

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

CONTRIBUTORS

A vivid, colorful personality is the famous PÈRE CHARLES. Americans make excellent missionaries, he says, because they are cheerful and enthusiastic.



Père Charles, S.J.

CHARLES FOX, S.J., (Fun is Where You Find It) measures up to Père Charles' dictum on Americans in the missions. He is a Scholastic of the Chicago Province.

Any Sunday in Jamaica is a page from the diary of FATHER WILLIAM MCHALE, S.J., of Morant Bay, and it gives a good idea of life in the Jamaica bush.

Last time we saw FATHER EDMUND A. ANABLE, S.J., he was a white-clad intern in a Philadelphia hospital. Now he wears the Alaskan fur parka at Akulurak.

Still a scientist he pauses from his labors to debunk the Eskimo Pie myth.

Well known to our readers is FATHER JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J., (Pagan Charity in Nanking) of the California Province. War relief work plays a big part in his day.

FATHER GEORGE STROH, S.J., of the Missouri Province, tells in Our Church is No More of the havoc wrought by the Dakota winds.

In Too Bad They Have to Grow Up, FATHER FREDERICK J. DONOVAN, S.J., writes eloquently of the charming qualities of Jamaican children.

Not only Belize but several other British Honduras towns staged demonstrations for Bishop Rice. FATHER ROBERT MCCORMACK, S.J., however, describes only the capitol's celebration.

An Old Lady Had A Dream—a really disturbing one, too—and as a result, FATHER THEODORE F. DAIGLER, S.J., of Cagayan, Philippine Islands, went on a long mountain climb. But it was fun anyway.

The famous Dionne Quintuplets live near Fort Ste. Marie but ELMER O'BRIEN, S.J., neglects the Quints to write about some more famous Catholics.

FATHER SEGUNDO LLORENTE, S.J., (Arctic Storm Over Kotzebue) runs the Continent's most northerly Mission, thirty-five miles above the Arctic Circle.



Edmund A. Anable, S.J.

THIS MONTH

Table listing articles and their authors with page numbers. Includes: AND PÈRE CHARLES SAID, FUN IS WHERE YOU FIND IT, ANY SUNDAY IN JAMAICA, ESKIMO ICE CREAM—IT'S TERRIBLE!, PAGAN CHARITY IN NANKING, "OUR CHURCH IS NO MORE", "TOO BAD THEY HAVE TO GROW UP", BELIZE GREET'S BISHOP RICE, THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS, AN OLD LADY HAD A DREAM, EDITORIALS, CATHOLIC ACTION ON THE MISSIONS, AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS, COMMUNICATIONS, FORT THAT SAINTS BUILT, ARCTIC STORM OVER KOTZEBUE, NEW BOOKS, GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

COVER—Father Joseph Dean Wade, S.J., covers the water-front missions of Corozal, British Honduras. More at home on a horse galloping over his native Oklahoma and Texas prairies, or at the wheel of an automobile, Father Wade has during the last year become acquainted with the blue waters of the Caribbean.

-AND PÈRE CHARLES SAID . . .

What he said cannot be exhausted in a headline, so you will have to read it. And we are sure that you will want to, because Père Charles, S.J., is not only an eminent theologian and spiritual writer but the Church's foremost authority on the missions. We asked him to tell our readers something about the part the missions play in the life of the Church.

—Editor.

WE ARE DEALING WITH LIFE

BABIES, like men, see through their eyes; and when they listen, they use their ears; and when they sniff, it is with their nose. A little child must grow and when he grows he grows all over. You can't affix this growing activity to any one part of the body. Skin, bones, nerves, sinews, everything must expand, and become larger. If only one bone refuses to grow, the child, however well fed, is a cripple.

Through our baptism we are the members of the Church; and this Church, too, must grow. She has not yet reached her full stature. She is destined by God to cover visibly all the earth, to embrace all nations and races. This process has scarcely begun. No Christian understands the first implication of his baptism if he does not realize that he has a duty towards the expansion of the Church, if he is not a missionary at heart. A growing organism has a two-fold duty: to maintain itself and to grow. The heart of the child cannot say: "I'll beat regularly according to the time table. I am perfectly satisfied with my shape and size. Why should I grow?"

A member of the Church, a Catholic, cannot say: "I am concerned only with my own soul, or with my parish, or with my race. Why all this fuss about the expansion of the Church? Like Scrooge, 'I want to be left alone.'" He must help somehow, to the best of his ability, the extension of the Church. A Christian is not a shell but a cell; and a cell is a growing organism.

BAD THEOLOGY

WE men have a knack of finding pretexts and excuses when we like to shirk a task. We say, and perhaps we believe, that since God is powerful enough through His grace to save souls by Himself, our contribution to His work, though very valuable is not essential. When we fail, God, if He means business, will step in alone and do the thing, just as a locksmith will open a door even without any key.

This false assumption is likely to cut the nerve of the missionary effort. God, with His limitless power, will always save the situation. Some people believe in the same fashion that since the Church cannot perish they may blunder along to any degree without causing irretrievable harm. But theologically speaking, all this loose and easy thinking is mere nonsense. *In order to build His Church God needs us the same way He needed a body to be crucified.* To expand His Church He needs us in the same way He needed a woman that He might be born. There is no possible substitute for His cross

and those two Hands nailed on it. Some things cannot be done by proxy.

The Church is made of men. Neither the angels nor even the Holy Ghost can replace them. A piece of bread, not only a beautiful soul, must be on the altar to be changed into the Body of Christ, and when the bread fails the Holy Eucharist goes away. The Holy Ghost cannot run the Church without a priest, nor without the Faithful, no more than you can have tea without the leaves of a certain tree or a river without some water.

PRAYER IS NOT ENOUGH

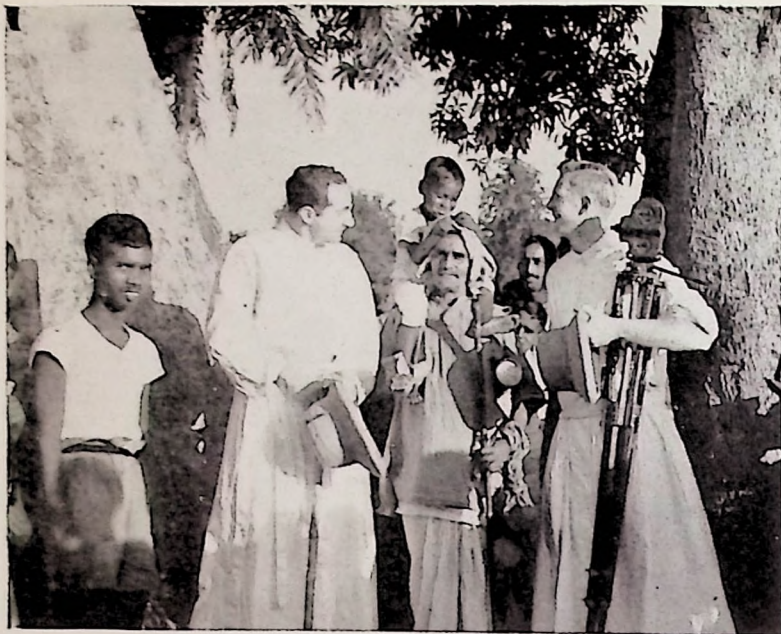
THE full responsibility of the Church lies on our shoulders. If tomorrow all the priests would suddenly say good-bye to their vocations, the Church would instantly collapse. There is an apostolic succession because there are always volunteers ready to take their cue when death silences the former generations.

Therefore, it is not enough to pray for the missions. It may be enough to save some souls but not to build the visible Church. The Church does not only save souls; she takes care of men. She must be planted everywhere in the world. With prayers alone it is impossible to build a seminary or to stave off starvation. A good dispensary has to be supplied not only with wishes and many prayers, but with a full array of bottles and books and medicines for sick people. Grace alone has never written a book, nor even built a chapel. To train a native clergy, to train it properly, you must provide them with a library, with beds, food and clothing. This may sound very prosaic indeed but we don't yet live in the heavenly Jerusalem. We are here on earth to build the eternal abode of the Word made Flesh, and flesh sounds prosaic too.

IN BLACK AFRICA

SOME three years ago I saw in the Belgian Congo the biggest ciborium in the world. It belongs in the church of Kabgaye (Ruanda), an immense container with sixteen thousand Hosts. Nobody can lift it; no tabernacle would be large enough for it. Every Sunday at 5:00 A.M., it is put brimful on the altar and consecrated at the first Mass. Twelve priests with smaller ciboriums go to the altar and draw freely from this Eucharistic food, and for hours, uninterruptedly, distribute Holy Communion to the Faithful. Every Sunday it is empty, sixteen thousand Communion in Kabgaye alone, a lonely post in black Africa.

But is there any fool who would contend that the good Christian who spent his money on this ciborium and offered it to the missions made a poor investment? His gift will remain for years to come, closely associated with the work of God Himself for the welfare of His Church. To pray for the mission is good, nay necessary; but it is not enough. We must do something, give something and perhaps—everything.



Fun Is Where

Charles Fox, S.J.

*End of a perfect day (112°).
Carmen De Christopher, S.J.,
(left), the hero of this story,
John Barrett, S.J., (right),
and friends.*

WE Scholastics, who came from America to India this year, finally, after many travels, had arrived at Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, not so many miles from the foothills of the Himalayas. We had been there several days, and things were becoming a bit settled. I even began to read a book one afternoon in a room I shared with Joseph Martin, S.J. Suddenly the door flew open and in barged Carmen De Christopher, S.J., a Scholastic who came last year and has been teaching Latin in the upper classes for a year now. "Hello," I said, "What's this?"

"Come on!" he said. "The train is coming in at three o'clock, and we have just a few minutes to make it. Hurry up. I borrowed a bicycle for you."

"Who is coming?" I asked.

"Father Bernard D'Cruz. He'll be expecting us to meet him."

"But who is Father D'Cruz?" I insisted. "I have a book here."

"Can the book," he said "and come on. I'll meet you downstairs in thirty seconds." He dashed out of the door as quickly as he came in. I breathed a sigh of distain at his presumption and impatiently opened up my book again. But before I had read more than three words, I changed my mind, closed the book with a bang and threw it on the table.

"I'll humor the man," I said to myself. "Maybe something will come out of this."

I PICKED up some clips to hold my trousers from catching in the bicycle chain, slammed on my *topi* and raced down the stairs four at a time. At the bottom sure enough was self-confident Carmen De Christopher. He was holding two bicycles.

With a hurt look on his face, he said, "You are twenty seconds late. Now we have only six minutes to get to the station." I barely heard his last words because he had already pushed off from the front entrance of the house. I mounted the bike he had handed me and followed after him. For some distance I peddled behind in the cloud of dust he created, but near the bridge just

outside the Khrist Raja grounds I drew abreast of him and leaning over I shouted:

"Is this Father D'Cruz your special friend?"

"Sure," he answered, as he pumped harder and harder. "Sure, he is my special friend."

"Well, tell me, then, who is he?"

"I thought you knew."

"Well, I don't."

"He is Brother Natal's brother."

"Oh, a native priest. I didn't know Brother Natal had a brother in the Society."

"He hasn't."

"But you just told me he has."

"Yes, he has a brother, a priest, but not in the Society."

"You mean he is a secular priest?"

"Yes, he was just ordained by Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., last week in the pro-cathedral at Patna. He made his studies down in south India somewhere."

At this last remark, Mr. De Christopher suddenly found himself almost climbing over the back of a *dhobi*-washerman carrying some laundry on his head. He jammed on both of his handle-bar brakes and just managed to avoid contact. But his momentum was too great. He lost his balance. The bicycle went to the right. He went to the left. When he picked himself up, none the worse from the fall, I noticed that he was a bit perturbed, so I tried to keep out too much sarcasm in my voice as I halted and said:

"Why don't you watch where you are going?"

HE took it good-naturedly, however, and said, "Well, how can I? I have not got eyes on four sides of my head. I never saw so many people in this town."

"Neither have I. But, of course, I have been here only three days. What's all the excitement about? Do you know?"

"Of course, I know. Father D'Cruz is coming."

"Yes, but most of the people around Bettiah are pagan. And even the Christians, why should they be particularly concerned about a native Indian priest? They have seen them before."

You Find It

Yes, even in Bettiah, India. But you have to be a Jesuit scholastic fresh from Chicago and ready for anything.

"Because Father D'Cruz is a Bettiah boy."

"Oh, a Bettiah boy, just ordained, coming home. Why didn't you tell me that before?"

I pressed down my own brakes, just avoided hitting a candy vender and almost repeated Mr. de Christopher's manoeuvres of a moment before. I decided to get down and said, "We'll have to walk now. It is getting just too crowded to ride." But Mr. De Christopher was already off his bike, wending his way through the still more congested area around the station entrance. I pushed behind him as closely as I could and kept near enough for a while to hear him say, as he turned around several times, "Hurry, I don't want you to miss meeting Father D'Cruz."

At length, however, we became separated. It is hard enough pushing a bike through a crowd, much less trying to keep close to someone in the process. Just before we got to the station gates I lost him. So, hiring a trusty looking youngster to watch the bicycle, I managed to shove my way onto the railway platform. I was just in time. A whistle blew. Instinctively with the rest of the crowd I turned my head to see the shiny front of the engine coming round the bend very close to the station. In a few moments the train had reached us and was coming to a stop.

