and his boy unexpectedly (Turn to page 168)

Chalk up Five for Mambajao!

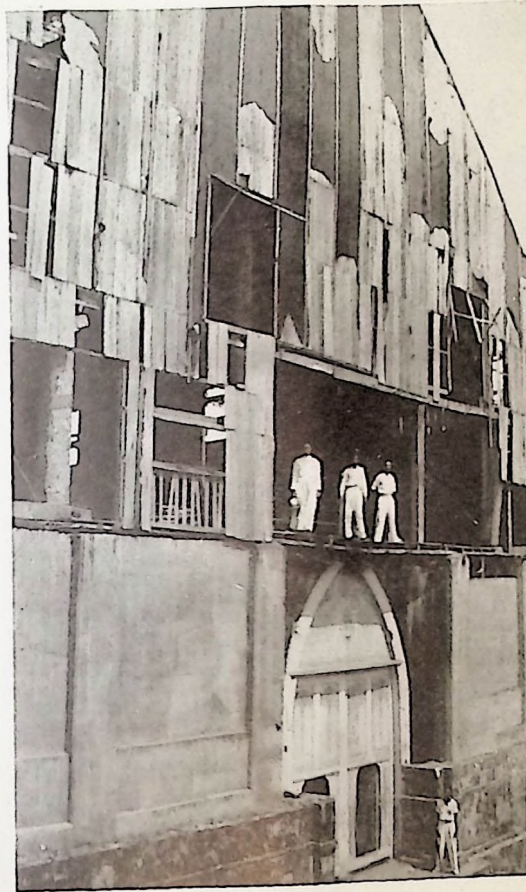
John A. Pollock, S. J.

IT is now four years and a half ("running" to five as they say here) since the re-opening of Mambajao. The last quarter of 1934 saw the first American Jesuit (Maryland-New York Province) established in Mambajao. Now coming to the half-way mark of the fifth year, we can look back happily, and find that something has been achieved for the greater glory of God.

This place had been closed in 1924, even put under interdict. A native secular priest had been persecuted out of the place. The Spanish *Frailes*, the only priests then available, who kindly agreed to the wish of the Bishop, came, saw but were conquered, being stoned out before completing a full day! Hence the interdict! In 1930, the Bishop tried temporarily a foreign priest, who was fluent in both Spanish and English, yet was not of any of the three nationalities asked for by the different factions. It was quite temporary, and within two years he also was out of Mambajao. Ten years in all of this sort of thing, and Mambajao had quite a noisome reputation.

BUT now in the ensuing five years the leopard has indeed changed his spots. Mambajao's reputation today is almost without blemish. One shepherd has lasted the entire period, without temporizing, without having to "crack down on them," without even one fight, without being threatened directly, with only two storm clouds on the horizon, which dispersed without breaking. Chalk up five for Mambajao!

JESUIT MISSIONS advertises the "Ruined Temple" by one of my fellow missionaries in India. Well, in



Father John A. Pollock, S.J., in the front of his Ruined Temple, 1935. "Its face was stove in by a typhoon . . . it was overdoing its Tower of Pisa stunt."

1934, I was face to face with a ruined temple in Mambajao. Its face was stove in by a typhoon that had accompanied the human typhoons in the preceding war years. The strong winds of November to January would drive the rain through that gap almost to the altar, even though this ruined temple was two hundred feet long! We have strong winds as well as strong passions in this isle.

The pillars supporting a third of the roof were out of plumb over two yards, and steadily getting more and more weary and ashamed of the ruin they flung aloft in the face of God. And it was evident that they would soon overdo their power of Pisa stunt,—and great would be the fall thereof, for they were as high as a four-story building.

Whole sections of the wall swung in the wind like sign-boards, and threatened to come down any time. On windy or rainy days (about three hundred in the year) the worshippers had to be piloted to safe anchorages within the ruins, else we might

have a damage suit on our hands.

THAT was our ruined temple of 1934. Just four years later the Bishop blessed our rebuilt temple and inaugurated it with a Pontifical Mass. Although not yet completed, it is easily the best in Mindanao, and has been rebuilt entirely by the efforts of the Mambajao people, who united with their shepherd, turned over a new leaf, put their collective shoulder to the wheel—and did we roll!

Their collective shoulder can be understood in another sense than the mere reunion of groups and factions. For our own people collected (Turn to page 168)



The Temple rises from its ruins. "You ought to see what we have now, the pride of the diocese, a Ruined Temple turned into a real Christian edifice."

Prelude to Hell

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

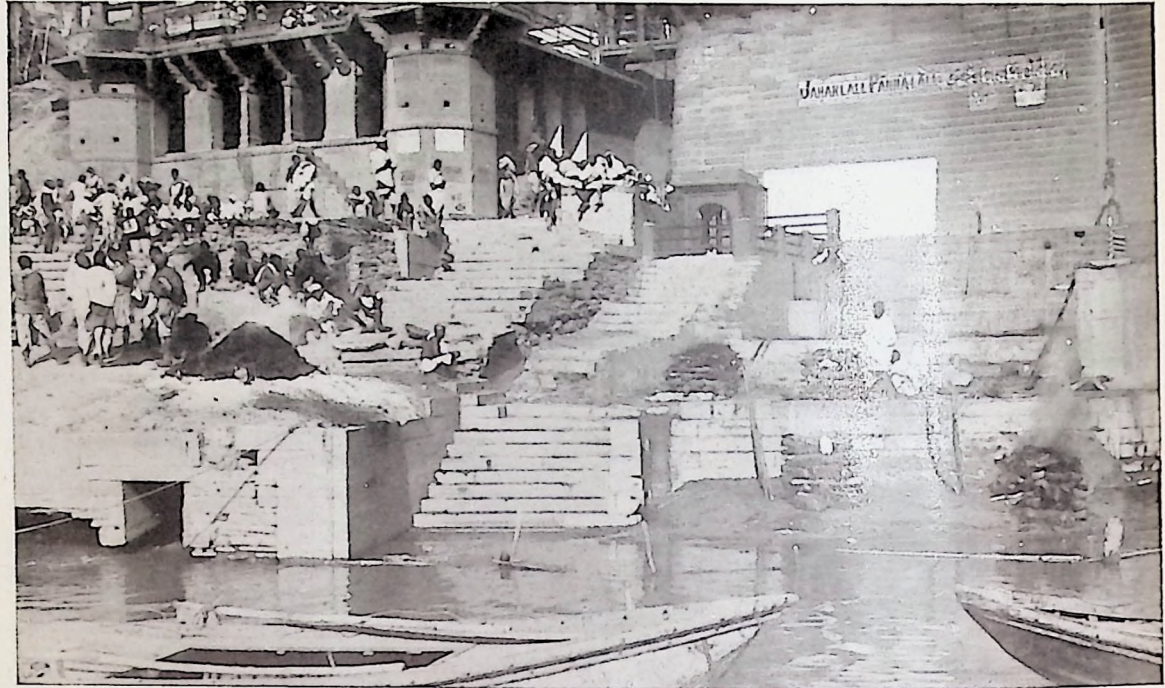
“**B**ENARES—the Vatican of the Hindus.” Thus reads the title of a recent article on the “Sacred City.” And it goes on to say that “two hundred and twenty million Hindus cannot be wrong. Two hundred and twenty million Hindus who inhabit the vast plains of Hindustan believe in the unique sanctity of Benares. It is as immutable as Siva, Lord of the Universe, who has his eternal abode there.”

Now the effect produced on me by this article was to revive an old hankering to see this “sacred city” on the Ganges, a half-hearted desire that had been with me ever since I landed in India nine years ago. Most of this time I had been stationed only a short distance by rail from the “eternal abode of Siva,” but for one reason or another I never found time to run over and pay my respects. Tourists from Oshkosh and Peoria were always shocked when they learned this. “What!” they would gasp. “You haven’t seen Benares? My, what a pity! And living right next door!”

But recently the opportunity finally came, so now when they put the embarrassing question, I shall smile knowingly, and say: “Yes, I’ve seen Benares.”

THE sun was already well down in the West as the train rattled across the bridge that spans the Ganges below the town. As I gazed out the window, I got my first view of that exotic water front with its forest of temple spires and turrets and cupolas and gilded pinnacles, bathed in the golden light of the setting sun, and the two graceful minarets of the Mosque of Aurangzeb soaring one hundred and fifty feet aloft to dominate the scene. It was all quite enchanting, and I was eager to take in the view at closer range before night came on.

But when the train pulled into the station, I learned from one of the coolies that there was a Catholic church only ten minutes’ walk from the tracks. So before doing the town, I decided to go over and try to get lodging for the night. Thus it came about that ten minutes later I was being greeted on the verandah of a small bungalow by a spritely little Italian priest who wore a Capuchin habit, an infectious smile, and a bushy black beard. He gave his name as Father Francis, and his welcome was so enthusiastic, that almost before I realized it, I was



“As the boat passed the burning ghats, one corpse was already crackling in flames . . . while an attendant was sweeping the remains of an earlier burning into the stream.”

seated at table taking tea and had quite forgotten that I was anxious to get down to the “sacred river.”

But apparently Father Francis sensed what was in the back of my mind, for at the first lull in the conversation he asked: “Well, now, what’s on your program?”

“Father,” I replied, “I simply want to see Benares. Is there anything worth while that I can still take in before it gets too dark?”

“But when do you have to leave?”

“On the Punjab Mail tomorrow afternoon.”

Father Francis seemed to be mystified.

“Well, then, what’s the rush?” he said. “There will be plenty of time for sight-seeing in the morning. The last Father who was here got fed up with those filthy temples after only an hour.”

Anyway, next morning I had the pleasure of saying Mass for a small Community of German nuns, then after breakfast Father Francis and I set out to see the town in a dilapidated Chevrolet which he had engaged for the morning.

WE made first for the *ghats*, and before the car had even come to a halt, we were surrounded by a swarm of coolie boatmen, bartering vociferously in Hindi to take us out on the river. I recalled that the article I had read mentioned that “the river front of Benares presents one of the most picturesque spectacles in all the world.” And it added that the *ghats* could best be viewed from the river. I communicated this to Father Francis. So, after considerable wrangling we struck a bargain and engaged a boat.

We wormed our way down a tortuous dirty lane, lined with fakirs and *sadhus* (holy men) all but naked

and smeared with ashes, and mendicants decrepit and maimed, who extended their begging bowls and whined for *baksheesh* as we passed. Thousands of these unfortunate wretches are lured to Benares by the naive belief that to die in the "sacred city" means sure salvation.

WE climbed into the small rickety craft to which our boatman directed us, seated ourselves precariously in two broken wicker chairs on the roof of the little cabin and started upstream, propelled by three husky coolies with long bamboo poles. As we glided in and out among the bathers, disturbing many of them in the midst of their *puja*, I gazed in wide-eyed amazement at the shifting scene before me. And I could not help wondering how the author of that article was able to write that the *ghats* of Benares "present one of the most bewitching panoramas in all the world."

Well, it was unique all right. I must confess that I have never seen anything like it during my nine years in India. But the author was surely wearing rose-colored glasses when he took in that view. I looked in vain for the slightest trace of beauty. And as for being impressed, well, what impressed me was the filth and utter confusion. The temples and shrines and palaces, some of them with gnarled pipul trees growing out from the ancient brickwork, were tumbled together crazily at every conceivable angle, and without the least semblance of symmetry. Simply a vast chaotic mass of masonry!

