

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

CONTRIBUTORS

Christmas in some mission lands is green and hot, but the "whitest" Christmas of all comes to



Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

Alaska. And in *Christmas in the Land of Santa Claus*, FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., shows that the Eskimos get closer to the real spirit of Christmas than most of us.

"Quick, Henry, the Flit!" But alas, it would take more than barrels of Flit to solve the physical, mechanical, bacteriological, entomological, reptilian and meteorological woes of FATHER MICHAEL A. SCHAEFER, S. J., related in *This is Glorious*

but *Dangerous Work*, by FATHER ROBERT L. McCORMACK, S.J.

The Mission Intention for December is for *The Success of Catholic Universities in Mission Lands*. FATHER LEO J. SHEA, S.J., tells of the educational promise of Baghdad College in *Iraq Catholics in the Making*.

Bats in the Belfry is a knock 'em down and drag 'em out story of a bat pogrom in Jasaan from the pen of FATHER HAROLD A. MURPHY, S.J.

Shell-fire and Genuflections, by LEONARD LEVESQUE, S.J., introduces a glamorous character: nobleman, champion horseman, veteran missionary. The amazing incidents of this story add another stirring chapter to an extraordinary life.

In *Down the Coast to Goa* the gifted pen of FATHER RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J., recreates the lost glories of Goa and takes us to the present setting of the shrine where rests the body of St. Francis Xavier. This brisk narrative also gives a vivid picture of the present day India equivalent of an excursion on the old Fall River line.

The corporal works of mercy are the most effective foundation for conversions. FATHER ALBERT O'HARA, S.J., in

Healing for China's Wounds, gives a graphic account of medical missionaries in action and reveals the great possibilities and real need of this kind of work in China.

Aglipay and Aglipayism are fighting words to the Philippine missionaries. FATHER JOHN R. O'CONNELL, S.J., tells more about this movement in *"Who is Aglipay?"*



Harold A. Murphy, S.J.

THIS MONTH

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COVER — An Eskimo mother and child emerging from their cave-home on the rocky shores of King Island, Alaska, in the Bering Sea. The King Island Eskimos are modern cliff dwellers and some of their homes are not unlike the conventional conception of Our Lord's birth-place. In these, at Christmas time, it is not difficult to reconstruct the scene at Bethlehem, especially since the King Islanders are devout Catholics, thanks to the untiring efforts of that veteran missionary, Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J. The picture was taken by Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., on Agfa Film.

EDITORIALS

Your seven hundred American Jesuit missionaries the world over, united with their Catholic flocks, join the Editors of Jesuit Missions in wishing you a holy and happy Christmas, filled with blessings from the new-born Babe, Christ Jesus, our King.

FORTY YEARS AFTER

PROBABLY no pronouncement of the Papacy has received wider publicity in this country or has been more favorably commented on in the secular press than the first Encyclical of Pius XII which was issued in time for the Feast of Christ the King. The Encyclical is indeed a document of great importance to the non-Catholic world and it was recognized as such.

It has also a profound importance to the Catholic world, and we are not being at all ungenerous when we point out that this significance was missed by the secular commentators. One cannot expect those who are cut off from the life of the Church to be sensitive to the exultant surge of that life. But we all felt that surge and were thrilled by those first majestic words: "In the very year which marks the fortieth anniversary of the consecration of mankind to Our Redeemer's most Sacred Heart—."

These words stirred deep and sacred memories within us. We recalled that the most celebrated Encyclical of the late Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*, had begun with the reference to a fortieth year: "Forty years have elapsed since the incomparable Encyclical of Leo XIII of happy memory, *Rerum Novarum*, first saw the light." We remembered what *Quadragesimo Anno* had done in re-dedicating the energies of Catholics in very critical times to the work of making more widespread the liberating social doctrines of the Church. And now the fortieth anniversary of another of Leo's great Encyclicals, *Annum Sacrum*, and another Pope in the Chair of Peter prepared to dedicate his entire Pontificate to the work of making the world see the remarkable validity for our times of this pronouncement.

"I am about to perform the great act of my Pontificate." These were the words of Leo XIII, when he issued *Annum Sacrum*, June, 1899. The official non-Catholic world paid no attention to Leo XIII's consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart forty years ago. And today again it has missed the importance of Pius XII's declaration that he will make this consecration and all it means

the keynote of his reign. But we Catholics have understood and are filled with great joy. We know what the spectacle of a world consecrated to the Sacred Heart has meant to our missionaries in the early years of this century, and we are filled with the high hope now of even greater things.

Pius XII's first act after the Encyclical gives substance to these hopes. He personally consecrated twelve missionary bishops representing many racial strains as a symbol of the means by which the unity of the human family in Christ Jesus is to be achieved.

"I THOUGHT THEY WERE CHINESE"

THE Japanese sentry who recently shot and seriously wounded two Canadian Jesuit missionaries at Yaolou near Suchow, China, gave this as his reason for firing. The explanation was issued through the Japanese Government which apparently regarded the incident as unfortunate but entirely unavoidable. The two Jesuits were dressed like Chinese civilians, they looked like Chinese civilians. So the sentry shot them. What could be more natural?

The sentry was apparently an expert marksman. He pumped two bullets into Brother Leo Fontaine, S.J.,—one in the back, one in the shoulder. Brother Edgar Gauvin, S.J., was also hit twice, in the side and in the stomach.

Both of these two Jesuit missionaries may die. If they do, we imagine that they would desire no more apt inscription over their simple graves than the statement of the Japanese sentry: he thought they were Chinese. And this not as a cynical commentary on the Japanese attitude towards the right of Chinamen to live, but as the shining epitome of their own lives as missionaries.

Brother Fontaine has been in China for four years, Brother Gauvin, only two, yet, in this short time, they have so completely succeeded in divesting themselves of their own nationality and in identifying themselves with the suffering people among whom they came to work, that they are mistaken for Chinese and pay the penalty of this mistake. We can see how successful a missionary career this must be, especially during these days when we are thinking of the circumstances of Our Lord's Birth, how He, being God, emptied Himself and completely identified Himself with our humanity and its sorrows. He was the first Missionary. They are His faithful followers.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Christmas in



"Let us go over to Bethlehem . . ." Spontaneously and without any urging the Eskimo families begin the Christmas journey.

WHEN the Christ Child plans His birthday visit to this frozen country which is supposed to be the habitat of Santa Claus, His arrangements, it seems to me, have much in common with His first Birthday. At Hooper Bay, Alaska, he finds the same poverty all around Him, meets the same simple folk, is far from the noise and diversions of our large cities, and still encounters, sorry to say, after so many centuries of grace and spiritual opportunity, too many who do not yet know Him. Some of these His Angel and the star have not yet summoned; others, led astray by false prophets, do not recognize their Saviour.

But here, too, a faithful few have heard the glad tidings. "Let us go over to Bethlehem," they said, "and let us see this Word that is come to pass which the Lord hath shewed us." Spontaneously, without any agitation on the part of our Mission here, the annual gathering for Christmas and Easter at Hooper Bay have come to be a tradition.

The number of visitors from the district to Our Lord's crib depends, to some extent, on weather conditions; for all travel has to be either on foot or by dog team. Planes, automobiles and trains have not yet entered into the lives of these people, though we no longer have to warn them as we once did when Father Philip Delon, S.J., made his first plane visit to this district. "Don't shoot," so the order then ran, "at the big bird that is coming. This is closed season for that bird."

Our Christmas crowd usually begins to gather some four or five days before the feast. Many of the visitors

have relatives or friends in the village and so have a logical place to stay. When all the igloos and cabins are filled to overflowing, our classrooms are usually pressed into service during the festivities. As all bring their food along, it costs us nothing to house them, though we do keep them supplied with hot water for their tea.

Naturally, the confessional has a busy day. Christmas without a good clean-up both inside and out would hardly be what we all look for. At 11:30 p.m., a group of about a dozen young folks start out from the Mission to the village, and passing from one igloo to the other, sing a Christmas carol to summon the people to services.

INSIDE of ten minutes the church is filled to capacity. As more keep coming, extra room has to be made, so boxes and benches are put into every available corner.



Not angels but Eskimos do the singing around the Crib.

the Land of Santa Claus

John P. Fox, S.J.

The children squat down on the floor right up to the communion railing and as a last resort, a large door in the back wall of the chapel is thrown open, thus making it possible for quite a few others to hear Mass from the adjoining room. The altar then becomes entirely surrounded by worshippers.

Of course, even without any fire, and with fifteen below zero outside, the church is stifling hot after about twenty minutes. Parkas are sloughed off on all sides, and the men hear Mass in shirt-sleeves with the sweat rolling down their glowing faces. We have ventilators and they are all open. But the church is just too small and the twenty-foot ceiling too low, for about three hundred people. Due to the great difference of temperature between the inside and outside, the cold air condenses into a cloud as it enters, the ceiling and walls begin to drip, and puddles of water gather along the baseboard. If we could serve towels after the midnight Mass the shower would be complete. This may sound strange but it is true, as you could see for yourself if you could spend your Christmas with us.

WE can leave it to your imagination, to picture for you, dear reader, the scene that develops under the circumstances at Holy Communion. Bumping of elbows does not make much noise; but not so the little Eskimo children who have been snugly sleeping and now have to be roused and handed on to others while mother

works her way up to receive the Bread of Life. To say that these little folks squawk their protest is putting it mildly. And any Communion hymn that may be sung by way of competition attracts scant attention. However we usually try to sing one anyway, using the intermittent squawks as a sort of obbligato.

