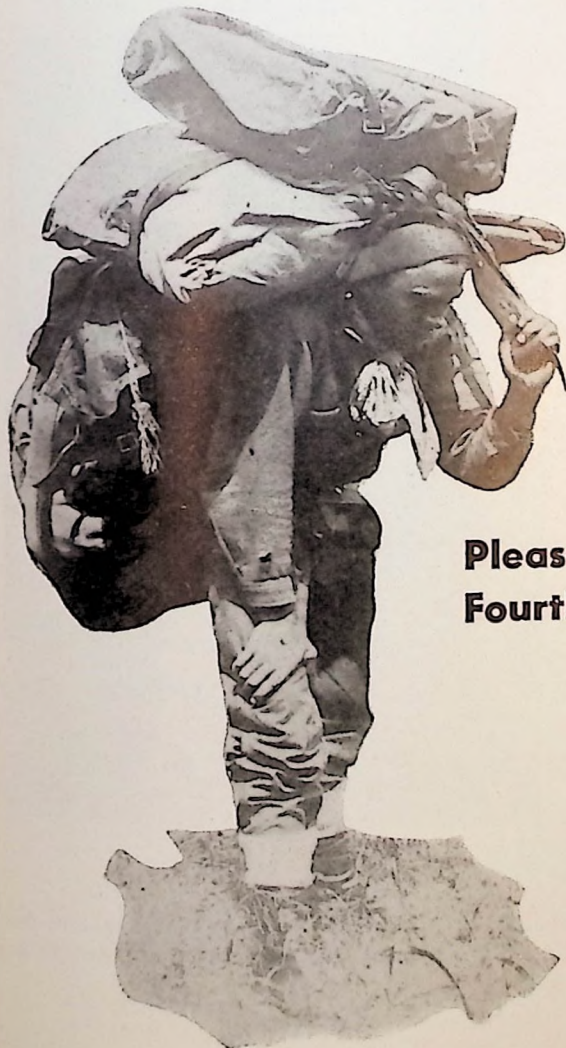


# AN UPHILL CLIMB

It's an uphill climb for the mission Procurator to provide the needs of all the missionaries who look to him for material aid. And when there is not the glamor of 'foreign' to the missions the climb is harder. Thus it is for the Procurator for the Indian Missions of Upper Canada. He is carrying a burden as heavy as that of the missionary he only adds to his own. Yet it seems but right that home missionaries who are doing God's work should be supported in their quest for souls as much as any other. Will you second the motion? Will you help Father Brennan to help his fellow Jesuits in the home missions among the Indians of Canada? It makes no difference how small your gift may be. Just mark your gift—FOR AN UPHILL CLIMB.



# AN UPHILL CLIMB

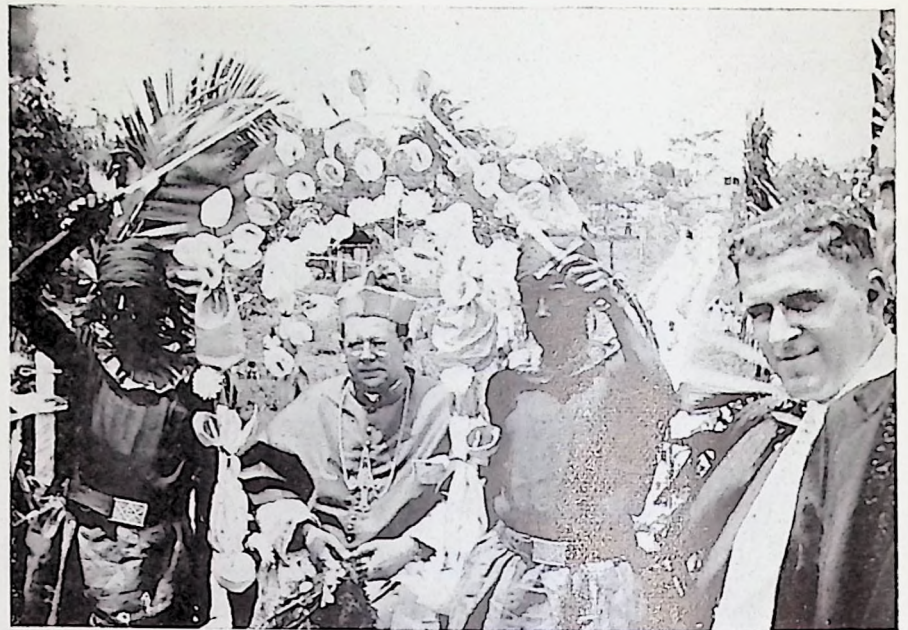
Please send your gift to **JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.,** or to

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

160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

Procurator for the Canadian Indian Missions cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada

Your Mass stipends and gifts for the American Jesuit missionaries may be sent either to **JESUIT MISSIONS,** or to one of the Mission Procurators listed on the other page.



Bishop Rice entering El Cayo on a truck decorated with flowers and palms. Two of El Cayo's citizens with faces blackened and in special costumes act as a guard of honor.

New Town's entire population crowded to the waterfront to greet the new Bishop when he arrived for his episcopal visit and Confirmation.

(Below) The new Bishop prepares to board the plane that took him to El Cayo.

(Below) Bishop Murphy, S.J., the retiring Vicar Apostolic, receives the homage of a citizen of Belize as he departs for the States. To the right is Bishop Rice.



Parades, fiestas and other colorful manifestations of joy and loyalty marked the tour of the principal towns and mission stations made by British Honduras' new leader, Bishop William A. Rice, S.J. Meanwhile, Belize turned out to say good-bye to Bishop Murphy, S.J.

# EDITORIALS

## JAMAICA'S NEW SUPERIOR

**I**N our last issue we made the brief announcement that Father Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., for eight years our Associate Editor, was leaving us to go to Jamaica, British West Indies, to take an important position in the Mission. Since then, Father Feeney has arrived in Kingston where the news was released that the "important position" was that of Superior of the entire Mission and Rector of St. George's College.

As we stood on the United Fruit Company's pier in New York and watched the *SS. Talamanca*, with Father Feeney aboard, turn about in the Hudson's tide and head out to sea, something of what this sailing meant to *JESUIT MISSIONS* came to us. We were losing one of our most valued men—one who had been with us almost from the foundation of the magazine. Only the thought that we were at least giving him to the missions was there to console us.

Father Feeney's departure, indeed, has a double aspect. On the one hand, there is the loss to the magazine—a real loss. But there is also the immense gain for the Mission of Jamaica, in having our former Associate Editor as Superior. So a sense of loyalty to the cause of the Missions should prompt us to forget our personal grief and rejoice that the greater cause has been served.

To those who knew Father Feeney it was not surprising that he would return one day to the mission fields. At heart he was always a missionary. As a Scholastic he was a member of the pioneer band of Jesuits who in 1921, at the request of Pope Benedict XV, sailed for the Philippine Islands. Three years were spent at the College of the Immaculate Conception, Vigan, Province of Ilocos Sur, in the great Island of Northern Luzon. It was here that he lived in close contact with the famous Father John J. Monahan, S.J., whose life he later wrote in the volume entitled, "The Padre of the Press."

In 1924, when he returned to the United States to make his theological studies, it was evident that it would be a long time before he could be sent again to the missions. For in the Philippines he had acquired a tropical disease which remained with him for many years. But this was no barrier to his zeal. There was plenty of work for the missions to be done at home and he threw himself into this work with characteristic energy and enthusiasm.

Combined with this zeal there was also exceptional ability as a writer, an editor, a speaker, and an expert

on mission affairs. To some not acquainted with Father Feeney his many lectures on Communism, Fascism and Racism, his wide knowledge of American labor and social conditions (he was the founder of one of the first Catholic Labor Schools in New York) may have seemed to be excursions into non-mission fields. But all these things belonged to his really grand and inspiring concept of what interest in the missions should comprehend. The problems the missionaries face today in the Orient are the same as those that confront us at home; they are world problems and if we would know the missions we must know them. That was his credo.

In the September number of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, Father Feeney wrote: "If missionary magazines, Propagation of the Faith appeals, Mission Sunday sermons, Vatican, national and local mission exhibits, have accomplished anything that is practical, it is perhaps 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."

As Superior of Jamaica, which is one of the most important of the Missions operated by the American Jesuits, Father Feeney will find a large field not only for his mission enthusiasm but for his practical experience in handling labor and social questions. We congratulate the Mission of Jamaica!

## INTRODUCING FATHER MEARS

**T**HE appointment of Father J. Gerard Mears, S.J., to the position of Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* came too late to be reported in our September number with the news of Father Feeney's departure. We take this occasion of extending our warmest welcome to our new Staff member and of introducing him to our readers.

Father Mears is a native of Boston and a member of the New England Province. He comes to us from Holy Cross College where, for the past seven years, he has been Professor of English and Director of the *Holy Cross Purple*, one of the best magazines of its kind in the United States. Father Mears is himself well known as a poet and writer and in addition is a gifted artist.

That such talent should be dedicated to the cause of the Missions is a source of great happiness to us and an assurance to our readers that the high editorial standards of *JESUIT MISSIONS* will be maintained.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

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# Basilan of Zamboanga

Augustine M.  
Bello, S.J.

**H** EADLINES in the local papers read "A man lost in the City of Zamboanga." Investigation showed that a man lost his way while exploring in the mountains of the Basilan, one of the handful of more than seven thousand islands that compose the Philippine Archipelago. Basilan Island is as big as Belgium and yet is an integral part of the City of Zamboanga which should find its place in Ripley's *Believe it or Not* as the biggest city in the world in extension, although it has only some one hundred thousand inhabitants.

Basilan can be reached by motor boat in a two-hour trip across a strait of swift and treacherous current. One tenth of the whole island is under cultivation by immigrants and homesteaders from other parts of the Philippines. This vast unexplored island has only one priest for the care of more than sixty thousand Catholics scattered widely in different towns along the coast. There are Yacans, a pagan tribe, that hate the inroads of the Christians, but who love to trade with them; there are Moros, fanatical followers of Mohammed, a people of ferocious propensities, past masters and pirates of the seas.

**T**AKING time out from my parish work in the city, I accepted the kind invitation of the Pastor of Basilan Island, a very young priest with scarcely a year's experience in the ministry. Father Pio Saavedra, the Pastor, is a hundred per cent product of Jesuit education; Rome had to grant him a dispensation in order that he might be ordained before the age of twenty-four.

This energetic priest of the secular clergy has his generous share of worries in the care of his flock of different dialects; he is always on the go warding off unholy propaganda of proselytizers, backed up by the American dollar. Sheer, cruel necessity has thrown him suddenly from the steps of the altar where he was ordained into the arms of stark reality.

One night we paid a visit to one of the leading families of Lamitan, the town where the good Father has his



*The canal constructed about two centuries ago by a Jesuit to bring water to Zamboanga. Now it serves as a lily pond, beautifying the grounds of the Petit Barracks.*

residence. Our host was telling us a humorous incident that happened to his daughter, newly admitted into the ranks of the White Legion as a probationer in Zamboanga General Hospital. A hearty burst of laughter celebrated the anecdote, but we were cut short by the insistent ringing of the telephone. The Padre was wanted.

It was a sick call to far-away Malamahui to assist a venerable patriarch, the father of a Filipino Jesuit at present pursuing his theological studies in Rome. I volunteered to accompany the Padre the following day, in as much as I was the one who assisted the wife of this same old man on her death-bed in the hospital a few months ago.

The distance was some twenty-two miles. The Padre's model 1930 Terraplane, brought us to Isabela, from there we had to

cross a narrow strait to the Island of Malamahui. The crossing was done in a Moro *vinta* two feet wide, one and a half foot deep and nine feet long. Once on the other side we began the hardest part of the journey on foot following a trail full of holes and stones and shaded most of the way with coconut trees. The sword of Damocles was hanging menacingly over our heads. From one of those thirty-foot palms a coconut could drop any time with a possible fractured skull, if it found its mark on our heads.

**P**UFFING heavily and perspiring profusely, we carried on, up and down, down and up, the three-mile stretch. The thought that we had the Lord with us to be given as a Viaticum to one of His faithful ones made us forget our predicament. It was around half past ten in the morning when we reached our destination.