And when I saw the condition of the water those people were bathing in, I could only draw the conclusion that the most fundamental laws of hygiene and sanitation simply do not apply in Benares. As the boat passed the burning *ghats*, one corpse was already crackling in the flames, and another bound in a white winding sheet and half submerged at the water's edge, was being purified, while an attendant was sweeping the remains of an earlier burning into the stream. And—believe it or leave it—but only a few yards away pious pilgrims were bathing devoutly amid the debris.

IT took a strong constitution to stomach this. But, fortunately, just at this moment we happened to be passing Lalita Ghat, and Father Francis drew my attention away from the water to an imposing red temple up on the bank that towered above its neighbors.

"That's the Nepalese Temple," he said in a tone of disgust. "We'll visit some of the temples later on, but we'll pass that one by."

Naturally, my curiosity was aroused.

"Why?" I asked. And Father Francis gave the reason.

"Because its walls are decorated with carvings so obscene that no decent man would be seen looking at them."

"Oh," said I. And then, bringing my eyes back to the river, I noticed a dark bulky mass protruding above the surface of the water that was destined to put an abrupt end to our boat ride.

"Father, what's that thing up ahead there?"

BUT Father Francis could not make it out either. It was close to where three *sannyassis* clad in loin cloths were seated on a little bamboo platform, chanting hymns of praise to "Mother Ganges" beneath one of those expansive palm leaf umbrellas. I felt sure that whatever that object might be it certainly could not be



"Hundreds of thousands from all corners of the country make their life's journey to this holiest of holy cities of India."

anything objectionable, otherwise, the three *sannyassis* would surely have taken time out from their *puja* to remove it.

THEN, as we drew nearer, I noticed Father Francis squirm uncomfortably. And soon I squirmed too. For that dark bulky mass turned out to be the hind quarters of a dead buffalo, horribly bloated and in an advanced stage of putrefaction. Immediately something seemed to tell me that I had about enough of this "bewitching panorama," and the last vestige of doubt was now removed from my mind when I beheld one of the bathers, just a short distance down stream, cup her hands and take a drink from the "purifying waters."

"Father Francis," I pleaded, "please tell the dear old skipper to signal full steam ahead and put us ashore."

We dropped round to see the Monkey Temple. There were monkeys everywhere. Monkeys on the stone steps, in the doorways, and up on the terrace. Old fuzzy-faced grandpa monkeys who bared their (Turn to page 168)

A Seal Saves Jimmy

John P.
Fox, S. J.

HIS name was Ilanak. Some called him Jimmy, too. But for our purpose either is good enough. Here's his story.

Ilanak passed through our Mission school at Holy Cross and was considered a very handy boy, though somewhat reckless. From there he came down here and helped in 1928 to build Hooper Bay Mission. Being one of the handier of the big boys, and as the time was too short to finish the building and get back to Holy Cross in time for the freeze-up, Brother John Hess, S. J., who was in charge of the building decided to leave Jimmy behind to finish the Mission at his leisure. Father Francis Menager, S. J., was appointed to take charge of the new Mission when it was ready to open, and, finding Jimmy a handy man, he decided to keep him as interpreter. And so it was that he became a citizen here and settled down for good.

Before very long the inevitable happened and Jimmy started a home with one of the young women from Hooper Bay. Father gave him some little lumber to build a cabin for himself and his wife and started him out in married life with the few essentials that an Eskimo needs to keep body and soul together.

MEANTIME, Father Menager was appointed Superior of the Alaska missions and the writer came to take his place. Jimmy still had an occasional job to do for the Mission, but mostly he was hunting for himself. As so frequently happens, the reaction he underwent on leaving the Mission and striking out for himself in life was not the best, and so we soon found Jimmy drifting into much carelessness in his Christian duties, sometimes even forgetting that it was Sunday morning and time to go to Mass. He got his occasional little lecture on the subject when due to his bad and lazy habits he was hungry and came around for a lift. But they left him little improved.

And so things went on till one Sunday morning, during spring sealing season, Jimmy went out to hunt without going to Mass first. He started out alone, a thing

an Eskimo will rarely do, as for mutual protection they invariably take a companion. In paddling along in his kayak he overtook some others who evidently had started out earlier than he. They joined company, and as they were going along they came across a seal swimming some distance ahead of them. All the kayaks were pretty well filled with their usual outfit for seal hunting, and to lighten one and so pursue the seal with more ease, all the kayaks pulled up to an ice-floe.



Alaskan seals resting on the rocky coast of Bering Sea near Hooper Bay.

"We'll unload your kayak, Jimmy," they said. "You need the seal worst, so get after it." And with that Jimmy started to lighten his kayak. The first thing to come out was his rifle that had been as usual stuck in butt first. He grabbed it by the end of the barrel and as he pulled, the trigger got hooked on a rib of the kayak and Jimmy sank down on the ice with a bullet hole through him.

He bled profusely because the bullet passed just to the left side of the heart and went out almost at the center of his back. Naturally, the seal was forgotten in the excitement. Jimmy soon fainted from loss

of blood, and in that condition was tied to the top of two coupled kayaks and brought to the Mission. But it was a long row, and then a little stretch with dog team from the beach to the Mission, and it was seven o'clock in the evening before finally the team pulled up to my door.

THERE was no doctor within one hundred and fifty miles. And in those days we had no radio either to send emergency messages. And anyhow, it was at a time of the year when practically all travel is suspended on account of dangerous ice conditions. We did what we could for him. Though he had regained consciousness, Jimmy was in a bad shape, and was promptly given the last sacraments after we had given him what first-aid we could. About the main remedy we relied on was prayer to the Little Flower. The writer went to see him several times a day, encouraging him to confidence in the Little Flower, as apparently that was our only hope.

On one of these visits, after (Turn to page 168)

Nanking--the Aftermath

John K. Lipman, S.J.

“BEFORE the war, *Shen Fu*, (Father), we had a hotel in Hsiakwan, with an income of two hundred dollars a month. Then we lost everything except the clothes we have on. Now the six of us have about twenty cents a day to live on.”

The speaker was an elderly Chinese who had evidently been used to better days, but who now had to put up with real poverty. Yet, like all the other destitute refugees whom we visited, he and the rest of the family were able to present a smiling and cheerful face, and since this particular group happened to be Christians, they accepted their hard lot with a spirit of really meritorious resignation.

Due to the fact that the present “incident” has temporarily halted the directly educational efforts of the American Jesuits of the California Province who have been assigned to the Nanking Project, we have been assisting the Nanking International Relief Committee in their work of caring for the refugees. At their request we have been doing some house-to-house canvassing, investigating the applications for help that the refugees have sent in to the Committee, and in the process we have been given an insight into actual conditions here in Nanking that could be obtained in probably no other way.

IN Nanking there are no centralized refugee camps such as are found in Shanghai; these were done away with during 1938. Relief work at present is being done through the International Relief Committee and several other similar organizations, and is being carried on by means of rice and clothing distribution centers. Those who are in need of assistance must make application in writing to the Relief Committee which then sends someone to investigate the home conditions of the applicant, and the nature and quantity of assistance needed. The fact that the International Committee for which we have been working now has on hand more than twenty-eight thousand applications gives some idea of the magnitude of the job to be done.

While there was in reality not as much destruction of property here in Nanking as the world was given to believe, still, there were at least two large sections of the city that were pretty completely razed by the flames, with the result that many thousands of people lost not only their homes but just about everything else they possessed. And in the lawless conditions that existed for several months following the capture of the city, thousands of Chinese men lost their lives and countless young girls disappeared from their homes.



Father James F. Kearney, S.J., checks up on some war refugees of Nanking.

What this has meant to the survivors we are now finding out. In house after house that we visited, it was the same story: “My husband was killed after the occupation of the city, and now I have these two little children to support, and no home or money.” “Last year I lost my three sons and I don’t know where my husband is. I have nothing to live on now, and if these friends were not so kind as to take care of me, I don’t know what I’d do.”

This last remark is indicative of a wonderful spirit of charity and mutual help that exists among the refugees themselves. Those who have something, be it ever so little, do not hesitate to share it with those who have nothing. Time after time our work took us into small rooms that three or four people could comfortably use, but which were having to do duty for nine or ten. And on checking up, we found out frequently enough that although the owners of the room might have but a few cents a day to live on, they did not think a thing about letting a young widow with a child and no means of support stay with them and share the bit of rice and vegetable they had for food. Or else it was some toothless old grandmother, who was now dependent on the charity of friends,—charity more elastic than rubber.

THE results of this revival of the communal system of living have been at times a bit humorous. Each of the families represented seems to know everything about the others,—every little detail of name, age, occupation, income and family history. Quite an argument resulted when one woman contended that the one we were questioning had made a mistake in giving the age of her eldest sons as forty-one when it was really forty-five. We made peace at last, by deciding that three or four years at that age didn’t make much difference. This decision brought a big laugh from all present.

"I Wanted to Scream!"

Mark A.
Falvey, S.J.

WE'RE managing to keep up steam here at Shuyang and keep the machinery running. There are about thirty boys in the school, the normal number since I've been here. The girls' school disbanded on the occasion of our last big fright about the middle of December, and the Presentandines are lodged permanently at Machang where Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., is building a new empire. One catechumenate in the country ended at Christmas time with twelve Baptisms. There have been three or four small groups at the church, all but one of which has been disrupted by unsettled conditions, and one by unsettled (or cold) weather.

Just now there is a group of about thirty up in the bandits' country, drinking in the doctrine. They're tame looking creatures when they come timidly up to my table to recite their prayers. I don't know how they look after twelve o'clock at night on a lonely highway. I go up there, fifteen miles, two or three times a week to say Mass and examine them. There are some Christians of twenty years standing up in the same neighborhood. They've all come round of late. The Masses have brought most of the slackers back again.

They gave me the "works" the first day I went there for Mass, that is, fire-works, and quite a reception it was. I think it has been many years since Mass was said up there. They speak of some Father having come once or twice, years ago, from Kao-Lin. When I see what it takes to make the trip now, I take off my hat to the old-timers who got into the region twenty years ago.

RECENTLY I had to go out on foot and I made a mighty fast six miles with slippery under-footing, because word came that a child was dying. There isn't a Christian in the whole section where the family lives. The father and four sons are catechumens at the church at present, and thirty or more relatives who don't know what it's all about, have signed up for a catechumenate at their home village. I had not only that little soul to save, but an impression to make on the would-be Christians. I had the little kids at the church praying that I'd get there in time.

The father and one son (who cried all the way home because he feared his little sister would die without



Some of Father Falvey's Chinese converts making themselves useful around the Mission at Shuyang.

Baptism) rushed on ahead, the youngster instructed to perform the Baptism in case of need. When I arrived they were all smiling, even the child—the cause of all the disturbance. I poured the water on anyway, and she became the first Christian of her tribe. May her tribe increase!