Then the happy Bettiahites let loose their cheers and cries and songs of joyous welcome. Their outbursts more than redoubled when a young priest in black soutane appeared at one of the carriage doors. Somehow or other I was able to be right in his path when he and the party of priests and Scholastics with him made their way toward one of the exits. I put out my hand. Father D'Cruz shook it. To my "Congratulations, Father!" he smiled very pleasantly and answered, "Thank you." Then he was swept on by the milling people about him to the waiting carriage. The procession started.

I looked for Mr. De Christopher but I could not see him during all the parade to the Christian quarter. However, as we swung into the church compound, and the

four great bells pealed out their message of joy to all the countryside, I spied him coming in the gate, on foot though, pushing along his bike.

After waiting some little time we found a place in line and knelt down to kiss the newly consecrated hands of this Bettiah priest and receive his blessing. I could not help but think of the words of Pius XI; of happy memory, "In thy priests, O India, is thy salvation." Yes, truly, the native priests are very close to the people and understand them only as the indigenous can. How necessary they are and what a service is theirs of holding and consolidating by their faithful spiritual administrations the parishes of converts made by the missionaries before them. Father D'Cruz's parents and family, Khrist Raja, Bettiah, Bishop Sullivan, all of Patna Mission must be proud of him. May he do great things for the honor and glory of God.

WITH thoughts such as these in my mind I hardly noticed Mr. De Christopher blink and stare as the young priest approached. But I was aware of some



Here is the author, Charles Fox, S.J., still laughing. "Baby Bettiah" is a bit suspicious.

confusion on his part, and that evening after dinner and the play given by the boys of the Middle School, as we rode back to Khrist Raja in the dark, I found out the reason why. Upon mentioning that I was very grateful to him for having been instrumental in getting me to attend such fine festivities in honor of his friend and acquaintance, I heard him answer me from out of the darkness, "Acquaintance? I did not know him. Father D'Cruz went to Khrist Raja long before I taught there. Ha! Ha!"

"Ha, ha?" I said, "so that is the reason you stared so hard at him when he gave us his blessing? But didn't you meet him at the train?"

"No, I was way up at one end of the platform. I saw a figure in cassock getting off. I took for granted it was Father D'Cruz. I went forward to congratulate him and was about to kneel down for his blessing when he waved me aside. This evening after Father D'Cruz did bless us I found out that my supposed Father D'Cruz was no one else than an Indian Scholastic just up from Shembaganur for regency. I had never seen him before."

It was my turn to fall off the cycle then. And it wasn't because of the crowds or even the darkness.

Any Sunday in Jamaica

William
McHale, S.J.

MY alarm serves me notice that it is time to commence another day's work and as the day is Sunday it is sure to be a very busy day. My bags are packed from yesterday and I drive down to my parish Church at Morant Bay, Jamaica, British West Indies in five minutes, ring the bell and get the wine and water for the Mass. Twelve confessions are heard and the Mass is attended by about fifty persons.

Mass over, the chalice and vestments are packed away and I start out for the second Mass. I take home a Catechist, two altar boys and the school teacher and they talk of the remarkable stir caused by the Seventh Day Adventist preacher with his lantern slides caricaturing the pope and giving fiery scenes of the second coming of Christ. He tells the people the end of the world will soon come, perhaps in 1940 and they would better sign up with those who keep the third commandment or it is sure hell fire for them. Fifty-eight new members were recently baptized and hundreds attend the meetings every night.

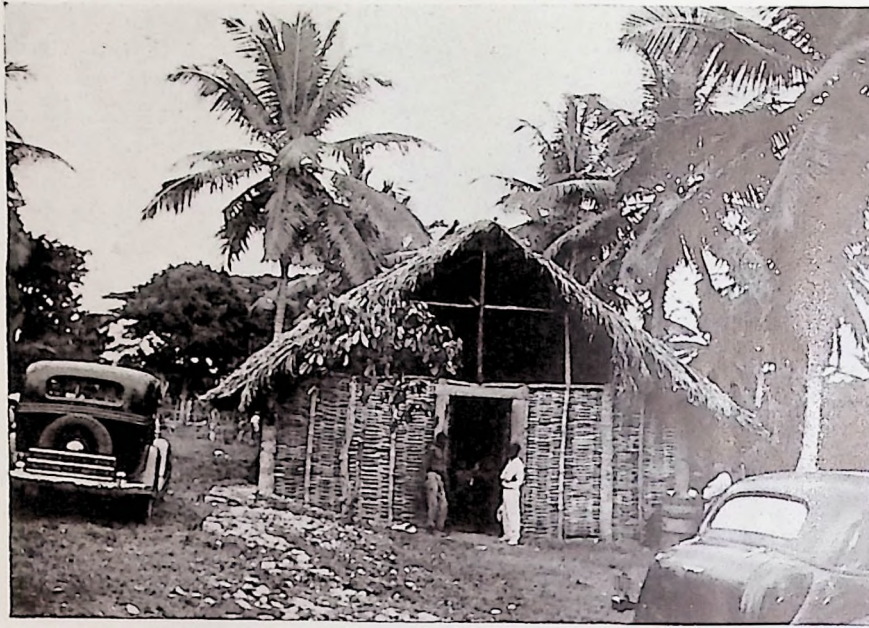
I GO on alone for thirteen miles and pick up a man who is going to my destination. Passing through a little village where we have no Catholic Action whatever several of the children call out "Father"—they used to say "Parson" but have come to know me.

I pass commanding cliffs that overlook the sea and then come to desolate strips of land enclosing gloomy lagoons. Joy riders from Kingston bent on spending the day in the country pass by.

Arrived at the Mission the Catechist-teacher rings the bell long and loud but the number who respond to attend Mass is only fifteen. The music for the Mass is poor as the organist is still learning.

After Mass an old man comes and makes his Easter confession. As the Blessed Sacrament has been reserved it is necessary to get the sanctuary lamp ready. A lizard had been sipping the coconut oil in the lamp and lost his balance and was drowned. The problem is to prevent the same from occurring again.

Breakfast is taken at half-past twelve. Office is recited in the priest's little house as mosquitoes try to get in their work and as treacherous dozing abets their designs.



The chapel of watted bamboo with roof of coconut boughs at Petersfield attached to Port Morant Mission, Jamaica, British West Indies.

The rats and lizards resent very much my weekly visits as they consider the house their own by squatters' rights.

The teacher is now holding a little Sunday School in the dense shade of the lignum-vitae tree and I wonder why the children are shouting out "42". Oh yes, it is not "42" but "fortitude" and they are learning the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost in preparation for approaching Confirmation.

The teacher is a firm believer in repetition but not quite so proficient in explanation. I go to try my hand at putting something behind the words.

I take the children into the Church and try to describe grace. First I tackle actual grace and send a boy to lift a heavy bench. I think he cannot do it and so I will send someone to help him, thus representing grace which helps us to do good. But the boy succeeds in lifting the bench and in the course of the experiment the bench gets broken. The rest of the children rather enjoy it but seem to have no idea what I am driving at. I don't think I was so bad in explaining the sanctifying grace, however, as I can always get a lovely flower or a gleaming candlestick to help me.

Plain little faces were before me with rough features but not without charm. Only one child has a catechism.

BUT I must get the candles ready for Benediction. How these tricky draughts in the wide-open church play havoc with candles! My hands get covered with coconut oil.

I start out to a little mountain mission or rather an outdoor preaching pitch and try unsuccessfully to locate an East Indian who wishes to join the Church. I follow up the mountain road to the place where it becomes a mere donkey path. I am in the deepest depths and highest heights of rural Jamaica. There is a little shop and a banana agent's shed and the usual groups of idle chatters.

I sound the horn of the motor car, and standing beside the car say a prayer, sing a hymn and give a discourse. One genuine catechumen shows appreciation and a small crowd gather and listen. They have little to say at least to my face but they remain skeptical and aloof for the most part.

It is time to return to the Church (*Turn to page 223*)

Eskimo Ice Cream—It's Terrible!

Edmund A. Anable, S.J.

ONE of the main reasons for my coming to Alaska was to investigate the authenticity of the famous "Eskimo Pie." After searching investigation, I can state with confidence that such a delicacy is unknown to the Eskimos of Alaska.

They do, however, have their own brand of ice cream. Many of the people make it quite frequently. Here, at Akulurak, it is made once a year and it is quite an event. The day is called "Acoutok Day," *Acoutok* being the Innuite name for ice cream. For those interested, here is the recipe.

You take a barrel of freshly fallen, clean snow. (Temperature about twenty above zero.) Four eager, strong-armed boys stand in a circle and anxiously watch as a large quantity of seal oil is poured over this snow. Then, with a paddle, the first boy starts stirring the mixture. This stirring continues until the oil has had a chance to permeate the whole barrel of snow.

USUALLY it takes just about as long as the arms of the four boys will hold out. Then you slowly add the flavoring (as if the seal oil weren't enough), in our case, blue berries—small, round berries that grow very close to the ground, and are rather plentiful most summers in this district. These berries are poured in as the stirring continues and, as many of them are crushed in the process, the whole mixture takes on a light blue color, gradually taking out the yellow tinge, if not the odor, of the seal oil.

Then the last important ingredient must be added. This consists of a large quantity of finely chopped reindeer fat or suet. This is to give the "cream" a body, and to make it slide more easily down the gullet. By this time, if directions have been followed, the boys should be exhausted, and must be given restoratives, consisting of a large plate of the "cream." Then the barrel is put aside, to stand for the night.

The next day, *Acoutok Day*, the 23rd of November, the celebration takes place. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the boys, in their Sunday best, march over to the dining room in the girls' building. After them troop the people from the village. All take their places at the table and grace is said. Then the "cream" is dished out. Soup plates (nothing smaller would do), heaped high, and a piece of bread is placed in front of each.

One moment is allowed to pass for the sake of polite-



Three little maids from Akulurak. They like their ice cream oily—with plenty of reindeer fat and seal oil in it.

ness, no one wishing to seem too eager, and then they fall to! And for the next few minutes nothing can be heard but the moving of a hundred and twenty-five pairs of jaws, and the scrape of a spoon as it hits the bottom of the plate.

FINALLY, a few of the faster ones manage to finish their plates. And then they sit, looking at the end of the room, where large platters of the mixture are still waiting. "Seconds" may be had for the asking, but each one becomes suddenly bashful and waits for his or her neighbor to start the procession. Finally a venturesome one rises with his plate, and starts for the serving table where Mother Superior presides. And then the rush starts! It may not last out long enough for all to get "seconds," so gangway! If the ball could only be kept smeared with *Acoutok*, I'd be willing to match my youngsters against Fordham!

Order is finally restored as they all sit down again and then, when it has all disappeared, the boys and girls file out again, filled almost to exhaustion. And as they were passing, I heard one boy say, "*Ichi!* A whole year before *Acoutok Day!*"

I'm sorry I can give you no idea of the taste of our ice cream, but my interest in the research wasn't able to overcome my dislike for the odor of the seal oil. Like Limberger cheese, it is probably very tasty—for some people!

Pagan Charity in Nanking

Working among war refugees in China, California Jesuits have seen more than one charitable pagan. They have been edified—and amused.

James F. Kearney, S.J.

Chinese women beggars usually gather outside the temples.

HERE is an amusing example of misplaced pagan charity that occurred last summer in Nanking, a believe-it-or-not tale, which is absolutely authentic. Thieves had been paying occasional nocturnal visits to our lumber pile and the watchman had sorrowfully reported several times a week the number of things missing. I had to tell him sternly that he was drawing his salary, not for telling what was missing, but for keeping watch so that nothing would be.

"Sleep in the daytime, stay on guard at night; and if a thief comes in, catch him!" I said, as if it were the easiest thing in the world.

"All right," he answered resignedly; and I couldn't help smiling at the look of hopelessness in his eyes as he turned to go. The thieves inside the city were notoriously bold and had arms, whereas the new police force weren't allowed any.

HAVING forgotten entirely about the excellent advice, easier given than followed, I was astonished the next morning to get a hurry-up call from the watchman saying that he had three thieves bound in his house, and wondered if we could tell him what to do with them. After sending for the police, the three Fathers went to look at the thieves, who were tied together hand and foot, and left there to be

guarded and laughed at by the wife and female friends of the watchman.

The thieves had come at 2:00 A.M., and crossed the eight-foot wall with a handy step-ladder. When the last one had entered, the guardian and his four friends who were waiting up, quietly confiscated the ladder, and then more familiar with the rough ground than the intruders, had succeeded in overwhelming them one by one and binding them. Fortunately, the thieves had come unarmed.

"That tall, pock-marked fellow is *Ting hwai-la!*" said the captors to us. "He is a bad one, the leader of a gang."

Soon a police sergeant, resplendent in new uniform, flattered that foreigners had called upon him for aid, arrived on the scene, and with a savageness that he probably would not have manifested if the thieves had not already been captured, rebuked them for their waywardness. Then he lined them up, put their heads through the rungs of their captured step-ladder, and marched them off through the streets amid the scorn of passersby. The pock-marked leader took a last, surprised look at us, as if he could not yet believe that the gentle Fathers had brought upon him this public humiliation.