The second and third Masses follow in the morning, one at the Convent, the other in the church. Due mostly to the condition just described, our *Missa Cantata* is generally the third Mass, the other two being low Masses with appropriate congregational songs and prayers. In the afternoon the school children present a Christmas program, consisting of little skits, drills, recitations and songs. The final number is the Christmas tree, with a small gift for every child.

The grown-ups find it hard to be cheated out of that part of the celebration; but till we are a good deal richer than at present they will have to be content to see the childrens' bliss as they march up to receive their gift from Father's hand.

BENEDICTION of the Blessed Sacrament tops off the day at 7:30 p.m. Since everybody is sleepy,



Bitter winds blow in from the Bering Sea and pile snow-drifts around the mission boats at Christmas in the little town of Hooper Bay.

early bed is indicated as soon as the services are over. The following morning the crowd breaks up. We should like to have the people gather a bit later, and stay longer after the feast. As it is, Christmas Day is just too full of doings for one days. Naturally, the weather is rather uncertain at this season, and the days are short. Twilight sets in very early in the afternoon in these northern climes.

For this reason they come early lest, by waiting till the last day or two, a storm knock out their Christmas visit here. The sleds always come very heavily laden with the necessary bedding, dog feed, women and small children, thus leaving little available space for food. Hence, the penalty for holding them over so as to give us more time for our various events, would be either to have to feed the people for a few days, or see them going away hungry. Neither appeals to us. We prefer to crowd our Christmas celebration all into one day. But it is a good celebration and the Eskimos enjoy it.



Iraq Catholics in the Making

Baghdad College is turning out
Iraq patriots, and aims to make
them Catholics, not Americans

*The finest college
building in Iraq
with its oriental
campus.*

Leo J. Shea, S.J.

BAGHDAD COLLEGE is now housed in a building that should lend prestige to the educational work being done by the Jesuits in Iraq. Laboratories, library, classrooms and athletic facilities are such as to impress the people with the excellence of the educational benefits that are offered with Catholic training.

After all, even in the United States where Jesuit education is now thriving, how small were the beginnings and how hard the battle to overcome prejudice! We are having the same struggle now,—but we hope that soon the intrinsic worth of the same education which caused Charles Carroll's father to send him to the Jesuits in London "to learn how to be happy here and hereafter," will win us the freedom and cooperation we need in Iraq.

IN the curriculum there is the same recognition of the rights of God and Caesar that characterizes Jesuit education the world over. Saturday afternoon before the new and imposing Baghdad College the whole school, one hundred and ten strong, lines up outside the main entrance under the shadow of the green, white and red flag of Iraq. "Istarih!" shouts the lay teacher at their head. Then "Ista'idd!" Heels click as they stand at attention; at another signal from the leader, one hundred and ten youthful voices break forth into the martial song

that is the Iraq national anthem. The tune itself has a verve and vitality that, coming from lively high school boys, thrills any who may be listening (especially the police in the barracks across the way). Once again there is a click of the heels and with military precision all raise their right hand to their forehead and salute the flag.

ADD to this formal protestation of loyalty to country the stress placed on the study through five years of the native language of Arabic, which is rated of prime importance, Arabic history running *pari-passu* with European Geography in which the physical and economic aspects of Iraq are given first consideration—add all these together and it is hard to see how there could be any doubt as to the patriotic nature of the education given at the College. There are those in high places who do doubt it. Possibly the Fathers are woefully shortsighted in their views of this question, but one would think that with so many of the world's great nations thriving on the principle that religious freedom is absolutely compatible with devotion to country, this progressive nation would be open to conviction. All that is asked is that our Catholic boys with a thoroughly Catholic education be given a chance and they will show that none are more genuinely Iraqi than they.

Satisfied with its efforts on the score of patriotism and hoping that through sheer doggedness, training and ability the boys will force others to acknowledge them as loyal citizens and real assets of their country, the school goes on to strive for its essential goal—to make its education distinctly Catholic.

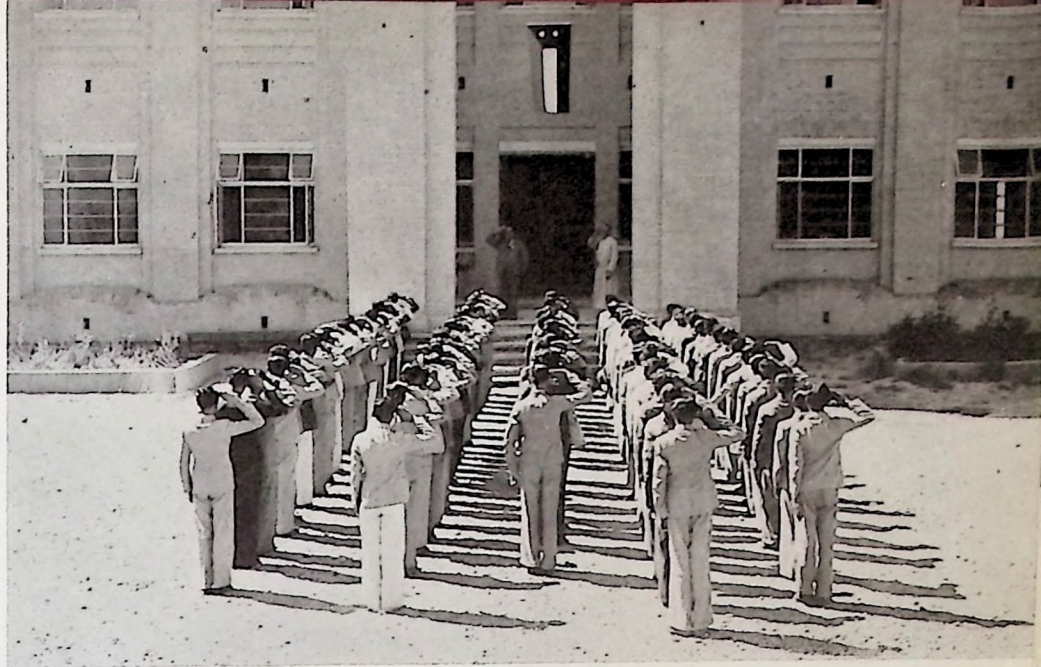
THERE is the Catechism class. These boys give very serious attention and application to the study of religion. Being necessarily conscious of their position as a distinct minority—perhaps seventy-five thousand Catholics out of a population of three million—they feel the challenge to their position rather keenly. Then, too, even within the student body itself there is an added challenge from the noticeable admixture of schismatics, Eastern Catholics and Roman Catholics, all of whom are generally well represented in all five classes. It means, of course, that the teacher must have special regard for the feelings of dissenters, but with the combined aid of tactful kindness and a certain amount of frankness, vexed questions and difficulties are thrashed out with alert interest and consequent grasp of the Church's teaching.

Of the many religious practices that are worked into the school curriculum in the course of a year, perhaps most outstanding is the opportunity for weekly confessions that is

regularly afforded during an afternoon study period on the last class day of each week and before the First Friday of the month. Besides Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., who is the Spiritual Director for the school, the boys may go to two of the local clergy who are brought to the school to hear confessions in Arabic. The number of boys availing themselves of these facilities is very gratifying, especially in view of the fact that men do not frequent the sacraments here with anything like the frequency common to men in the States.

COUPLED with this apostolate of weekly or at least monthly confession and Communion, is the devotion of the First Friday. The school's solicitude over this shows itself in the extraordinary efforts that are made to promote it. Realizing that little good would be permanently achieved unless the boys were to continue practising this devotion after having graduated from the school, each month Father Merrick tries to contact the alumni individually and remind them of the special First Friday Mass celebrated by one of the Fathers from the school at the Latin church in the city. Then the two school busses, after collecting the students on the usual routes and bringing them to the church, leave for school only after the completion of Mass and Benediction. The boys follow the ritual with prayers said in common and recite in unison the Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart—all in English.

The question of breakfast is solved by providing free of charge a fairly substantial meal of eggs, bread and tea to all who have gone to Com-



Staunch Iraqis of various religions salute the green, white and red flag of Iraq outside the entrance of the new Baghdad College.

munion. This is done at the College and during the time ordinarily given to the religion class. Thus far an average of about forty students and twenty alumni are faithful to the devotion. Small beginnings, but encouraging enough, remembering again the local custom of having men receive Communion once or, at most, twice a year.

AS in all the schools of the Society, annual three-day retreats with all classes suspended are held for the entire student body and again specially for the graduating class. Here a rather serious hindrance arises from the inadequate knowledge that the First and Second Years have of English. To counteract this it is hoped that an Arabic retreat may be arranged for those two classes.

Then, of course, there is the Sodality with its own apostolate of distributing clothing to the poor, of collecting stamps and contributions for the missions, (the boys make little but significant donations from time to time), and of promoting Catholic literature, parti-

cularly by conducting a very imposing Catholic Press Exhibit that draws spectators from the other Catholic schools of the city. Over a thousand different Catholic periodicals from various parts of the world were displayed in this year's exhibit, and His Excellency, the Right Reverend Bishop de Jonghe, Apostolic Delegate to Iraq, presided at the opening.

Great prominence is given to the annual May Day. It is the occasion for the formal reception of candidates and awarding of medals. This year Mass was celebrated by the venerable eighty-two-year-old Chaldean Patriarch in that rite.

MANY other occasions occur during the year when special services are called for. Put all together and they form an imposing array of steady religious influences that not only mark the school through and through with Catholicity, but also leave an almost visible impression on these young Catholic Iraqis. Boys registered in the schools come from all the important cities and in most cases from prominent Catholic families.