I generally say "No" when I'm invited to eat at these homes because they are too poor almost to feed themselves, and the *Shen Fu* (priest) would eat a big hole out of their winter's supply. They have to "put it on big" for him! This time I meant "No" also, but the boys had the cleverest way of detaining me; making

me warm my hands, and then my feet, and delaying bringing in the baby for Baptism, so that when the main event was over, the table was already set, and I, wet from head to foot, wasn't at all displeased with having to sit down to some hot wine, pickled onions, pickled beans, and red rice—and I mustn't forget the red sugar and white sugar that set them back many pennies.

WE talked over the future of the Church in that section, the three boys, the dad, and the unbaptized chief-propagator of the Faith in those parts. One of the boys we destined to be the first Pastor in residence, and the father offered him to the Church, and the boy offered himself. He is the one who cried until he found his sister alive. He baptized an old grand-aunt, who died since (several days ago) and he isn't himself baptized yet. We located our future churches and schools, and timed the rounds the *Shen Fu* could make to celebrate Mass, etc., and like the disciples of Emmaus, "our hearts burned within us."

About half the boys here have made bids to stay at the church when school lets out for the new year. The reason isn't the stock one that they give, namely, lest we have to do superstitions for the New Year at home. They aren't sure of getting enough to eat. One guileless lad, who with his three or four brothers is attending one of our country schools came up to me the other day with three of his brothers, all well dressed and clean, and showing signs of better days and said: "*Shen Fu*, two of us are going to relatives and two to study at the church in Shuyang, because we haven't anything more to eat at home. Will that be all right?" I said, "That will be all right," but I wanted to scream!

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

"Thank You"

The late Cardinal Gibbons once wrote: "In possessing Catholic Faith I hold a treasure compared with which all things earthly are but dross. Instead of wishing to bury this treasure in my breast, I long to share it with others." Inspired by a similar desire, my Pamphlet Promoters on the evening of May 5th, in the Grand Ball Room of the Astor Hotel, New York City, sponsored a Bridge and Reception, the proceeds of which are to be used for the distribution of pamphlets on the Home and Foreign Missions, exposing the radical "isms" of the day, particularly Racism, Nazism, Fascism and Communism, and vindicating the imperishable value of those principles of democracy which are the basis not only of our American Constitution but more particularly of that Divine Salvific Will for the salvation of all men which is at once the inspiration and the glory of Christian civilization and the ultimate reason for the existence of JESUIT MISSIONS.

The Committee

For the outstanding success of the evening's program I wish to take this occasion to thank the Chairman, Miss Mary V. Lyons, the Co-Chairmen, the Misses Anita Hyland, Margaret Barr, Ethel Benson, Rose Galligan, Josephine Grilli, Betty Mooney, Florence O'Connor, Ann O'Halloran, and the members of the various sponsoring committees who so generously and cheerfully sacrificed their time and energy. My appreciation for the loyalty and cooperation shown by our guests is equalled only by my hope that all had a most happy and thoroughly enjoyable evening. Most particularly, do I wish to thank the Management of the Astor for that continued interest, genial courtesy and unobtrusive efficiency, without which the success of the evening's program would have been impossible.

Hint Number Three

Hubert Schmidt, S.J., of Sacred

Heart College, Shembaganur, Madura District, India, writes: "If you ever have a stray pamphlet, please don't let it gather any dust in your office. After reading the Ten Efficiency Hints in your column in the September issue, 1938, I decided to put some of them in practice. One afternoon I was baking in a railway carriage. In order to make my spiritual reading, I took Father Lord's pamphlet, 'Prayers Are Always Answered' out of my pocket. At once I began to wave the pamphlet about, according to Efficiency Hint Number Three. That was my undoing. A pot-bellied, turban-headed Indian, plucked the pamphlet out from under my nose. 'Congratulations!' you will say. However, I had not finished my spiritual reading—or the pamphlet. Therefore, from now on I'll read the pamphlet privately, finish the reading and then pass it on."

The Set Up

"India is not a country like the U. S. A.—one language. It has multiple languages, various nationalities (if I may use the term) such as Hindus, Mohammedans, Aborigines who are distinct in race, in language, and in religion. It has large cities, industrial centers with their attendant evils of slums and floating population. It has over a million villages.

"Information is passed on chiefly by word of mouth for the illiterates are outside the sphere of the printed word. But no, that statement is too general. In every village there will be some who can read and every scrap of reading matter they can lay their hands on is carried home and read and reread to the assembled audience and therein lies our hope.

On the Job in India

Mr. R. Krishnamachari, Editor of The Bombay Press Service, Hamam House, Hamam Street, Bombay, writes:

"The Bombay Press Service is carrying on educative propaganda against Communism through news bulletins, leaflets and pamphlets. I'm forwarding by separate post to-

day a copy each of the leaflets issued by me and copies of a few recent news bulletins. In addition to this, I have organized direct anti-Communist propaganda through trade union propagandists in the labor area in Bombay. We have organized study classes in the labor area to educate especially the working classes in the truth of the various radical movements. We are proposing to start study classes for the middle class as well, and for this purpose I am endeavoring to collect material.

Copies Requested

"I understand that the N. C. W. C., the America Press and some other Catholic organizations have published a series of books, pamphlets, etc., dealing with social justice, labor problems, Communism and other radical activities. I have already received a few books from them. I will be much obliged if you can make some arrangement whereby I can obtain copies of all publications without any exception published in the U. S. A. dealing with Communism, labor and the social questions. I have no regular source of knowing what books are published and by whom. Secondly, the pamphlets are usually priced at two or three cents each and I find it extremely difficult and expensive to remit such small amounts individually. Perhaps one of your friends would be willing to act as agent!"

Pamphlet Libraries

Our Buffalo Pamphlet Unit, the Junior League Guild of St. Joseph, which meets regularly in the Cathedral Rectory and of which Miss Adele C. Butler is President, has inaugurated a Pamphlet Reference Library for the use of the members of the group. A variety of 125 pamphlet titles are on display and are being eagerly read by the members. In addition to distribution work, we recommend a similar library display for each of our Units. A variety of 125 titles as a nucleus for a permanent reference set can be procured from Jesuit Mission Press for ten dollars.

The Moros of Lanao



A Moro head—"these Moros are about as much Mohammedan as the average Filipino of the backwoods is Catholic."

THERE is a great deal of difference between the Moros of the Lake Lanao region and the Moros of Cotabato and Zamboanga. I am speaking only of those around here.

First of all, these Moros are about as much Mohammedan as the average Filipino of the backwoods is Catholic. They know nothing of Mohammedanism and practise only what custom dictates. They neither read, write or think, and their whole religion is contained in the dictates of some more influential *datos* and *cadis* who use Mohammedanism only as a means of keeping their grasp on their people for their own purposes. All Moros who get even a smattering of education soon drop off from all Mohammedan practices, or if they hold on it is only that they might keep control of those under them. If a real Mohammedan came to Lanao he would have hard time feeling at home.

FROM our point of view, however, the Moro has something that is a great hindrance to apostolic work among them. They have the background of Mohammedanism with all its hatreds, fears and fanatical opposition to Christianity. Somewhat like the Protestants, their religion is more anti-Christian than pro-Mohammed. If they were pure pagans, absolute wild men or even cannibals you might convert them; but the background is a bulwark. Only some special saint of God destined for it could directly preach Christianity to a Mohammedan.

If you asked a Moro whether he hates Christians he may say "no" and mean it; but step on his toe and you will get a *kris* in your back not because of the toe but because you are a Christian. Elaborate this idea with the history of Mohammedanism and you have the first great obstacle to conversion. The Moro does not know

anything of this history, but the froth of it is in his blood and worst of all in his soul.

TO my mind this obstacle can be overcome—by time. Ever since I have been here, Lanao Moros have noticeably changed. New roads, greater intercourse for trade, etc., and a less strangling hold by the *datos*, is broadening the Moro and lessening his prejudices. The public schools, too, are doing a good job.

Few Moros as yet use the schools but the number is increasing and those who go through the schools, especially the high schools, come out with a better vision—although some maintain that Moros use education only to make themselves more clever in wrong-doing. After two or three more generations the Lanao Moro will be a different type in those parts where the roads penetrate.

But I think there is a more difficult obstacle towards permanent conversion. Mohammedanism, in fact and in history, is entirely material, carnally and brutally material. Even their heaven is an eternal debauch and as far as we can gather, the one god they acknowledge is entirely devoid of the spiritual. There is some kind of material contraption more pagan than the pagans. How to bring these people from that gross materialism and impurity to the threshold of Christian spiritualism and purity is more than I can discover. It seems almost like making a man from an animal. Remember that nothing spiritual, nothing really beautiful ever gets into their minds or souls. An ignorant Negro is a much easier prospect, he can at least dance and sing, not so a Moro.

About the only thing I can see that raises him above the animal is an appreciation of color. They like gaudy colors. How then teach purity, honesty, truthfulness? The teacher and the pupil do not speak the same language. Time will, I believe, lessen the Mohammedan influence and prepare the soil for the seed; but a longer time will be needed for any flowering. That does not mean that I think that God will be displeased with a few shoots and leaves; in winter when flowers do not bloom we cherish the few blades that sprout in the window-box.

THE *datos* are opposed to education and all contact with the Christians because they know that it is the end of their control. They tell the people that if they take Christian schools, medicines, customs, they will become the slaves of the Christians. "The more you know the more it costs to live," that's what the people are told. If the power and influence of the *dato* is broken, time, as above can move faster.

What's a practical program for the present? The *indirect* apostolate. In a mixed territory like mine, make the Christians better so that their influence and example may have weight with the Moros. Nothing much can be done as yet by the literature because the Moro does not read; some say they know Arabic, but not much. The best present apostolate to my mind is Medical Missionaries.

The Moro is just beginning to take to medicine; it is still a kind of a hokus-pokus to him, but he sees that results come of it. (The Moro



Joseph
Reith, S.J.

ees not like to take a
edicine unless it burns;
uits effect is not felt, it
mo good. Sloan's Lini-
ent is very popular.)
we had Sisters to go
among the Moros and
take care of their sick-
esses, etc., they would
make a tremendous im-
pression. The Protes-
tants are doing this with
nurses. I have been ask-
ing; for this kind of Sis-
ters; am ready to build
them a dormitory that
would give them per-
manent income if run
properly and enable them
to have the best of in-
fluence among the high
school girls where influ-
ence means most, and in
addition, they could go out
as nurses or even doctors
and exert splendid efforts
among the Moros.