Have you followed us so far? I hesitate to go on, for the sequel

sounds quite incredible. In the afternoon Father John K. Lipman, S.J., was called to the station to make formal charges against the culprits. He came home with the following account:

The leader had got away! Just before the trial, complaining of illness, he had asked to step outside for a moment. It was a hot day, and his captor who had thrown off his police coat and hat, naturally accompanied him. As he neared the door the pock-marked man made a sudden violent move, wrenched himself free and dashed out into the street, with the un-uniformed policeman after him.

The pursuit lasted two blocks. A charitable soldier on guard saw one Chinese chasing another, and apparently thinking it a private quarrel, intercepted not the pursued but the starless, un-uniformed pursuer, and not being able to understand voluble Chinese explanations, held him till what he conjectured was an intended innocent victim had escaped, then beat him and sent him back home, having done what he thought was his good deed for the day.

There are details in this story which have always sounded suspicious, and on sleepless nights I sometimes wonder if the unarmed policeman, fearing vengeance on the part of the pock-marked leader's



Group of Chinese pilgrims going through pagan rites at a "holy place" in Nanking.

gang, hadn't thought it the better part of valor to let him prudently go; or was it his private conception of pagan charity? Take your choice.

CHRISTIAN charity is not always understood and appreciated. For example, the leading Chinese staff workers of our International Relief Committee were thrown into prison last December, because the authorities suspected that under the guise of charity we were engaged in subversive political propaganda. This move came suddenly, at the beginning of the huge winter relief program, and for a month it disorganized our whole plan. One by one the accusations were satisfactorily answered, and, whereas at the start warrants had been served by the police even on some of the foreign members and all were threatened with expulsion from the city, the storm gradually subsided and the prisoners were released in April.

Despite these difficulties, the Christian Relief Records for the winter in Nanking showed over 250,000 poor visited in their homes. Of these, about 31,000 families or 125,000 people, were judged needy enough to require substantial help. Besides this, our three Catholic clinics for the poor handled well over 40,000 patients during the fall and winter, and a Catholic orphanage for little war victims was established.

BUT you musn't think that the immense task of relief was handled only by Christians. There was a pagan, Red Swastika Society, which the previous year had buried 40,000 corpses after the capture of Nanking, that conducted its own

large relief program, and the new Government did likewise. Moreover, individual pagan families, by helping needy neighbors did perhaps more charity work than all the organizations together.

This is astonishing for anyone who thinks charity is a purely Christian monopoly.

Had you entered with us the small, unimpressive doorway marked No. 21, or No. 40, or No. 85, you would have found a surprise in store for you. From the street it seemed to be the tiny dwelling place of a single family. In fact, it opened into a covered hallway with two families living in single rooms on either side.

We crossed a small, open-air courtyard, entering another covered hallway off which four more families were living. Further on, in the third unit of this human honeycomb, we discovered the Wangs, three little children and a widowed mother, for the husband was shot as a soldier when the city was taken, and the oldest boy commandeered to carry things for a departing band of soldiers, has never been seen since. Madame Wang sells vegetables and gets twenty cents a day, about three cents American, if it doesn't rain. But it costs forty cents to feed four. The family is certainly poor, and just as certainly not starving.

"Where does the other twenty cents a day come from?"

The Madame didn't seem at all perturbed:

"The neighbors help us a little."

We checked her story against known facts. Yes, vegetable

Chinese school children partaking of Christian charity.

women usually make about twenty cents a day—when it doesn't rain. If there are several in a family old enough to do the selling, they can make out pretty well, for this year most people are paying no rent, and last year's clothes can be made to hold together for another winter. But if the income is less than ten cents per person per day, then the charity of the pagan neighbors goes into action.

The Mohammedans particularly interested us, for Nanking is a Chinese Mohammedan stronghold.

"There are about 100,000 of us here," said an interesting old fellow. He told us how he admired the relief work being done by Catholics.

"Why, you people are just like Mohammedans!" he said enthusiastically. "You help the poor."

He was a tailor, and for five days he had waited in vain in his little shop for an order. But he didn't seem worried about how his six children—the local Mohammedans have families about twice the size of the ordinary family—would keep the rice bowl full.

One fine, dignified old fellow who had applied for relief, turned out to be a former professor of Russian literature in a Peiping university, whose income had once reached six hundred dollars a month. Charitable pagan neighbors had taken pity on his present plight, and had sent half a dozen primary school youngsters to his home for private tuition. There he was teaching them the simplest Chinese characters, but he said the six dollars a month this brought in would not feed his family of five. Pagan charity supplies the rest.



"Our Church Is No More"

George M. Stroh, S.J.

A GROUP of Sioux Indians, men, women and children, had gathered on the scene of the wreckage. They were very sad. The complete destruction of a house of God is one of those things that bring grief to the human heart. I could see that, I could read it on the faces of the people standing around. Their hearts were struck with grief. One of them said to me, "Father, our church is no more."

In the evening of May 22nd, a tornado swept through South Dakota's Slim Butte territory. St. Anthony's Church and meeting house were in the path of the storm; in its wake there was neither church nor meeting house; there was only broken scattered lumber. We were informed of the disaster by people living near the church. Father Superior and I drove out to see what repairs would be needed. Repairs? There is nothing left to repair. There is complete destruction.

BROKEN boards are strewn over an area of thirty feet in width and more than two hundred yards in length. The altar is broken. The pews are all crushed. The chalice, ciborium and monstrance completely twisted and broken. All the vestments are torn and further ruined by the rain that followed the storm. The Stations of the Cross are strewn along the entire path of wreckage, totally destroyed. The organ is not so badly broken, but is in as many parts as a skilled organ-builder could invent. It had been a good organ. Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., gave two horses for that organ some years ago.

The Crucifix on the altar is broken into three pieces. The altar stone is the only object unbroken. The statue of St. Anthony had its head crushed. The church bell is not broken, only its leverage wheel suffered three fractures. Brother Francis X. Eben, S.J., blacksmith and plumber here at headquarters, can weld that; he can weld anything but the break of day, a broken heart, and the crack of doom.

St. Anthony's Church had been erected in 1920, and throughout these nineteen years had served the people of the Slim Butte district as a veritable cathedral. The Indian loves his church, to it he repairs faithfully to fulfill his obligations, to lay down the burden of sin, to receive the Bread of Life. Many of them offered me their condolences when they heard of the disaster. "When are we going to build again?" was a question asked by not a few.

No Catholic church at Slim Butte, but on Sunday



"Repairs? There is nothing left to repair. There is complete destruction . . ."

those people out there, twenty-one miles west of Holy Rosary Mission, must have their monthly Mass. Any one of their homes is too small to accommodate the congregation. There came to my mind an incident of the Negro parson who was working among such poor people that he was forced repeatedly to appeal to his bishop for financial aid. His Bishop finally told him that he wanted no more begging letters or petitions. In his great predicament the parson wrote once more: "This am not a begging letter or petition; this am a announcement. There won't be no services next Sunday, 'cause I ain't got no trousers." The Slim Butte day school was the logical place at which to celebrate Mass. The teacher, a Protestant, was apparently honored by having his school chosen for such a purpose.

THE spacious school room was crowded with worshippers. It was Pentecost Sunday. In the afternoon we anticipated Decoration Day services at which many Protestants were present. In all there were more than a hundred people. Several of these were formerly indifferent Catholics. This was an occasion that presented the opportunity to remind them of their duties as Catholics, to urge on those paralyzed by indolence. They paid very close attention to the talk in the cemetery. ". . . God in His loving mercy chooses times and hours in which to arouse the slothful."

The meeting house had been constructed of logs. Many of the logs can be used in rebuilding a similar structure. Of course, these are difficult times for people to help with anything like this. Yet I am confident that we shall receive enough support to build this fall. Already we have some vestments. A meeting house is not an immediate need at Slim Butte; we can manage without one for some time. But a church we must have! Let us have a House for God and the rest will follow.

Too Bad They Have To Grow-up

Frederick J. Donovan, S.J.

SUFFER the little children . . . And they do suffer! the pangs of poverty's hunger, raggedness, sickness, hovels, part-time education and all the other ills. And yet, dear reader, there is no better children's paradise on earth than Jamaica. Warm climate, health-giving sun, and a love that counts no cost. No room here for birth-control, for picknies are wanted—and a poor soul struggling with her own children will find a place of love and shelter at least for the orphaned ones in the next "yard."

And the children themselves? Loving and lovable. Show them a touch of kindness and they are swarming all over you. As we so often say, "Too bad they have to grow up." Once grown they fall into the groove of sin that poverty points out to them, and, in many cases, in spite of higher ideas and ideals, they fall into unmoral (let us not say immoral) lives.

LET me show some of my darlings. It is a school day and the picknies are coming over the hills and gullies. Some have slates, others half and quarter slates; some have a piece of sugar cane which will be their lunch; and like all children they are killing time as they move. In the school yard the boys are playing taws (marbles to you), cashew nuts being the prizes for which they contend; others are coasting (believe it or not) on the hill behind the school.

Yes sir, a Royal Palm toboggan—the large base of the big palm branch is the sled, grass instead of snow,

In Jamaica where the water supply is a serious problem many schools have organized their own water brigades.



Coasting a la Jamaica on a royal palm toboggan.

but the same frolic and sport as back in the U. S. A. The girls are skipping rope (made out of plaited vines) or hopping about in a delightful little

dance game, where they weave in and out, all the time clapping hands and singing.

The bell! A shout of "school call," and school is on. A prayer and hymn; roll call, and then bedlam. Knowledge maketh a noisy if not bloody entrance. One hundred and fifty, from six years to sixteen, all reading, reciting, singing, spelling and, all at once, too. Pity the poor priest only twenty feet away in his two-room bungalow trying to concentrate on whether to rush off into the "bush" or just "suffer the little ones."

LUNCH time! Some rush home to a meager meal, most stay about, spend a half-cent on a fish cake or sweet from a seller at the gate; suck a piece of sugar cane or even peek through Fadda's door to see "if him vex or sweet dis day." If "Fadder, him sweet," he will share his own lunch, or even buy out the seller at the gate, investing as much as twenty-five cents to help feed fifty children at a farthing apiece. If "him vex," well, tomorrow is another day.

Four o'clock "school finish." Some take extra studies, some go home, most stay about and play, or trouble the patient Father, hanging around waiting to see if Father is going to play games, give out pictures, tell stories, scold some, praise others, or just growl—and even then they'll laugh at him. You just can't really get angry with children who think you are really important; whose smiles chase away the clouds of your many discouragements.

Yes! it's a shame they grow up. And we missionaries keep on, always hoping for the next generation to be real soldiers of Christ, only to find poverty and the devil scattering them like lost sheep.

What's the answer to the child problem? Better homes, a better chance in life to get books, education; better surroundings; better example from their elders. And whence will all this come? "Massa God, Him know best. Doan Him say 'suffer the little picknies dem fe come a Me, fe such de Kingdom of Hebben is?'"

Belize Greet's Bishop Rice

Robert McCormack, S.J.

THE swift United Fruit Company's private airplane, like a great yellow bird, winged its way up from Puerto Barrios in Guatemala through a cloudless sky, dipped low over the City of Belize with its colorful crowds of people, zoomed on out of town to the airfield, turned in a graceful bank, swept down on the field, taxied up the runway to the Pan American's large hangar, spun about and came to a sudden stop. The door of the cabin opened, and out stepped a vigorous, well-built, black-clad clergyman. It was—His Excellency, the Most Reverend William Aloysius Rice, S.J., new Bishop of Belize.

The airfield is about twelve miles outside of town. Yet by the time the plane alighted, there was a large group of people there to meet His Excellency. Twenty-six automobiles and fifteen motorcycles had made the trip out into the country in the early morning. Bishop Murphy, in whose place Bishop Rice is to act, was on hand when the plane stopped to be the first to greet the arriving Bishop. A representative of the Governor extended the welcome of the Colony to him. Uniformed Knights of St. Gregory were there to be his immediate escort. The Very Reverend Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission in British Honduras, greeted the Bishop and introduced those of the Clergy who were present.

LED by the squadron of motorcycles, the line of cars with the two bishops in the lead, filed into the city. At the open Barracks Field along the sea, this smaller parade was met by the large group that had been drawn up in order anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new Bishop. The Bishop drove slowly along the line of marchers all clad in gay-colored dresses and spotless uniforms until he reached the reviewing stand at the head of the long procession.

From this point of vantage, he viewed the parade as it passed before him. Through the dense crowd of people that had gathered at the Barracks came out in serried ranks, gaily decorated floats, six playing bands with their strutting drum majors, the militant Boy Scouts, acolytes in cassocks and surplices, groups from the various parish sodalities, and the school children.

It was a fine day to march, and all showed that they



"Bishop Murphy, in whose place Bishop Rice is to act, was on hand when the plane stopped to be the first to greet the arriving Bishop."

were very happy to march for the new Bishop who beamed down upon them with his proud pleasant smile. They showed in every way they could that they liked that smile; that they liked the Bishop who smiled. Massed throngs had gathered before Holy Redeemer Cathedral, the terminus of the parade. The melody of joy bells floated out from the towers of the old Cathedral.