The Padre lost no time in administering the sacraments of confession, Viaticum and Extreme Unction. It was around eleven o'clock when we left the old man in high spirits ready to go and meet his Maker. We boarded once more the little *vinta* exposed to the blazing rays of the noonday sun of April, the hottest month in the Philippines, where they say there are only three

kinds of weather : hot, hotter and hottest. We could not sit on the red-hot board ; we were at the mercy of the sun and rocked by a choppy sea ; a Moro woman paddled us across, and a funny feeling ran down my spine when she told us of the big crocodiles that came dangerously near her *vinta* on some of her trips.

ON our way to Lamitan I told the good Padre that four more of these journeys would entitle him to a canonization. Our stomachs were too empty to let us enjoy the superb panorama of unending rows of rubber trees, the picturesque view of palm-shaded shores with colorful sails dotting the horizon ; our faithful Terraplane zig-zagged its way through exuberant vegetation, through woodlands rich in timber that make two huge lumber mills work overtime.

Another secular priest joined us that same afternoon. He had been sent by the Bishop to preach in Visayan at the fiesta of a nearby *barrio*. We had to be there that evening to preside at Vespers and the procession. The son of the local Assemblyman played a practical joke on two young men who came to spend a few days vacation in Lamitan. He told them to look for the University of Bohelebung. They did and they found a few scattered houses and a poor nipa structure housing the primary grades of the *barrio* of Bohelebung.

Bohelebung, Hidden Waters, in Yacan language, is composed of some thirty families, all immigrants. This was the reason why the Bishop sent a special preacher in that language. The *barrio* folks were very much elated when they saw three priests coming to attend their fiesta. About half past six in the evening the procession left the neat little chapel. Evidently the route was not mapped beforehand, as we went through big stones, followed trails with holes, accompanied by an orchestra of six pieces of string instruments.

THREE hours after the procession a program was held in the open air. I don't think the august Queen of England would take as long a time to dress up for the stately ceremony of the opening of Parliament as the Queen of Bohelebung. It took her three long hours to put on her rags, paint herself heavily and to put on a pair of white shoes that seemed to be too small for her big feet judging from the way she walked. The crowd was big, augmented by nearby *barrios*.

The coronation of her majesty, Queen Helena I of Bohelebung, was accomplished as the orchestra struggled through the National Anthem. The Queen had two lady attendants with their respective consorts. After the coronation I was requested to say a few words in English. I greeted the queen, "Your gracious Majesty, Queen Helena I of Bohe . . . Bohe . . ." (I could not

remember the rest of the word.) "Bohelebung," somebody prompted me from the audience.

When the long program had gone its full course, with a full moon high up overhead, we headed back to Lamitan leaving the preacher behind to say an early Communion Mass in Bohelebung. He later told us that he had a hard time keeping his one hundred and eighty pounds in place when he was given two uneven benches to sleep on.

IT was around eleven at night when we reached Lamitan. The following day was Sunday and as soon as I said the people's Mass, the Padre and myself again took to the mountains wherein Bohelebung, the *barrio* of the Hidden Waters, is peacefully nestled. At nine, the Padre sang the Mass ; the choir performed in a way that would do justice to the choir of the Sistine Chapel.

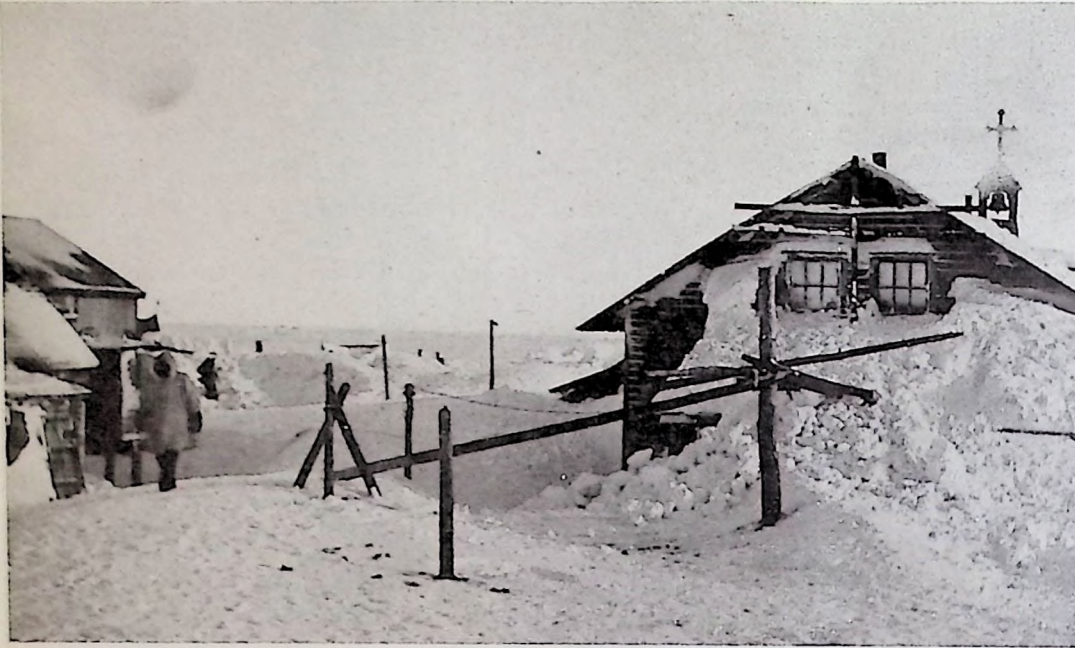


Mother and children—typical Yacan Moros of Basilan Island. The ornaments worn down the front of the jackets of the mother and daughter are silver bells.

The Visayan sermon also was duly delivered. The preacher was directly in front of the bride, married just before the Mass. Towards the end of the sermon he quoted a text from St. Peter in which the devil is compared to a lion going around ready to devour its victims. The bride fainted ; there was a commotion ; interpretations as to the possible cause varied ; the giggling girls of the choir said she fainted because of joy at being admitted into the ranks of the wedded ; others said she saw the lion of the preacher and fainted from fear.

AFTER the Mass there were Baptisms, games, carabao races, etc. It was a colorful *barrio* fiesta ; the simple folk put on their very best and after the fiesta the clothes were stored away for next year. The next day all were back to their routine life. Peaceful people, strong in their Faith, steadfast in their traditions, patriarchal in their way of living. They give what they can to the Padre, hardly enough to cover the gasoline used in coming to their fiesta.

# A Bishop By The Bering Sea



*Hooper Bay as stern winter comes. Convent of Our Lady of the Snow to the right.*

He sailed into Hooper Bay on a load of wood. Then through the dense fog to remote Nelson Island. The Eskimos were glad to see him.

John P. Fox, S.J.

**B**ISHOP WALTER FITZGERALD, S.J., the new Coadjutor Bishop of Alaska paid Hooper Bay and Nelson Island a visit recently. He came with Father George Endal, S.J., in a small gas boat from Holy Cross to Mountain Village. Here he met a good friend of ours, George A. Sheppard, who has a trading post at Chevak some thirty-five miles from Hooper Bay, and who gladly offered to take him along, as he was just on his way home with a load of wood. Though it was a long, hard trip of five days, he would accept no remuneration. For the Bishop, the trip was a fine distraction from his ordinary routine and a real vacation, though he did roll up his sleeves a few times and pitch in when trouble came up.

At Chevak I met Bishop Fitzgerald with our mission boat, *St. Patrick*, and took him over to Hooper Bay. The people were all at the dock to meet the Bishop and greet him with a song accompanied on the cornet by Jimmie Droane. Though already after ten o'clock, both the Bishop and I said Mass attended by the entire village.

Fearing they might be passed up on account of their isolation, the Eskimos of Nelson Island at Tununak sent Bishop Fitzgerald the following message: "The people of Nelson Island are very anxious to have you come to Tununak. (Signed) Peter Kilok, Chief." While the message was not necessary as the Bishop had fully intended a visit there, he was much consoled by the invitation. We left Hooper Bay in the evening at 10:30, and arrived at Tununak at 10:00 the next morning. To save time, we went straight across the Bering instead of following the inside passage that we generally take as it is safer for a small boat. A heavy fog in the morning caused some delay as we had difficulty in finding the Island.

Quite naturally the first episcopal visit to the Island

in the fifty years of the Mission's history, was a great occasion. Row boats equipped with out-board motors came to meet us as soon as the *St. Patrick* emerged from the fog and escorted us to the village. Also a small gas boat joined in the parade. Confirmation followed the next morning after Mass, said by Bishop Fitzgerald at 6:30, at which the whole village went to Holy Communion, a scene that edified our Bishop every morning he said Holy Mass at Tununak, with the exception of the day of arrival, when it was past eleven o'clock and all had already breakfasted.

After the ceremonies of Confirmation the Bishop gave to every one an individual blessing as they came up to the communion rail to kiss his ring in token of respect for his sacred character. Plans to take a picture of the whole group failed as the weather was very bad. However, the following day the wind and rain let up sufficiently so that a picture was attempted, even though many of the people had already left for their respective villages. For they had walked into Tununak in large groups for the Jubilee and Confirmation, and again walked back home towards evening in a drenching rain. When the Bishop saw the sight he remarked: "I wonder if we will be able to see those good people when we get to Heaven. They may be too high up for us to follow."

**T**HE following day we started back to Hooper Bay. Many of the men were lined up along the beach with their shotguns and as we got out a little into the bay their booming began until we were too far off to hear their loud adieu. The weather was still pretty windy so that the trip was not much of a pleasure to any one. But no one got sea-sick, and we arrived at Hooper Bay after chugging along the inside passage for nineteen hours.

We had Confirmation on July 9th at 7:30 in the eve-

ning. Forty-three received the sacrament as compared to the fifty-one confirmed at Tununak. Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., had visited us here two years ago and confirmed forty. On the afternoon of the same day the children also tendered a reception to our Bishop, at the conclusion of which he expressed himself as highly pleased with the children's eager effort. The program consisted of songs, a few little recitations, and a native dance by a small boy who was dressed up as a little Negro comedian, and had the crowd in spasms with his performances. Rainy and windy weather again prevented us from getting a much desired picture when we had the crowd together.

Our annual freight arrived on the steamship *Meteor* about three weeks ago, and with our freight also a few boxes from our kind friends in the States. Shortly after, our first spring mail also arrived, and again brought us eight sacks of clothes and a few boxes of other things from friends. May our dear Lord bless them abundantly for so much kindness to His poor. We will make it a point to remember them frequently in our little prayers and sacrifices.

**I**NFLUENZA is still hanging on. Even our Bishop had to pay his tribute to it. He was more or less in bed for a good part of his stay here, feeling miserable and running a small temperature a good deal of the time. However, it did not interfere very much with his program, though it pretty much spoiled the pleasure he should have gotten out of his stay with us. This, together with the miserable weather also delayed him to some extent in his itinerary.

The Government boat, *North Star*, is expected here tomorrow with the materials for our new Government school. On board are also three new teachers who are to conduct the classes as soon as the building is finished. The old school will be torn down the first thing, and the new one will go up in the same spot. Aside from one foreman and one carpenter, the building is to be put up by local native labor. The two mentioned work-

men will board and lodge at the Mission while the new building is going up.

Keyaluvik Mission has changed hands. Owing to the fact that the new Mission at Keyaluvik can be reached more easily from Hooper Bay than Nelson Island for the greater part of the year, the station was by mutual agreement of Father Paul Deschout, S.J., and myself and with the approval of Bishop Fitzgerald turned over to the Hooper Bay district. The transfer will also benefit several of the larger villages south of Nelson Island on the mainland, as Father Deschout will have more time to extend his missionary efforts in that direction.

Incidentally, Father Deschout was no less pleased than his people over the Bishop's visit, and he had a really fine and much needed break from his daily routine. His freight for the coming winter also arrived by the *Meteor* in good condition, and he expects to move to his station at Nigtmuit within a few weeks to get ready for winter. His building there is too small at present, and he intends to add new living quarters to the back of his chapel.