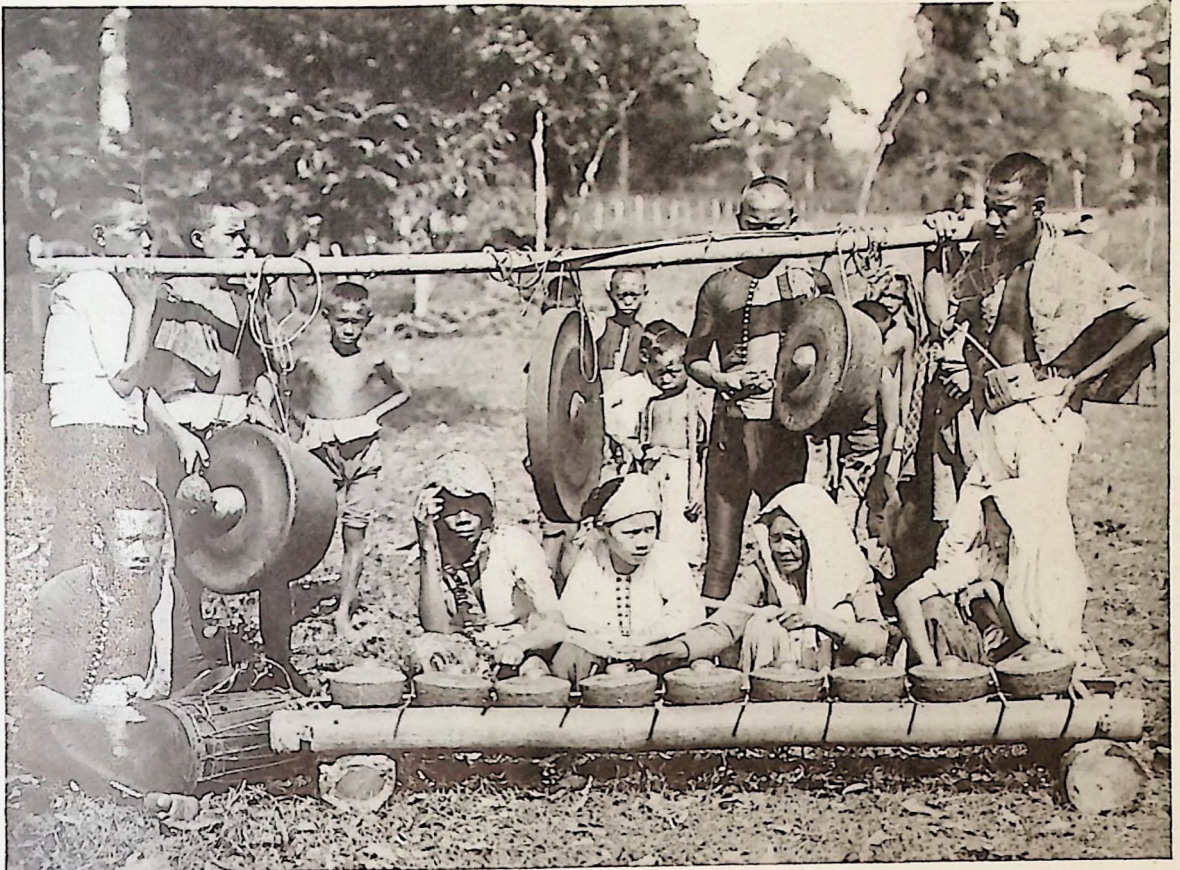
Our local hospital with its Moro ward is open to them, and I want to tell you that when a Moro is sick on his back he is just a plain human being like the rest of us and a kind word or a bit of charity has far reaching effects. When I visit the Moro ward they strip themselves to show me their troubles; outside the hospital they won't come within ten feet of me.

CONVERSIONS through marriage brings results, especially among the Cotabato Moros. There are many of them here, women converts, and they do fairly well. There are not so many mixed, Moro-Christian marriages in Lanao region. I have had only one. Usually, they just live together without marriage. If the man's Christian religion was stronger he could convert his wife. Children are frequently baptized and become good Christians. It is more difficult to bring

around a Moro man who marries a Christian wife. I tried one, and after a long period of instruction, when I was about to baptize him he refused saying that the Moros would cast him out. His wife is a good Catholic. I married them with dispensation from the Pope.

What results have

More Moros—"The best present apostolate to my mind is that of Medical Missionaries."



A Moro wedding. Polygamy is an accepted institution. "How to bring these people from that gross materialism and impurity to the threshold of Christian spiritualism and purity is more than I can discover."

I had? Very little. No Moro girls have been in our dormitory. There used to be a Moro girls' dormitory here maintained by the Government in connection with the high school. It turned out some fine girls—not Christian, but certainly no longer Mohammedan.

SOME Moros here inquired about putting their children in our school, but we have had only a few and they usually do not last. I put one Moro convert boy into the Ateneo, but he stuck it out only one year. He came back here and worked for the Protestants for a while. I baptized one Moro teacher of some ability; he came to church for a while, and then got interested in a Protestant girl and has since been baptized by the Protestants.

Some Moros have come around for Baptism but their reason is usually something ulterior—a job, a girl; so I refuse all applications unless they are willing to take long instructions. Once, before a serious operation, I got the consent of the parents to baptize a girl. One of the parents was somewhat Christian and I believe a sister was also baptized. The girl was willing and the parents only stipulated that there would be no Christian burial in case the girl died. I thought she would; but she didn't and I have not seen her since.

Father Repetti flaunts the idea that Francis Xavier ever visited Mindanao. Yet there is a local tradition that he flung his shoe into Lake Lanao and said: "When it floats, the Moro will be converted." There is consolation in the implication that some day it will float. Every day a new motor boat is being launched on Lake Lanao. Perhaps they (time, trade, wider intercourse, broader visions) will stir up the bottom and set the shoe floating. Let us pray!



If You Follow the Crow . . .

Peter Nash, S.J.

IF you follow the crow and fly due north from Detroit, right across Lake Huron, across Manitoulin Island and the North Channel until you reach the northern shore you will find yourself in the little town of Spanish, Ontario, and will probably be just in time to see Father Joseph Barker, S.J., setting out from headquarters on his monthly tour. His eleven missions lie along a one hundred and fifteen mile stretch of the Sudbury-Sault Ste. Marie highway from Thessalon in the west to Espanola in the east. And this is no small territory for one man to cover.

Ah! he has at last brought the trusty old Ford to a halt and is hitching her to a neighboring stump. There must be a mission nearby. But where is it? Oh, about six miles back in the bush, and Father Barker prepares to hike it, no matter

what the weather, come snow or mosquito. This time it is snow and lots of it with the air brisk and clear at ten below. Indians who have come to meet him are piling the Mass-kit, holy oils, shaving-tackle and other necessaries on to a pulp-wood sleigh, and they are off into the deep forest.

WHY doesn't Father Barker use a dog-team? Well, he would if it was not such a nuisance. First of all, the dogs insist on wolfing down large quantities of meat. Then, you can never tell when they will jump the trail after a jack-rabbit and tie themselves, the baggage and the sleigh into knots. So you might as well walk the six miles and arrive tired but whole.

Here we are at last at the mission where the missionary will spend the week-end from Friday till Tuesday morning. There is time yet to hear some confessions, teach the children catechism, visit a few families and wind up the day with night prayers and Benediction. It is wonderful to see how the Indians turn out at this monthly visit, attending every Mass and every Benediction they can. It would never do, then, to let them down by failing to heat the church for them next morning. So Father Barker must get up from his bunk in the sacristy at 5:30 A.M., dress shivering in the gloomy light of an oil lamp, and keep on shivering till the antique box-stove decreases the North Pole effect and spreads the cold more evenly! Mass isn't till eight o'clock.

After that comes breakfast with the teachers, or, if there is no school in the district, with an Indian family who are only too glad to be able to share with him their scanty fare. Then follows another crowded day of instructing and consoling. Perhaps this time the Indians have received a little ready cash, and wanting to help the priest as much as their slender means will allow, have come to ask him for a Bingo Party in the school. That means an exciting but mighty tiring evening, calling out the numbers and distributing the prizes.

But if you want to see work, wait till the annual bazaar comes around! Every article of clothing has to be priced and tagged, surprise boxes have to be packed up by the dozen, booths must be erected and decorated, and ice-cream (thirty-five gallons they can consume in an afternoon) to be hauled in. So you see that Father Barker, though he took over this, his first line of missions, from Father Thomas Moylan, S.J., the new Superior at Wikwemikong, only



The Indian Industrial School at Spanish, Ontario.

last September, has swung right into the busy ways of a veteran missionary.

HIS flock numbers roughly a thousand, all of whom are Indians with the exception of a hundred or so French-Canadians. Pagan Indians are a rarity in these parts, there are a hundred and fifty at Sagamok, while Protestant Indians are almost unheard of. Poverty is universal, for apart from a Government grant of eight dollars a head per year the only sources of revenue are pulp-wood cutting in the winter with fishing or blue-berry picking in the summer.

But poor as they are, a happier lot you will not find. They never complain and always have a smile for you. Once you get to know them you cannot help liking them. Speaking their language is, of course, a great asset in winning their confidence. Most speak English, but they do like their own tongue for all spiritual matters. So for a whole year before he took over these missions, Father Barker sweated over the extremely complicated Ojibway. He made such a rapid progress under the tutelage of Father V. Artus, S.J., who at the age of eighty has only recently retired from active service, that in the confessional and at the altar rail he has no difficulty in being understood.

Thus Father Barker lives and works, too busy making the headlines in heaven to have time for even a glance at the daily papers and their loud insistence on the things that really do not count.

Christians in Central Africa

The Mission Intention for June

ON Sunday, May 7th, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, speaking in French from the Vatican Radio Station on the occasion of the National Eucharistic Congress at Algiers, Algeria, focused the attention of the world on the Dark Continent, recalling its ancient and glorious contributions to the Catholic Faith.

"In the course of recent years Africa has already seen more than one ceremony of this kind. Carthage, mindful of having been the glorious metropolis of the North Africa churches and of having sheltered within its walls more than thirty Church Councils, started them with its International Eucharistic Congress. Then the movement was extended to regional and national congresses as far as Southern Africa, the Congo, Madagascar, Tripoli and elsewhere."

Then dipping into the past, the Pontiff continued: "A century ago the first Bishop of Algiers was installed in his cathedral. Thus was reborn after eight hundred years of apparent death, this Ecclesiastical Province of Africa which had counted five hundred Bishops and which in the lists of its martyrs, of its Popes and of its Virgins, in-

cluded the incomparable Doctor of Hippo, Augustine, one of the most brilliant geniuses that God has ever given to the Church and to the world. Now with the Cross of Christ rising from one of its minarets, Algiers becomes the luminous gateway through which the light of revelation penetrates with growing rapidity to the heart of the Black Continent."

That the words of the Pontiff are not meaningless rhetoric and that the light he speaks of is very perceptibly penetrating and dispelling the shadows of unbelief in darkest Africa is clear from the following answer to a question asked a few years ago, namely, "In what country will we find the greatest total of converts?" The reply was given according to various methods of computation; thus, in one year there were 35,000 converts in British India; 70,000 in China; 152,000 in Central Africa.

According to another recording, one might say that each missionary was responsible throughout a space of one year for 14 converts in British India; 18 in China

and 140 in Central Africa. According to still another, even more striking, it is a fact that in certain sections of Central Africa, for example, the Belgian Congo, Cameroons, Urundi, Uganda and Kenia, one new missionary means an increase of 1,000 converts.

After a spiritual spurt by Portuguese missionaries in the fifteenth century, Catholic Missions in Africa either ceased for a time or were supplanted by Protestant enthusiasts. Remembering the White man's cruel methods of exploitation under which the Blacks had only flesh and muscle value for the slave markets of Turkey, Arabia, Europe and America, the Africans then closed



Dark strategy in African chess. Immortal souls are the stakes for which the Church is playing.

their Continent to Christianity and bolstered the closed door with the combined power of Mohammedanism and a debased paganism. However, towards the end of the nineteenth century, Francis Liberman and the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, Monsignor de Bresillac and the Lyons Mission Society, Cardinal Lavigerie and the White Fathers, together with others, in the face of persecution and death, succeeded in planting once again the seed of the Faith in Central Africa.