His Excellency, the Governor, who was awaiting a telephone call from the presbytery, came to the installation. The "Te Deum" was recited by the clergy, the prayer of the Titular Church said by His Excellency and then Father O'Connor read the papal decree, appointing Bishop Rice Vicar Apostolic of Belize. A low Mass was said by the new Bishop and a short sermon preached by him.

In the evening, the large Cathedral was crowded for the second time that day for the solemn Pontifical Vespers and sermon by Bishop Rice. After the services, the new Bishop made a strong appeal to the men of the parish by spending a considerable time in familiar conversation with them.

THE following evening a public Civic Reception was given in the Cathedral Hall. Present at this were the Governor, heads of Government Departments, Officials, Consuls, and the leading citizens of Belize. The young people of the parish presented Father Lord's pageant, "The Shepherd of His Flock," which was very artistically executed and which made a deep impression on the large audience present. Mr. Edgar Gegg, a young business man in town and a graduate of St. John's College, gave the speech of welcome on behalf of the people of the City. To this Bishop Rice responded in a very gracious manner. Within the week after his arrival, a social was arranged by Father Hickey with the assistance of the women of the parish.

After formal greetings by the schools of Belize, Holy Redeemer and St. Ignatius, Bishop Rice went to Corozal where the people rivalled in the lavishness of their display the welcome that was given to the Bishop in the capital city. There was held an out-door Mass for the people of the town and the many who had come from villages round about. In order, then, he visited Orange Walk, Cayo, Benque Viejo, Stann Creek, and Punta Gorda where local celebrations were held.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

Teachers Take Notice

There is no Catholic teacher worthy of the name who would not instantly agree with the words of His Holiness Pope Pius XI in his encyclical on education: "That all the teaching and the whole organization of the school, its teachers, syllabus, and text books in every branch be regulated by the Christian spirit."

Yet, arguing from the facts, it is not unreasonable to state that a large proportion of these same teachers would balk at any attempt to inject the mission idea into the teaching of non-mission subjects. They fail to identify the Christian spirit with the mission spirit or, to put it another way, they do not appreciate the fact that without the mission spirit the Christian spirit simply isn't Christian.

Putting It Bluntly

This subject is so vital that it merits any statement which will define and clarify the issue. The following paraphrase of Pope Leo XIII definitely states the code for the school and the missions: It is necessary not only that mission instruction be given to the young at certain fixed times but also that every other subject taught be permeated with mission zeal. If this is wanting, if this unselfish atmosphere does not pervade and warm the heart of teachers and pupils alike, little apostolic good can be expected from any kind of learning and considerable selfishness in regard to the support of Catholic missions will often be the consequence.

Arithmetic

This permeation, of course, outside of formal mission talks will be indirect. In arithmetic classes it should be most easy. For example: 1, Marguerite said the Stations of the Cross 33 times in succession for the poor negroes on the American Jesuit Mission field of Jamaica, British West Indies. Before how many single Stations did she pray? 2, If Eddie, the shipping clerk, mailed out 22,000 copies of JESUIT MISSIONS at $1\frac{1}{2}c$ a copy how much

would the mailing cost be? 3, How much postage should Betty place on an ordinary letter to a Jesuit missionary in Cagayan, Philippine Islands? 4, If Ethel has 400 Mass stipends to be divided among 23 missionaries how many will each missionary receive? 5, If Agnes can take 125 words a minute in dictation how many 500 word letters to foreign missionaries can she take in one hour? 6, If Margaret types 35 letters to Jesuit missionaries around the world each day how many will she type in a month? 7, If Vera takes 30 seconds to walk from one end of the office to the other, a distance of 75 feet, how long will it take her to walk from New York City to the Shrine of Kateri Tekawitha at Auriesville, N. Y.? 8, If I can sell a pound of stamps for 45c how many pounds will Father Joseph Ford, S.J., have to sell in order to build a \$10,000 mission chapel in Jamaica, British West Indies. 9, To build a foundation for a mission school in British Honduras how many tons of earth must be removed if the foundation is 200 feet long, 100 feet wide and 20 feet deep? There is 1,000 cubic feet of earth to a ton. 10, If 500,000 Chinese were converted in 10 years? how long would it take to convert 486,000,000 Chinese?

Grammar

Most Rev. William A. Griffin, Auxiliary Bishop of Newark, in addressing the delegates to the National Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine held in St. Louis, 1937, illustrates how the mission idea might be insinuated during grammar and syntax classes. Thus prepositional phrases: 1, Many children *in India* are pagans. 2, Children *in the United States* can help the missionaries at home and abroad. 3, A little girl *in the Sixth Grade* adopted a Chinese baby. Interrogative sentences: 1, What can children and their parents do to aid the missions of the Catholic Church? 2, Why should people belong to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith? 3, What percentage of the missionary work in the Catholic Church is done by Missionary

Orders? 4, How can pagan babies be ransomed?

Projects

1, Visit the New York World's Fair, study the illuminated map of Italy in the Italian Building and then make a similar map of your favorite mission field. 2, Model a plaster of Paris map of Alaska indicating in miniature all the American Jesuit mission stations and the trails to and from each. 3, Plot the mission stations and distance between each in miles covered by the American Jesuits of Patna Mission, India. 4, Take any three inventions of the General Electric explained in their House of Magic at the New York World's Fair and indicate a practical use for the same in promoting the mission idea. 5, In a mission exhibit featuring China what would you wish to see? 6, Plan a Mission World of Tomorrow.

Literature

1, Compile a list of 100 best books on Catholic missions and missionaries. 2, List the 10 best biographies of Catholic missionaries. 3, Compose an anthology of the 100 best poems on missionaries or the mission idea.

Discussion

Was St. Francis Xavier in the Philippines? Data will be supplied upon request by writing to the Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Again, "Resolved that the Catholic Spanish Conquest of American Indians (in North, Central or South America) was more Christian than the Protestant Anglo-Saxon Conquest."

In "The Bishop Jots It Down" by His Excellency the Most Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, the author states that: "Religion was driven from public education by the trick of covering a rotten philosophy with the green moss of patriotism."

Discuss how a study of Missionary Motive will help to salvage part of the spiritual and moral wreckage for which the American public school system as a system is responsible.



An Old Lady Had A

Perhaps nowhere in the world do old ladies wield the influence they do in the Philippines. Add to this the Malayan love for superstition and before you know it they have you scaling mountains. Two members of the supply train who climbed the slanting, precipitous and perpendicular sides of Mapurong Purogan (The Crown).

THIS is a story of a lake, a dream and a mountain hike. An old lady had the dream in the town of Sagay, Camiguin Island. She saw a lake on the top of the mountain and then she saw it breaking its walls high up there in the clouds and in fury come tumbling down the precipitous cliffs, uprooting trees and carrying houses out to sea.

She told her dream to the neighbors. They told others and fear fell on the *barrios* of Sagay. The poor sold their carabaos and their little plots of land for little or nothing and moved to the safer refuge of Mindanao nearby. There they waited for the disaster. The fatal day foretold by the dreaming old woman passed without mishap and then some of the poor people, shame-faced now, came slowly back to the land they had sold for a dream.

Father John A. Pollock, S.J., told me the story a year ago and said that he was determined to investigate and see if there was a lake up there. He asked everyone he suspected of having been up there, but no, they knew nothing. They had only vague answers and referred him to others. Finally, last April he wrote saying that at last he had found a guide who professed to know the way up the mountain.

We planned to ascend in April when there is no rain, but, as I was busy teaching in the Ateneo Summer School the trip had to be postponed until the second week of May. The night I arrived in Mambajao it rained but the next few days were joyously clear, so we planned to go up Wednesday, May the tenth. Fiestas were so many near Mambajao, that Father Pollock had to drop out. Nevertheless, I started with two boys. We told others and soon like a rolling snowball, we numbered seventeen.

I interviewed the guide, a cheerful talkative man named Dimas, and we looked up longingly at the massive peak just before retiring. Yes, the weather looked promising, but shades of the old dreaming woman! Had the lake finally broken its walls? At one o'clock a furious battering on the Sagay *convento* awoke me. The downpour con-

Deep canyons cut the Mindanao mountains.

tinued until six. It looked as if we were in for a tropical baguio.

About eight o'clock there were wishful signs of better weather. Dimas was willing and so we soon started sliding along the slippery paths. An old woman at his house was laughing because she said the leeches up in the mountain would have a feast of new blood. It was soon evident that the signs of good weather were only wishful ones. The heavens fell as we crouched under a house and sang: "There's a hole in the bottom of the sea." When the shower stopped we splashed along, seventeen strong, in the water over rocks and in deep grass up, up along a narrow ridge, resting every now and then and quenching our thirst with deep draughts of water.

Shortly after noon we came to a clearing called Katalis, where farmers had planted a few *camotes* (sweet potatoes) and bamboo bushes. We had hardly arrived when a violent rain came pouring down, but we huddled inside two rude huts and ate our dinner of boiled rice, salmon and canned beef. Then we sang until the sun came out.

THERE was no time to lose, so we chopped wood, built a roaring fire to dry clothes and repaired the roof of our lodge for the night. By four o'clock everything was dry. In comfort we cooked rice and mushrooms and feasted in our mountain palaces. At seven all of us were wrapped up and packed like sardines on the floor of the two huts. Most of the boys and men slept very well but I never a wink. It was a glorious night. The stars came out and the peak loomed black and clear above us. The sound of owls broke the silence, a *concha* horn sounded melancholy in the distance and now and then I started as someone talked in his sleep.

At three o'clock I put an end to slumber and soon the rice pot was boiling for breakfast. From our high perch as the dawn broke the view out over the sea and the lower mountains, nearby Mindanao and the far-off peninsulas of Surigao and Occidental Misamis stood out wondrously clear. The morning star never seemed so large and brilliant. She was driven by two smaller stars that seemed to rise right out of the sea.

At five-thirty we broke camp, carrying the remaining food and blankets with us, as we trailed through the wet grass along fallen tree trunks and then up, up along the spur of the mountain, while the golden sunlight shattered the darkness of the thick forest.

For a good part of the way there was a well defined trail. The poor people go up there for rattan and carry it down on their



backs for a few pennies. We even found corn planted quite far up. How hard these poor people work for a sustenance! At intervals we stopped to pick the leeches from our legs, while far ahead and blowing his whistle, Cornelio hurried like a fury.

This old man was most interesting. His face was wrinkled like old leather and his expression sour as acid. The corners of his mouth dropped and his voice sounded harsh, and as I often thought, threatening, but just when it sounded a warning, behold he laughed a deep-seated chuckle, his old brown eyes twinkled and all the wrinkles turned into smiles.

WELL, Cornelio blew his whistle. Dimas sounded his *concha* shell and Juan blew his trumpet. The mountain peak had its warning of our approach. Majestic and true to its name *Kapourong Purongan* (The Crown) invited us upward. And only then for the last hour or so could we be compared with Alpine climbers. The going had been steep, now it was precipitous, before slanting, now perpendicular.

Cornelio had to pick and choose his path. Sometimes we had to retreat while he found surer roots to catch hold of. There was constant prayer in my heart and I invoked Saint Michael the Patron of high places and thought of our saintly mountaineer Pope Pius XI.

All the tree trunks were completely blanketed in heavy dripping moss. Rot and decay, dampness and parasites were everywhere. I never had seen a tropical forest before, I mean the kind you see in the movies or read of in the Tarzan books, but here it was, and so far above the hot downlands.

AT eight-thirty Cornelio stopped and announced that we had arrived. Yes, it was almost level. The maps say the mountain is five thousand six hundred and twenty feet tall. Where was the view? We scouted around, but alas! when we could look out, below was shrouded in dense clouds. The guides ripped open a large tin can and fastened it to a tree as evidence that we had reached the top. We ate dinner in a small clearing. Again, there was boiled rice, salmon, sardines, beef and pineapple. I marvel how the boys carried all the luggage up there and how well they served me—Pedro Galay and Juan Pagaspas and the others. Two of them were small boys about twelve or thirteen years old.

At eleven-thirty we began the descent. For much of the way he blazed a new trail. Cornelio with his *bolo* and police whistle, and the others laughing and making funny noises on the bugle. Six hours later we straggled into Sagay, I leading the troop into the church where we thanked our Lord for our safe and enjoyable trip.

Next morning after Mass, Cornelio held a large crowd on his lips as he pointed up to the tin can, shining there in the morning sunlight like the morning star, and I suppose telling the old women that after all the hanging lake in the mountain was only the lake of an old woman's dream.

PERHAPS I can bring out the trials of tramping by recalling another experience. It was on a seventy-mile hike out from Baguayan. On our return trip we reached a town named Solana, expecting to find a bus. Everyone was asleep, but we called out until someone told us that there was no bus in Solana. It had been there the previous night, yes, but now it was in Villanueva, five kilometers distant. What were we to do? Walk, there was nothing else to do. Some of the boys found a dry cocoon leaf, wrapped it tightly, and lit it. What a brilliant torch it made! In this way we lighted all the way to Villanueva. It would have been pleasant walking if it had not been for our heavy bags. My suitcase



The ascent to the 'hanging lake' on the mountain top was broken by gorges with rocks, roots and tree trunks.

seemed to multiply its weight at every step. Everyone of us was loaded with heavy bundles. One of the men in the party lagged behind and then sat down in despair. At my urging, he replied: "But there is a limit, I cannot go any farther." We assisted him, and later on he was able to hire two *cargadores* along the way to carry his heavy bag.