**E**LIZA CHAKATAR from Tununak availed herself of my visit with the Bishop to apply for admission to our Eskimo Sisterhood. She is twenty years old and received most of her schooling at Akulurak in the mission school conducted there by the Ursuline Nuns.

Ida Demientieff is also back from the Yukon and has taken over the work left by Miss Mary Fanning. She came on the same boat with our Bishop and for the present is boarding and lodging at the Mission.

Two new schools have been approved by Bishop Fitzgerald for the Hooper Bay district. Within about a year we have hopes of seeing a school in operation at Scammon Bay and another one at Kashunak. Several fortunate circumstances combined to make these two new schools possible. The one at Scammon Bay will most likely be ready for operation by this coming fall.

(Turn to page 251)



Father Paul Deschout, S.J., the valiant chief of Nelson Island.



Some Nelson Island Eskimos who welcomed Bishop Fitzgerald.

# José Was A Real Friend

Joseph Wade, S.J.

WHEN I first saw José he did not attract my attention at all. There was nothing about him that suggested the big place he was soon to take in my thoughts, and the degree to which he would soon win my affection. José was medium height, medium weight, ordinary in his dress, forty-five years old, part Spanish and part Maya extraction.

The first thing that did attract my attention was that José would not look at me. When he spoke he looked at the ground or gazed out over the beautiful lagoon that stretches out from the foot of the hill on which the church sits. I said to myself this man is not what he should be. The second peculiarity that attracted my attention after a time was his sharp features, nose, chin, cheekbones and even his sharp way of cutting off his words.

IT was on my second visit to this pueblo at Progreso, British Honduras, that I had my first long talk with José. I arrived at the tiny wharf of the village in the evening about three o'clock. José had been sitting in front of his store, one of the best in town, when he saw the little motor dory coming in from the narrow stream that connects the lagoon with the open sea. José had watched the little skiff come across the long lagoon, watched it without moving, for he knew it, as he knows every canoe motor or sail boat in all these waters.

After a few minutes, José suddenly sat more erect, while his sharp eyes became more sharp. Then he said to the men standing around talking in his store, "*El Padre viene.*" The men in the store heard, looked, some one made a remark, a few laughed, then went on with their former talk. But José rose calmly, knocked the ashes from his pipe, turned to his son who tended the store with him and said: "Tend the store, Manuel."

When I arrived at the dock, I sat for a moment looking up at the twelve or fifteen men standing on the wharf staring down at me. I smiled and spoke a friendly greeting. Nobody moved, nobody smiled, two or three looked into my eyes and murmured, "*Buenos tardes, Padre.*" The others shifted their eyes from mine and did not answer.

I laughed shortly, then looked down for my luggage, and stood in the boat with two pieces in my hands, looking at them. For a second no one moved. Then José took his first step into my heart. He did not smile, but his sharp features sparkled, and short-cut Spanish flowed faster than I could then understand it; but I knew he said, "Here, Father, let me help you." I did.

I stepped from the boat and summoning forth my most friendly and cordial manner, I managed to capture



"The Father is coming." The children of the pueblo rushed down to the shore to greet the Padre. They, too, were friendly.

the timid or reluctant hand of each one, look into his eyes and say that I was very glad to see him, and very happy to be in Progreso again. As this greeting proceeded, some relaxed their features and returned the greeting, two or three hardened and tightened every muscle in their frames, two or three changed much and greeted me warmly, for they only had the shyness of those who live far apart and seldom meet strangers.

As I turned from the last of these men the skies opened and a gust of sweet breeze from heaven came upon me and surrounded me. That gust was a troop of the children from the school. They too had heard the word, "The Father is coming." They had been dismissed from school to greet me, had been standing back where the men had told them to stay. But when I turned to them, little cries from heaven broke loose, they rushed around me, imprisoned all of my fingers, my hands and arms, in their little hands, dancing and shouting, while their gay faces and merry eyes raced in through my eyes and captured my heart.

THAT evening I walked all around the village using my Sunday smile, and my Saturday Spanish, inviting to "novena" (rosary and Benediction). On this trip I passed José's store for the first time. It sat at the bottom of the hill on which the church was built, but two hundred yards down the shore of the lagoon. The store faced the lagoon, looked into the face of the morning sun at its rising, and received the

(Turn to page 251)

# Such Faith I Have Not Seen . . .

Alexander Rolland, S.J.

**I**T was a strange group that made its way slowly up the aisle of my little chapel on the Indian Reservation at Mobert, Ontario, and out into the bright sunlight of the early morning. First came a sizable squaw, evidently blind, for she tapped a careful way with a stick and listened attentively to the instructions spoken clearly by an ancient Indian who (believe it or not) crawled on his hands and knees behind her. A little to the rear a third figure, another squaw, crawling on hands and knees as was the gentleman who preceded her, concluded the curious procession.

"More to the right," said the old gentleman, and obediently the blind leader swung the procession on its course. So they proceeded, left, right, slower and faster, until they had moved some distance out into the yard. There for a moment a halt was called and a fervent greeting exchanged all around. The kneeling couple began immediately to implant hearty kisses on each other's hands until interrupted by a word of complaint from the third party. Then all joined in a laugh and the conversation became general.

**T**HE blind woman and the man in the party were husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pashkiwe, famous throughout the whole of this Indian country and two of the best and sincerest Catholics in my flock. Winter and summer, as often as I visit the Reservation, they are ever faithful attendants at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Only yesterday morning the ground was wet after a rain, and rather than miss Mass Old Pashkiwe had had two men carry him to church in a blanket.



When the snow is on the ground they make their way to chapel by dog sled, but for the most part they travel about in the curious fashion described above. Blind Mrs. Pashkiwe moves along upright, feeling her way with a stick and following carefully the spoken instructions of the old man who crawls along behind her.



*In the winter time old Pashkiwe and his blind squaw come to Mass by dog sled.*

**T**HE third party mentioned in the group this morning was the widow, Sabourin, as aged and crippled as Mr. Pashkiwe, and like him forced to crawl along the ground. The reason for the fervent greeting after Mass was that this was the first time the good widow had had a chance to go visiting after a long winter spent in a house at the far end of the Reserve.

These three oldsters are but part of a group of seven or eight like them who live on this Mobert Reserve. During the winter all but the widow Sabourin harbor together in the one house and are cared for by an Indian couple who receive ten dollars a month from the Department of Indian Affairs for their trouble. Necessarily, they live in extreme poverty for they have no income save that provided by the Government, which is inadequate, ranging anywhere from five dollars to ten dollars a month per individual. The couple who look after them are true Christians however, and with careful economy and the results of fishing and trapping, manage somehow to keep the wolf on the proper side of the door.

The whole Reserve here suffers from poverty. I walked into one home recently where there was a mother and four growing children. The husband had been away for three weeks, trapping, and during that time the family had lived on nothing but flour and water. It is not the sort of thing I run into regularly, but neither is it an isolated incident. During the calendar year of 1938, the following goods were received from the Indian Agent, to be distributed amongst about one hundred and fifty persons: blankets 7; night shirts 6; pairs of mitts 6; bloomers 6; caps 6; short coats 6. Of course, I received a certain amount of second-hand clothing from generous friends, but I could have disposed of a supply ten times as large had I been able to obtain it.

*This picture was taken just as the "kissing incident" took place.*

# Where Will Fishermen Go?

Fishing and booze had brought ruin to Pat, the villainous headman. But all that is happily past. And now he knows where good fishermen go.

William R. Hussey, S.J.

*The author stops  
in mid-stream to  
talk to a boy from  
Nepal.*

THEY found him there, a bag of bones, lying in the dusty road. He had no home, his back was bare and he begged for water. Thus begins the romance of Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., and his good man Pat. Though he had no brogue and had never seen the Isle of Green, Pat was an Irishman at heart for he trusted in God and had a sense of humor. But Pat loved his brew! His story is worth the telling.

His father and his father's father had been the Headmen of Tulsipur, India, a prosperous village just around the hill near the river Ganges. When his summers were six, with his faithful dog, he led some black and white goats to the hill for pasture. As he passed down the lane he never looked back towards his admiring parents who saw him off, for a "General" must not think of home. With flute in hand he hurried to the hills where the grass was green and tumbling streams cool.

AS he stood tip-toe on the velvety green of moss-covered rocks, he could just see the broad expanse of the sail-studded Ganges, holy to the Hindus. When time had added ten more summers to his meager six, he returned again to his boyhood haunt in the quiet hills. He

need not stand on tip-toe now for the years had added cubits to his sturdy brown body. As his eyes followed the winding course of the distant river they moved along waving sheets of gold-tipped green—the rice fields before harvest. With swelling heart he smiled at his fortune, for these were his, along with the Headman's office when his father would die. It wasn't much later that cholera came and gave him the fields and the Headman's job, but it robbed him of treasures more precious still, for he alone of a family of six survived.

Grief sapped the cheer of prosperity. Pat turned his back on his fields and flocks and surrendered himself to his particular vices—fishing and firewater. His fishing agreed with his bibulous habits and the brew prolonged the delights of his fishing. Meanwhile, greedy money-lenders encouraged his vices and scooped up his possessions in lieu of unpaid debts. But Pat didn't worry a whit! Powerful beverages had the knack of brushing away unpleasant realities!

YEARS of dissipation shriveled up his body and his fortune as well, and on an ill-omened day in the dreamy past he was deprived of his house and even his personal belongings. Then came the blow

that crumbled his courage. His fellow villagers, though patient for years, became tired at last of their Headman's villainy, his gross mismanagement of village affairs and his thievery to continue his supply of grog. Then one day, in council grave, they elected a new Headman and the prodigal Pat was driven away. Banished from his native village by fellow pagans because of his vices! Could there be a disgrace more shameful?

Down that very lane through which, as a boy, he had driven his capering goats, he now dragged his wasted frame on legs that were wobbly and with a heart that was sick. That night, and several after it, were spent at the foot of a sheltering tree. But disgust at his lot and the pangs of hunger forced him on, until at last, sheer weakness prevailed. Hoping for death as a kind solution of his miseries, he sank to the ground and was received by the soft cushion of layers of dust. His shaggy hair, unshorn for months, looked like an ill-used mop. His cheek-bones protruded from his weather-beaten face and his ribs pressed hard against his dust-coated skin. It was there that Father Bohn found him later, as he cycled along with his catechist, a Good Samaritan in search of souls.

When Pat awoke, his gaunt fingers clawed thin air instead of

the dust of the road; his blood-shot eyes in search of something familiar bulged from his head, to be met by the kindly smile of his chance-met rescuer.

"Where . . . where . . . am I?" muttered Pat.

"You are safely at home at the Catholic Mission!" Father Bohn answered.

"But . . . how . . . did I . . . get . . . here?" continued Pat, his mind in confusion.

"By the mercy of God," was the gentle reply.

Incredulity lengthened the wrinkles of his furrowed brow. And then:

"God . . . doesn't know . . . me . . . and He . . . doesn't . . . care!"

"Oh yes, He does, as you will learn! But now, do you want something?"

A ripple of a smile crept over his face and with the shyness of a child he asked for rice. But with fever so high his request was dangerous. Instead, he was given barley water with assurances of heaps of rice when his fever abated.

**D**AYS passed. Plate after plate of steaming rice had been set before him and later removed, as bare as his shiny back. His legs, however, could not get strong and it was evident that his days were numbered. But it was good to live again and Pat's good humor made him an important figure of our jungle school. He laughed and sang, and with tongue in cheek, delighted the boys with impossible yarns. Meanwhile, he reversed his theology

according to which one worshipped the devil and ignored the kind God. Father Bohn taught him to worship God and to forget about the devil.

He learned his catechism, too, and with new-found pride this wizened old man who claimed to be "at least a hundred years old" dragged out the answers from his age-encrusted memory when Father Bohn came around for catechism class. The happy day came when this erstwhile villain was baptized and given his new name, "Patrick." As the life-giving waters trickled down his swarthy brow, the mis-spent years were rolled back again, and Pat's soul was alive and pure once more—purer than it was on that faraway day when he stood tip-toe and peeked over the hill, his big, brown eyes sparkling with excitement.