Archbishop Constantini once wrote: "There hangs a peculiar fascination about everything that is just at the dawn of life. When it is a matter of the nascent Church, God's very Kingdom, which is being planted among a pagan people, something of a divine nature is super-added, and the seal of beauty and grandeur set on it."

To encourage those already in the field, to increase their faith, to support them in their apostolic efforts, we are asked to pray during June for an increase of missionaries in Central Africa.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BRITISH HONDURAS

Waiting for the Bishop

According to Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., the Mission is eagerly awaiting the arrival of the newly consecrated Bishop William A. Rice, S.J.

"Father David F. Hickey, S.J., the active and vigorous Pastor of the Cathedral here, has his men's committee active in the making of preparations for the proper reception of the new Bishop and the farewell to the old. Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., was well enough to sing the Pontifical High Mass of Requiem for Pope Pius XI. He does not speak ever of leaving here, and has made no remote preparations for going away. Belize becomes even more attractive to him in these later years, and I do not think that he enjoys the thought of going away from the Community and the town, much as he may like his favorite Marquette.

"I do not suppose you have heard anything about the Requiem for the Holy Father. The Cathedral was filled with Government officials, Consuls, members of executive and legislative Councils, Town Board, professional men and so forth, and their wives, and those others who were fortunate enough to secure tickets. Police, Defense Force, and Boy Scouts in uniform added color to the gathering.

"All are well. Father Marion L. Ganey, S.J., is running a peppy basketball tournament for the young men of the parish, under his spreading Catholic Youth Organization. He is busy practicing a Lenten play 'Barter' to be given in Holy Week or just before that week. Father Joseph Wade, S.J., has gotten a mission boat for his sea and river missions. It was formerly at Stann Creek; but was not doing enough service there, whereas it would be much used up north.

"Brother John Jacoby, S.J., is planning his summer camp at one of the Cayes for his Boy Scouts. He has forty signed up. The reputation for fun, food and fresh

air that his camp enjoys makes all eager to get a place on his list. He has done some nice tricks with his Scouts, recently pleased the Governor and other local officials and merchants by having Scouts meet tourists from larger American steamers to conduct them on sight-seeing trips about the city, when they come ashore to get a glimpse of our little town as they cruise the Caribbean."



Baby goes to town in Shanghai where the California Jesuits are working.

Virgen del Carmen

Benque Viejo was celebrating one of Our Lady's feasts when Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., wrote us:

"Just at present we are in the midst of our customary public novena in honor of the Virgen de Lourdes and yesterday had you only been here you would have been edified by our large, devout procession that wended its way through the principal streets, singing and praying as they marched in perfect order.

"In the procession four strong men carried the statue of the Immaculate Conception of Lourdes on their shoulders. As they all reached the limited quarters under the Padre's residence which we have been compelled to use for our divine services since

our disastrous fire over a year ago, only about four hundred could squeeze themselves inside where we made our act of fervent consecration to our Blessed Lady. And was it hot inside with such a human jam!

"These devoted Indians, however, didn't seem to mind the heat as they gave vent to their whole-souled attachment to their *Madre Immaculada* in that rapturous song: 'A la Virgen sin mancha.' The music is exquisitely adapted to the words that must have been conceived in some great soul that at some time must have been favored with a glimpse of the glory and beauty of our heavenly Mother, don't you think?

Attention Gum-Chewers!

"These last few weeks, Benque is becoming a bit more happy because of the return of our *chicleros* from the Guatemala bush where they have been bleeding chicle since June. Mighty dangerous work it is, indeed, as may be concluded from the deaths, due to exposure and occasional falls from high trees. I wonder if any of our gum-chewing friends ever say a 'Requiescat in pace' for our brave *chicleros*?"

ALASKA

Dog-Musher's Retreat

"Your letter of February 10th caught up with me here," writes Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., Superior of the Alaskan missions, from Fairbanks. "I am giving Father Aloysius Eline, S.J., a bit of help during Lent and also attempting to direct the pious Sisters of Providence over the rugged trail of the Spiritual Exercises. You may well imagine the language an unconverted dog-musher uses in speaking even of pious things.

"After leaving Nome I went on to Pilgrim Springs, some sixty miles across the mountains. Father Edward Cunningham, S.J., is in charge there of our boarding schools for Eskimo children. The noble and devoted Ursulines aid



Gerard G. Horgan, S.J., who has just finished his philosophical studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, and will sail for missionary work in the Philippine Islands this summer.

him in his difficult task. Pilgrim Springs is one of the fairest spots in the North. Amid all the bleakness of the Seward Peninsula it stands out a veritable oasis. The hot springs that give the place its name have been famous for years. At all seasons of the year the mineralized water wells out of the ground at a temperature of more than one hundred and forty degrees. For miles the ground is so warm even in the coldest winters that potatoes left in the ground will sprout the next Spring.

"Kotzebue has none of the charm of Pilgrim Springs. Gray, leaden skies, miles upon miles of unbroken, wind-swept tundra surround this, our farthest North Mission. Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., is taking a good solid grip on the work in Kotzebue. Wisely, he is devoting himself to intensive, persistent catechetical work. True, there is much more romance in the picture of a missionary on the back of a sled behind galloping malemutes than in that of the same man drilling children and grown-ups day after day with unwearied patience in the Truths, the saving Truths of the Faith. We had some long talks about missionary methods and so forth. In his recent letter

to me he describes the changes he has made in his living quarters, and the improvements he plans to make in his chapel."

No Lasting City

Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, describes how he eats his dinner:

"Just finished eating my dinner from a large platter that was snugly settled on the soft pillow of my bed. We surely have here 'no lasting city.' The thought came quite naturally while I was eating from such an unusual table. Just for lack of something more useful to think about I started counting how many rooms I have here in the general mission building: I found there are twelve. And in how many of these have I taken my meals for a more or less extended period?"

"I ate here in my bedroom from my pillow or from the top of the heater for the past few weeks. For the few weeks preceding, I used my radio table in the office for my meals. For about a year I used the Sisters old dining room. The year before that I ate in my former room which is now the Post Office. For a while, too, I took my meals at the kitchen table.

"When I first came to Hooper Bay I took my meals upstairs with the rest of the gang. So to sum up I find that I never took my dinner in the chapel, or in the sacristy, or in the attic or back wood shed."

CHINA

Shanghai Ordinations

Two missionaries of the California Province will be ordained this month, June 7th, at the Zi-ka-wei Theologate, Shanghai. They are Ralph J. Deward, S.J., and Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

Father Deward, son of Joseph M. Deward and the late Anne M. Deward, was born in San Francisco, January 23, 1908, and entered the Society of Jesus at Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, July 15, 1925. He made his philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, and taught at St. Ignatius High School, San Fran-

cisco. He left San Francisco for China in August, 1934. After his arrival he spent seven months at Zi-ka-wei, studying Chinese, and the remaining five months of his first year in China at a mission station of the Canadian Jesuits (Hsuehowfu District). The following year he returned to Shanghai and taught at Gonzaga College. In August, 1936, he began his theological studies at the Collegium Maximum, Zi-ka-wei. Father Deward is assigned to the Shanghai district to study the Shanghai dialect.

Father O'Hara, son of Mr. F. J. O'Hara, of 437 North Ardmore Avenue, Los Angeles, California, was born at Springfield, Missouri, July 22, 1907, and entered the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Los Gatos, August 2, 1926. He studied philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, where he specialized in chemistry, and in spare moments did catechetical work among the Italians of the Lidgerwood District, Spokane. He sailed for China in the summer of 1933 with Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J. He began his Chinese apostolate studying the difficult language at Zi-ka-wei.

In 1934, he retired to the Hsuehowfu District for practical experience in the language. From 1934 to 1936, he taught and perfected at Gonzaga College, teaching chemistry, physics, Latin and Mandarin to the foreign boys.



Richard T. McSorley, S.J., who has just finished his philosophical studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, and will sail for missionary work in the Philippine Islands this summer.

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Gerald W. Healy, S.J., who has just completed his rhetorical studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and will sail shortly for missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

Ever an athlete, Father O'Hara at Gonzaga coached the basketball and track teams. One of his chemistry pupils, Mr. Charles Chang, will soon graduate from the University of Wisconsin; another from Lester Institute in engineering and a third in chemistry from Kwang Hwa University. Father O'Hara made his theology at Zi-ka-wei from 1936 to 1939.

He will say his first Mass at Gonzaga College, June 8, 1939, and first Solemn Mass at 11:00 A.M., June 11th, in the Church of Christ the King, to be broadcast over XMHA. During the current Sino-Japanese struggle, Father O'Hara participated in refugee work, instructed wounded soldiers throughout the year, baptized many of the dying, prepared others. Father O'Hara has three brothers, all doctors, residing in the United States.

IRAQ

A Blunt Question

Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J., is looking for someone to adopt Baghdad College and support it with prayer. He writes:

"Were you to come here to the Middle East and visit with

the native clergy, you would be profoundly impressed with the wonderfully venerable Chaldean Patriarch, His Grace, Emanuel Thomas, now in his eighty-ninth year, who goes about his trying duties with a vigor equal to that of a middle-aged zealot. Again, you would be pleased to meet the devoted Archbishops, Bishops, Khouris and Priests of the several rites who are all straining every effort to hold their scattered flocks together in this part of the world which is about ninety per cent non-Christian.

"As I have said before, you would be truly impressed with these venerable men of God, but with an eye to the future you would ask: 'Where are the young priests? How many vocations here come from Baghdad College, the only Catholic secondary school for boys in all Iraq?'

"These are questions which, naturally speaking, we do not like to hear. However, they are good questions and a clear, blunt answer should be given.

"Well, there are some young priests in Iraq but they are very few and of an entirely insufficient number to maintain their various rites and churches, once these older priests are gone. There are seminaries conducted by the native clergy and there is one in Mosul under the able direction of the French Dominicans. But they are all in need of many more strong vocations. It is not a radical statement to say that the need for vocations to the Holy Priesthood is extreme.

"Baghdad College is yet very young and we cannot expect too much help from her as yet. However, the college has been exercising her influence here for the last seven years and no vocations have blest the school. Now, if vocations do not spring forth from the one Catholic secondary school in the whole country, whence will they come?

A Blunt Answer

"The only answer is 'from prayer.' For this intention do we write to JESUIT MISSIONS—to beg for the prayers of all friends of Jesuit missions. We especially

hope that the good Sisters, who teach the thousands of innocent boys and girls, will adopt Iraq in their prayers. May the prayers of the children of the Catholic schools in America win vocations for Iraq lads. May the Holy Ghost bless this land with great generosity and self-sacrifice joyfully undergone for the preservation and extension of our Holy, Apostolic Church."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Pioneer Missioner Dead

On Monday morning, May 1, Father Thomas A. M. Shanahan, S.J., died suddenly of a heart attack while vesting for Mass in the Provincial's Residence of his Home Province of New England, 300 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., where he was resting temporarily in anticipation of his return to the Philippines. Father Shanahan was a member of the pioneer group of twenty American Jesuits who, at the request of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, sailed for missionary work in the Philippines, June, 1921. Only two weeks before his death, Father Shanahan told the writer that he expected to return to the Philippines this summer. May God Who in His Wisdom saw fit to



James J. McMahon, S.J., who has just been appointed for missionary work in the Philippine Islands. He has recently completed his studies in the humanities at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie.