THE boys, Godofredo, Leonardo, Jose and the others, made the night merry with their songs and their whistling. The sleeping people were warned of our approach by the panicky barking and baying of countless dogs. Caraboas flashed fire from their black eyes and cocks sounded the alarm. As we marched by, windows would be cautiously slid back and brown faces would flicker in the flare of our coconut torches. On our left the ceaseless beating of waves told us we were near the sea. The sky had been pitch dark, but of a sudden I seemed to see a patch of it—brilliantly dotted with numerous stars. Then as I advanced, I saw it was a tree as if lit up for Christmas with countless candles. Innumerable fire-flies had bejeweled it richer than all the diamonds of Solomon.

Finally, at ten-thirty our wearisome trek had brought us to Villanueva. There I had to use a bit of quiet persuasion to wake the bus driver, and soon we came to the sand and rocks and the desolation left by the flood at Tagaloan. Again we crossed silently in *barotos*, but as we neared the *convento* the furious baying of all the dogs in town made us conscious of our guilt in plundering the slumber of a sleepy town. In no time heads popped out of the windows of the nipa huts and the greeting we received was not *Good Morning!* The way of the wayfarer is hard.

EDITORIALS

MONUMENTS TO JOGUES

TWO monuments were erected to the great Jesuit missionary, Isaac Jogues, this summer—one by the State of New York, and the other by his Jesuit brethren. The Empire State's tribute was a \$75,000 statue on the shores of Lake George dedicated with impressive ceremonies by State officials, while representatives of non-Catholic denominations and the metropolitan press looked on and applauded.

No less impressive but almost unnoticed as far as the general public was concerned, was the tribute of Jogues' brethren—the Jesuits of the United States and Canada. They sent more than fifty men to the missions.

The Saint from his heavenly location must have looked down with pleasure on both gestures of praise. But which did he take the most pleasure in? It is generally an invidious thing to compare good deeds. We think, however, we can do so in this instance without any disparagement to either.

Let us remember, first of all, that St. Isaac Jogues is still a missionary, still interested in the spread of God's Kingdom. This is why he is delighted with the honor paid to him, as a missionary, by the State of New York. It is also why he must be much more delighted with the fifty missionaries his Jesuit brothers are sending this year to carry on the work in which he had so great a part. That these men should come from the land he shed his blood to convert must be another source of great gratification to him. For this is the dream of every missionary—to leave one's country to go to a wild, barbarian land as America was when Jogues came here three hundred years ago; to work and to die, and then to see in later years this same country filled with Catholics and itself sending missionaries to foreign climes.

DIOMEDE DRAMA

THE Soviet Star may dominate the New York World's Fair but on Little Diomed Island—the last outpost of the United States, five miles across the Bering Sea from Red Russia—things are handled differently.

Here's how Father Tom Cunningham, S.J., solves the problems arising out of the clash of ideologies on Little Diomed where he lives alone with 150 American Eskimos. And ideologies do clash on Little Diomed.

All but a very few of the Eskimos on the Island are Catholics, having been converted by the lone Jesuit missionary since 1936 when he came there. But Big Dio-

mede Island, the last outpost of the U. S. S. R., is only five miles away across the Bering Sea and in winter this is just walking distance. So the American Eskimos frequently mingle with the Siberian Eskimos and ideas are exchanged.

Sometime ago—Father Tom can communicate with civilization only every nine months—the Jesuit missionary gave a small statue of the Sacred Heart to one of the few yet unconverted Eskimos on Little Diomed. Visiting the home of the native a little later he saw a strange sight—the statue of the Sacred Heart and beside it a picture of Stalin.

"Comrade," said Father Tom, "This won't do. Either one or the other, but not both."

The Eskimo who had never heard of Grover Whalen and the New York World's Fair saw the point. He went over and took down the picture of Stalin. And it is still down, reports Father Tom.

OUR FERVOR AS CATHOLICS

TO those who are interested in knowing how they may become better and more fervent Catholics, we recommend the recent statement of the new Archbishop of New York, His Excellency, Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman: "Our fervor as Catholics will be proportionate to our mission-mindedness."

Interest in the missions is too frequently looked upon as a work of supererogation—something that one may have or may not have and still be a pretty good Catholic. It is too infrequently looked upon as something that belongs to the very essence of our Catholic life, to such an extent that its presence is necessary for full Catholicism and its absence denotes partial and mal-developed Catholicism.

Archbishop Spellman's words are profound and significant.

BULLETIN

AS we go to press word reaches us of the appointment to an important post in Jamaica, British West Indies of Father Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., for eight years Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. In our next issue we will, no doubt, be able to give exact details of Father Feeney's new work.

Meantime, we should not permit our deep regret over his loss to make us forget our duty of congratulating the Mission of Jamaica on the acquisition of so splendid a worker.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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Increase of Catholic Action on the Missions

The Mission Intention for September

CATHOLIC Action is the cooperation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy. Merely as a matter of correct nomenclature a distinction should be drawn between Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy performed under the initiative and immediate authority of the hierarchy and Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy initiated and performed by individual Catholics themselves. The former constitute Catholic Action as defined by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the latter, though they may be of equal merit as the former in the eyes of God, should rather be styled Catholic Activity.

To date in non-mission countries the cooperation of the laity with the hierarchy has been confined with some splendid exceptions to enlightening and unenlightening discussions on the general principles of the Papal Encyclicals on Marriage, Reconstruction of the Social Order, Christian Education of Youth, Retreats and Atheistic Communism.

Now while discussion of principles and of objectives is always reasonable and even valuable, until correctly grasped and understood, nevertheless, it must be clear that when this point is reached further discussion tends to isolate the individual on the heights of vision, to bar his descent to the valley of deed, to constipate his mind, and to stymie any and all attempts to reduce principles of action to action itself. In this month's Mission Intention we are asked to emphasize not Catholic discussion but Catholic Action and this not in non-mission but in mission lands.

Out of one hundred planks of Catholic Action for mission countries which the writer is in a position to suggest immediately, one holds a pre-eminent place. It is "The Organization of the Native Workers." No other plank will enable us to realize as well the mission ideal of a native hierarchy at the head of an economically self-supporting church. For the precise purpose of organizing native workers is to have at hand an effective sanction for living wages, reasonable hours and proper working conditions.

With this objective attained there will follow logically a general rising of the inhuman minimum wage level now prevailing in mission lands; abolition of incitements to immorality by adequate housing; multiplication of schools for lower and higher education, as well as seminaries for native clergy; availability and use of material and scientific inventions that will insure leisure for an intelligent study of the Faith; an ever increasing social consciousness that will reflect itself in the manifold benefits of a spiritualized social service; a desire for cooperation and profit sharing in those native industries wherein to date the worker has been itemized in the Expense Column in the same category as bolts and cogs, sugar bags, mosquito netting and silk worms; a possessive interest in home and land which can be realized only by private ownership; regular contributions and generous bequests for the support of pastor, church, school and Catholic Action program; and, finally, a pride, pa-

triotic if not religious that will not rest content until it produces a native hierarchy, functioning in an economically self-sustaining church.

Today native workers in mission lands are unorganized. As a result, they are practically wards of their respective governments, while their missionaries stand before the world as little better than beggars, forced to be content with crumbs from the tables of friends afar, or dependent on contributions from the Central Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith which, through no fault of the Society, have never been a completely adequate source of present security or of future progress for all the Catholic missions.

No one will deny, of course, that a foreign nation's patronage has often proven useful for the founding and support of the Church in a missionary land. Yet, it has not been so clearly stressed that such patronage must be merely temporary. Let it last while the need lasts, but let it be known that it is the duty of the evangelizing nation to remove the need at the earliest opportunity. To foster the need in order to settle in the new land a permanent foreign hierarchy is a policy repeatedly condemned by Rome. Judgment on the missionary success of any country must be based not solely on the single truth that that country has established the Catholic Church in a given mission land, but also on the answers to the questions: "Is that Catholic Church functioning with a native hierarchy?" and "Is that Catholic Church from an economic point of view self-sustaining?"

Thanks to modern publicity, a missionary is no longer synonymous with the picture of a blackrobe standing under a tropic palm on the white sands by the shores of the China Sea teaching catechism to a squatting brownie. Nor is he altogether typified by a pith-helmeted and bearded Belgian, crucifix in cincture, rumbling over African veldts in an ox-cart. Even our glacier priests hitting the trail behind their panting muleteers represent merely a single feature of missionary life as this is lived in our day. If missionary magazines, Propagation of the Faith appeals, Mission Sunday sermons, Vatican, national and the local mission exhibits have accomplished anything that is practical, it perhaps is this: they have broken down false, unreal and romancing impressions of the field afar and have convinced the more thoughtful of their audience that the basic problems of both non-mission and mission lands are the same.

Organization of native workers, cooperation of employers, together with government subsidies for agriculture and industry, recognition by the Catholic clergy and laity of the fact that the rock-bottom basic issue of the Labor Movement today lies in the death struggle between Christian and non-Christian ideologies, labor shares, labor schools, classes in labor law, social science academies, this is a program which if sponsored, by the representatives of the hierarchy in mission lands will infallibly insure that cooperation of the laity which under the leadership of the hierarchy is the essence of Catholic Action.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

IRAQ

Putty

We didn't think that any more trouble could come to our Fathers at Baghdad. However, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., in his *Al Baghdadi* finds some more:

"The crows of Baghdad are peculiar in more ways than one. In the first place, they shattered our idea that crows are always black; about half of the local ones are black and white. Of late, to our regret, we find that they have a taste for putty. They have been pecking away at the putty on the windows of the new school, and nothing we can do seems able to discourage them.

"There are plenty of bugs and other tidbits around our garden for them to eat, but they seem to prefer the putty. It may be that

our putty is rich in vitamin B or C, or whatever other one they feel most in need of. Our man Jassim has been after them with a shot gun, but thus far he has succeeded in killing only one. He can't fire at them, of course, when they are eating the putty, for that would mean a broken window. So he has to scare them away and then try to get them on the wing. It is all rather discouraging—putty discouraging, as Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., would say if he were here. Can any of our readers suggest a remedy?"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

On to Macarat

Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., finds romance in the reality of mission life at Iligan:

"I had just returned from saying Mass at Santa Filomena to get some hot coffee, as I thought, but the Lord had other plans. I found a young man waiting in the Rectory. He had come to get the priest for his younger brother who was down with a heavy fever. 'And where are you from?' 'Macarat.' 'And where is Macarat?' 'Four kilometers back into the hills with a river to cross.' I just remembered the two days' rain we had. I knew I was in for it. Well, after a quarter of a kilometer I would not risk taking the car any further.

"An idea of how muddy the road was: not even the *Tartinillas* would go out on that road that day. (A *Tartinilla* is a junior carriage on two wheels drawn by a midget horse.) They usually take you any place. But they were not taking you over that road that day. So, we went by hoof—the human kind. Fortunately, I had put on my old tramp shoes. I would have lost the 'low cuts' if I had been wearing them. After an hour's walk I saw we were getting nowhere.

Slow But Sure

"I spotted a carabao that worked a few hours and then must have a mud bath and a siesta for a few more before he will do any more work. I asked the boy who had called me if he could get such an animal and the mud sled. At the next house, his cousin's, he did. What a difference. Slow but sure. At last we came

A credit to the Holy Family Mission, Montana, of which Father Francis C. Dillon, S.J., is the Superior, is Martin Good Rider who is co-starring with Shirley Temple in the current film, "Susannah of the Mounties." Father Bernard Cullen of the Marquette League got Martin his movie contract.



ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

to the river. The last time I crossed this river on a sick call, the water came up to the hips. I was not warned of this so had to do the best we could by pulling up the trousers. You don't mind difficulties going on sick calls.

"This time the boy driving the carabao drove him right into the stream that had quite a current, because of the previous two days' rain. Well, the bottom of the sled was about two feet off the ground. When we got into the river the water rushed above our ankles. I did not mind it a bit. It was getting the mud off of us. About ten minutes after we crossed the stream we reached the house of the sick boy. He did have a heavy fever. And out in the woods like that such a fever usually means death. I gave him all of the sacraments for the dying.

Triumph of Faith

"Faith is wonderful. The neighbors prayed and were very reverent when I gave the dying boy Holy Viaticum, as if they were praying all day long and every day and attending sick beds often. A sick call like that, while hard on the system, is very fruitful for the priest's soul. That crowd probably sees the inside of a church where the Blessed Sacrament is preserved once a year, if they see it that often. Yet, their faith in the Blessed Sacrament is wonderful.

"Well, that carabao ran true to form. When I left the house I found the one who had dragged our sled out over in a mud hole and the boy was hitching up another carabao for the return journey. I got home at 12:15. Somehow or other, all thought of that coffee was gone.

"Three days later they brought the boy in to be buried. It was an inspiring sight to see the crowd of people who had come such a long distance and under such difficulties to pay their respects at the burial of a relative and friend. I took the occasion to explain in Visayan the prayers the Church says and the ritual that is used at the burial of her children."