**O**N one of his many visits to bed-ridden Pat, Father Bohn brought a bouquet of flowers presented by the school children on the occasion of his feast. Flowers appealed to Pat and it was a fine gesture of Father Bohn to relinquish them. Pat accepted the bouquet with pleasure and sat admiring it, whispering softly as he moved his fingers in the brilliant cluster, "For



*Pat, the fisherman, was once a pagan and offered sacrifice in the rice fields as these Hindus are doing.*

me! for me!" But when his benefactor turned his back, the animal in Pat suppressed the aesthetic and he gobbled the bouquet with evident relish. When Father Bohn turned around he stared with amazement as Pat gulped down the last of the posies.

**W**HEN the rainy days came and the fishing season opened, his fingers itched for the line and rod. He would beg for permission "just to sit by the river when the fish were biting" but we never said "yes" for the river flowed miles away. Sometimes Pat didn't obey and when no one was near he dragged himself towards the river on legs as flexible as rubber. After an hour of almost superhuman efforts the truant had advanced only fifteen yards in the direction of the faraway stream.

Once, when I caught him on one of these fishing excursions, I warned him of death. His eyes opened wide and glistened with joy.

"Pat, tell me, what happens after death?"

"Why, the evil go to the devil and the good to God!"

"And where will Pat the fisherman go?"

"I'm going to Heaven! Am I not a Christian?"

All too soon Pat's end came. His stout heart tired and he was anxious to go. When all was quiet and his friends stood watching this brown fisherman went to join Him Who was Himself the "fisher of men."

*Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., baptizing a child. Not only Pat but many others owe their salvation to him.*



# Brother Joe's Jubilee

Robert L.  
McCormack, S.J.

“**H**OW would you like to go to British Honduras to take Brother Naughten's place?” Brother Joseph Jankowski, S.J., was asked this question one day twenty-five years ago by the Provincial of the Missouri Province. He was passing through St. Louis on his way to Cleveland when the news came of the drowning of Brother Naughten in the Caribbean Sea. The last thought in Brother Joe's mind was a trip to Belize, but he didn't hesitate in giving his answer:

“When am I to go?” he said, and just as calmly came the answer from the Provincial, “You may start tomorrow.”

Brother Joe did start “tomorrow” without thought of leave-taking or any other formality. Since that date he has never left the shores of British Honduras. This year is the Silver Jubilee of his arrival.

Brother Joe had an interesting quarter century in the Colony. For seven years he was buyer, cook and clothes keeper for the Jesuit Community in Belize. For about the same number of years he labored as a lay Brother at St. John's College just outside Belize. During this time Brother Joe became the intimate and warm friend of thousands of Central American boys who came from all the Central American republics and Mexico to study at the College.

**P**ERHAPS the most notable acquaintance which Brother developed during these years at the College was “Jenny.” Now do not think for a minute that this Jesuit boarding college for Central Americans was co-educational! Jenny you should know was an old mule that had already seen many useful years when Brother Joe first met her. Many and frequent were the trips that Brother Joe and Jenny took into town on their errands of duty and charity. The pair became as well known in the town of Belize as *Don Quixote* and his horse *Rosinante*.

Jenny would come at Brother's first call. She would

stand patiently near the banana room waiting for Brother to give her her wonted yellow morsel. When the College collapsed in the hurricane in 1931, Jenny perished under the building with many of the boys and their teachers. It was only Brother Joe who noticed that Jenny died standing at her accustomed place near the banana room waiting for Brother Joe to come.

Brother Joe was most popular with all the boys at College. Not only did they like the fine meals that he prepared for them, often cooking them himself, but they could never tell just when Brother would surprise them by nudging up close to them and slipping into their hands an orange or a banana or a piece of candy from his own ample cassock pockets. As cook, he could worry the Prefect by starting a near-riot when he would wander about the Refectory with a few extra hard-boiled eggs in his hands and place one now at this boy's place, now at another's.

What standards of choice or rotation he used on these expeditions, only the Guardian Angels know; but every boy in the Refectory felt that he might influence that choice by shouting, “Brother Joe” frequently at the top of his voice. Not only the college boys, but every child in town could spot Brother Joe four blocks away; and the police got to know that when a conglomerate group of youngsters began moving in one direction.

(Turn to page 251)



*Brother Joe never leaves the house without a plentiful supply of bananas. Not this many however.*



*Part of the Harbor of Belize where Brother Joe landed twenty-five years ago, never to leave.*

# THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS

CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

## *Mystery Man*

The nuns of a certain convent in Seattle had noticed nothing unusual about the visiting priest who was saying the early Mass one morning last August. Those close to the altar may have observed that he was young, rather thin, and that his face was singularly weather-beaten.

It was only when he began to say the prayers at the end of Mass that it became evident that the visitor was somewhat out of the ordinary. For the language he used was not German, nor French, nor Scandinavian. In fact, it was the most astonishing lingual explosion that had ever been heard at the convent.

## *The Plot Thickens*

The mystery increased when during breakfast he asked the nun serving him (in perfect English) if she knew who won the Spanish war and who the new Pope was. About himself the only explanation he gave was that he was a foreigner.

A week later this mystery priest paid us a visit at the office. "I still feel like a foreigner," he said. And who wouldn't? For this was Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., who for the last three years has been the spiritual ruler of one hundred and fifty Eskimos on Little Diomed Island, Alaska, in the Bering Sea, five miles from Soviet Russia.

## *Father Tom's Kingdom*

The language he spoke at the end of Mass in Seattle was the language of the island's Eskimos, and it is unusual, too, because it is used no place else in the world. As for his inquiries about the Spanish war and the new Pope, well, he was still asking questions like this when he arrived in New York. For the mail man does not stop at Little Diomed. In fact, the place has no regular connection with the outer world.

Last winter on Little Diomed was the most bitter that even the

oldest Eskimos could remember. The North wind blew for one hundred and twenty-four days straight. Hunting was impossible and soon the inhabitants were reduced to one meal a day. In 1937, Father Cunningham had killed a whale and buried it under the church to be used as dog meat. Before long, he was forced to dig this two-year-old carcass up and eat it himself. But soon this, too, was gone. The fuel was so scarce that boards had to be torn off houses and even the church. Then one day when he had not eaten for four days, Father Tom and three of the island's most intrepid Eskimos decided that despite the high wind and the 45° below zero temperature, they had to hunt.

The first seal was shot by Father Tom himself. And all four of the hunters, the priest included, immediately skinned the animal where it lay and ate it raw.

## *What! No Spinach?*

Those who are under the impression that the incredible hardships, endured by Isaac Jogues and the first missionaries on this continent, are over, should listen to Father Cunningham describe a normal day on Little Diomed. The inhabitants are almost as primitive in their way of life as the American Indians of three hundred years ago. The physical condition of the island and its distance from the mainland, indeed, enforce privations which were unknown to the early Indians.

It is impossible to grow anything there because there is no soil. The island is just a huge mass of rock rising out of the sea. The staple food is seal, whale and fish, plus a little bread made from flour purchased on rare trips to the mainland. Of course, a white man could stock his cabin with white man's grub. But not a missionary. You have to live like the people if you want to convert them, and Father Tom in three years has converted all but eight of the island's

one hundred and fifty inhabitants.

So it has been seal for breakfast, seal for dinner and seal for supper. Father Tom shoots all of his own seals and many of those eaten by others on the island. He is Little Diomed's Number 1 shot with the rifle—a distinction which he attributes to the fact that he, unlike the Eskimos, keeps his rifle clean.

## *Good Scientist, Too*

Besides converting almost the whole island and tending to their spiritual needs, Father Cunningham in his three years there has completed two important bits of scientific work. The first is his discovery that Little Diomed has been misplaced on the Government maps. Geographers have consistently located it from ten to fifteen miles below the Arctic Circle. Father Tom's observations will put it now on or above the Circle. One of his proofs is the midnight sun which he has witnessed several times from Little Diomed.

The other scientific contribution is his dictionary of the island's language, the first ever to be composed. His knowledge of the language was one of the chief factors in saving him from death before a communist firing squad.

## *So They Didn't Shoot Him*

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS and "America" will recall how over a year ago while on a seal hunting trip he was forced by the ice to go ashore on Big Diomed Island—a Soviet possession five miles away. Arrested by a Commissar sent from Siberia for the purpose, he was sentenced to be shot. But the sentence was never carried out. The fact that the priest, who was charged with being a foreigner, could speak their language fluently while Stalin's Commissar had to use an interpreter, made too strong an impression on Big Diomed's Eskimos.

# Mother of Miss

on the Hill." Catholicism in India owes much to this institution.

Counting the present group of theological students at St. Mary's, there are 734 names on the roster of Jesuits who have passed through the arms of our "Mother of Missionaries." Of these, seven have become Bishops or Archbishops. Archbishop Meuleman of Calcutta and Van Hoeck, first bishop of both the Patna and Ranchi dioceses, have gone to their reward. Archbishop Perier, the present Archbishop of Calcutta, Bishop Severin of Ranchi, Bishop Roche of Tuticorin, the first Indian Bishop of the Latin Rite, Bishop Leonard of Madura and Bishop Agniswamy, recently appointed Bishop of Kottar, are all sons of St. Mary's now ruling dioceses of India.

Fifty years of motherhood! It was in 1889, on the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, that the formal opening of St. Mary's College took place. Previous to that time the Jesuit Scholastics who came out to India for missionary work had to make their theological studies in the Jesuit houses attached to the Arts Colleges conducted by the Jesuits in the different centers of India. Several attempts were made to start houses of theological studies. Back in 1877 a start was made at Hazaribagh, site of the present Jesuit Novitiate; several years later a shift was made to Asansol. But these spots were found unsuitable for houses of studies; the sultry heats of the plains interfered with studies and health.

**I**N 1888, Father Grosjean, the Superior of the Bengal Mission, found the ideal spot in Kurseong. Kurseong is a little mountain village nestling in a nook of the Himalayan hills at an altitude of five thousand feet. Just north of the village, five hundred feet above the motor road which runs through Kurseong from Silguri to Darjeeling, that famous hill-resort station of Government officials, Indian Princes and Tea Planters, Father Grosjean discovered a plot of land lying at the tip of one of many ridges that jut out from the main line of hills. This he purchased and started building the house that became St. Mary's.

In January, 1889, a little band of Scholastics with their professor came to Kurseong and settled down in two small bungalows on the outskirts of the village. Several weeks later they started classes. Between classes they watched the progress in the building of the future home. On July 26th, they moved into the new building and on July 31st, Father Grosjean solemnly blessed the house.

**S**INCE that day the Belgian Jesuit Fathers, who are in charge of the College, have devoted their zealous energies to the training of the Jesuit missionaries of India. Being a theological seminary, theology is, of course, the chief item in the course of studies given. But since it is a theological seminary for missionaries in India, the dogmas and doctrines of the Catholic Church are taught in such a way as to show their adaptability to Indian minds. Rather, the beliefs and the errors in the Indian religions are shown to be in need of the dogmas and doctrines of the Catholic Church. A special Indian Academy holds weekly meetings to discuss the doctrinal tenets and social problems that the missionary meets in the course of his work.

During his theoretical preparation, the young missionary-to-be is also prepared in a practical way by being sent out to catechize in the various government and private hill schools that abound in the vicinity of Kurseong.

The theological students also give practical aid to their missionary brothers in the field by conducting the Catholic Press Service which supplies Indian news



**F**IFTY years of motherhood! St. Mary's College, Kurseong, the "Motherhouse" of Jesuit Missionaries in India, will celebrate this year her Golden Jubilee. St. Mary's, perched on the edge of one of the ridges of the Himalayan foothills overlooking the little town of Kurseong, is the theological seminary in which Jesuit missionary priests are ordained for work in the many Jesuit Missions of India and Ceylon. It is the *Alma Mater* of twenty-three of the Patna Mission's priests, who have been ordained there during the past fourteen years and of eighteen other young Patna Jesuit Scholastics who are at present preparing there for their future apostolic labors in the missionary harvest fields of Patna.