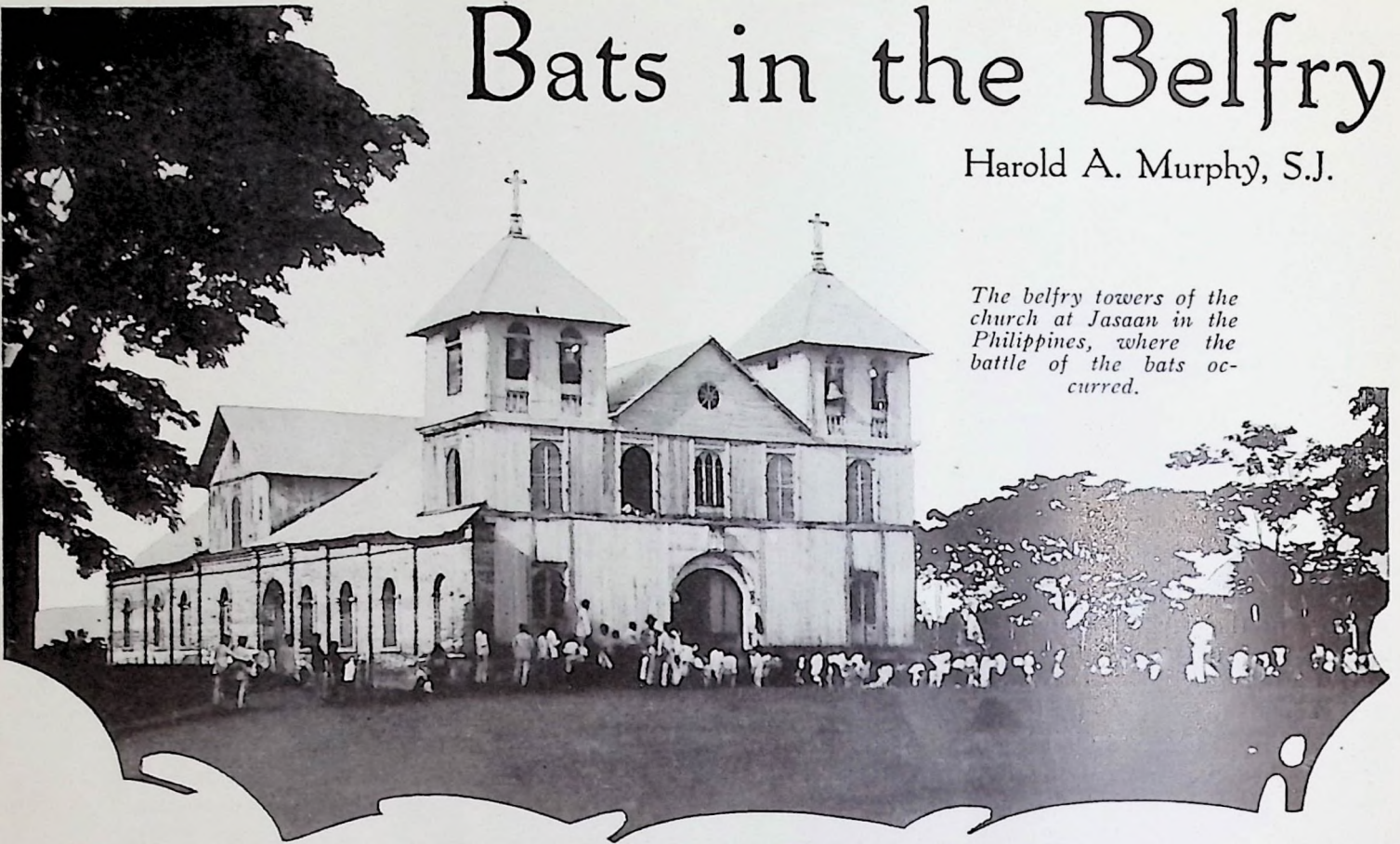
Costs do not count. Results for the present do not count! All that really counts is the effort. Thanks to the financial and still more to the spiritual backing of Catholics in the United States, the efforts of the American Jesuits in behalf of the Faith among Catholics of Iraq is constant and mighty as the Tigris.



B. C. by the Tigris has its Musical Clubs. What,—no Drum Major?

Bats in the Belfry

Harold A. Murphy, S.J.



The belfry towers of the church at Jasaan in the Philippines, where the battle of the bats occurred.

LIONS, tigers, wolves, cobras, rattlesnakes, crocodiles and sharks have terrified many a poor man in the jungles and rivers of mission lands. But, after all, these beasts and reptiles are glamorous foes; they are something to write home about. "As I lifted myself over the edge of the overhanging rock,—my eyes looked into the pale, sinister eyes of a deadly king cobra . . ."

This is the kind of thing I would like to write. Something that would stir the blood and give your readers a thrill.—But, alas, my lot is more prosaic. If the truth were known, probably more missionaries' lives have been made miserable by mosquitoes than by tigers, more nerves shattered by flying cockroaches than by cobras, and more dismay caused by bats than by bushmasters.

AND speaking of blood-stirring and thrills, did you ever walk into a swooping bat in the dark? These loveable little creatures, combining the pleasantest features of rat and buzzard, may not sound awfully exciting but personally my nerves are not up to anything much more sensational just yet.

But if you were to visit Jasaan now, the people would tell you gleefully: "Yes we have no bats in our belfry!" The story is short but noisy, so wait until I tell you about it.

Since I came to Jasaan ten months ago I have been pondering the problem of how to get rid of the bats that hung on the ceiling of the church and lived in the belfry.

A visiting Father who was my substitute for a while when I was away reported: "I shot about six bats in the church with my air-rifle. It is the only thing to kill off the bats." This set me thinking and debating whether

to invest nine *pesos* in an air-rifle. "You will shoot holes through your tin roof with the air-rifle," objected one good Father. "No," I said, "If you want to put a hole in the roof, you pump the rifle twice; if you merely want to kill a bat, only pump once."

ONE day while enjoying an exciting basket-ball game in front of the *convento*, a couple of boys called up to Brother Adriatico, "Brother, we can get the bats in the church." Said Brother Adriatico, "All right, go and get them." Sure enough, in a short time they came back with two dead bats. "All right, Brother," I said, "give them a cent for each bat they get. Give them two cents right now."

About fifteen boys swarmed over to the church carrying long bamboo poles. In a minute we heard shouts and resounding whacks of bamboo poles, apparently on everything in sight. "You better go over to the church to see how they are getting the bats. Maybe they are breaking all the statues and pictures."

In a few minutes the Brother returned. "They are throwing a rubber ball at the bats and driving them into the belfry," he reported. "They are killing them with the bamboo poles there." In a little while, curiosity got the better of me and I went over to see the slaughter for myself. Several boys were climbing on a ledge high up in the sanctuary, others above the altar poking into crevices with their bamboo poles, others making an unearthly racket by blows over head. "Only let a few climb around there," I ordered. "Some one will break his head yet." Out I went so as not to hinder the good work.

Next day only one or two bats could be seen, and now we can practically say, "Yes, we have no bats in our belfry."

Shell-fire and Genuflections

Or how to behave in church during a bombardment

Léonard Levesque, S.J.

THE life of Father Paul de Geloës, S.J., or old Father Su, as the Chinese call him, is a series of epic adventures. For almost forty years, he has been traveling to and fro in the Süchow Mission district, mounted on his "everlasting" white Siberian horse, giving to all, to pagans as well as to Christians, the benefits of an inexhaustible charity.

Years ago, Count Paul de Geloës was a horseman of no mean reputation, and obstacle-racing was his speciality. In 1898, mounted on a horse which was making its "debut" at steeplechase, Count Paul had a mishap. He fell and received a kick on the head from the horse's hoof and as a result lost the use of speech. He was partially cured but still suffered his impediment to a certain extent, and it was not till a second accident of the same nature as the first one, that Father de Geloës finally recovered.

HE then entered the Jesuit Novitiate. A few years later the Chinese were accustomed to see, passing through their villages, this rider whose life reads like a legend.

The present war naturally added a few episodes to the glamour of his life. Wanko, his own district, was jammed in between the Japanese onslaught and the retreating Chinese troops. Terrible hours for old Father Su! One day, some airplanes were doing rather queer acrobatic stunts around the church steeple. Father Paul, in the middle of his garden, made signs to the aviators not to drop any bombs. The planes climbed up in altitude and charged again. Father Paul, without getting discouraged, waved at them again and drew their attention to his long white beard, hoping his age would gain him mercy. The planes left.

During all this while, the cannon kept on thundering. Father Paul's compound was packed full of refugees even to the stables. It was evening, and since daybreak the hum of planes, the rattle of machine-guns and the heavy thunder of cannon had kept everyone under a strain. The church steeple suddenly became a target. The poor peasants who filled the church knew the danger was upon them. Everyone was huddled close to his neighbor.

Father Paul was on his way to the confessional. Suddenly he noticed that he had forgotten to make a genuflection when passing in front of the Blessed Sacrament.

"Father Su" shows how he made the saving genuflection. The hole above the confessional is where the shell made its exit.