Contingent of New England Jesuits who will depart for missionary work in Jamaica, British West Indies, this summer. Front row, left to right: Fathers William F. Colman, S.J., Raymond J. Fox, S.J., John P. Sullivan, S.J., Edward J. Scollen, S.J., George M. Kilcoyne, S.J., and Denis T. Tobin, S.J. Back row, left to right: Fathers Francis G. Deevy, S.J., Francis J. Osborne, S.J., Richard J. Coakley, S.J., and Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.

PATNA, INDIA

Bold, Brave Sikhs

The remarkable story of the bravery of two Sikh converts is told by Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., of Patna:

"The Sikhs are a warrior tribe from the northwest of India, who glory in their military prowess. They seem to make a specialty of six-footers (I recently spoke to one who strutted proudly in his six feet seven), and to add a finishing touch they seldom appear without at least one weapon boldly displayed.

"Now Patna City happens to be one of the notable holy places of the Sikhs, for it is here that the last of their great Gurus was born. One of their famous temples not far from my door treasures one of their Sacred Books—the original copy.

"It was a bold venture, therefore, bold even for a bold, brave Sikh, to choose Patna City as the place where he would embrace Christianity. But Sher Singh, as the sequel proved, was not only a Sikh, but a very brave Sikh indeed. Together with his handsome wife (as one party remarked, 'What a wonderful model she'd be for a picture of Our Lady!'), Sher Singh had decided that the eventful step should be taken here. As you can imagine, I was reluctant enough to admit

him to instruction in this particular place. But he advanced reasons that gave weight to his pleading, and finally arrangements were agreed upon that seemed to assure safety.

"Our hopes were soon blasted. For just seventeen hours, all night and half the day, a militant, threatening crowd of Sikhs, reinforced by numerous others who gathered to see the show, surrounded the servants' quarters where Sher Singh and his wife were staying. For seventeen hours his Sikh friends were persuading, threatening.

"You May Cut Our Throats"

"And if weighty arguments did not impress Sher Singh and wife, the air was heavy with sabre-rattling and the most dire threatenings of *julam* (violence), if they dared to desert their faith and become Christians.

"But for seventeen hours, until they were given safe conduct by the police, both Sher Singh and his brave wife flung defiance back into the teeth of their angry assailants. 'You may cut our throats, if you will. But you will not deter us from following Christ,' was their simple, concise and persistent reply to all their clamoring and threatening. All the sadness of brute religious intolerance seemed somehow to be

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

out-radiated by the staunch heroism of Christ's newly called disciples, Sher Singh and his tall, slender, dark-eyed wife. They are safe now. Pray, please, that Christ may find many more disciples as brave as these."

AMERICAN INDIANS *Feast of the Flowers*

Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., writes from St. Joseph's Mission, Culdesac, Idaho:

"We have had our annual visit from Bishop Kelly and our an-

thers and preceded by flower girls and altar boys with candles and incense. Our old catechist known as Jim Dolittle acted as hymn leader for the Indians. The old hymns in the Indian language sung by the Indians and the hymns sung by the girls and boys made it quite devotional. At the school there was outdoor Benediction. Then the procession returned to the church and was concluded with Benediction. It showed that some of the old Faith still remains among our

nington is progressing at a good rate. The carpenters and the masons are on the job and the first building, that is, the teacher's cottage, is rising. After all the labor of the past year and a half spent in preparing plans and estimates, in providing raw materials such as native lumber, stone and lime that thus I might save money and still build substantial buildings, after all this I say, it is a great consolation to see the first building taking visible shape.



Canadian Jesuit missionaries who will sail from Vancouver for Peking, China, on September 16th. At Peking they will spend two years at Maison Chabanel, Jesuit House of Studies. All are destined for the Szechow Mission. Left to right: Fathers Ernest Lamoureux, S.J., Jean-Paul Dallaire, S.J., Gaston Contant, S.J., Armand Lalonde, S.J., and Brother Lionel Trembley, S.J.

nual celebration in honor of the Blessed Sacrament which was a sort of an anticipated Corpus Christi celebration. His Excellency, Most Reverend Edward J. Kelly of Boise never fails to make us a visit sometime every spring and when he comes we have our big celebration in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

"In the forenoon we had High Mass with the Bishop present. After Mass he gave a very nice sermon and confirmed those who were prepared among the pupils of the school and others.

"The procession took place in the afternoon. It was from the church past the Indian village to the school. First there was the banner of Our Blessed Mother, then there marched the girls of the school, together with the Sisters, then the boys, then the women, then the men, then the Bishop carrying the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied by the Fa-

Catholic Indians and was very inspiring.

"The old missionaries made Corpus Christi the big feast of this Mission. The Indians call it the feast of the flowers, because it comes at the beginning of summer when the flowers are in full bloom. In the old days the Indians camped for several days at the Mission in large numbers and marched in the procession in their best Indian costumes. This has vanished with the coming of more civilization and the automobile, but it is still a rather unique feast and sometimes people come from Lewiston and other nearby towns to see it."

JAMAICA, B. W. I. *Up from the Foundation*

Father James M. Harney, S.J., writes that his building work at Donnington is progressing:

"The building work at Don-

Breaking Records

"The more formal apostolic work of saving souls is keeping apace with the building work. During June I had first Holy Communion at Linstead and at Donnington. I always feel that I have made a great step forward when I see the little ones make their first Holy Communion.

"So far this year I have had nineteen conversions and at present I have about twenty more in preparation so I am expecting to make a new record as regards the number of my conversions. Please pray that I may have quality as well as quantity."

Back Yard Gossip

Father William McHale, S.J., of Morant Bay, recently decided to keep a diary of his daily visits to his flock. Here is a brief cross section:

"The next lady is boiling coconut oil and averts attention from

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

her own carelessness in her religious duties by leading me to her brother who is a worse offender than she is. The young man is sitting in great dignity at a table with a dictionary open and wants to give the impression that he is writing an important letter. A mere youth scarcely knowing how to bless himself and yet a father, whose child I have recently christened. He accords me deference but no promises of betterment. His sister gives assurances of greater fidelity sealed by

After finishing his course of Philosophy and obtaining his A.B. degree, Mr. Toruno was given a year of graduate studies at St. Louis University to gain his M.A. in English History.

Mr. Charles Hunter, S.J., another alumnus of the College, has completed his course of Philosophy as a Jesuit Scholastic and has been assigned to teach in the states. The only other Jesuit alumnus to return to the College was Deodato Burns, S.J., who was killed when the old College

Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. Practically all his Religious life as a priest has been spent among the Caribs of Stann Creek and Punta Gorda. When Father Coony paid a visit to the States last year, one of his biggest joys was to be together with his brothers and sisters and the happy families that had grown up around them. For you see, Father Coony had not been home in a quarter of a century, and many of the fifty-six that sat around the family board with him were not then born.



Left to right: Alphonse Raymond, S.J., Maurice Garneau, S.J., Arthur Berube, S.J., Jean Desautels, S.J., and Eugene Lauzon, S.J.

the gift of three eggs.

"In the next yard a young girl of fifteen, all smiles, with a baby astride of her hip, greets me and with her two brothers and a friend listen to my lecture on Moral Theology and Apologetics. The Catholic parents are reported to be following the boisterous Pocomania meetings and complain they are not visited by the Catholic members and the priest when they are sick. There is still hope for them, however. Since the death of the faithful old catechist, things have not been as they should be at this Mission."

BRITISH HONDURAS Senor Jorge Is Back!

When classes reopen at the College, in Belize, the professor of history will be Senor Jorge Toruno, S.J., who eight years ago was sitting on the other side of the teacher's desk. He left the College just a few weeks before the hurricane to enter the Society of Jesus at Florissant Novitiate.

was destroyed in the hurricane, just three months to the day after his return to his native Belize.

Very commendatory reports come back from the College of Propaganda regarding the two alumni there who are studying for the Diocesan clergy.

Two Jubilees

On the fourth of July of this year, Brother Joseph Jankowski, S. J., celebrated his Silver Jubilee as a missionary Brother in Belize, British Honduras. During the entire quarter of a century, "Brother Joe," as he is known to all his friends, has not put foot outside of the little British Colony in the Caribbean.

When Brother Joe came to the Colony in 1914, he found here a jolly missionary, named Father Edmund J. Coony, S.J. Father Coony had been in the Colony ten years before him. Father is still there and is still happy. In fact, on August 19th of this year, Father Coony will celebrate his

Kansas to Belize

Born in Edina, Missouri, March 3, 1864, Father Coony early in life moved to the Kansas wheat fields, where on the homestead farm he built up the vigorous body that would stand him in good stead against the wear and tear of life in the tropics. He and an elder brother, John, among the large Coony family, attended the small school conducted by the Jesuits at Osage Mission, Kansas, originally an Indian school. John entered the Society of Jesus August 14, 1887.

Edmund followed his older brother, and on August 9, 1889, entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. He went through the usual course of studies of a Jesuit, teaching as a Scholastic at St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and at Marquette University, Milwaukee. A year after his ordination in St. Louis, 1903, at the hands of Archbishop Glennon, Father Coony was sent to the Mission of British Honduras

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

which is under the care of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. He arrived in Belize on August 15, 1904, and with the exception of two short visits home, he has spent all his days since then as a missionary, chiefly among the Carib people of Stann Creek and Punta Gorda.

ALASKA

Terrible Winter

Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., alone on Little Diomed Island, Alaska, is allowed only one mail a year. Here's his description of the winter he went through:

"This has been a terrible winter. The old men say they have never known one like it and when you consider these old men, like all old men, are inclined to exaggerate the old days, one can consider this winter as being more than usually severe. The North wind blew for one hundred twenty days straight, and during those four months, December to April, we could hunt only nine or ten times. We were reduced to one meal a day, old meat and *muktick* buried under the rocks for two years. They were the remains of a whale we caught in 1937.

"The people began to take down and burn the framework of their houses in an effort to keep warm. During January and February, I rationed out my own fuel and wood supply, and we managed to struggle along. So far this month the weather has been fair and now all the seal oil lamps are burning and there is seal meat in every pot. It won't be so hard from now on.

"The religious life has been very good. The people respond more than ever to the teaching of the Church. There are, of course, some rough corners to be polished off but that will all come with time. While I am very proud of the congregation, still, I can see much to be done and it will be a long time before the Diomed people are a nice polished congregation. But the main thing is they have Faith in abundance and observe all the laws and rules of the Church very minutely. The rough corners alluded

to, concern merely their manners, but perhaps my manners appear as crude to them as theirs to me.

Eskimo Dictionary

"The language, while still a hard language to master, no longer presents the difficulties of yore. I can get along fairly easily. On Sundays I can translate the Gospel straight from Latin to Eskimo but a half hour sermon still needs an hour's preparation from the language point alone. A dictionary is now completed, containing all the English words translatable into Eskimo. There are perhaps seven thousand of them.

"I am hoping a plane will come this way sometime soon. We are still in a bad way, though it is not hopeless and a second visit of a plane could bring some small items, especially cartridges. There are practically none left and the walrus season is coming. However, Providence will look out for us."

Catechist Stricken

From Hooper Bay comes the news of the serious illness of a famous catechist and the departure, because of sickness, of a great friend and worker for the Mission.

"Ivan Sipary, for many years our catechist here, along with his wife Maggie, was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage recently. Within an hour after the news reached Hooper Bay by dog-team from Scammon Bay, we had reached the doctor at Anchorage and got his diagnosis and advice. Ivan was dressing up to go hunting and already had one boot on. As he rose to put something into his hunting bag before putting on the other boot, he fell to the floor. His wife took him by the hand to raise him up and see what happened. Neither knew what was wrong, so she took him to his bed and gave him holy water and a relic of Blessed Gemma Galgani that they had handy. He was just about speechless, and his whole left side was completely paralyzed. 'Our Lord is sending us a cross,' wrote his wife, 'but may God's will be done . . . I

always have confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Maybe God our Lord sends us a cross because He wants us to do a certain thing that we do not yet understand. Maybe by prayer we will find out.' As the temperature was eighteen below zero outside, it is providential that the accident did not occur half an hour later when he would have been out hunting and most likely would have frozen to death before anyone would have known it. Besides being model Christians, Ivan and Maggie are the proud parents of nine fine children. Unfortunately, the baby died suddenly two months ago.

Good-Bye to Hooper Bay

"Availing herself of the favorable opportunity of traveling in congenial company, Miss Mary Fanning is going out with the teachers. Her health is poor, and we thought it best to have her where a doctor could see her more readily in case of need. That leaves room here for a new Post Master, a bookkeeper for our reindeer herd, a sacristan for the church, and a willing helper to supply in many odd jobs about the house. She came here from Chicago three years ago. May God reward her for her service.

CHINA

Death Visits Suchow

Suchow Mission, China, under the care of the Jesuits of Lower Canada, has lost three missionaries since last May.

On the fourth of May, died at the Catholic Hospital of Peking, Brother Raoul Sauve, S.J., aged fifty-two and twelve years in China. A great lover of the poor, a devoted and exemplary religious.

On the fifteenth of June, died of typhoid, Cleo Ricard, S.J., former Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. He left for China in the fall of 1936 and had just completed his first year of theology at Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai.