Fifty years of motherhood! Yes, ever since 1889, young Jesuit priests have been going out from the arms of St. Mary's to the mission fields of India, and today one can hardly travel anywhere from the nether tip of Ceylon to the majestic snow-capped Himalayas or from Bombay to Calcutta without being within a day's travel of some missionary who spent four years in the "House



The chapel at St. Mary's.

# aries

John S.  
O'Connor, S.J.

ers, libraries, clubs and societies with Catholic litera-  
Thousands of Catholic periodicals, booklets and  
positions of Catholic doctrine have been mailed out  
Kurseong during the past few years.  
till last year when the Students' Missionary League  
the East got its full-time Director, *Apostles*, the  
of the S. M. L., was edited from Kurseong.  
The Depressed Class Documentation which keeps the  
Missionaries of India abreast of the developments in the  
movements and uplift among the sixty million  
bearers of the Depressed Classes is published by a  
of Kurseong theologians.

ST. MARY'S has been a real mother to her sons. She  
can with pride—just pride—look out over the ex-  
panse of India today and see her sons working zealous-  
ly in every section of the land from north to south, from  
east to west. Fifty years of motherhood! Long may she reign and  
may her sons increase to seven times seven their present number!  
This year's Jubilee ordination class will include six Chicago Province  
priests—the largest in the history of Patna Mission. It will mean  
much to the Mission when these six priests return to the plains of  
India to begin their soul-saving careers. In addition to being the  
assistants, this class has the unique distinction of including in its num-  
ber the first Indian Jesuit priest from the Mission itself.

FATHER Peter Angelo, S.J., studied in the Mission schools and  
after completing his noviceship and studies at Shembaganur in  
South India, returned to the Madras and spent most of his period of  
teaching among the Santal boys at Bhagalpur and Gokhla where  
his memory is still cherished by the aboriginal boys for whom he  
worked. His ordination will be a consolation to all the missionaries  
of Patna Mission and will be the occasion of great rejoicing at Chu-  
hari where Father Angelo's mother and relatives live.

FATHER E. Vincent Gallagher, S.J., of Detroit, Michigan, came to  
Patna nine years ago. After completing his philosophy at Shembaganur,  
he spent three busy years at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, before  
returning to Kurseong.

FATHER John S. O'Connor, S.J., of Lima, Ohio, and Father Edward  
H. Niesen, S.J., of Chicago, came to Patna in 1933. They were at

first annexed to the staff of Khrist Raja High School,  
Bettiah, where they taught for three years. Father Niesen  
won the praise and cooperation of the District School  
authorities when he inaugurated the annual football tourna-  
ment for the Middle English Schools of Champaran District.  
Father O'Connor will be remembered as a former editor of  
the *Patna Mission Letter*.

When Chuhari stages its "Homecoming" celebrations for  
Father Angelo, it will include two adopted sons, Father  
Robert J. Snyder, S.J., of Aurora, Illinois, and Father  
Joseph P. Wroblewski, S.J., of Chicago, Illinois. Both  
priests spent part of their regency at Chuhari, fathering  
orphans and managing the Middle English School.  
It will be a happy day for the school children and the  
priests when they can greet as priests the two Scholastics  
to whom they gave tearful farewells when they left to begin  
their theological studies at Kurseong.

The Jesuits of the Chicago Province who will be in next month's  
ordination class at St. Mary's. Left to right: Fathers  
Peter Angelo, S.J., Robert J. Snyder, S.J., Joseph P. Wroblewski,  
John S. O'Connor, S.J., Edmund V. Gallagher, S.J., and  
Edward H. Niesen, S.J.



The "Mother of Missionaries" stands on the edge of one of the ridges of the Himalayan hills. Its five thousand feet altitude puts it out of reach of India's heat.

ORDINATION day at any seminary is truly  
"Mothers' Day." But it is tough to be a "Mis-  
sionary Mother!" It means the sacrifice of a mother's  
greatest consolation. It requires separation at the very  
time when the hearts of mother and son are most inti-  
mately united. But strange to say, the joy of both  
mother and son are enhanced by the sacrifice they make.  
The Missionary Mother's heart leaps over the distance  
and shares in the glory of her son. He in turn is one with  
her and experiences the profound happiness of being an  
"alter Christus" and the honest pride of being "her" son.

It is this fact which makes Ordination day at St.  
Mary's, Kurseong, "Mothers' Day." It is this circum-  
stance which will compensate for the absence of five  
Missionary Mothers when, in November, their sons  
kneel at the feet of the Archbishop to be given their  
share in the sacerdotal life of their Missionary Leader,  
Christ. Three of these mothers will witness the event  
and participate in it even more closely, from their place  
in Heaven. The others, though ten thousand miles  
away, will be one in spirit with their sons, and will find  
that not even distance can lessen the ecstatic joy of see-  
ing their sons return from the altar.



# Land of The Precious Pond

Gerald J. Pope, S.J.

**T**HERE is a little, secluded spot in the heart of China known as Kuei-chih—the Land of the Precious Pond. There is a melancholy and haunting picturesqueness about this charming little place that I've yet to find elsewhere in China. It was there that scarcely a dozen of us from various climes and countries came sometime ago to continue our course of studies in the Chinese language in preparation of furthering the cause of Christ the King in China.

The Land of the Precious Pond, distant some twenty miles from Anhwei's capital, Anking, lies near the great Yang-tze River, the stream that pulses with the life and bustle of China's teeming millions and reflects as in a mirror by its floods and kaleidoscopic changes, the very soul of what used to be the Celestial Kingdom.

Closed in by a vine-clad wall, Kuei-chih itself scarcely differs from the rolling landscape and countryside with all its rich greens and lush soil. It possesses none of the stir and fuss of the ordinary Chinese small town and larger city. The inhabitants are for the greater part farmers and fishermen, simple folk, who, since they are southerners, are slow in action but machine-gun-like in the rapidity of their speech.

In all this breathless, monastery-like atmosphere there were, however, many incidents that went to make our daily life of studies both interesting and highly amusing. Take, for instance, the Spanish beer, (for we are residing in a Mission entrusted to the Spanish Jesuits). This particular beer seemed to contain all the pent-up fury of a Barcelona mob on the rampage; and when at table the bottle was uncapped, the fireworks or rather the waterworks began.

It invariably happened that the most potent bottle of brew was somehow or other selected by a visitor; and when the unsuspecting individual removed the cap, a scene ensued which was the equal of a dozen movie gags. The bottle was like a four-inch fire-hose in the hands of a child. The brew swishing and hissing through the air set in motion the whole refectory as each of us came to the aid of our, by now, thoroughly embarrassed guest.

**O**NE day I was interrupted from my absorption in the perusal of some language oddities by the din and clamor of strident voices. Hurrying to the spot



*Two of the precious treasures of the Land of the Precious Pond.*

whence they came, I perceived a small crowd of infuriated Chinese surrounding our excellent Brother Monasterio, the veritable *directeur* of our residence. Amid the screeches and screams and blood-curdling threats that pierced the air, I could make out partially what this small riot was all about. It seems that one of the neighborhood boys with his family and endless number of relatives had come to demand from the Brother the scrawniest and scrubbiest of the many cats that, besides whatever else they do, certainly succeed in drowning out the much more desirable music of the stars. The youngster contended that the cat belonged to him and that it had been poached and appropriated by the *Tien Chu Tang*, by the Catholic Church, or in short by us.

This may seem ridiculous to you who read; but for me who witnessed the proceedings and caught the note of anger that electrified the air, this Chinese crowd inspired no little terror. Here was something, so I thought, that might easily develop into all the seriousness of a riot. However, amid the din and uproar and menacing words and gesticulations, Brother Monasterio was master of the situation. At the climax, he calmly asked for written proof that Mr. Felix, the cat, really belonged to the boy.

At this, the lad, and all his relatives after him, had no alternative but to confess he had no proof, and that the cat was really ours; the crowd then disbanded and the incident was over—that is, until five minutes later when I stopped, my heart in my throat, as I heard just outside the front door a series of what I took to be shots and explosions.

**C**AUTIOUSLY peeping over the window sill lest my head be a target for a stray bullet, what was my relief to see that harmless firecrackers were the cause of all the ear-splitting and nerve-racking noise. This touch, I learned, was to acknowledge that we were in the right, that Felix the cat was really ours, and that the boy and his irate family were "mistaken." Once again, Chinese etiquette had been observed; everybody's face had been saved, and now all was friendly and well.

I had to admire Brother Monasterio's adroitness and keen analysis of Chinese character. He knew that although the anger of the crowd was nine-tenths bluff, had he handed over the cat he would have been forced to give away our whole Mission Compound!

# The Press and the Missions

## The Mission Intention for October

WHATEVER may be said of the use of that power, —there is no question but that the modern press can spotlight the most remote places and activities so that they become more familiar and well known than affairs in the next town.

The presses grind, the newsboys shout and Guam, Danzig, Tientsin, Shanghai, leap into the consciousness and onto the lips of all the world.

It is unfortunate that for the most part the events which draw the focus of this white light of publicity are crime, disaster, war or other disturbing and violent phenomena. It seems to be human nature to find destructive and terrible things more newsworthy than what is constructive and edifying. Men seem always inclined to consider contemporary history or "news" to be the chronicle of the scoundrels of the world and to neglect the work of the real heroes until the constructiveness and significance of their lives appear long afterwards.

Through all modern history the quiet, unobtrusive work of the missionaries, from the days of St. Paul to our own, has done more to shape the destiny of civilization than all the battles and diplomacy of the nations. "The thunder and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart," and it is found that human advancement springs up where missionaries have sown the seeds of the doctrines and spirit of Christ.

ROMAN paganism, the barbarian darkness from the North, Mohammedanism,—all these obstacles and threats to Christian culture received their death blows from the work of Catholic missionaries. Forces as dark and blighting still stand in the way of the establishment of Christ's Kingdom and we cannot ignore the news of how this age-old battle stands today. The missions are "the front" of the war to win all the world back to Christ and His Church, wherein lies its only hope of happiness and salvation here and hereafter. The trivia of the day's happenings, the plundering and exploitation and greed of selfish men, the thunder and clash of the world's armies, the trading of the world's markets are actually insignificant compared to the news of the world-wide effort to save men and bring them to their real and eternal destiny.

How ironical it must seem to missionaries who have labored long years, performed miracles of construction, social uplift, conversion, enlightenment and salvation,—when they see all this ignored and find themselves newsworthy only when they have been kidnapped or bombed.

However, the press is, after all, only the purveyor of the sort of news the public wants. In the case of the death of the late Pontiff and the coronation of his successor, Pius XII, the newspapers sensed the tremendous public interest and the real importance of the Papacy in world affairs, and responded accordingly. No one could complain of the resulting coverage. Mission news is closely related to all that the Pope stands for in Christian civilization.

News of commercial, medical and political activities

in foreign countries is eagerly consumed. And yet how does the opening of a sardine market in China or the vaccination of moppets in Patagonia or the war of political propaganda in South America compare in importance with the spreading of the faith and charity of Christ and the trading of Christian culture for pagan darkness and the winning of new lands for Christ the King in the crusades of the twentieth century?

OUR interest in mission affairs is a challenge to our real sense of values. If we truly put the things of God ahead of those of Caesar we will want to know more about the success of His battles and the needs of His soldiers.

Those who recall the days when papers were eagerly scanned for any scrap of news about the boys at war in France and the loyalties and sacrifices made for them should remember that there are men still "over there" in a war that knows no armistice until the whole world is made safe in the knowledge and worship of the One, True God in the one, true Church.

The sagas of Augustine, Patrick, Willibrord, Boniface, Xavier, Jogues and his companions, the Franciscans in California are fascinating and romantic to all readers. Let us not forget that we have men and women following the same paths, and enduring similar hardships in our own day and the stories of their work, once we have learned of it cannot help but hold our interest.

There is no question of finding unusual, interesting and heroic material for dissemination in the press, but of bringing it to the attention of the average reader. The intention concerns the press in general but certainly the most immediate and practical fulfillment of the intention lies in the success of the Catholic Mission magazines. A surprise awaits the person who turns, out of a sense of duty and loyalty to the missions, to these magazines which carry the intimate and heroic stories of men and women working for Our Lord in the far places. They will find that those who came to be bored remain to be fascinated by the romance, human interest, appealing heroism and news value of these voices of the missions that come in from over the seven seas. To a lover of Christ their victories are heart warming, their needs heart touching.