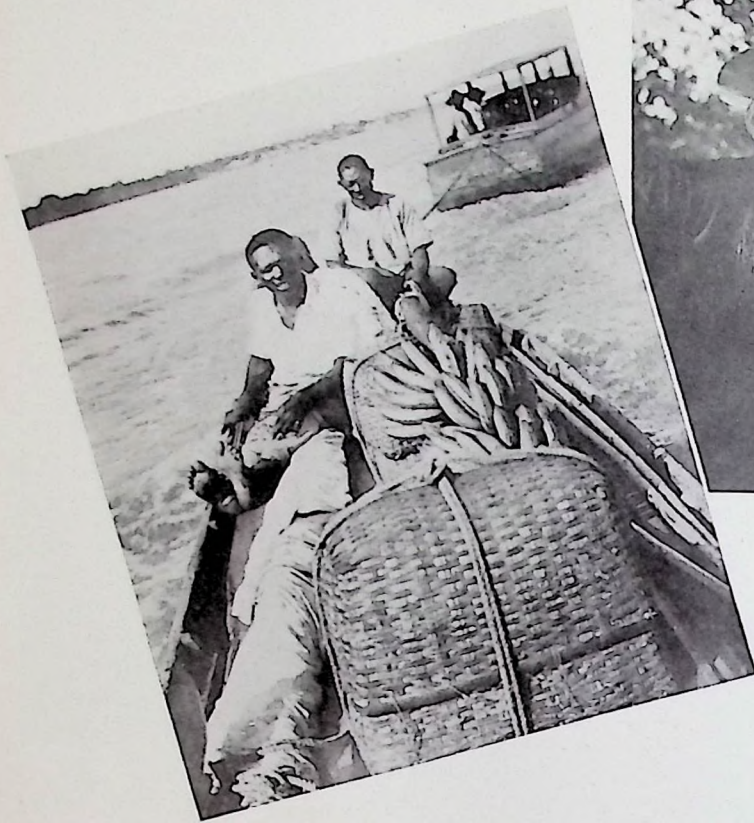
"What a bad example," he said to himself. Just as he was bending down, an awful explosion threw the crowd into a panic. A shell had pierced clean through the wall of the church and passed right above his head. What if Father Paul had been standing? In spite of the darkness, everyone rushed for the open. Father Paul stood up and shouted: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee." He was alone with a little fourteen year old seminarian whose head had been half carried away by the flying shrapnel. He was immediately anointed and died soon after. The rain of shells continued and the whole steeple was demolished.

Then the victorious troops arrived. The fighting spirit was still in them and a few refugees received some deadly wounds. Old Father Su ran about from one gun to another, trying to pacify the infuriated soldiers. One of them wanted to tear him up with his bayonet. The Father calmly took the barrel of the gun and pointed it to his heart saying, "Shoot here, and kill an old man of eighty-one." The soldier was so surprised that he forgot all about his murderous intentions.

NO sooner had the Japanese left than the brigands appeared. After their fourth incursion, there was nothing left to old Father Su, nothing but an old cassock and a pair of shoes. It was in that same accouterment that he came to see his Superior at Süchow, asking for a few cents to start anew.

Immediately he is off to work again lodging in his compound all the unfortunates that he can find. His garden with all the little huts has become a regular village. When the roads are safe, he mounts his old white horse again, and the peasants can still meet him and ask him for medicine and hear him talk of God.

Father Paul de Geloës' life has been a romantic one. Yet it has been a useful life too—a thing that cannot always be said about romantic lives.



Father Michael A. Schaefer, S.J., sits in the stern of his mission boat with his faithful catechist, John Scott. Left, Father Schaefer's boat gives a lift to a Carib banana craft somewhere on the Sibun River.

This is Glorious

"THAT was the best, wildest, most beautiful, most dangerous trip that I yet have made." Thus did Father Schaefer announce to the Belize Community his return from a mission trip far up the Sibun River.

This small, wiry, red-haired priest, the Reverend Michael A. Schaefer, S.J., to be exact, is God's missionary over a large tract of the bush of British Honduras. He has thirty mission stations along the Belize, Sibun and Northern Rivers which he visits regularly bringing spiritual comfort to those who are many miles away from a church and resident pastor. A trip to Belize for many of the people whom he visits would cost a full day or two or three days of trying travel down rushing rivers or through jungle bush paths.

Whenever Father Schaefer returns to headquarters in Belize from one of his many mission trips, we all are ready to sit back for the next two days and listen to interesting experiences, exciting events, and unusual happenings, for the buccaneering spirit of that dynamic little man would not be content with just ordinary affairs.

It was in Spanish Lagoon that

he was traveling on this last trip when for some unapparent reason the boat stopped moving. He made some investigations which revealed that the propellor had severed its connections with the engine some time in the not too distant past. What to do! As a boat without a propellor is about as serviceable as an automobile without wheels there was only one thing to be done and that was to provide a propellor. But where was one to be gotten? There was one surely in the bottom of this pool, but just where was no man's secret.

FATHER SCHAEFER and his faithful catechist slipped off the end of the boat into the dirty water and felt around on the grassy bottom in search of the missing blade. You have heard of the needle in the haystack; well, a propellor in the bottom of Spanish Lagoon is just about like that needle, except that you can't see the propellor even when you are very close to it. But miracle of miracles, it was found after a lengthy search. But a propellor in the hand does not drive a boat. There was the problem of refitting it on the boat.

It was then he discovered that

someone had removed the tool chest. He was fifteen miles away from the nearest station and the banks of the lagoon for miles were all impenetrable mangrove swamp on which he could not possibly raise the stern of the boat out of the water. So, with a nail and a fish line, he dove down and working under water, succeeded in fixing the propellor. It was such a good job that he traveled through the lagoon and river for twenty-five miles to the next station he was to visit.

NOTHING seems to happen to him in the ordinary way. If he gets a dose of fever—and fever is so common in the tropics—it must not be ordinary malaria fever but black water fever, the killer of all that devitalizing group of fevers. If he meets with a storm, it must be a small hurricane. If his engine is giving him trouble, then it must be a complete breakdown, or the loss of his propellor, not just the finding of himself without gasoline. If he goes on a trip it is not to be a one-day trip or two-day jaunt into the bush, but it is to be a whole week of toilsome journeying or maybe three or four weeks.

As he moves from one place to



Up the Belize River in search of souls goes Father David F. Hickey, S.J. with Brother William Tesan, S.J., at the tiller.

out Dangerous Work

And the small, wiry, red-haired Jesuit who undertakes it rises to both the danger and the glory with a dauntless, gambling spirit which makes him ready to risk all for Christ.

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

another by slow degrees he says Mass, baptizes the babies born since his last trip, marries those whom he can induce, cajole or threaten into the wisdom of this sacrament, anoints those who are not apt to be there to welcome him on his next trip, gives simple doctrinal talks after each evening's rosary, and dispenses what medicine he has to the sick.

RECENTLY, Father Schaefer secured a motor boat with a powerful engine well equipped for the journeys he must make, but for two years he traveled in a little dug-out, called locally a dorey, that was propelled by a small old engine. Both these boats he called *Loyola* after the intrepid founder of the Jesuits. In the smaller barque he had experiences that would make the "Rover Boys" envious. Caught without grease to lubricate a troublesome part of the motor, Father has

resorted to the vaseline jar which he might have in his medicine kit. Left without a cotter pin, he has bound up the limping engine with a stocking. Getting drenched in sudden torrential showers is just one of those things to be expected.

But engines are not the only trouble of a missionary although they can be mighty trying at times. There are the thousand insects of the bush. There are snakes that may put in their appearance at the most unwanted times. There is the squalor of some of the homes, and the frightful poverty of some of the thatched-roof churches at which the priest has to stop to say Mass. In some places he is given a room which has one box and a frame structure in the corner resembling a table. This may be for the missionary, table, bed and altar on different occasions.

Sometimes the mosquitoes are so bad during Mass that he has to

build smudge fires in cans and place them alongside the altar and stand the burning and blinding of the smoke in order to get some little relief from the sting of a vast army of pestering flies. Then there are ticks and fleas and bottless flies that can make a night rather active even for an exhausted laborer in the Lord's vineyard. Father Schaefer tells us that at times he is moved to cry out, "Lord, please take these pests away and permit us some sleep that we can continue on to do the work there is yet to be done for You."

ONE night's experience, although not altogether characteristic, is however significant. It will give you an idea of what may be encountered in a bush house. Father Schaefer had watched his little handful of faithful Catholics trudge home to their leaf-covered huts after the evening prayers and directly he stepped to the swaying hammock for a night's repose. Making an accustomed sweep about with his flashlight, he noted just beneath the hammock a tomagoff snake curled comfortably on the ground. Not wishing to have him for a roommate during the night, he secured a stick and swept him from the hut.

Returning, he was just about to make another spring into the hammock when he noticed two huge centipedes crawling along the rope of the swinging bed. He stood near enough to them to kill them against the rope, and then became aware of the fact that his legs had a tingling feeling he knew could be caused from one thing. Looking down, he discovered that his two legs were already covered with large numbers of red ants who were well armed with their vicious stings.

This was too much! He must desert the house and seek his rest in the little boat. As he brushed the ants from his legs and jumped about as they burrowed into his flesh, he saw in the doorway his man-Friday, faithful John Scott, laughing good-naturedly, enjoying the plight of the distressed priest.

THAT may have been an unholy laugh for as he stood there an old sow that had been lying in the corner ran out between the legs

of the laughing Scott and sent him tumbling to the ground. After a few moments' consultation, Father Schaefer decided to do what he could about sleeping in the boat. He wrapped about his head the raincoat he always carried with him so as to keep off the mosquitoes, and squeezed himself into some sort of horizontal posture along the seats of the little *Loyola*. What was his further chagrin in the morning upon finding that he had rolled over during the night and had tossed the raincoat into the river.

FATHER SCHAEFER says well, "One has to have a sense of humor to live a life like this in places like these," and apparently he puts into practice his belief, as he is able to see the humorous side of most situations, and his contagious ringing laughter spreads merriment among others. Another one of his dictums is "To be a missionary here one has to have a cast-iron stomach and an alligator's hide." Apparently, he was thinking of the flies and vermin in making the last remark.