On the thirtieth of June, died at the age of forty-two, Father Raphael Delbeke, S.J. He had labored zealously in China for the past seven years.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

An Appreciation

To the Editor:

Forty years after the death of Father William Judge, S.J., I am living in the hospital he founded on the Yukon, while giving a retreat to the Sisters of St. Ann. This is the first preached retreat that these Sisters have had in twenty years.

There are still people in the town of Dawson who remember Father Judge and speak of him as a saint. His reputation for holiness has been a topic for conversation since he sacrificed his life in the epidemics of '98 and '99 for the sick and dying.

The church under which he was buried has been dismantled but his remains have been left there and the marble slab which was placed in the church of the Oblate Fathers in memory of him, is now mounted directly over his grave.

The chaplain of the hospital has his residence in what used to be the sacristy of the church. He is the guardian of the grave of his "silent companion," a title he used on announcing the anniversary Mass on the 16th of January.

Last Sunday I was asked by Father Leray, O.M.I., to preach in his church which is now located more centrally in the town. Father Judge was my inspiration.

A visit from the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, by plane, has made this retreat memorable. His message to us shall be my topic next Sunday, "Deus abundare faciat vestram caritatem ad invicem et in vos."

My next retreat, the fourth in the Yukon and Alaska, will be in Fairbanks, a most interesting trip for a Bishop's secretary who may be converted into a missionary.

Best wishes from the Yukon and Alaska.

Rev. E. A. McNamara, S.J.

Dawson, Alaska.

Patnaites Again

To the Editor:

A card has just come from the "Pittsburgh Patnaite" commenting on my squib in the last P. M. L., about the arrival of the "TORs" from Loreto, Pa., and thanking God for this new link between Patna and Pennsylvania. As the Pittsburgh Patnaite failed to reveal his (or her) identity or address, I must take advantage of your correspondence column to say a fervent heartfelt—THANK YOU, Pittsburgh Patnaite!—and add that I am at one with him (or her) in the hope that all Pennsylvania will arise as a mighty legion to back the TORs in their hard but hopeful mission among the Santals.

The Pittsburgh Patnaite is no doubt aware of another very important and still more recent connection between the Forests of William Penn and the plains of Patna Mission. And that is the fact that the Catholic Medical Missionaries have acquired a site for their new Mother House in Philadelphia. These Medical Missionaries are to open a house in Patna Mission this year. All are wondering

and guessing as to who will be the fortunate and favored pioneers to begin this new medical missionary apostolate.

Patna, India. The Poreya Patnaite
(Rev. James A. Creane, S.J.)

To the Editor:

I am a new subscriber of the JESUIT MISSIONS and I am simply delighted with it. I read each number from cover to cover and I realize better each time the importance of the good press. The reading of the Missions gives me a broader and different outlook of life, for instance: what are our little trials compared to what the missionaries endure for Christ's sake? Then in answer to the example of those zealous priests spending themselves so generously in Christ's service there spring good resolutions such as to make a pecuniary sacrifice for the missions, to pray for the missionaries, etc.

I read the letter of The Pittsburgh Patnaite urging the readers to make the month of July a specially good one for the Cause, but I think it dangerous to delay a good resolution, so in honor of the Sacred Heart whose feast we will celebrate next week, I am sending you a \$5.00 check for the missions.

Houston, Texas.

Mrs. M. W.

To the Editor:

The suggestion made by the Patnaite in the June number of JESUIT MISSIONS was a good one, and I sincerely hope many will respond. I enclose my offering (\$1.00) and promise the Rosary a day for the foreign missions.

New Orleans, La. A Subscriber.

Charity, Abundant

To the Editor:

I am sorry not to have sent this subscription before, but I could not. Half my time I do not have a cent. The income I have has been cut to almost nothing. Believe me I do without things in order to send money to my pet charities. However, here it is. Remember me in your prayers. This is in memory of my Mother.

Roxbury, Mass.

A. S.

More Gratitude

To the Editor:

Your letter was received last night notifying me of the two years' subscription sent by a friend of JESUIT MISSIONS.

I do not know how to express the feelings of astonishment and gratitude that I had when I read of your printing part of my letter and the generosity of the friend who has made it possible for us to receive the magazine again.

It is a great happiness to know of the offering of two dollars for your work which was made, I know, for the honor and glory of God. All I can do is offer my prayers (such as they are) each day, and remembrances in Holy Communion always, both for you and the kind friend who has been inspired with so great generosity.

W. Phila., Pa.

M. T. H.

THE
MAN
of
the
HOUR



The Book of the Hour Franco Means Business

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THIS authentic biographical portrait of Generalissimo Franco with his aims for a new Spain is now more timely than ever.

It will answer your questions about the future of Spain as an independent nation—will show you why Franco cannot possibly be likened to the dictators of the day—what his intentions are for capital, labor, the Church, and the people.

Praised by the entire Catholic Press for its accuracy and importance, we recommend it strongly.

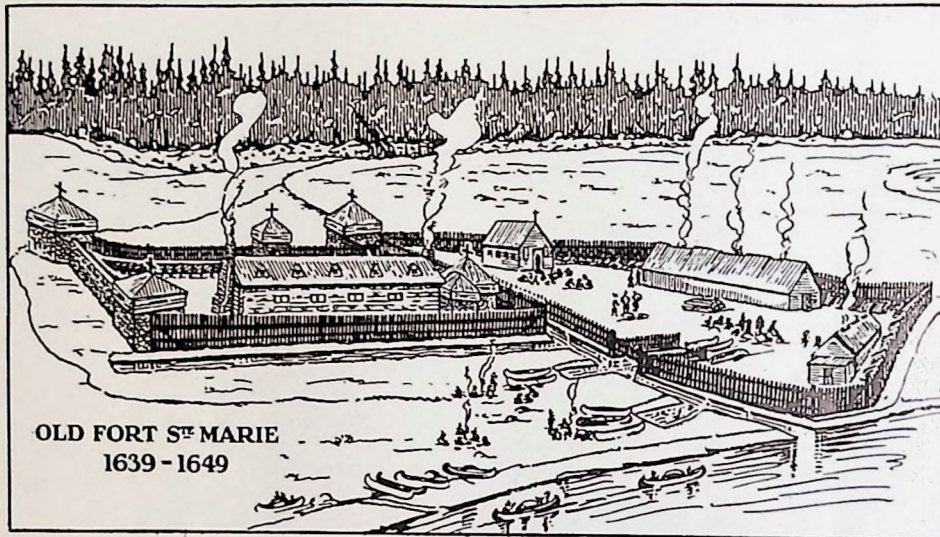


Pin this identification picture to a one dollar bill and send to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Write your name and address clearly. The book, FRANCO MEANS BUSINESS, will be sent to you postpaid.

Fort That Saints Built

Elmer
O'Brien, S.J.

THREE hundred years ago America had eight authentic Saints living and laboring in its northern forests. The spot where six of them spent most of their time is at Midland, in the Province of Ontario, about a hundred miles due south of the Dionne Quintuplets. In those days where



OLD FORT ST. MARIE
1639-1649

now stands Martyrs' Shrine they had their mission headquarters—the famous Fort Ste. Marie of the *Jesuit Relations*. Since this year the Fort will achieve the dignity of a Tercentenary—to be celebrated throughout the entire summer at the Shrine—its story can bear retelling.

In 1634, Jerome Lalemant, Jesuit, was sent out from France as Superior of the Mission among the Hurons, succeeding therein St. John de Brebeuf. He was a genius on a small scale, this Lalemant, and within a month had endowed the Ontario wilderness with the easy efficiency of a modern business firm.

THE Huron Mission was young—it had been founded but four years before—and its government almost necessarily make-shift and casual. Thus as the individual missionary arrived from France a section of untended territory was parceled out to him, he retired there, built his chapel, and started operations—and that was that.

But, as Pere Lalemant was quick to observe, the procedure was attended with real difficulties. First of all, this complete isolation from the strengthening comradeship of his fellow religious and the all but unbroken intimacy with a rankly pagan society would wear down and possibly crush altogether the apostle's spirit within him. Then, too, although the Hurons were by nature as sedentary as you can reasonably expect any Indian to be, they were by no means completely so. Every few years the call of fresh woods and pastures new stirred unaccountably within them, and off they would go, while the poor missionary, expostulating to no purpose, trailed along in their wake. For him it meant the abandoning of a laboriously built Mission headquarters and chapel.

A year-in-year-out program of adorning the wilderness with abandoned buildings had nothing to recommend it to Pere Lalemant and by way of coping with the situation he hit upon the expedient of Fort Ste. Marie—Ontario's first hospital, first shrine, first school, first co-operative farm. For a large permanent base had to be built from which the Fathers could carry on their

apostolate into the neighboring regions and yet be provided with the strength and consolation of Community life.

A site was chosen on the shores of Georgian Bay and St. Isaac Jogues put in charge of construction. Two centuries later "pioneers" in Northern Ontario would gaze

in inarticulate wonder at its sturdy palisades and towering bastions which dominated the wilderness as unaccountably as Ozamandias' lonely stumps. We haven't figured out yet how he did it.

When completed, the Fort (named to the honor of Our Lady "Holy Mary") occupied an area somewhat larger than that of a modern city block and comprised a chapel, a residence for the missionaries, work-shops, a hospital, and a long-house for visiting Indians—there were always visiting Indians. It fronted on what is now the Wye River and—so inelegant in their nomenclature were the English who followed—Mud Lake.

"I wouldn't say it was exactly a Bastille," wrote St. Charles Garnier with saintly modesty to his brother, thereby making it quite clear that in his estimation it wasn't far inferior.

To the Indians, of course, it was an unqualified miracle, and the rivers and countryside were suddenly alive with streams of them heading for the Fort and a "visit." It was at this juncture, as you might expect, that they began to manifest alarming symptoms of becoming completely and abidingly sedentary on the Father's hands. Home had never been anything like this and they were all for staying—and would have stayed, phenomenal appetites and all, had not one of the more ingenious of the Fathers happened upon a happy expedient.

THE natives, to a man, were entranced by the large clock which stood in the Fathers' quarters and boomed forth the hours in most extraordinary fashion. Throughout the day great numbers of them would sit before it in breathless expectancy waiting for it to strike. Said this resourceful Jesuit, "When it 'speaks' four times, it says, 'Indians! It is time to go home now, Good-bye!'"

There was no more trouble after that. Each day at four o'clock the rooms were emptied with a terrified promptness, and the harassed Fathers afforded an opportunity to say their Office

(Turn to page 223)

Arctic Storm Over Kotzebue

Segundo Llorente, S.J.

THIS is my first winter at Kotzebue, the Mission that is the farthest north in the western hemisphere. And what a winter it has been! For three whole days recently the sun was under a virtual eclipse, owing to a big storm. But even in good weather you scarcely see the sun here during midwinter. Just now, although it is only 2:00 P.M., it is quite dark and I need a lamp to write. I saw the sun come up at 11:00 A.M., but only half a disk of light was visible, and it disappeared again at 1:45 P.M.

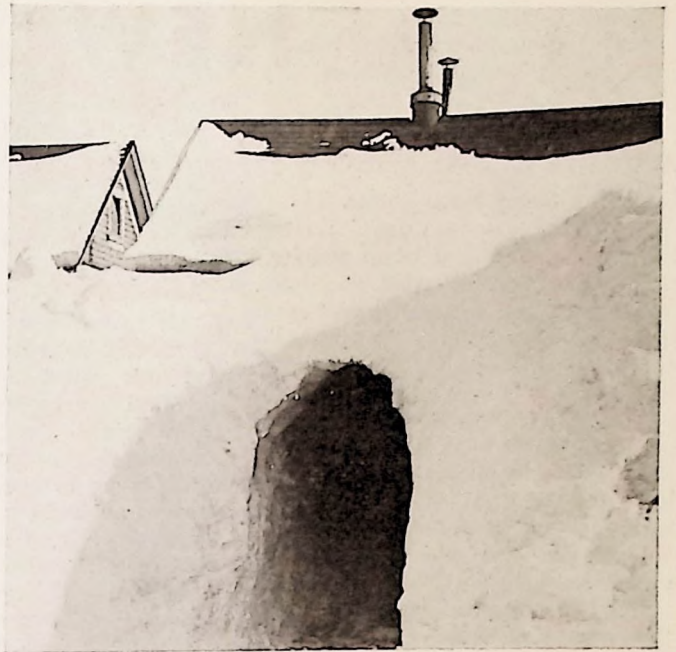
But let me tell you about our latest storm. I had been amazed at the fury of some of the previous outbursts of nature. Yet the old people kept telling me that these were but autumnal breezes compared with those that I was bound to see later. I refused to believe them; but now I find out that they were right.

A northeastern wind blew up a few days ago and within several hours it began to assault us with simply gigantic force. The snow fields could not withstand its violence. It churned them in its might and filled the atmosphere with a seething mass of dizzy, white flakes. The house trembled as if shaken by an earthquake and the stovepipe resounded with a never-ending roar. Even at midday it was as dark all around us at midnight in a cave. I never witnessed a storm like this before. I had read of hurricanes, blizzards, cyclones and tornadoes, but this seemed to be a combination of them all.