TO the JESUIT MISSIONS, the Mission Intention selected for October is a tremendous consolation and encouragement. To know that our work of making known the sacrifices and labors of the American Jesuits around the world is being aided by the prayers of all the Faithful, brings a fresh impetus to expend every effort to give to the supporters of the missions a magazine which will do justice to the men whom it represents and sustain the enthusiasm and interest of its loyal readers.

The Mission Press relates the acts of the present day apostles. May Our Lord Who has sent the missionaries to carry His word, bring it about that their light be not hidden but may shine forth clearly before all men.

# A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

### Day's Work in Malaybalay

Father Francis D. Doino, S.J., transferred from Occidental Misamis, where the Columban Fathers are taking over, writes of some of the works and worries at Malaybalay, Bukidnon, P. I.:

"Here I am again. Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., has been called to Manila because of poor health and is now professor of philosophy in the Ateneo and I, the first to leave the West Coast in the general exodus of the Jesuits from that sector, have come to take charge of Malaybalay,—building up a new church, worrying over a school, responsible for the girls' dormitory, in charge of a leper colony, caring for the sick in the provincial hospital, running out to a different *barrio* to say a second Mass each Sunday and running out to others as opportunity allows me to bring Mass to many other neglected but not regular *barrios*, caring for a cadre of one hundred men in training, ministering to the constabulary stationed here and making whatever house visits I can to call back the stray sheep to their Catholic duties—and so trying to fill out a day that unfortunately lasts only twenty-four hours. What can any man do under this handicap, except pray that the Lord of the harvest send forth another laboring companion to give him a helping hand?

"The West Coast, as I wrote to you some time ago, is all finished. The Columban Fathers are there to stay, each in one of his own parishes. Where I formerly had charge, you now have four Columbans. Thank God for the increase He so lavishly gave

to our efforts and for the big harvest now in store for the Columbans and to JESUIT MISSIONS and its friends for making success at all possible, but the order has come and the pioneers have



Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., newly appointed Superior of the Mission of Jamaica, B. W. I., and Rector of St. George College, Kingston. Father Feeney was for eight years Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS.

left for other fields to conquer.

"Malaybalay is an entirely new field for me. I never even visited here before. I am a stranger in a strange land. The traits and response of these new people are entirely different from those of my old associates and friends of Occidental Misamis. One class, the original Bukidnons, are about the most destitute Filipinos I have yet met. They are not the 'have-mores or lesses,' but the 'have-nots' altogether. So you see, I have to start out all over again right from the beginning."

## Life vs. Letters

Father John A. Pollock, S.J. explains why he could not send an article. It's not that "nothing happens" but that things happen too fast.

"Thanks a thousand times for the check enclosed in your letter of April 21st, which came long ago, and pardon the delay in acknowledging same. It was all due to your request for another contribution. In the first place, the muse was vacationing, secondly, the May-June rush was on, one of the longest busy seasons of the year.

"Though the rush is not yet over, I can now begin to see daylight again, getting out from under the avalanche of papers, letters, reports (but not checks) that cover my desk. The other day, SS. Peter and Paul, I thought it would be a good opportunity to write, for everybody takes a 'bath in the sea' in honor of the fisherman, and hence nobody would come around. So I figured after the second Mass to give the rest of the morning to your request. But an urgent sick call was waiting immediately after the second Mass, so even

without breakfast, I rushed off on a long hike up the mountain, went so fast the poor guide gasped for mercy. Well, we made it in time, before the old fellow became unconscious, so he was able to receive Viaticum. *Deo gratias.*

"The family had no idea that a visitor would arrive at 10:30 without yet a bite to eat, so they made no break to give anything, and when I saw their poverty, I figured if they had anything they must need it too much, so I could make the return trip on an empty stomach, easy now, down grade.

# ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

It was a fruitful morning, but JESUIT MISSIONS did not get its article!

## What, Again?

"Last night I had hoped to give the hour before supper to the same good work, answering your request, and again came a rush call, this time a hike along the seashore, for a man who had fallen out of a high coconut tree and died in a minute. It was past two hours already when I was called, so I speeded up and kept the guide running all the way, and presently met the party carrying the dead man to his house, and right there in the swamp we halted, and I did what I could for his eternal welfare. It was a sad case, a fine man with seven children, a very active laborer, who was employed on our church reconstruction this time last year. God rest his soul.

"A few days ago we had a sad but convincing verification of the excuse given by so many of the visitors to the Mindanao Mission for not coming to my Island of Camiguin. 'It's an Island, hard to get on and hard to get off.' Visitors have been stranded here for as long as a week, when a storm came up. But the other day our island exile served a good purpose by catching a murderer. This villain had murdered two men in Manila and escaped, then badly wounded another in Mindanao, left him dying and took refuge on this island, where he was unknown. Within a week he got drunk, picked a quarrel, and murdered one of our men, not far from my house, a very sad case. But he was trapped on this little island this time, no chance to get away, no place to hide on the island, no place to embark that was not under guard,—was arrested the morning after the murder. So it looks as if justice will triumph this time."

## PATNA, INDIA

### "Mohams Are No Fools"

Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., drops a few remarks about Patna's Mohammedans and Untouchables:



Three Tibetans passing through Kurseong, India, timidly volunteer to pose for the Jesuit missionary's camera.

"Talking of the Mohams (Mohammedans), for whom the Holy Father requests our special prayers, they surely need them. Since July 1st, four Moslems have been in, three just nibbling out of curiosity, but one apparently very sincere. But to say sincere, does not yet mean that he will 'come in.' To do that he must be not only sincere, but *heroic*. This particular man, father of two children, with two years of college training and now teaching in a Moslem high school here in Patna City, began coming on July 1st. Yesterday evening he came secretly to tell me that he had been discharged from his position in the school, and that his living quarters at the school had been put under lock and key. I said above that your Mohams are no fools; should add, 'and no foolin'.' They and the Sikhs are good running mates. Did I tell you that our brave Sikh and his lady won out, and are now your brother and sister in Christ? Sikhs have been watching our gate ever since. Hope JESUIT MISSIONS readers will win many a Sikh and Moslem the grace to be not only brave, but *heroically* brave.

"I wish I could give you something more definite about our work with the Untouchables. But I get only fragmentary items. Father Bernard D'Cruz, whom I taught as a boy in Bettiah thir-

teen years ago, was saying this week that he had about one thousand under instruction in his area alone. Father Remy Andrew, another one of my former students in Bettiah (both of Khrist Raja High School), wrote that he had baptized thirty the last two weeks, mostly women, which is saying a lot, considering that it's an art to woo and win the fair sex, whether for Baptism or for Matrimony. (My gardener, a convert of three years standing, and a fine chap, married a month ago and has had to go and get back his honeymoon wife three times already. One night she climbed over the compound wall to effect her escape. Some land is Hindusthan!)"

## Orphans of Chuhari

"I have been at Chuhari for a little more than a year," writes Father Kevin Angelo, S.J., the Pastor. "Besides the Mission Parish, we have an Orphanage for the Catholic boys of Patna Mission. Over a hundred orphans from all parts of Patna are gathered here, some are converts from paganism, or waifs whom we have picked up in the villages—others are children of destitute parents. Just now I have to turn down many who come for shelter to me, because I have scarcely the means to feed, clothe and educate the one hundred and more boys I have. Their food and clothing is just what is barely necessary, but even that means Rupees, and we haven't got an excess of that. In the great Indian earthquake of 1934, our church crumbled to a heap of ruins and since that time we hold our services in the boys' study hall which has been converted into a Parish Church. Some day we trust God will give us a generous benefactor to raise a worthy House for His worship in this pagan land. Then my poor congregation will once again enjoy the privilege of Catholics to hear Mass within a church. For the past five years they have had to be content with attending Mass and other services standing or sitting, in sunshine or rain, outside our small make-shift church.

# BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Philip Black Elk (left), quiet little Sioux Indian boy, is eating breakfast after the Mass during which he made his First Holy Communion. Arthur Long Pumpkin (center) seems to be interested in what the girls are doing. Fifty boys and girls made their First Holy Communion at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

“Francis Rodrigues, S.J., and Philip Poovattil, S.J., the two Scholastics together with Brother Fidelis, our lay Brother, help me to keep the Faith alive among the orphans and the Christians of this Mission outpost at Chuhari, India.”

## BRITISH HONDURAS On to Corozal

After his installation at Belize, Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., began a tour of the principal cities of the Mission. Mr. Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J., describes his visit to Corozal:

“On hand at the air field at 5:30 to welcome His Lordship were the District Commissioner, the Sergeant of Police, and a delegation of the *Acion Catolica*, who had risen betimes to the fanfare of trumpets in the Plaza, so that they might be the first to extend Corozal's hospitality to the new Bishop and escort him by motorcar to town. Father Anthony J. Corey, S.J., in the background, looked on approvingly. At San Roque, a mile or so above the air field, two score horsemen, mounted and gaily outfitted in the Papal colors of white and gold, formed an impressive guard of honor as the episcopal party motored through. Off went sombreros and

heads bowed to salute the Bishop and to receive his benison. A little farther on cyclists got in line to swell the prodigious escort.

“When the motorcade approached the *cocal* that fringes the town on the south, acolytes took the garlanded car in tow, maids of honor caught hold of multicolored streamers that floated out from wind-shield and doors, while little flower girls, curtsying, strewed the triumphal way with bougainvillaea. Simultaneously, two bands struck up the martial air, ‘*Marchad Jovenes*.’

### Royal Reception

“Along the processional way the fronts of houses, tastefully decked with palm branches and flowers, bespoke a more eloquent welcome than words. But more eloquent still were the bells in the campanile of St. Francis Xavier Church, which were set to their clamorous pealing as the Bishop's train neared the heart of town. Here, for some yards, two solid walls of humanity flanked the episcopal route. At the church, the procession came to a stop. His Lordship alighted and made his way through the congestion into the sacristy. The rain that had fallen two hours before and even now looked peril-

ously close, held off until after the Mass. As the Holy Sacrifice went forward, it became increasingly clear how really auspicious the time was for this august ceremony. The rain had only turned the setting to its richest natural green. A few benevolent clouds restrained the unmerciful sun from burning the upturned faces of the worshippers, who had trudged many a weary mile to kneel before their God and receive Holy Communion at the hands of their Bishop, His representative. Such omens rendered devotion easy, as the exquisite singing of the *Missa de Angelis* by the choir, augmented by the school children under Father Joseph D. Wade's direction, amply testified.

“But the faithful had one more surprise in store for them, one more token of God's goodness to them. To their delight, Bishop Rice launched into a Spanish sermon that was as stirring as it was sincere—a message of love that went down deep into their hearts.”

### Then to Punta Gorda

Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., gives some notes on the Bishop's visit to Punta Gorda and the Toledo District:

“On Saturday, the whole town turned out in beautiful weather to meet Bishop Rice at the pier, and conduct him in joyous procession to the church. Men, women and children, Caribs, Creoles Ladinos and Spanish descendants were dressed in their finest; palm-leaf arches decorated the streets; flags, banners and pennants fluttered in the breeze; shops, cars and houses displayed the Papal colors, intermingled with flags of the nation. The little church was not nearly able to accommodate the crowd that assisted at low Mass. A public Civic Reception had been planned for the evening, but Punta Gorda lived up to its rainy reputation (only thirteen feet of rainfall a year!) by providing a steady shower that necessitated its postponement.

“The next day, Sunday, an even greater crowd filled the church

# JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

for the Pontifical High Mass and to watch the Bishop administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to over a hundred little ones. The deep beauty of the Church's liturgy, in a setting of gorgeous vestments, flowers, incense, candles and the solemn episcopal throne, is an experience rarely offered to the faithful in the out-districts.

"Sunday evening saw the school hall crowded to overflowing for the public reception tendered His Lordship. Under the able direction of the Carib choir master a very enjoyable program of songs, drills, recitations and skits was presented.