One of the principal pests of man in small bush houses is the presence of chicken lice. If he comes into a house and finds setting chickens in the room, he knows that there is to be no sleeping there for that evening. The rub comes when he does not see mother hen spread over her

eggs and climbs into his hammock to be awakened later on in the evening with a troublesome itch all over. One may not immediately diagnose what is the trouble, but as soon as he hears the gentle cluck of mother hen in her nest, he knows that it means a sudden trip to the sea or river for him and a night in the open.

REGARDING the cast-iron stomach, Father Schaefer seems to satisfy that with whatever the people of the village give him or with what comes within range of his trusty rifle. On one trip he and his men shot down a deer just when their food supply was down to a minimum. This they barbecued and ate. Other animals that have furnished food for the missionary when they can be shot are wari, iguana, mountain cow and peccary. Fish too, are caught on some of these trips. But we have the feeling that we are deprived of the very good fish stories.

Father David F. Hickey, S.J., Pastor of the Belize Cathedral, seems most skeptical about the very best fish stories. There is the one about—well, now I'm not so certain as to what the original details were, but the final version had it that a large tarpon jumped into a boat that a man and his wife were occupying, knocked the man out of the boat and broke two of his ribs, then

lay panting in the bottom of the boat from the exertion while the woman clubbed him to death. Father Schaefer can furnish testimony to substantiate this story.

FATHER SCHAEFER has the dauntless gambler's spirit that makes him ready to risk all for Christ. He has spent long tedious hours in his little boat, has traveled on foot and by horse for miles. His answer to those who ask, "Why go back into the bush with so much difficulty to help so few when there are many in the larger cities?" is "The people in the city can find Christ in His church but if the missionary goes into these isolated spots, he brings Christ to these people." Some of the people have to paddle four days in a dory to get to the nearest sizeable town.

When building the St. Joseph's School about twenty miles up the road from the town of Stann Creek where he was Pastor, Father Schaefer did much of the actual manual work himself. As a result of the strain and the exposure to the sun, he contracted a dose of malignant black-water fever which held him at death's door for two weeks. His only comment on this was: "Well, it was worth it to get the school up." On his first trip to the States in twelve years he got his biggest thrill riding to fires with the St. Louis fire department.

"Yesterday Not Much Goose"

This is molting season for geese at Hooper Bay, Alaska. A few days ago a crowd went out to round up geese, unable as they are to fly for lack of wing feathers. They are driven by our natives into shallow lakes where they can do nothing but swim, and then they are surrounded, and killed with clubs. It is an inexpensive way of hunting, but gives little chance of escape to the poor geese. One of the party at her return wrote me this little note:

"Dear Father:—Praise be Jesus Christ.

"Yesterday not much goose. I got six baby goose because I tak that one baby goose. After that one little baby goose. I get woman goose one. Gust very happy.—Kayutak."

Last summer, for the first time in local history, a game warden strayed down this way. He arrived just as such a round-up had been held and made the round of the village to inspect the proceeds. Your guess as to what he thought is as good as mine. I have not heard of any drastic conclusion to protect our geese. I rather believe the situation would be a bit hard to handle.—JOHN P. FOX, S.J.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Unforgettable Pere Charles

When Father Pierre Charles, S.J., embarked in Hoboken one dull evening in October on his return to Belgium, his contagious good humor was still radiating as warmly as ever, but he was a very tired man. And with reason. All summer long he had taught and traveled and talked in the cause of the missions and no Presidential candidate ever carried out a more exhausting campaign or covered more miles in a sweep around the nation.

We do not know how many heard Father Charles, but whatever the number,—it should have been more. Wherever he went, whenever he talked, his genial personality and his keen intellect were a flame that warmed, enlightened and purified the whole idea of mission work.

Greatest Handicap

Perhaps the greatest handicap to greater mission activity is the honest prejudice, conscious or unconscious, that exists on the part of many otherwise good Catholics against the mission idea.

Father Charles' great contribution was the dispelling of this attitude, by opening up for his hearers an entirely new approach to the concept of the missionary apostolate.

To many Catholics, missions and missionaries represent a somewhat overzealous group of fanatics, doing a work of supererogation,—indulging an odd, uncomfortable whim of theirs to go flying off to unheard of places, leaving behind them a large number of less adventurous fanatics who bother everyone with sermons, drives, magazines and innumerable collections of everything from stamps to money. One can sum it

up with the short, ugly word: "ballyhoo." And all the time there's so much to be done right here at home! So many souls to be saved in this country!

Punctured Prejudices

It is hard to sum up a whole summer of lectures in a few paragraphs, but the main ideas of Father Charles' attack on mission misconception were these:

First: The end and aim of the missions is *not to save souls*. It is to establish the Catholic Church in all nations according to Our Saviour's command. Part of the life of the Church is the *growth* of all its members. No one part can grow while another remains stunted if the Church is to be universal. When the Church is once established in any country, the burden of saving souls falls on that Church and the missionary is no longer needed. How completely this answers the old objection: "We have plenty of souls to be saved in this country!" (There were plenty of souls to be saved in Jerusalem when Christ sent the Apostles to "all nations.")

It need hardly be pointed out that if this "charity begins at home" policy had existed in the past ages, we would not be Christians today.

God Needs Our Help

Secondly: In engaging in missionary work, or supporting it, *we are doing a work for God, which He cannot do for Himself*, according to His Own design of the Church. This startling statement is clarified by the example of the cooperation of the Blessed Mother in the Redemption. God absolutely needed the cooperation of a human

being to be the Mother of the Redeemer according to His plan.

The Church is not only a spiritual institution; it is also physical and visible. Therefore, its spread and growth must also be physical and visible,—and in sending missionaries and supporting them in lands where the Church is not yet established, we are doing a work in which *God depends on us*. If men do not preach the Gospel in those lands *it will not be preached*. God's Will is not fulfilled. Mass is not said, prayers are not raised, the sacraments are not given in those lands; they are as empty and silent as the empty places left by Lucifer and his companion angels. "I will not serve," said Satan and God's Will was thwarted. If we say, "I will not support"—a definite extension of God's Church is lacking.

Here's That Mann Again

We would like to call your special attention to a letter in the "Afield" section from Father Joseph G. Mann, S.J., wherein he outlines the close connection between coal-baskets and the making of Christians. On a smaller scale he is doing again what was done in the famous Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay centuries ago.

In many places in the world, missionaries are seeing the need of solving economic problems along with moral ones. And certainly Father Mann's ingenuity is in the sound missionary tradition of realizing that sometimes social and economic reconstruction must precede any enduring establishment of Christianity.

Father Mann's experiment will be well worth watching,—and helping.
J. GERARD MEARS, S.J.



Here is one of God's shrines, reminiscent of the days of her glory. Xavier himself prayed here.

THE body of St. Francis Xavier, resting in its ornate silver casket in the dead city of Old Goa, acts like a mighty magnet drawing pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Being in Bombay which is only twenty hours by sea from this center of attraction, I felt the pull too strong to resist.

So I made for the booking office of the Bombay Steamship Company. This is far from being a Catholic concern, but to my astonishment and joy, I learned that along with other ships in their service bearing such Hindu names as "The Pravati" and "The Chandrawati" they also have one called "The Saint Anthony." And she was scheduled to sail for Goa the following morning. Delighted with my discovery, I booked passage on "The Saint Anthony" and next morning, preceded by a coolie with my luggage on his head, I walked up the gang-plank, took possession of my cabin, then went out on deck to see what I could see.

It was the beginning of May, and a huge crowd of Goans employed in Bombay were availing themselves of the May holidays to return for a few weeks to their beloved homeland. The boat was fairly swarming with men, women and children, and the decks were covered with pillows and blankets already spread out, to indicate that the respective owners had staked off that particular portion of the boat as their private claim.

AT ten o'clock "The Saint Anthony" blew a blast from her siren, the gangplank was lowered away, the engines began to throb, and slowly the ship shed her moorings and swung away from the pier.

The harbor was alive with craft of every description. A large freighter flying a Japanese flag and belching forth volumes of dense black smoke from her funnels was heading out to sea to starboard. A rakish little motor launch passed close by, carrying a harbor pilot in snorky white uniform with gold braid and buttons. He was going out to meet "The Counte Rosso" and bring her into port.

Down the Co

There were also sturdy little tugs riding close to the water, crude sailing craft with swallow-tail sails, and a ferry taking a crowd of tourists to see the ancient caves of Elephanta Islands.

I got permission to go up on the bridge. The Captain was a Mohammedan, and I found him positively charming, in spite of his grizzly black beard and his burly awe-inspiring six feet of stature. But it was the old buccaneer at the wheel who really took my eye. With bare feet planted firmly on the swaying deck, he was togged out in baggy blue pajamas and a loose upper garment that looked like a night-shirt gathered in about the middle by a broad olive green girdle, and decorated all over with red and white embroidered designs of anchors, flags and flowers. On the back of his shaggy head rested a little rimless sailor's hat, circled by a crown band with "The Saint Anthony" lettered on it, and joined in the back with two abbreviated fish-tail pennants fluttering in the wind. He cut a most colorful figure there at the wheel, and as he gazed out over the prow of the ship with eyes narrowed to mere slits and his rough weathered features screwed up into an ugly scowl, it would have taken only a blunderbuss and cutlass tucked away in his girdle and rings in his ears to convince me that he had once shipped with Captain Blood beneath the cross-bones and skull.