THE storm continued with unabating fury all day. As I walked up and down my room, I thought of the unfortunate Eskimos who might have been caught away from shelter. I was almost afraid to go to bed, but I realized that the house was frozen to its foundations and that it would take a ton of dynamite to root it out.

The next morning I woke up to the concert of wind that bellowed and roared all day. Nobody came for Mass. It was as dark as Egypt and the only way they could have gotten to church would be by following a rope tied to the belfry, if they had such a guide-line. The day passed in perfect darkness and solitude. No human being ventured out.

After three days and three nights the wind finally subsided. Only then could I see the roofs of the nearby houses through my window. On leaving my seclusion I was amazed at what I saw of the effects of the storm. The paths and the trails were obliterated. Some houses were literally buried under the snow and in places there were drifts that looked like small mountains. The people began to crawl out of their homes with their usual ex-



"Some houses were literally buried under the snow."

pressions on their faces, as if they considered this perfectly normal.

Life as a solitary missionary among Eskimos near the top of the earth may perhaps seem to be an unenviable lot. Yet it does not seem so to me. There is much good that can be done, and one is always busy.

The first duty of the day for the missionary is preparation for Mass, which means more than prayers and quiet meditation. It means first building a fire, and this is not as easy as it might seem. One needs lots of experience before he can get up a good roaring fire quickly. When the Mass is over, one has to cook breakfast. While the coffee and old-fashioned oats are boiling, one can sweep the hall where the boys gather for catechism. Breakfast finished, dishes have to be washed and the room tidied up. Then you sit down for a while to study the Eskimo language, a task very much akin, I would judge, to that of deciphering hieroglyphics.

DURING the course of the day some man or woman will come in for instructions; the noisy little crowd of school children come for their catechism lesson and swarm about in a restless mood; somebody will step in to tell you that George has been drunk for several days and that his Catholic mother, who is a widow, is on a starving diet. Two evenings a week there are instructions for adults. Visiting Catholic and pagan homes takes all the time that one can spare.

There are apt to be unexpected events also in the order of the day, as when a squaw comes to offer one of the four cute "kitties" that were born last night. Then, if a storm comes up, the doors have to be calked and the windows recalked and every crack in the building has to be inspected. And I have said nothing about cleaning stovepipes, chopping wood, going to the store, carrying water and the like.

No, my arm has never tired baptizing endless rows of devout converts as did the arm of St. Francis Xavier; nevertheless, I manage to keep myself busy and happy with necessary and useful duties for the sake of souls.

NEW BOOKS

... over the bent World A Modern Catholic Anthology Edited by Sister Mary Louise, S.L.

"This book has been fun!" declares the editor of this most recent anthology of modern Catholic literature. The reader, however, we feel will get more inspiration than fun out of it. It is not without some really funny spots, of course, especially the section on satire. But the general effect produced by reading the selections from the works of some fifty-six Catholic authors cannot be anything but a feeling of elation that the Church today has so many interesting writers. We want to know more about each one of them.

This, of course, is one of the things that any good anthology should do—stimulate the reader to further investigation of the field. No anthology is a substitute for the books from which the selections are taken. It has done its work when its selections are so judiciously chosen that besides giving a general survey of the field, it gives the reader a genuine interest in the literature of the movement.

We feel that Sister Mary Louise's anthology has done just that with the "Catholic Literary Revival" and because of this we feel less inclined to object to the omission of some authors and the inclusion of others.

The selections from the fifty-six writers represented are given under such headings as Poetry, Satire, Biography and History, Criticism, Essays, Hagiography and Foreign Influences. Besides making interesting reading for the general public, the book should be very helpful as a modern Catholic literature text book in colleges and study clubs.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$4.50.

The Delusson Family

Jacques Ducharme

In these times of growing intolerance towards the various racial and minority groups scattered throughout America, wise writers are needed who will both understand and interpret for us the lives and actions of these apparent strangers within our borders. Here is a story of a French-Canadian family who migrated from their farm in Saint Valerien, Province of Quebec, to try their fortunes in the little New England mill town that was Holyoke, Massachusetts, in 1874. With their home-spun philosophy of faith and

good works, including a strong sense of duty which their Catholic religion had engrained in them, the individual members struggled on, competing as best they could against the worldly wisdom of the ungodly Yankee and the tactless condescension of the Irish on the Hill. Beautiful characters are those of Cecile and Jean Baptiste Delusson. The steady tenor of their marital life and happiness stand in such contrast to the faithlessness rampant today that one will find it impossible to read this novel without yielding to the temptation to moralize. Historically it paints a genuine portrait with exact and full detail of an element in our society which has contributed richly to the sterner qualities of our manhood and the culture of our women.

Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

Lucio and His Nuong

Written and Illustrated by
Lucy Herndon Crockett

An entrancing tale of a tiny Filipino, little Lucio Mansala by name, and his *nuong*, the water buffalo, with illustrations that will intrigue not only the children for whom the book was written but all their adult in-laws, friends and acquaintances. For three long years, from 1921 to 1924, this reviewer traveled back and forth throughout the Ilocano provinces of Northern Luzon, often journeying south to the salt beds of the province of Pangasinan where little Lucio was

born. From this background of personal experience I wish to state that the exquisite artistry of the author shown both in word and sketches has enabled me to recapture more vividly than anything I have read in the last twenty years the atmosphere of that island where it is always afternoon, to feel again the power wielded over the Filipino family circle by Aunt 'Tina, the wisest woman in all the countryside, and to re-live with real pleasure the unhurried existence of these unhampered Malayan children of the southern seas. The gorgeous coloring of the plates, together with their significant detail combine to make the book a children's wonderland, with an adventure in every page. The Philippine Archipelago stands today as the only Catholic country in the entire Orient. A reference to the religious atmosphere in which Lucio lived would have left nothing more to be desired.

Henry Holt & Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

My Catholic Neighbors

Sam Atkinson

A vibrant apology for Catholicism written by a man who sought the truth and found it because he refused to go to enemy sources or to bear false witness against his neighbor. As the author puts it, "It was not until I accepted the challenge to study the Faith of my Catholic neighbors that I was checked in my wanderings." If readers grasp this fact alone, the volume, from a Catholic point of view,

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must be regarded as one of the most persuasive introductions to the Catholic Church published in our generation. Of perpetual interest to Catholics and non-Catholics is the subject of the origin and growth of a conversion. In the case of the author, it was social injustice that sent him searching for a religion that worked, a dynamic church in whose program the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy were fundamental planks of prayer and action. The book has all the incisiveness of Arnold Lunn's "Now I See" but the more popular presentation and the American setting of this present volume should insure it a wider reading public by far. For non-Catholics it will be a path-finder to that more abundant life which the Catholic Church offers to a world languishing in spirit and distraught with an almost universal skepticism concerning the supernatural and God's divine revelations to men through His Son, Jesus Christ, and His Church.

The Devin-Adair Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Little Wolf's Brother

Elizabeth H. Atkins

A charming story of Chumash Indian life in the old Spanish days of early California. Boy and girl readers will sit up late into the night to find out if the little white boy, Yellow Crest, or One-Who-Comes-From-the-Sun, finds his real parents. Taken by the Indians from a sleeping nurse-maid, he lived their life until good Padre Ignacio discovered his identity and returned him to his lady mother. In this volume there is delightfully interwoven the work of the Spanish Padres whose apostolic zeal dotted the west and southwest with chapels to their God, set in Indian Reductions whose plan even today is the envy of the leaders of civilization. The adventures of Yellow Crest in company with the Indian maiden, Singing Grass, and her brother, Little Wolf, will help American boys and girls to unriddle the mystery in the lives of their little brown brothers and sisters. The illustrations, together with the story and the attractive jacket make this volume a competitor for Number 1 position on any list of mission books for children.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.75.

FORT THAT SAINTS BUILT—

(Continued from page 220)

and get some work done.

Did Lalemant cherish the dream of an eventual Reduction similar to those being erected by his fellow Jesuits in far-away Paraguay? Probably. There was, however, one real obstacle. These were not the tractable, peace-loving natives of South America. Huronia was perpetually being torn with inter-tribal warfare. And it was in one of these uprisings that this beginning of a forest Utopia was utterly crushed.

That story is familiar, because it is

the story of that last heroism of America's own Saints. In 1648, the mighty Iroquois arose in the south. The outlying territories tended by the Fathers fell easy prey before their advance. At their isolated posts of duty most of the missionaries were trapped and given that long desired reward of their labors, martyrdom.

In July, St. Anthony Daniel was slain and his body flung into the blazing ruin of his chapel. At St. Ignace—eight miles to the west of the Fort—SS. John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant were tortured to death on March 16 and 17. St. Charles Garnier was martyred on his Mission in December. And a few days later St. Noel Chabanel was fallen upon in the woods, tomahawked to death, and his body thrown into the Notawasaga River. The Iroquois noose gradually tightened about Fort Ste. Marie where six thousand Hurons had taken refuge with missionaries. This was the end. On June 14, 1649, their beloved Fort was fired lest it fall into the hands of the enemy and the occupants slipped the Iroquois net and escaped.

Fort Ste. Marie was no more—it would seem. But the men of Fort Ste. Marie had been Saints and the work they set afoot was immortal. Today on that spot towers the Shrine of the Martyrs from which is carried on not any more the sanctification of a local tribe of natives but that of a whole continent, for on that sacred ground, Canada and the United States meet each year in pilgrimage.

ANY SUNDAY IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 202)

for supper and Evening Service. The Catechist rings the bell and thirty people assemble for Stations of the Cross, Sermon and Benediction. The singing is good except for the Latin hymns at Benediction. The altar boys do not do so well as we seldom have Benediction at this Church. Moreover, the congregation has to be told to kneel when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. They are all converts and still have much to learn.

A Jamaica Chinese lady hands me ten shillings for organ repair. I discuss with her guardian the sad case of a young girl, the pride of the village, who left a decent home three years ago and has now lost not only her good name but also her health.

I am now left alone and prepare to retire. A religious meeting is being held in an adjoining yard. It is much more vigorous than the service I have just conducted. This particular meeting seems to be fairly edifying. The preacher declares, "I got my education at the foot of the Cross." He is aided by a woman who seems to know the sermons by heart and chimes in on the classic phrases and supplies the emotional response. Who will capture, baptize and christianize rural Jamaica?

I sleep fairly well despite a high wind

and the nibbling of a rat in the corner. A new day dawns and we prepare for the Holy Sacrifice. An acolyte asks what color vestments are to be used and water carried from the main Mission is used for the Mass as the local water is not too safe. Seven confessions are heard and seven Holy Communions distributed. The priest has to nod to indicate the time to start the hymns.

After Mass I meet a lady and she talks of her difficulties which I know too well. Generally, everything is hopeless. She is in ill health and her two boys cannot find work. One of them is not well and the other has a baby on his hands to support.

I take breakfast and read Office. Forty children assemble for school; less than half are Catholics. I try to talk to the tiny children but more than an emphatic agreement with me on the great wickedness of lying and stealing I cannot seem to get. Even a Mother Goose tale evokes no response. I suppose I must learn more Anancy stories.

In the afternoon I set out to visit some of the backsliders. The first is a boy who has been so badly burned he cannot hold his head erect. One senses his affliction keeps him from going before the public gaze too much.

The next lady is boiling cocoanut oil and averts attention from her own carelessness in her religious duties by leading me to her brother who is a worse offender than she is. The young man is sitting in great dignity at a table with a dictionary open and wants to give the impression that he is writing an important letter. A mere youth scarcely knowing how to bless himself and yet a father, whose child I have recently chistened. And so on. . . .

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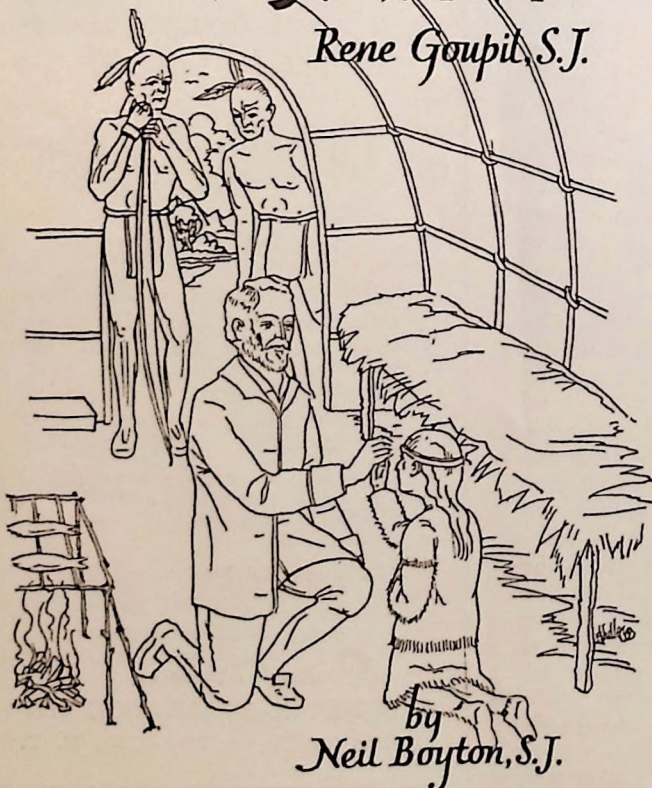
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