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON



William J. Nicholson, S.J., who has just completed his rhetorical studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and will sail shortly for missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

permit this desire to go unfilled, likewise in His Mercy see fit to grant eternal repose to the soul of this missionary whose lovable disposition, preserved for years while faithfully fulfilling the unromantic duties of a Mission Procurator, endeared him to a host of friends. From our readers and our many friends we beg the tribute of a prayer for the eternal repose of the soul of Father Thomas A. M. Shanahan of the Society of Jesus. *Requiescat in pace.*

Cagayan Fire

A cablegram to Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., Director of the Philippine Mission Bureau of New York, announces the complete destruction by fire at midnight on April 30 of Lourdes Academy for Girls, Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I. The total loss amounted to 100,000 pesos or fifty thousand dollars, American money. The cablegram reports the Sisters as safe. They are living in St. Augustine's School.

Batting Practice

Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., adds a revealing postscript to his last letter to the Editor:

"We are having success in exterminating bats by putting up bright lamps near the church ceil-

ing just before dawn. As the bats cannot sleep in the glare of the lamps, only a few enter and these mostly in the sacristy. Simultaneously, we are campaigning to kill them in our own school and in the public school. Of course, if the repairs on the church could be completed, there would be no more 'batting practice'."

Page Poe's Bells

A name unfamiliar to these columns is that of Father Alfred Keinle, S.J., of Mt. Carmel Rectory, Talisayan, Oriental Misamis:

"Certainly do thank you for your wonderful surprise check. It was out of the house exactly one hour after it arrived, in the hands of a Chinaman, en route to Cebu, whence he could catch a swift boat for Manila to pay a bill. Bills, Bills, Bills. I sound like Edgar Allen Poe, with his Bells, etc. Fact is that I went under badly in 1938. Golden Jubilee of this parish and I took the opportunity of doing some necessary work on the church, relying upon my parishioners to back me up. Down went the price of *coprax* and they could not keep their pledges, but I have to pay my bills just the same. All told, there was no Gold at all, and very little Jubilee. However, the church does look very nice and everybody is happy, and so am I, even though distressed because of my Bills, Bills, Bills."

PATNA, INDIA

Forty Years After

"This year makes me forty years in pagan missions," writes Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., of the Holy Rosary Mission, Arrah, India. "I landed in Pine Ridge, South Dakota, among the Sioux, July 5, 1899, and in India, May 11, 1916.

"There is a steady flow of Untouchables into the Church and though every means is tried to prevent it, the means used often are but a help, Satan in a way being our best catechist!—as by oppression he forces people to come to us. So it is that by

slavery, tyranny and unspeakable social degradation the Untouchables desire some other truth where they may secure relief in this life and the next."

What's the Solution?

"The foundation trenches for our new St. Xavier's Residence are being dug," writes Very Reverend Father Francis N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission. "After a month the masonry work should be visible above ground. So let us hope we will be able to complete this Residence in the course of the year so that we may have the fourth centenary celebrations in honor of St. Francis Xavier's coming to India there with all due splendor in 1940.

"For some time we have been gathering materials for our new house. We purchased our wood from Nepal. This wood which is actually heavier than water was floated down the Gandak River and thence across the Ganges. Guess how that was done. And the logs moved along under water all the way. Let our readers of JESUIT MISSIONS solve the riddle."

Standing Still?

Father James A. Creane, S.J., writes an enthusiastic summary



Edward J. Klippert, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, who has just completed his philosophical studies at Toronto, Canada, and will sail for missionary work in the Philippines.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS



Clarence A. Martin, S.J., who has just completed his rhetorical studies at the Novitiate of St. Isaac Jogues, Wernersville, Pa., and will sail shortly for missionary work in the Philippine Islands

of "new things" in the Patna Mission:

"The five members of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis arrived over a month ago. They are now plugging away at their Hindi and Santali and will soon be ready to plunge into the work in real Franciscan style. They hope to take over the entire Santal sector of Patna Mission after some time. Meantime, they will work along with us.

"The Catholic Medical Missionaries founded by Dr. Anna Dengel with Motherhouse at Brookland, Washington, D. C., plan to open a house in Patna Mission this year. Eight of our Indian Sacred Heart Sisters have gone to Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, for training as nurses under the Catholic Medical Missionaries. Seven new recruits for the Indian Sisterhood have lately come from Travnacore in South India.

"The Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary have just opened a girls' school at Gaya, the second biggest center in our Mission. Already, report has it, children are flocking to their school. It is rumored that a widow's home is to be opened at Arrah, another promising center for apostolic work.

AMERICAN INDIANS *Fire in Idaho*

A devastating fire destroyed the large church at Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho. The church was built in 1881 and was dedicated by Archbishop Seghers, First Bishop of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska.

One of the relics consumed by the blaze was a large painting of the Sacred Heart which was brought to the Mission in 1854 by Father Cataldo. Years ago when another fire threatened the old Mission, seven Indians attempted to remove the famous painting. Their efforts were unavailing. However, when the fire reached the church in which the painting hung the wind changed and the church and painting were miraculously preserved. This time, however, the fire destroyed the church. Father Cornelius E. Bryne, S.J., is the Superior of the Mission. Here also resides Father John A. Post, S.J., the oldest missionary and, in fact, the oldest Jesuit in the Oregon Province.

Good Material

"We have much good material to work with in our Sioux missions," writes Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. "Not so much perhaps 'material' material as spiritual material. The Indian mind is in many ways quite gifted. Our Elocution Contest showed the power of speech in those boys more than their athletic abilities. On the stage the children gave a magnificent performance when they gave the Jubilee play 1938 of Tekakwitha. Our Band boys play with ease and accuracy classical pieces. I doubt that common parishes have such fine players as are our boys."

JAMAICA, B. W. I. *In Memoriam*

One of the last things that Father James F. Kelly, S.J., wrote before leaving Jamaica was a tribute in memory of Father Joseph Dupont, S.J., who died in Kingston, September 11, 1887,

after forty years of toil in Jamaica. It runs as follows:

From Savoy and the slope of
Annecy,
Where dear St. Francis lives in
memory,
He came a willing exile unto you,
And in his breast Christ's patient
charity.

The undistinguished seasons roll-
ed away,
From warm December on to
warmer May—
No change of frost and flower as
in Savoy,—
And still he toiled among you day
by day;—

Toiled in the prime of manhood
and its wane,
In all the homes of sorrow and
of pain,
Of them whose lives are laden
heavily,
And lifted up the stricken soul
again.

When shall another your good
deeds renew,
O brave old heart, so strong, so
kind, so true!
Rest well among the children of
your love,
Rest 'till the last great earth
shock wakens you.



William E. Rively, S.J., who has just completed his rhetorical studies at the Novitiate of St. Isaac Jogues, Wernersville, Pa., and will sail shortly for missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

In Thanksgiving

To the Editor:

A few days ago I was in deep distress and turned to St. Francis Xavier for consolation.

My fiance and I had a misunderstanding and reconciliation seemed impossible. I started a Novena to St. Francis Xavier and promised perpetual devotion if my prayers were answered. On the eighth day my request was granted and I want publicly to thank St. Francis for peace of mind.

I shall always continue my devotion.
Scranton, Pa. M. H. B. H.

To the Editor:

About a month or so ago I prayed to the Blessed Mother and asked her to help me obtain a job. Through her intercession, I was recalled to my old job. I had promised to give to some church the sum of five dollars to be used to aid the poor in her name.

I can think of no better way than sending this money to the missions. Enclosed you will find a part of it. I shall send the rest in the near future as soon as I can conveniently do so.

New York, N. Y. V. J. H.

In Again

To the Editor:

I've been here so often in the past, that I feared to ring again the office bell and ask for admittance, so I used the method the Irishman used in getting to Heaven—I threw my hat in, and then went in after it.

And now let's talk JESUIT MISSIONS, and, earnestly too! Can't we all get together and plan a *big surprise* for the missionaries whom this interesting magazine aids, and for all our Jesuits in the missions, both home and abroad? And, at the same time, can't we ease some of the pain that our dear Lord is suffering at the hands of others.

Won't every one who reads this, plan immediately to help our Jesuits? (If I could only touch your heart—and purse—with this plea of mine!) Let's make July, the month of the Precious Blood, our month to surprise the missionaries.

During July, won't you please say a rosary a day, in honor of the Precious Blood, for our American and Canadian Jesuits? And, if you can spare a dollar, sent it to the Rev. Editors, and mark it for whichever Mission (home or abroad) interests you most. (Patna Mission, India, is my pet and hobby.)

When promising the rosaries, might it not be well to offer them up on different days for the various missions?

And do write the Rev. Editors and tell them of your spiritual help—and, make

July a gala month for the American Jesuit missionaries.

Please remember that these Jesuits need your prayers and your alms . . . many of them have journeyed far to bring the true Faith to thousands of souls . . . will you fail them?

No, I'm counting on every reader of JESUIT MISSIONS to write his or her letter telling of the help given by them for our Jesuits—stun the Rev. Editors by sending in tons of letters.

The Pittsburgh Patnaite.

Recommendation

To the Editor:

Please place the name of my brother on your subscription list for JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. It is most gratifying to see the enthusiastic reception by all, of this most worthy and most representative publication. I recommend it to all who are looking for a good Catholic magazine and who are interested in the missionary work being done for the Faith.

Gerard E. Braun, S.J.

Woodstock, Md.

Hail, Franco!

To the Editor:

I am taking advantage of your kind offer to get a copy of the "Book of the Hour." I hope to pass it on to some friends who erroneously class General Franco with Hitler or Mussolini. Even the face of Franco stamps him as a different type. I rejoice in his victory and hope he will succeed in his lofty aim of remaking Spain.

Reading, Pa. Mrs. M. L. Ganter.

Looking Ahead

To the Editor:

We mailed you a check to pay for the thirteen copies of JESUIT MISSIONS which we have received monthly, to continue till June inclusively. You have not as yet acknowledged it, contrary to your usual custom. We are a little uneasy about it and would appreciate hearing from you before long, concerning this matter.

May we add a word of praise for JESUIT MISSIONS? It is a great magazine, a splendid one that has brought home to us the knowledge of your achievements in the various parts of the world. It would be our desire to contribute towards the mission cause of your Order, but as school girls, unable to stand economically on our feet, it is an impossibility at present! But who knows? Later on some of us may be blessed with this world's goods and we hope to be inspired then to act as we would like to do to-day.

Elaine Champagne.

Central Falls, R. I.