I SPENT a long time up on the bridge, watching the palm-fringed coast with the white sands of the beach glistening in the sun, and the continuous chain of hills tumbling down to the sea, half hidden behind a veil of blue-gray haze. Toward evening we put in at a small port and anchored in the wind-swept bay, with the massive stone walls of an old Portuguese fort frowning down on us from a high promontory. Two large flat-bottom boats came out to meet us, loaded with cargo and manned by coolies with ridiculous oars which consisted of long bamboo poles attached to absurdly small paddles about the same shape and size of a deck-tennis racket. I marvelled at the skill of those coolies in maneuvering the boats alongside while bobbing up and down and tossed about in that turbulent sea.

Soon "The Saint Anthony" was on her way once more and a full Indian moon had swung up over the hills transforming the emerald sea into molten silver. I stood at the railing with the salt breeze tearing through my hair, watching the crested waves rolling into shore and breaking against the rocky coast in great clouds of moonlit spray.

WHEN I looked out of the porthole in the morning, we were just entering the Rio de Mendovi. I recalled that St. Francis Xavier had sailed up this same river four hundred years ago on a windjammer that had taken thirteen months to bring him around the Cape from Portugal. On the right bank of the river lay Pangim the capital of Goa, and seamen were already standing by to tie up "The Saint Anthony" to the quay.

But before we were allowed to land, a doctor came on board and insisted on taking the pulse of every passenger, a formalism that has been observed ever since plague was brought into the country some years ago. Then followed a short delay to get through Customs, and I was on my way to the "Instituto de St. Francis Xavier." This is a Jesuit High School started forty years ago, and the only religious institution to be established in Nova Goa since the fanatical suppression of all religious orders started by Pombal. I received a hearty welcome at the Instituto and was exceedingly happy to find that one of the Fathers and a lay Brother could speak English. After Mass and breakfast the Brother announced that he was at my disposal in case

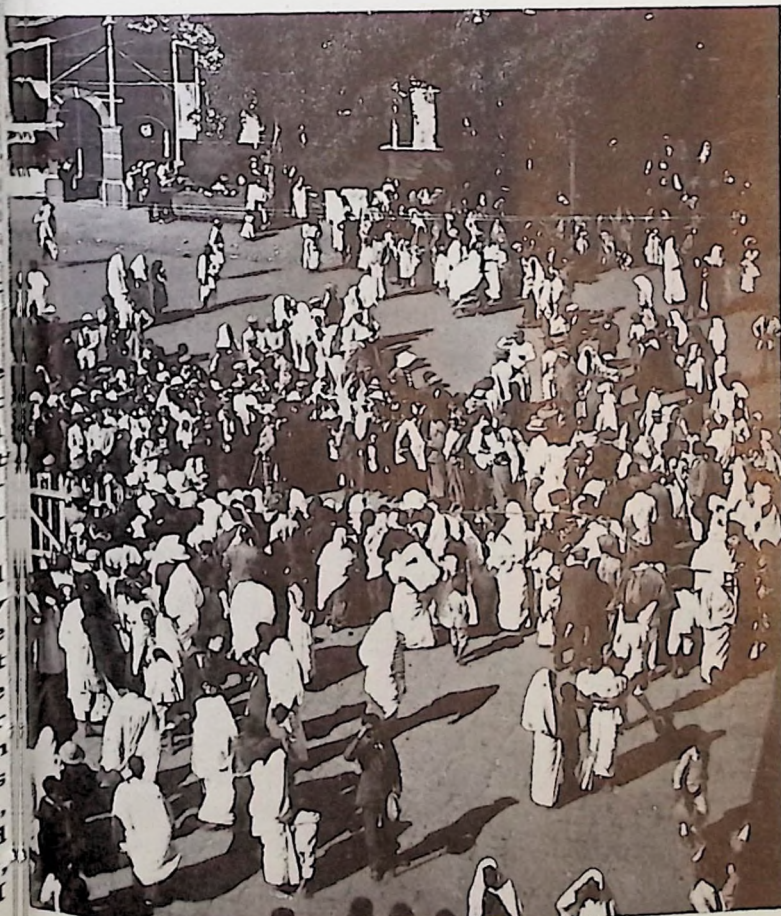
to Goa

Richard A.
Welfle, S.J.

wanted to go out to Old Goa. I replied that I had left Bombay with just this one purpose in mind.

SO we were soon seated in a bus and traveling along the road that follows the Rio de Mendovi out to that mass of ruins which is all that remains of the old city which once flaunted the proud boast: "He who has seen Goa need not trouble to visit Lisbon." Joao de Sepulveda, a Portuguese traveler and adventurer, saw it in 1541, just a year before "The Coulam" with Xavier on board, anchored in the river. He writes: "What a sight Goa is from the river! A sea of red roofs glittering in the sun, emerging from tufts of vegetation and stately palms. . . . You cannot imagine what a cosmopolitan city this is. I have seen men from Tartary and Brao Mogol, queer, squat figures, with mere slits for eyes, and with enormous pigtails, the ends of which they coil and put in their pockets. Besides these there are all sorts of races, white, black, brown. The tall Arab with his turban, the stately Persian, the Jew with his gabardine, the Guzaratis, stout, but keen business men, the ebony-black kaffirs and the Malays.

"The Rua Direita is the nerve-center of the city, and during the hot hours the street is one vast canopy of umbrellas. There in the mornings are held public auctions, and much cheating attends them. On both sides it is flanked with gorgeous shops and counting houses. Goldsmiths abound, and the work they turn out is very fine and delicate. There are fine tissues and fabrics sold by Flemish merchants, splendid tapestries from Persia, muslins like gauze, coming from Bengal; rich coral brought down by Arabs; pearls of wondrous size from Pescaria and Taprobana;



In 1542, St. Francis Xavier disembarked from the "Coulam" and walked up to Goa through this very arch.

gold dust from Sofala, and ivory from Socatra; rubies from Pegu, and diamonds from Golkanda; fine silks and porcelain as delicate as egg-shells from China. Money from all the world is exchanged here, and there are many clever bankers from Lombardy. Close by are sold the small, but wiry and agile horses of Persia and Arabia. Of spices there is abundance; ships keep coming in with produce from Malabar, Ceylon, Celebes, and the Moluccas."

BUT all this fabulous wealth and material prosperity brought with it ease and luxury and germs of decay. Old Goa was actually rotten at the core. De Sepulveda observes: "The looseness of life and customs is beyond imagination. There is great room for conversion, not only of the infidels, but of the Christians themselves. For many of them live like Sultans with a harem of concubines. There is no fair play in agreements and contracts. The old Christians live as they please, the churches are deserted, and if anyone is seen going to the sacraments, he is laughed at as a refined hypocrite. I am no saint and have my weakness of flesh, but I am ashamed of such dissoluteness as there is rampant here."

This revolting lust and moral degradation of every description often merited Xavier's scathing denunciations. And viewing those mouldering ruins now one cannot help thinking that the old city also drew down the curse of God. The place is completely deserted, except for a few Canons who are the ecclesiastical custodians of the old cathedral and several other churches which are still in a fair state of preservation. As for the numerous chapels, convents, monasteries, schools and hospitals which flourished at the time of Xavier, there is nothing left but heaps of crumbled masonry and here and there the jagged portion of an old facade rising up above the jungle vegetation. And of Old Goa's worldly splendor, its luxurious palaces and villas among the cocoanut palms along the river, its beautiful gardens and wealthy bazaars, not the slightest trace is to be found.

NEVERTHELESS, Providence has so ordained that the most fitting place to enshrine Xavier's miraculously preserved body is precisely this wilderness of ruins,—apparently in order that even in death, or rather in eternal life, he might continue to drive home to fickle man his favorite theme on the fleeting pleasures and vanities of this world compared with an incorruptible crown. His body lies in a magnificent silver casket in a richly decorated mausoleum off from the main (Turn to page 309)

The Saint's miraculously preserved body still draws the multitudes. A pilgrimage to Goa.

Who is Aglipay?

John R.
O'Connell, S.J.



Distributing American Catholic magazines to Public School teachers in Vigan as a counter offensive to the Aglipayan schism.

IN the last days of the Spanish regime in the Philippines, Gregorio Aglipay, an Ilocano servant of the Augustinian Fathers in Manila, bent on achieving full rights for the Filipino clergy, became a priest and served for several years in the Archdiocese of Manila. Frustrated in his desire for a bishopric, he left the Church and accepted honors in a new schismatic independent Filipino church which had been started on August 3, 1902, by the ex-Senator, Isabelo de los Reyes. Incidentally, the aged Isabelo returned to the Church of his Baptism and received Holy Communion about the time of the Eucharistic Congress in Manila.

Father Aglipay, however, took the title of bishop and then archbishop and then patriarch of the new schismatic church. Due to the circumstances of the time, the new sect grew rapidly in numbers, aided temporarily by the misguided support of the then Governor General, William Howard Taft. It will be remembered, that in four years from December 1, 1898, to December 1, 1902, seven hundred and sixty-seven Spanish Fathers left the Islands. Of these forty were killed in the insurrection of the Filipinos against Spain, in the Spanish American War, and in the insurrection of the Filipinos against America. The others sailed for missionary work in South America, China or back to Spain. This exodus necessarily left many Catholic churches empty and the Aglipayans were not slow to take advantage of the fact and possession of the churches.