"The following day His Lordship made a trip to the largest and most accessible Indian village of the district, San Antonio. The twenty-one miles were covered partly by car and partly on horseback, as the motor road is not yet completed. About a mile outside the village a long line of Maya Indian children, men and women, was waiting, dressed in the multi-colored garments so dear to them, to lead their new Bishop into their village to the tune of drum and marimba."

## ALASKA

### *Eskimo Piety*

Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.S.J., praises the piety of his Eskimos and the climate of King Island:

"You mentioned the statue of Christ the King in your letter. You should see what is going on around that statue. Without being urged to it at all, boys and girls and women with their babies on their backs, without mentioning the hunters, climb up nine hundred feet, pray before the statue, look for flowers to put in the folds of its gown, and climb down with a smile on their lips. A non-Catholic, Colonel Wissen, accompanied Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., in this cruise. He saw that himself, took pictures of it all, and was very edified by it.

"That Colonel came here to recuperate. His nerves were nearly wrecked. Of all places you think perhaps that King

Island is the last for one to recover his health. Well, you are mistaken. In the spring of the year that island is a true paradise. If Virgil had seen it, he would have made poetry by the yard. It challenges any artist, and any poet. It is just wild, virgin nature, untouched, unspoiled, lofty, full of light and life. The immensity of the sea, the ruggedness of its crags, the gorgeous panorama displaying the coast of Siberia, the islands of the straits, the saw-tooth ranges, Cape Prince of Wales, and above your head swarms of birds of all kinds, are enough to give repose to wrecked nerves. Moreover, the change of diet helps. When a man begins to eat walrus meat, wild birds, eggs, wild vegetables, his system undergoes a wonderful change. He eats with appetite and sleeps soundly. If you ever get old and fagged, you know now where to go to recuperate."

### *Summer at Akulurak*

"I have just finished my first mission rounds of the summer," writes Father Paul C. O'Connor,

over from Siberia. The coast is very shallow and one must travel about ten miles out from shore to get a respectable channel.

"You would enjoy one of these missionary trips with me. Fresh King and Silver Salmon is always at hand—a goose or a duck can be had almost any time from the bow of the boat. Of course, mosquitoes are friendly and just now we are having an insidious and persistent delegation of gnats. Getting lost in fog so dense that even a bank a few yards away cannot be seen adds to the general merriment. You might be edified also to learn that many an old school boy will not go to bed the night I arrive for fear of sleeping over—as a matter of fact, the people sleep any time as there is a sort of perpetual light during the summer months."

## CHINA

### *Imported Brigands*

More trouble is in store for poor Shuyang, captured by the Japanese last February, according to word from Father Charles D. Simons, S.J.:



Chinese boys spend a recess playing marbles at Gonzaga College, Shanghai, conducted by the Jesuits of the California Province.

S.J., of St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak. "I chugged up to almost every fishing site that dots the lower fork of the Yukon. I also went out to sea to reach the Black River district and wallowed in some heavy swells that rolled

"Since the occupation by the Japanese on February 27th, a second and personal disaster overtook us when our Father Hermand, Vicar-Forane of the Bishop, was killed at Haichow on April 27th by brigands and his seventy

# AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

year old assistant taken captive. It was my happiness later on to receive the captive Father on June 8th immediately after his release from the brigands.

"The Father was not or had not been maltreated, as so many captives are—and I have treated more than one such in my little dispensary here: beaten, bound with wire, burned with hot iron, ears or fingers cut off and all in an effort to extract money or more money—but was quite weak from being hid in an underground hole neither large enough to sit up or lie down in, minus all windows or doors except a small hole in the roof opened twice a day to give him his ration of sweet potatoes in a sweet potato soup. And he remained in that hole and existed on that single diet for thirty-four days. As the rule was faithfully observed in Father Le Bayon's case of paying no ransom for captive missionaries, the brigands sort of burnt their fingers in this case and we hope they will not try again. Some of them are foolish, however, and so we continue to take all necessary precautions.

"Right now it is the brigands' hey-day. The *sorgho* and corn are at their height, furnishing wonderful hiding places for all the brigands that be. You may find it hard to believe, but the brigands come in hordes. We can get along ordinarily well enough with the local ones; personally, I know a good number of them and the friends of others, but what are you going to do when an 'outside' army of two thousand five hundred brigands comes into our preserves to live on the poorer people and steal and plunder all they can from everyone who comes within their reach?

"One of my Christian families just came to Mother Church for refuge three days ago, and, of course, found it. Their house and all their belongings had been burned by the brigands and one of the boys (of five children) taken off captive. Luckily, the boy managed to escape through the aid of a local brigand and now this local brigand, true to

form, wants his 'squeeze.' At first he wanted only fifty dollars (Chinese—a huge sum), but eventually he was satisfied by being presented with two cartons of cigarettes—costing about two dollars and fifty cents each.

"It's hot, my nerves are a bit ragged after four months, hectic with guerilla warfare and brigands, and hence I am in an intellectual slump. When I get out of it I'll try and send you some copy. Please excuse me for the present."

## Nanking Notes

From Nanking Father John K. Lipman, S.J., writes:

"Actually, there isn't much in the way of news to report from this neck of the woods. Things are moving along quietly and we are not being bothered much, though this anti-British agitation might well develop into something against the Americans also.

"There is, of course, plenty of tension in the air, and the developments in Europe might have some repercussions out this way. The rumor is that the first thing the Japs would do would be to take over the Concessions in Shanghai — and wouldn't that mean some fun! Since this place is practically a Japanese city already, it might not make much difference here, except that there is the possibility that foreigners might have to check out. Well, at least no one can say that life over here is not interesting!"

## IRAQ

### Parliamentary Perils

Father Frank Sarjeant, S.J., Rector of Bagdad College, writes of pending legislation which would paralyze the work of the college and asks prayers to avert this calamity:

"There is before the Parliament this week a new education law that will (if it passes) put Iraq in the class of Turkey and Persia. It has the following provisions: no Iraqis are allowed to go to foreign primary schools, which would end most of the Catholic schools in the land (Domini-

can, French Nuns, two Carmelite schools) one of which is our main support in sending to us most of our better trained boys; no school, foreign or native, may receive funds from outside without the permission of the Minister of Education; all principals and teachers must be approved by this latter; the annual budget must be submitted to him one month before the opening of school each year, together with a list of the personnel; the school must follow rigidly the Government program and holidays (Friday instead of Sunday); the Government will appoint and send all teachers of the Arabic Language, of Civics, of History, of Geography, and will name their salaries which will be paid by the schools themselves, although the teachers will be responsible only to the Ministry of Education; these subjects will be taught in Arabic; all students must take the Government examinations.

### What It Would Mean

"You can see what financial ruin this will bring on most of the schools. Even on our school, where we now hire two teachers of Arabic for about one thousand seven hundred dollars a year for both, we could have about six imposed upon us at about seven thousand two hundred dollars per year. You can see what it would mean for the discipline; your teachers being able to come late, delay monthly marks, etc., etc., without the Principal having any check on them. You can see what it would mean if a teacher not only with a different philosophy of life but of a low morality should be sent you. In one class per day he could undo all our work. And with this law, these Government-sent teachers would have your boys about half the day. I do not believe that the totality of possible evils would hit the school at once, but they would come. There is little that can be done but prayer. I have just heard that Parliament has adjourned until October. If that is true, then we can expect it to be treated then."

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Jesuit Subscribers' Fund

To the Editor:

Enclosed is money order for \$4.50.

Some months ago I read your letter stating that all Jesuit missionaries were not receiving JESUIT MISSIONS. I was very much interested but was unable to respond until now.

I should like you to send a two year subscription to any Jesuit missionary in this country and also a two year subscription to a foreign missionary.

Your selection of names or missions will be perfectly agreeable to me. The missionaries whom I know of slightly are Rev. Fathers Reith, Kennally, Cervini and Hannas. Are they taken care of?

I am deeply interested in the missions. They are enriched by prayer—said more frequently and more devoutly since I heard your inspiring sermon last March at St. Francis Xavier's Church. I pledge them my financial support, too, even at a sacrifice.

Just what is the percentage of Jesuit missionaries receiving JESUIT MISSIONS? Will wonder if we could start a "Jesuit Subscribers' Fund" amongst our many friends and readers? Those of us who want to do just a little extra so that all the Jesuit missionaries or missions may receive our outstanding magazine. Any contribution large or small would be welcomed. I'd be glad to start the ball rolling with a ten spot (\$10.00). Will you send out another appeal, Father?

I like JESUIT MISSIONS immensely. I always look forward to reading it. It broadens one's viewpoint and fills the mind and the soul with thoughts of God.

May God bless all the Jesuit missionaries and the staff at home who labor zealously for God's cause.

New York, N. Y. M. A. Powers

## Foreign Relations

To the Editor:

I knew that you knew that I knew that my annual subscription for JESUIT MISSIONS was due! Ashamed I feel at having to be reminded once, twice, thrice, —four times! No hay fever, nor yet the blues is the reason. Here it is!

Here in "God's Own Country" there is a Labor Government in power; in consequence it is a rather expensive business to send money, even small amounts, out of the country. An exchange tax of 22% is payable so that JESUIT MISSIONS is now costing (\$1.25 plus 1s 7d plus 2 1/2d postage (\$1 equals 4s 4 1/2d) altogether 7s 9 1/2d). Being like yourself a Religious I began to consider whether it was quite right to give so much to a Government which already taxes us doubly! We get no help from them. Then again I have to give a full description of the type of magazine before I'm given permission to send the money away. All of this has caused delay. My classes offered to pay the tax so I shall post this together with the subscription at my very earliest convenience. I should miss the periodical very much as also would those to whom it is passed on. To get a new

subscriber—it is not so easy—but I shall try! What with teaching all day in school and our religious exercises I do not visit much or come in contact with many people. Those pamphlets appeal to me much. Probably I shall manage to send an order for them with permission later on. And some of those books! Wouldn't they be interesting!

I read JESUIT MISSIONS to the children who do appreciate its contents. But vocations to the religious life are much rarer now than they were a few years ago. The wave of paganism sweeping over the rest of the world has not passed us by. You Americans with your films do not improve the state of things unfortunately. Some are good, of course, but not all.

Address withheld. M. Gerard

## Pumping for an Organ

To the Editor:

Those who have read and are still reading the Gospels, know quite well that they were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; they are known as the Evangelists. But today, there are pretending successors to these Saints and we know them here in British Honduras as the Adventists or Evangelists, who are now off to some of our remote Catholic villages trying to ensnare our Catholic people into their recently founded religion.

A few weeks ago an American lady who is a member of that undesirable community made an unexpected entry to this place looking for an enlargement to her new religion. In her lectures our Catholic beliefs were targets for destruction, but without avail, because these Mayas of the mountains are well instructed in our holy Faith by our energetic and tireless missionaries from the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. This American lady came with a folding organ and a bright gasoline lamp as inducements for our poor Indians. I am now telling the Editor and readers of JESUIT MISSIONS that these poor Indians have never before seen an organ and through curiosity they went to the lectures of our enemies, purposely to look at it. Our beloved Father John T. Newell, S.J., made a promise to these Mayas that he is going to beg again and again for a small folding organ for San Antonio Church.

Now the people and myself are earnestly praying that his begging effort will not fall on rocks, but on a productive soil. At present we are not in the least worrying about the shaky condition of European affairs because these wandering evangelists are planning another, and another trip to this place. This is a great worry to these faithful Catholics who are determined to enter this spiritual war against them for the greater glory of God and His Church.

P. A. Albert Avila  
Schoolmaster

San Antonio Cayo,  
British Honduras, C. A.

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# Victory for Unity in Beirut

Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.