PILGRIM PLACES IN NORTH AMERICA

By Ralph and Henry Woods

With an Introduction by Michael Williams. Every American Catholic will want to own this much-needed guide book to Catholic shrines in North America—those places noted for their historical interest, exceptional beauty or for their spiritual significance. The plan of the work includes highway directions, map-end papers indicating and locating the shrines, and eight illustrations. 192 pages. \$1.50

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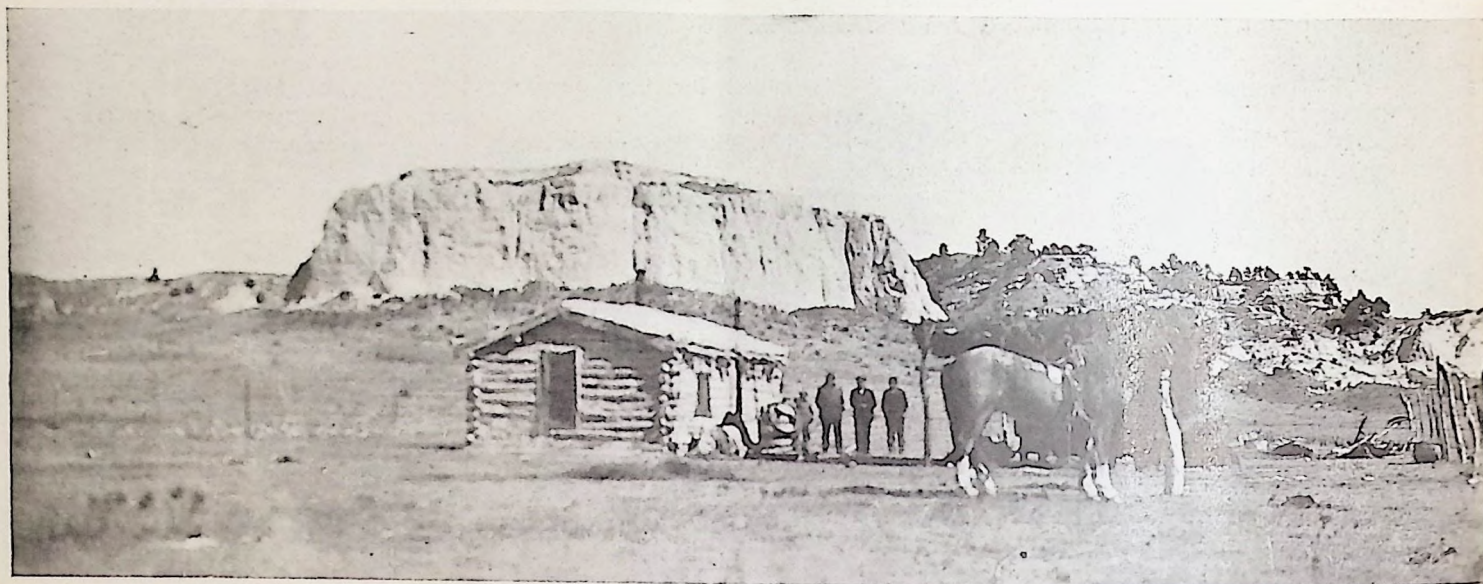
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Sioux "Year Book"

John Martin
Scott, S.J.



"The Sioux lads . . . take to the hills and winding trails with the instinct of long ages."

THE thunder of hoofbeats across the rolling prairie, whistling lassos jerking taut around the necks of bawling, stubborn calves, the cork-screw twistings and lurchings of steel muscled broncs—the pulses of young Sioux beat faster in expectation of these joys as the school doors of Holy Rosary Mission are about to swing shut on the school year of '38-'39.

Howard Bad Milk will exchange the hard surfaced desk and equally hard seat for the glory of the saddle. Instead of finding the area of a triangle by multiplying $\frac{1}{2}$ Base x Height, Martin Iron Rope will slip a bridle over his favorite pony and streak across the skyline trails of Slim Butte where the pines give way to the dusty cedars and the flanks of the hills are ribbed in bright bands of orange, red, and yellow clay that gleam like samples from the Painted Desert. For Clayton Jealous of Him the drone of the buzz saw and the echoes of the anvil will fade away to the whispering of the winds among the pines on the heights of Porcupine.

But don't imagine that the going home process means that Andrew Walks Under the Ground and Helen White Cow Killer spend hours cramming armfuls of clothing into wardrobe trunks. If anything, they will have a light suitcase of straw or imitation leather, a "Go Easter" as the cowboys call it. More than likely they will have nothing but a stubby bundle.

ALTHOUGH Holy Rosary Mission has only a grade school and a junior high school, the pupils come from all corners of the 2,525,378 acres of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, a territory over three times the area of Rhode Island. For many, therefore, the homeward journey is a long one. The trip may take a couple of days by wagon, but then, if the Indians have nothing else, they have plenty of time, so why be stingy in spending it?

In our great American cities when Jack Henderson

and Margaret Murray leave Central High, they march off with the memories of the past few months neatly treasured between the handsome covers of a cleverly edited Year Book, while under their arm is tucked their diploma of parchment and sheepskin. But out here in the land of the wigwam, where the only sheep skins are those with the wool still on them, the march of the year is not recorded in printers' ink. Year Book or no Year Book, however, when Mary Good Shield and Moses Long Visitor return to their cabins, there are some things that will live on in their memory.

WHAT "day dog" from Pine Ridge, for example, can ever forget that mechanical wonder, the Mission bus, which ranks with the Toonerville trolley, Skeezix's roadster, and Andy Gump's 348. Every day of the school week this long, green and cream colored enigma backs out of its stall and rumbles forth like some prehistoric animal of old, canvas hood flapping, engine roaring, and everything shaking. As though to hide itself from attack this strange highway monster leaves in its wake a cloud of dust which renders it quite invisible from the rear. As regularly as the sun itself it turns the corner by the office and trails down to Pine Ridge to pick up its carload of pupils. Again at three forty-five with clock-like exactness (providing Bill has not lost himself and his grease pump underneath the chassis of Rolke's truck), the faithful bus, with a patient look on its face, parks itself at the side of the house and waits for its passengers to board.

Once again, with a groaning of gears, as though feeling the weight of years and growing stiff in the joints, the floundering expanse of steel, canvas and rubber gets under way. As it picks up speed the canvas top bellies, the wind whistles through the rigging, and a nervous person might think the galloping goose might at any moment spread its wings and soar into the stratosphere.

Turning the pages of our "Memory" Year Book we come to the time of the year when the maples don their robes of scarlet and gold, and all over the width and breadth of the land the pigskin crusaders tackled, punted and made line plunges in heroic attempts to settle old gridiron feuds and bring a victory home for dear, old Alma Mater.

BUT football takes a stout pocketbook, and so the Mission fall sports narrowed down to passball and radio reports of the big games. However, to show that we were in keeping with the season, the upper grades of boys climbed into Rolke's big Chevrolet truck and rolled down to Pine Ridge on the afternoon of Saturday, October 22nd, for their first and only game of the year. The blue-jerseyed lads from Alliance had come north from the corn fields of Nebraska to engage the Sioux from the Oglala Community High School, the Government High School at Pine Ridge.

A Yale collegian might find the western stadium somewhat breezy. The only things serving to distinguish the playing field from the rest of the range were the goal posts and the white lines of dry, unslacked lime traced on the dust. The methods of viewing the game were various. Some few squatted on the chilly ground, still fewer reclined in the cozy warmth of their automobiles and attempted to catch glimpses of the game when the enthusiastic crowd of onlookers did not block the range of vision. The chill wind slapping across the heights, plus the desire of the student body to be near at hand for each play forced the standing audience to keep on the move. When the spheroid bounced down around the ten yard line, the throng drifted with it, and when a powerful foot punted it back down into enemy territory, the cheering section treked along.

THOUGH we lacked white capped venders singing their litanies of "Pop Corn, Red Hots, Chewing Gum and Cigars," we had the essence of the game, two determined teams battling in dead earnest to deposit the pigskin behind enemy goal lines. Aerial attacks, end runs, and midline pile-ups furnished the student body plenty of material for throat straining cheers and victorious school songs.

Notre Dame had not yet played its last game when the Mission lads were already in practice for *the* game of the prairie, basketball. The art of swishing the net strings is one which almost every lad knows. It is not long after the young braves learn to toddle that they have a ball in their hands, and from then on the great ambition is to be an ace in the art of ball handling. The little chaps who would stagger beneath the weight of a basketball have their own large rubber balls on which they pin their hopes for the day when they will prance forth beneath the floodlights as the flashy units of the "A" squad.



The "Bad Lands" of Dakota which lie within the area of Holy Rosary Mission

And for the "A" squad this basketball year will be emblazoned in towering letters of flaming gold, for not only did they salt away eleven out of the thirteen games they played various high schools, but for the first time since 1929 they won a victory over their time honored foes of the gym floor, St. Francis.

At the basketball games played in the Mission gym, the audience as well as the players give evidence of the West. Seated along the sidelines you will see tall, dignified braves, their bronzed faces wrinkled by the storms of many winters, while by their sides sit their squaws with brilliantly colored shawls rivaling the rainbow in all its glory. For the men, the common blue denim riding pants and heavy lumberjackets are usual articles of dress. During the preliminary games the hoarse shouts of the players are punctuated by the sharp click, click of cowboy boots as some rider

walks to the benches along the wall.

On basketball nights when the mercury drops below the zero line, the windows of the gym are silvered with a thick coating of frost crystals. If you attempt to look through the window to see whether or not a car is approaching the building, all you can see are two mellow discs of yellow light which move about the surface of the frosty pane like mysterious phantoms.

AFTER the game the space in front of the gym where the autos park is apt to look like a highway garage. Some drivers, with no anti-freeze in the radiators of their cars, let the water drain out, so they are now busy getting cans of water. Then some poor soul is bound to walk out to his car and find that one of the tires has given in to old age and fallen (Turn to page 168)

NEW BOOKS

Pilgrim Places in North America Ralph and Henry Woods

A most useful and attractive guide for the summer vacationist to American, Canadian and Mexican shrines and sites for pilgrimage. Each center of devotion is plotted by number on the end maps against an outline of the United States. While Catholics will automatically be interested by the religious significance attached to each of these pilgrim places, both Catholic and non-Catholic cannot fail to be impressed by the rich background of historical, geographical and biographical lore that has woven itself throughout the years around these spots hallowed in sacred and ennobling tradition. Each site is localized by the name of the shrine, its complete address, street, city and state and if necessary by highway and automobile route. The work is very evidently one of permanent worth.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y.
\$1.50.

Some Notes on The Guidance of Youth

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

The excoriation meted out in these pages to those priests, religious teachers and superiors who either refuse or fail to guide correctly the youth entrusted to them, is long overdue. Such public censure will sadden many who read it, yet its justice and its timeliness cannot be questioned. Moreover, that it should come from Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., is entirely appropriate since it would be difficult to find among the clergy of America one priest whose personal acquaintance with American youth of both sexes is as intimate or as extensive as his.

It is from this vast audience that he learns the frightful harm inflicted on youth by guides traitorous to their trust. Despite the lack of an Index, a lack that should be supplied in the next edition, the leading topics can be discovered quickly. They are: The Parents of Today, False Guides, Lay Leaders, Attitude Towards Confidences, Silence, Technique of Confidences, Shock-Proof, Problems of Faith, The Human and the Divine, The Follow-Up, The Boy and Girl Problem, This Matter of Sex, and so forth.