Since my coming to Tangub four ministers have occupied the Tangub Aglipayan church. At least two, if not all, were married. Evidently the revenues were not enticing. The present minister is an alumnus of a Catholic college in Cebu. He was out of a job, doesn't

believe in the Aglipayan creed, but serves as a *pari-pari*, or fake priest, as the people call them. A chauffeur became a *pari-pari* in six weeks. The usual period of preparation is six months. A facility in reading some Latin prayers, plus noise-makers such as bells and a band and the ability to imitate what the priest does, are evident requirements for the successful candidate. In recent years the number of Aglipayan bishops has been increased. Cagayan has one, Oroquieta another. The bishop of Oroquieta was given a humiliating reception on his visit to Tangub. Only a handful turned out to meet him.

THERE is no evidence of noble ideals in the Aglipayan church. It was born out of hatred for the Spaniards and

for the religion of Spain. Yet, out of necessity, the feasts of the Spanish saints are observed by wily *pari-paris*, lest the deceived be undeceived. Here in northern Mindanao but especially in Occidental Misamis, which was neglected so long while Father Font, S.J., had to be satisfied with his periodic visits to this priestless province, the Aglipayan schism became widespread. Even now a large number of land-owners are high Aglipayans, fallen away Catholics, baptized in the Catholic towns of their birth but seduced on emigrating to Occidental Misamis. There is little hope of reclaiming these souls for they have sinned against the Light and are too ashamed to admit their error. Nevertheless, their children come into the Church by receiving the sacrament of Baptism, following instruction. Of course, we must wait until the time of their marriage with a Catholic party for the full conversion but there is usually little difficulty in changing them to the Catholic Faith. A fiery parent or relative may block the conversion, but a way can be found and with patience the conversion is accomplished and the convert has a convert's fervor.

Aglipayanism has no appeal for the really educated. To me, personally, the Aglipayans are a problem, noisy and annoying. They ring their bells during our sermons, ape our services and in general prolong the seduction of the ignorant and the hardened of heart. However, here in Minadano, their numbers are steadily declining as soul by soul enters the narrow gate into the true fold of Christ. In conclusion, I must say that I have yet to meet a person of intelligence or refinement who is an Aglipayan. The really big men in the Island are Catholic, though not a few prominent leaders have yielded to the pressure of masonry.

Catholic Universities in Mission Lands

The Mission Intention for December

THE true object of Catholic foreign missions is not sporadic convert-making but the establishment of the Church in pagan lands,—a native Church administered by native bishops and priests and supported by the faithful of those countries. This aspect of mission work makes obvious the necessity of Catholic universities. The establishment of the Church to the extent that it can be self-supporting and supplied by a native clergy is clearly impossible without higher education for the Catholics who are leaders in the national life. No matter how holy and zealous native converts may be, they will always be in need of European or American leadership and support unless they have centers of Catholic education to supply them with priests and laymen of sufficiently high calibre to carry on Catholic culture and form a nucleus of a living church.

ALL missionaries are unanimous in maintaining that without institutions of learning their missionary work lacks permanence and must continually be done over again. Continuity of Catholicity can only be obtained by universities which can be annually sending out educated Catholic leaders, lay and ecclesiastic.

SINCE the Renaissance and the Reformation it has had a hard struggle with diminished resources, to supply for her children all the new discoveries of modern science and scholarship without the blight of agnosticism, neo-paganism and philosophical error which accompanies education in secular universities. By a titanic struggle the Catholic colleges and universities have been able to produce scholars, the equal of any in the world, who have not had to sacrifice their Faith in the attainment of the highest learning. These Catholic scholars have been a bulwark against the attack of neo-pagan and materialistic assaults of the enemies of the Church. They can meet steel with steel.

MUCH has already been done to build up in mission lands centers of Catholic intellectual life and the prestige of the Church in the East and Far East has gained thereby. The readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* are well acquainted with many of the educational efforts being made, especially in the Philippine Islands and in Baghdad. The following survey of other Catholic universities in mission lands is quoted from *Fides Service*:

"In the Levant exists today what the eminent French writer Maurice Barrès once described as 'the lighthouse of the Eastern Mediterranean,' the Catholic University of Beirut. This institution, developed out of the nucleus of a college founded by the French Jesuits, may be said, as a university, to date from the eighties of the last century, when Leo XIII authorized the establishment here of a theological faculty and the French Government, for whom 'anti-clericalism was not an article

for exportation,' granted facilities for the creation of a medical school. Other subjects, such as law and engineering, have been added since. The influence of St. Joseph's University, Beirut, is felt today throughout the Levant.

"East of Suez the first country in which Catholic educational work has reached a high degree of perfection is India. French, Belgian, Italian and German Jesuits have been instrumental in promoting Catholic higher education. There exists, as yet, no India Catholic University. Important colleges, attended by Moslem and Hindu, as well as Christian youth, are conducted by members of the Society of Jesus at Bombay, Calcutta, Mangalore, Madras and Trichinopoly. Founded in most cases some fifty years ago, these institutions have won not merely state recognition but have been affiliated to the Indian Government universities. Their ex-pupils already constitute an elite of highly educated Indian Catholic gentlemen, who are making their influence felt in the public life of the country. Moslems and Hindus who have passed through these schools have at least learned to know and in many cases to view with respect the Catholic Church.

"Similar work has been accomplished at Bangalore, in the State of Mysore, by the Paris Foreign Mission Society—latterly with the assistance of a Jesuit Father, formerly Rector of St. Aloysius College, Mangalore—and at Colombo, Ceylon, by the Oblate Fathers.

“CONTINUING our eastward journey round the globe, we come to China. China possesses two Catholic universities, those of Shanghai and Peking, to which may be added a third important institute not yet ranking officially as a university, the *Hautes Etudes* of Tientsin. Aurora University, Shanghai, under French Jesuit management, was founded in 1903. It thus possesses the distinction of being the first Catholic university to be opened in the Far East, apart from the very old Dominican foundation of Santo Tomás at Manila. The Aurora comprises schools of medicine, engineering, science and law. The Catholic University of Peking, locally known as Fu-Jen University, was undertaken by American Benedictines in 1921 and actually opened in 1925. In 1933, its management passed into the hands of the Divine Word Fathers. It comprises schools of literature, science, education and arts. The *Hautes Etudes* of Tientsin, under Jesuit management, possesses schools of commerce and engineering.

"In 1913, Pius X expressed the desire that a Catholic University be opened in Japan. The project was realized by the Jesuits in Tokyo. The nascent Japanese Catholic University, comprising schools of literature, commerce and journalism, received official recognition from the imperial government in 1930. Its importance can scarcely be over-rated in a country in which conversions are mostly among the educated classes."

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BRITISH HONDURAS "In Journeyings Often"

In between his strenuous journeys Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., finds time to send us a most interesting letter about his new apostolic labors:

"After more than a month of moving about the colony in airplanes, motor cars and motor boats, native canoes, on horseback and on foot, and getting a

limbered their poles and poled us through the long and tedious lagoon before we could get into clear water again. After they had accomplished that good deed for the day they untied their canoe, and began to paddle back to Rancho Dolores, a journey of at least three hours! But they were glad to have the priest and the Bishop with them for the day and a half, and showed their appreciation by more than words. We

clean and neat, of course, but there is nothing of the beauty and permanence that we are accustomed to associate with churches. In a few years, perhaps, the ants will have made inroads into the wood and it will sag and finally fall down. A strange thing about these churches is that not a nail is used in their construction. Huge beams (five inches in diameter) are held together by vine-like streamers from the tie-tie tree. The poles that make up the sides of the hut are held together by the same kind of rope which is very strong and can be cut from the tree in almost any thickness. In one day (after all the materials have been gathered) the people of a village can put up a good sized 'church,' large enough to accommodate a hundred persons. In a little village I visited the priest's house was put together in one afternoon! Very simple and very cheap. Also very short lived. Any other kind of a construction with wood, cement, etc., would cost altogether too much. The people could hardly afford it.

"In San Antonio, however, near Punta Gorda, where Father John A. Krizek, S.J., is working, the Indians have been gathering stones for a long time. They already have a good big pile of them near the church. When the time comes they will all give a couple days of work a week, for this church will take a much longer time. The community numbers about five hundred souls, all Mayas, and delightful people.

Bells of Belize

"In most of these villages the arrival of the priest or Bishop is announced by the ringing of a bell—if they have one. Indeed, very few of them possess a bell. Most of them have a discarded automobile axle or simply a big piece of iron, struck repeatedly by another piece of iron. Father Anthony J. Kuenzel, S.J., up in Benque Viejo, has refined the procedure a bit. To replace the bell which was melted in the fire



Four hours in this "yacht" lie ahead of Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., Father Joseph Wade, S.J., and mariners, on their way to Shipstern, British Honduras.

thorough first-hand acquaintance with flies, mosquitoes, red ants, mud, rain, mahogany beds and hammocks, I have come back to Belize for a breathing space of four days. Next Friday, the day after tomorrow, I shall be on my way to Orange Walk for four days more and then out to the Cayes for another few days. After that there will be a lull and I shall start out again visiting the stations in the south. Monday, Father Michael A. Schaefer, S.J., and I completed the visit of his stations along the Belize River and drove home in his motor boat for eleven uninterrupted hours!

"We left his northernmost station, Rancho Dolores, early in the morning, and after moving smoothly along for two hours and a half, our three Maya Indians who accompanied us, un-

certainly would never have been able to visit their village had it not been for the help they gave.

"When we were leaving the children brought us dozens of huge grape fruit, oranges and limes—the only contribution these good people could make for they hardly ever see the color of money. Their houses are of bamboo poles with thatched roofs, and the hard clay soil affords them a floor. This is good enough when the weather is dry, but when it rains, as it does very often in this country, the floor is anything but comfortable.