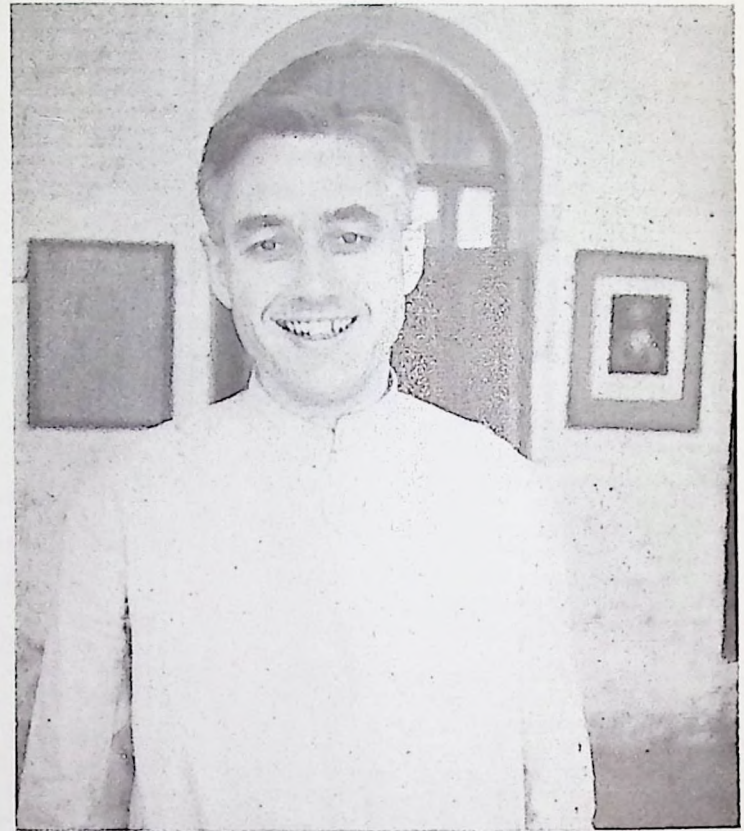
**B**EIRUT, where the Near East Eucharistic Congress was held, like Jerusalem, is in the heart of the Near East and so near the sacred shrines of Christendom that one can motor to any of them in a few hours. Unlike Jerusalem, life there is quiet and predominantly Christian for, if I mistake not, it and Goa are the only two large cities in the whole of continental Asia which are more than half Christian, and it is the only large Christian city in the world where its Christianity is a wondrous blend of practically every rite in the Church of God, with the Eastern rites in the seat of honor by reason of their age and numbers.

Hence the Beirut Eucharistic Congress for the Christians of the Near East was from first to last a resounding victory for religious unity, a fervent declaration to the wide world, as Cardinal Tisserant expressed it in the newspapers, that "for the twenty centuries of Christian history, it was the Oriental Christians alone who had remained unswervingly faithful to their faith in the Eucharist."

**T**HE brilliant newness of the Congress shone clearest in the marvelous seven-fold Mass wherein seven bishops in seven different rites said Mass together at the same altar. It was a cry to the astonished world that the Christ and the creed of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church is not a self-made Christ and creed but the one handed down to us by God revealing, an uncompromising and changeless creed but a creed that alone can keep in infallible and indefectible union the best minds and hearts of living men.

What other religion can spell Communion with a capital C and give to it the complete and integral meaning that we Catholics give to it? When on the First Friday of June, 1939, little Mary Boghosian of Aleppo, an Armenian refugee, received Holy Communion from Bishop Barakat, a Coptic Bishop from Egypt, and so partook of the Sacrificed Christ offered by Cardinal Tisserant, the Papal Legate and Secretary of the Oriental Congregation, it was a triumph of her love for her Jesus and of her wish to please Him and to possess Him. Although her little body was tired and thirsty and drooping, she tried to keep very erect and to talk to Jesus and His Blessed Mother and present her loving petitions and gratitude. She did not know all the theology of the Communion of Saints but she did know and feel a great joy in being present on Calvary, in possessing Christ and in being surrounded by others who also loved and possessed Christ.

Lost in the vast crowd, she was an insignificant unit of a divine Communion, permeating and vivifying and sanctifying both the body and the soul of the Church whether on earth, in purgatory or in heaven. Unless she had eaten His Body and drunk His Blood, she would have had no life in her and, even when exhausted from



*Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., of Baghdad College, Iraq, who covered the important Near East Eucharistic Congress at Beirut for JESUIT MISSIONS.*

long riding, standing and fasting, she grew white and fainted away and they carried her to the first-aid station nearby. Life was in her and It was a most abundant Life. Restored quickly by the attendant Sister nurse, she soon was back in her place to continue as a Crois e her thanksgiving after Communion.

**W**E had Eucharistic Congress weather on Sunday morning, when the final Mass, a huge field Mass, said by the seven bishops, was to take place, for it began to rain (most exceptional for the season of the year) over an hour before Mass time and continued raining until several hours later. Once again the spirit of union and victory prevailed for the Apostolic Delegate said Mass under a roughly improvised shelter for the more than three thousand who did not mind a drenching for Christ; while the high point of the Congress, the seven-fold Mass, was not abandoned but transferred to the great Maronite Cathedral in the heart of the city.

There the crush was so great that one of our huskiest students who had come with us to the Congress, had to give up after only ten minutes of the Mass and seek the fresh and cool outside air. Because of this sudden change of plan and the terrific crowding, this wondrous Mass, was, I think, the only event of the Congress which was not photographed. Who cares? It is the Mass that matters and not a photograph of it. Besides the invincible spirit to express and reveal unity, despite every difficulty, the dauntless soul of the people, can never

be properly photographed, it can only be felt and lived.

Fourteen years before in Cairo a similar seven-fold Mass had been concelebrated for the first time in history. Then, however, only one of the celebrants was a bishop. This second celebration was unique, for it was a Pontifical Mass (read, not sung) by Cardinal Tissierant His Beatitude, Archbishop Agagianian, Patriarch of the Armenians; Archbishop Moubarak, Maronite; Archbishop Sayyegh, Byzantine Melchite; Archbishop Hilarri, Syrian; Bishop Namo, Chaldean, and Bishop Barakat, Copt.

This was the liturgical and dogmatic peak for which all the rest had been a fitting preparation. The solemn opening by the Cardinal and more than forty bishops began the twenty-five hour nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament from 8:30 P.M., Thursday, to 9:30 P.M., Friday. On Saturday morning we witnessed the magnificent field Mass for the children with fifteen thousand children's Communion and twenty thousand parents and friends assisting. A fine pageant and mystery play, "The Mystery of Bread and Wine" which gave a children's performance before fifteen thousand on Friday afternoon and an adult performance on Saturday night to thirty-five thousand, put all in the proper disposition for the last great day.

If the bishops' Pontifical Mass of the morning had been the intellectual triumph, this astounding procession of the Eucharistic Christ proved to be the emotional one. Beirut has a population of about one hundred and five thousand but the fifteen thousand Catholic pilgrims from Egypt, the two thousand from Damascus and the fifteen hundred from Aleppo, together with the thousands who poured in from surrounding towns and villages of the Lebanon, Palestine, Syria and Iraq brought the total of those in the procession to perhaps fifteen thousand, while some one hundred and twenty thousand lined the route. The whole city was vastly impressed.



A view of a mission station in the Mohammedan city of Homs near Beirut.

It is evident that there were thousands of Moslems, wondering men and curious women, who tried to see and understand slightly this mystery taking place before their eyes. Few of them perhaps realized that it was a Sacramental King who was the Inspirer and End of all this commotion and glittering ceremony. All of them, however, were externally reverent and hushed and, in the words of the Armenian Patriarch, Our Lord could not have passed through their midst in this special manner without bestowing His special graces upon them.

The various conferences for priests, for laymen and for laywomen, both in French and Arabic, were of a high order. The union they manifested and the further union they aimed at accomplishing in the near future were enough to make any one who has worked in the Near East feel like standing up and shouting for joy. Since 1893, religious liberty in the Near East has traveled backward, but despite difficulties, Christian unity has traveled forward.

The procession has wended its way to the edge of the city facing the civilizing Mediterranean. Archbishop Moubarka, fifty feet above the assembled crowd, preaches once more of Christ before He gives His final benediction to the Congress. It is His Triumph, His peace. Behind me a woman who has been assisting the Nuns and children throughout the procession, stands gazing longingly at the Christ raised high on that rude altar in sacramental glory. Her heart is full with love and she breaks the solemn stillness with the sudden cry: "O Jesus Christ, I love You, I love You." Those standing by hush her up and the Archbishop proceeds with his sermon.

In a few minutes he is at the end. It has been nothing but a paean of love and now he turns to the people far below as if in answer to the woman, "Repeat after me," he tells them, "Jesus Christ, in the Blessed Sacrament, I love You." It is just what that immense crowd has been longing to say out loud, and "Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, I love You," breaks forth in a mighty surge of love, "Mary, Virgin Mother of God, I love you." Again the heartfelt answer comes to every lip, "Mary, Virgin Mother of God, I love you." Then the Sacramental King blesses them and, still wrapt in wonder, the people who have seen a vision, move quietly toward home.

Desert patriarchs of Syria.



# NEW BOOKS

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The America Press, New York, N. Y.

**AA BISHOP BY THE BERING SEA**  
(Continued from page 231)

It may also interest friends of Tununak to know that Father Deschout received with his regular supplies a small outfit to do his boating between Tununak and Nigtmiut. He has a sixteen foot row boat and an eight horse power out-board motor. Both boat and engine are well suited to his needs, and we hope will give many years of fine service. I did not hear how much he paid for them, though I do know that the freight only on the engine cost him twenty-two dollars. Freight rates along this coast are simply murderous. But we are hoping to improve the situation very soon. More competition is gradually coming in, and that will be good for what ails us most in the material line. The item of freight is a good deal over half of our annual expenses.

Our fish run this year has been fairly good, but the weather for drying them abominable, as it has been raining most of the time. The rain, along with the very late season is just about putting the finishing touch to our garden. We will do well this year if we get a bit of lettuce and radishes. Well, a year's rest will do the garden good, so we'll live in hopes until next summer.

**JOSE WAS A REAL FRIEND**  
(Continued from page 236)

stumbling shadow of José's large sailing dory moored at his little private wharf. And one who knew José would expect his store to face the early morning sun.

As I neared the store I saw that it was two stories, store below and above a home for José, his wife and eight children. As I came in he was making a sale to a tall, powerful Creole who greeted me with a loud gusto. José, seeing me, hurried from his customer and sat me down in an ancient but firm chair. Then pardoning himself he hurried back to his customer again.

In a few moments José came to talk. He pulled up a chair. I told him in my working-clothes Spanish that we were to have "novena" that night and he answered in almost as untidy English that he would be there but that he would be almost the only man there. I asked José why the other men would not come.

He answered, "Father, I do not want to speak bad of my neighbors, but I will tell you the truth. A lot of them are dead against the Fathers. When you are not here they will go to services in their own in private homes. Some one of them will get angry with another. Then he will go around to his friends, and ask them to come to a certain house on a certain night to pray for the destruction of this man's milpa or for his injury or death. For this secret night meeting he will hire one of the several 'praying women' who profess to have power to make curses pass through the air, and send spirits to do evil. But, thank God, we are not all that way, Father. We are glad you come and look forward to your visits."

He said this with a warmth that showed how much it came from his heart and when the smile that had accompanied the words faded into serious thought, José had completed his second campaign for the conquest of my heart. "Father, I am a member of the Apostleship of Prayer, I go to novenas, and to Mass every time the Father comes, and I don't drink too much even though they laugh at me sometimes, and I have reared a

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big family and have tried to make them obey the Father, to go to church, be honest and live clean."

José was not being pharisaical. As he spoke I looked steadily into his face and was deeply pleased. Since then my Spanish has improved so that I know José much better and realize how little he knows about his Faith, how poorly instructed because of scarcity of Fathers and poor opportunities; I saw how anxious he is to know, how good of soul. How it stings me that I can do so little. This is not much of the whole José, but I wish you knew him. You would love him as I do.

**BROTHER JOE'S JUBILEE**

(Continued from page 236)

ion, it was not the pranks of another Pied Piper, but just Brother Joe going about his tour of town.

The children thought and still do think that somewhere in the magic pockets of Brother Joe's trousers or cassock, there is an inexhaustible store of holy pictures, medals, candies and fruit. And Brother does little to explode the magic theory. I'm beginning to think that there is something in the magic myself.

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