An innate tact and native prudence should dictate to any leader of youth the correct guidance technique laid down in this book. Yet, due not entirely to the hectic pace of American life, many, as the years go on, lose their store of initial tact in an imprudent zeal for quick spiritual returns. For such, these chapters will help to recapture the old forgotten virtues, honesty, a decent reticence, the power of silence, the reserve that inspires confidences, modesty, delicacy of phrase, sobriety of gesture, willingness to

listen and give time, sympathy with youth, its problems and ideals. The battle for youth today is being waged intensely. For youth itself, life is a game of Follow the Leader. If Catholic leaders do not take control, false guides will.

The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo.,
\$2.00.

Questions I'm Asked About Marriage

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Presuming that a young man or woman contemplating marriage will seek detailed information from a priest either in or out of the confessional, this slender volume of 103 pages has all the other answers. Budget? Four times the rental. How can an unmarried priest be a judge of marriage? You don't have to know how to lay an egg in order to tell a good omelet from a bad one. Is the Church an old foggy? No! Has a mother the right to refuse her son and only child permission to marry? No! There are queries on kissing, necking, petting, drinking. Is man or woman superior? Why are there so many Catholics bachelors? and hundreds of others.

"Interesting a possible husband" is boiled down to this: be a good audience. Exchanging pins is a stupid practice. A girl of twenty may marry a man of

twenty-nine and be happy. A girl of twenty-nine may not marry a man of twenty and be equally successful. This book will be in great demand. It is an honest answer to honest questions on the most important moral issues in the lives of our American youth. Its contents should be publicized in discussion clubs, lectures, sermons and most of all in the confessional.

The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo.,
\$1.00.

The Way of the Cross

The devotion of the Way of the Cross is so sacred to Catholics that they are extremely sensitive in regard to the phraseology used, preferring simple statements of fact taken direct from Scripture, without any artificial effusion of sentiment. The present booklet fulfills these conditions admirably.

We contemplate the sufferings and death of Our Lord through the eyes of His Church. Sorrow and repentance, mingled with gratitude and love spring naturally after a quiet perusal of the text which is arranged for congregational praying and singing. Prayers for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament are added. The whole is set in bold type, easily legible.

The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.
Price five cents per copy.

A distinguished autobiography, wise, amusing,
and packed with men and events of permanent
interest.

The Bishop Jots It Down

By FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY

Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa

Few men in any position have lived such a rich, varied life as Bishop Francis C. Kelley. Memories of his boyhood on Prince Edward Island, the Spanish - American War, the Church Extension Society, the Mexico of Diaz and Carranza, Paris at the time of the Peace Conference, Rome and his share in settling the Roman question, and many other highlights of American and European history form the major portion of this unusual autobiography.

Besides a deep fund of memories, the author draws against an equal measure of good humor and wisdom. The result is a delightfully informal autobiography that gives an inside picture of a professional career and a keenly analytical commentary on our world and the men and forces which have shaped it.

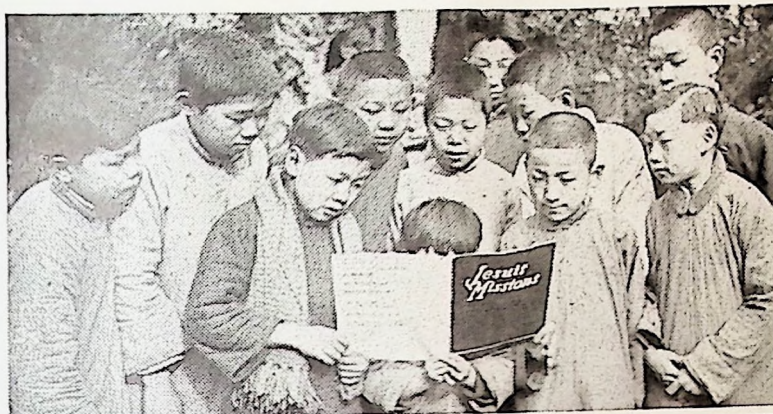
Illustrated \$3.00

The June Selection of The Catholic Book Club

HARPER & BROTHERS Publishers NEW YORK



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The above illustration, in terms of traffic laws, means that a red light is flashing. When that stop signal arrests the monthly mailing of JESUIT MISSIONS, we Editors look for the change to green, the signal to continue sending JESUIT MISSIONS because the subscription has been renewed.

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We flash the above "red light" so that you will recognize it when your subscription stops, and will take steps to give us a "green light" to start your subscription again. As we ask you in advance to watch the traffic lights, we promise to do our part when we will get your go signal.

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It doesn't mean you yet, but when it does—don't forget!

MUSHING UP THE YUKON

(Continued from page 146)

dropped in. We would have a good congregation for the morrow. Incidentally, I silently noted a gunny sack packed with fur in the sled of the reindeer chief. Later on I discovered that over two hundred dollars worth of fur was concealed in that old sack, but I was the only one who found this out. Hunters do not advertise their prowess.

I beguiled some of the afternoon away by accompanying one of the men to a fish net set under the ice. The net, of course, must be handled with bare hands. I noticed that the fingers of my companion were almost numb with exposure. This was taken as a matter of course. The catch amply repaid the inconvenience of frosted fingers.

After a sumptuous supper of boiled white fish, some two hours were spent in my usual routine of instruction, rosary, singing and confessions. Later on, my parishioners decided to stage a little Eskimo comedy for my enjoyment. Two men and two women made up a card game. The card game itself was an adaptation of poker. The stakes of each hand were a permission to daub the losing opponent with a smudge of charcoal or distort his features with string. Before the game was ended the women's faces were transformed into the caricatures of a villain. The men had their noses tied up, various things dangling from their ears, tufts of hair tied up in comical bunches, etc.

Great laughter and ingenious suggestions came from the side-lines during the entire performance. All in all, it was one of the funniest bits of comedy I had ever witnessed. The spectators one and all rocked with laughter. The simple and spontaneous hilarity of both old and young especially appealed to me. As I curled up on my reindeer skin spread out on the floor, I could not help but make a few reflections about my humble flock. I was convinced that Eskimo life has many angles and not the least is its amusing one.

CHALK UP FIVE

FOR MAMBAJAO!

(Continued from page 147)

from our own, early and often. At the second meeting when all agreed to a campaign to collect funds, it was decided to take up a house to house collection every three months. Mostly everyone here depends on coconuts for a living, some as owners, others as workers on a sort of crop-share basis. Coconut trees provide a harvest every three months, so our collectors must go around at each harvest for an *anut*, practically the same as *an't* for the Church Building Fund.

The Collection *Comite* (Spanish spelling is so much simpler than the English) collected for three years, and the Building *Comite* built for two years, and you ought to see what we have now, the pride of the diocese, a ruined temple turned into a real Christian edifice, which but typifies the spiritual reconstruction of this same Mambajao. The Baptisms

have almost doubled, marriages trebled (civil marriages are rare indeed now), the Holy Communions "octupled."

Mambajao is justly happy, and proud in a sense, of its return to grace, of the spiritual and material reconstruction of its ruined temple. It is one Mission which is really able to support itself, and at long last has begun to do so. In this Mambajao is unique. It is the only Mission under my care where I can build without asking help from abroad. The other three mission churches, and thirty-one of the thirty-two chapels under my jurisdiction are too poor to improve from within only. Some might carry two-thirds of the burden, others scarcely one-tenth, they are so poor. But all at least are responding to the call for a spiritual re-vivification. Thanks, oh thanks, for the prayers that have warmed these thousands of hearts, and enabled us to recover that which was lost.

PRELUDE TO HELL

(Continued from page 149)

yellow teeth at us, and little baby monkeys with school-girl complexions. We went up on the terrace to get a look inside the temple and one of the temple attendants followed us with a handful of grain. He scattered it about, and monkeys came scrambling from all directions. I thought it was awfully nice of him to put on this performance all for our benefit, but I soon discovered that a consideration was expected. I didn't mind this, for the monkeys as monkeys were a fairly decent lot, though they made a very poor showing as gods.

We now entered the Golden Temple where "the lord of the Universe makes his eternal abode." Just inside the temple and off to one side was a small shrine devoted to *linga* worship. There was a repulsive idol smeared with bright red *sindur* powder, and before it a male pilgrim was engaged in obscenity which we shall just barely mention in passing.

There was something uncanny and weird about this place with its ugly grotesque gods, the clanging of bells, and the continual hubbub and confusion of the crowd. It was positively devilish, and made me feel decidedly uncomfortable. And I also felt that the article which made me want to see this "sacred city," and which had the title of "Benares—the Vatican of the Hindus" might more appropriately have been called "Benares—a Prelude to Hell."

A SEAL SAVES JIMMY

(Continued from page 150)

the lapse of a few days when he gradually began to improve, I found Jimmy making his last will. He was talking loud, and in the presence of a group of villagers, was telling his wife what to do: "If I live," I heard him say as I entered, "I will tend to this; if I die, I want you to do it. I stole some wood but don't know whose the pile on the beach was from which I took. But I want to make good that damage. I have a pile on the beach. Give that to the people for the *kazga* (in that way he

thought all will share) and I want one of my children to become a Religious when she gets big."

Then Jimmy, noticing the writer among the bystanders, remarked: "Father, I am afraid that I will die, and I just told my wife what to do." "Yes, Jimmy, I heard you." "Father, I want to give a sermon to the people if I get well. I want to tell them not to work on Sundays like I did, but to go to Mass." Jimmy knew, as everyone else also concluded, that had he gone to Mass instead of missing it to go hunting he would have spared himself this accident. "About the sermon, Jimmy, I don't know. But you can tell the folks now as much as you can when they come to see you and you are better able to speak." And with that we let Jimmy take a rest after the effort he had made.

Gradually he improved. But as in the time of our Lord: "The spirit is indeed willing but the flesh is weak." And so once completely out of danger, Jimmy forgot most of his resolutions for another few years, and went back more or less to his former ways. However, God is good and between one thing and another, Jimmy finally decided to do better.

He is a good musician and besides playing the organ now for our congregational singing, he directs the choir, plays a banjo, cornet and violin, and on Sundays interprets for me when this is needed. His period of sowing wild oats is probably over and he is redeeming himself, another example of the triumph of grace over nature.

SIoux "YEAR BOOK"

(Continued from page 165)

flat on the job. But the hydraulic jack is worse than useless, the weather having made it as stiff as the iron bound clay itself.

The basketball season vanishes with the melting snows, and in its place comes the hard slugging game of baseball, and the ever popular softball, with redskins galloping around the bases like their great-grandfathers galloped after the shaggy buffalo.

I think it a safe bet to say that no son of the prairie now thumbing through his geography has ever read William Hazlitt's "On Going On A Journey," but I know that they would all echo his sentiments, "Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet.—I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy." Though the Sioux lads might not be so inclined as to burst forth into joyous song, they do, nevertheless, take to the hills and winding trails with the instinct of long ages. This is the year-around sport, but especially when the glory of the Indian Summer burnishes the cottonwoods, and again when the earth stirs with new life in the spring do these children of nature desire to wander down winding paths that have the tang of the great outdoors.

But we have reached the last page of our Year Book. The iron throated bell clangs out its last summons, the curtain drops on the school year of '39.