"Solicitude for All the Churches"

"The church is like their homes—only Our Lord would deign to come down there and dwell. It is

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

that destroyed his church two years ago, he has two rusty pieces of iron hanging up on his front porch. The bell-ringer strikes them alternately to give the effect of two bells! The Angelus rung on these improvisations is sometimes hard to recognize by a new-comer, though the people know the sound well enough and stop whatever they are doing to say the Angelus. At a little place called Shipstern, **Father Joseph D. Wade's** bell is an old automobile rim, whose discordant notes are sufficiently loud to be heard by the twenty families that make up the community. In three or four other places the churches are proud to possess bells which once adorned the fire-wagons of the St. Louis Fire Department!"

CHINA

Wars and Rumors of Wars

From bewildered and embattled China, **Father John K. Lipman, S.J.**, writes:

"As you notice, I'm writing from a new address. Yes, for this year I shall be the assistant here in Shanghai at the Church of Christ the King, and then next year, if all goes according to the present plans, I'll go to spend a year or two in Haichow. After that—? **Brother James E. Finnegan, S.J.**, is taking my place in Nanking, so that there will continue to be three men there, although only two priests. It was absolutely imperative, since the Americans are taking over this parish, to have more than one man here, and I was the only one at all available. This will not interfere with the radio work, and at the same time presents advantages in having a Nanking man in Shanghai. Judging from the present indications, there will be plenty to do here this year, and there won't be any reason for my putting on weight.

"What the war will mean to us over here is still a question mark. From present indications, it is not impossible that the Japanese and the British might join forces, and, of course, the Americans are being treated most kindly and

carefully. I really think that our work here for the present won't be disturbed, although the French Scholastics at Zi-ka-wei will probably have to join the army. What a world we're living in!"

ALASKA

5,000 Arctic Miles

The itinerary of **Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald's** tour of the Alaskan missions seems arduous enough without the seal oil:

It was the Bishop's initial inspection tour of the Alaskan missions, during which he visited 37 Catholic missions and stations, confirmed 32 white persons, 191 Eskimos and 102 Indians.

At Hooper Bay and Nelson Island he subsisted on the natives' food, chiefly fish and seal oil. It was seal killing time and the oil was fresh. "Seal oil when fresh is not objectionable, but when rancid it tastes horrible," the Bishop said. The Mission at Tununak on Nelson Island has 456 natives. Confirmation was administered to 57.

Bishop Fitzgerald recently went to Spokane to be present at the consecration on October 18th of Most Reverend William Condon, D.D., recently appointed Bishop of Great Falls, Montana. Following the consecration of Bishop Condon, Bishop Fitzgerald attended the meeting in Chicago in November of all Bishops of the United States, and plans to return to Fairbanks December 1st.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

New Pastor for Port Antonio

Father Denis T. Tobin, S.J., fresh from collegiate corridors and classroom, mounts his mule and away he goes into the hills of Jamaica:

"I have begun my work at the Port Antonio Mission with the tremendous handicap of succeeding **Father Oliver B. Skelly, S.J.** Here is a man that the people love. And it is my sad lot to come up to Father Skelly's measure. They tell me that Father Skelly was very kind; always good to the poor; that he had a



Shot in the side and stomach by a Japanese sentry at Yaolou near Siichow, China, Brother Edgar Gauvin, S.J., of the Upper Canadian Province, is reported by the Associated Press to be in a serious condition. Brother Leo Fontaine, S.J., who was with him was shot in the back and the shoulder.

fine big voice; that he was a powerful preacher. And as they tell about Father Skelly it is most clear how sorely the people miss him.

"And in my attempts to measure up to Father Skelly, I met my first success last Sunday at May River. As I left the church after Mass to go to the priest's house, one kindly soul stopped me and said: 'You like Father Skelly; him sweat all time too.'

"And you will get an idea of Father Skelly's gigantic labor and the Catholicity of the people at May River when I tell you what I have done for one Sunday.

"After hearing confessions and saying Mass at Port Antonio, I started for May River along thirty odd miles of twisting, sharp curving road. On arrival I hustled into the church and spent more than an hour in the confessional. After confessions, two couples were joined in Holy Matrimony and we proceeded to High Mass. Never have I heard a choir sing Mass more lustily and

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

earnestly than these people of May River. The congregation on this Sunday numbered almost four hundred; and many of them had walked miles to attend the Holy Sacrifice. Seventy of them fasted until noon time to receive their Lord in Communion.

"After Mass the people had their breakfasts and their luncheons and we returned to the church for the Holy Hour in honor of the Sacred Heart. The people of May River spent that day almost entirely in praise and worship of their God.

Via Ford, Mule and Horse

"It is the custom to spend Sunday night at May River and then to say Mass for the people on Monday, baptize and visit the sick. I followed the custom. We had about one hundred at Mass and three Baptisms. The sick whom I visited lived high in the hills and following the custom it was necessary to mount a mule, Princess, borrowed for the occasion.

"After the work of Monday morning, the priest climbs the back of a horse, named Backward, and is off to Mt. Joseph and another community of loyal, faithful Catholics.

"Work of this nature Father Skelly carried on for almost sixteen years and the missions that he had served bear glowing testimony to his Christ-like spirit, his faith and courage."

"Hear! Hear!"

The former Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, the Very Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., forwards some first impressions from his new post as Superior of the Jamaica Mission:

"The shift from JESUIT MISSIONS to Jamaica and my new job was a real one. I can't ever forget you all but I am in love with my new work.

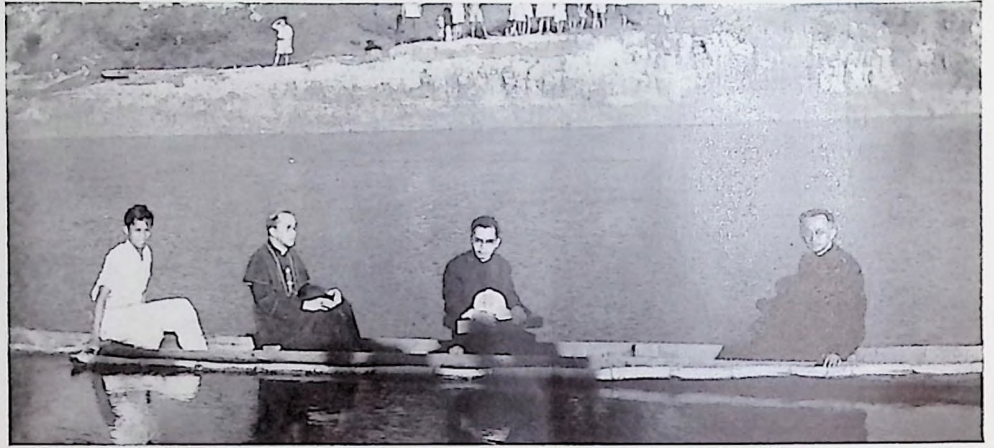
"We formally opened the September term at St. George College on September 13th, stressing the fact that education was to be used by them as a means for attaining a native clergy and a self-sustaining church.

"There have been the usual run of receptions. In the middle of your speech you will suddenly get a 'Hear! Hear!' I thought it was an objection the first time I heard it.

"You would love the old-fashioned phrases on the lips of the youngsters, uttered with a beautiful Anglo-Irish brogue. The Bishop and I were going down

settles down at St. Rita's in Balingasag:

"After serving for a short time in many places here in our Mission in Mindanao, at last I have been sent to help Father Clement Risacher, S.J., here at Balingasag, with the prospect of opening a much needed new mission in the district of Salay, a large city district within this parish, that



Bishop del Rosario, S.J., his secretary Father Alfred Paguia, S.J., and Father Joaquim Lim, S.J., embark for Dulawan from Maganoy, P. I.

the stairs of the Chetwood School, Montego Bay, at lunchtime and a little girl had her sandwich on the step in front of us. Just as His Lordship started to step down, she cried out: 'Mind you mash me bread, Sir!'

Reconnaissance Flight

"I have been practically all over the Island to see the men and the houses they live in. We visited Holy Cross, Holy Rosary, St. Ann's, High Gate, Spanish Town, Mandeville, Seaford Town, Montego Bay, Brown's Town, Linstead and their outlying stations. Only a few more to visit and then I get busy and try to fill their needs.

"The people are very kindly and have a real respect for the Priesthood. We will get along well with them. A smile goes a long way."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Salute from Salay

Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., completes his Odyssey and

has had to be contented in the past with what Father Risacher could do for them and the more numerous people of Balingasag. It is our plan to develop Salay as an independent mission if we can support it. Can it be done?

If we can, then Balingasag will, as before, have only one priest, but Salay will also have one. In any case, we shall have more than enough to handle with our more than twenty-five thousand people here in the city of Balingasag and many more thousands in the surrounding *barrios* along the coast and up in the mountains. Our Catholic school building here is only a makeshift affair, but it accommodates over six hundred and fifty children. Our twenty-two catechists teach over two thousand children in the *barrio* public schools. Catechists must be paid two dollars and fifty cents a month for their six periods of instruction a week. It is a headache to find the means to run our school and to give so many children at least the necessary Christian instruction.

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

"The church at Salay is in a sorry condition. Typhoons and the inevitable neglect of a priestless place have taken their reward over a period of years. Then it never was a stronghold. Today it is a wide-open church, that is made to serve for a Mass every month. But now we hope to have Mass there every Sunday. We are hoping strongly to give the ten thousand people there a decent church, a resident priest, if possible. But Rome wasn't built in a day. For the present we must plan to serve so many people with more than Sunday Mass and a little instruction for the children by catechists after school. A priest must live near so many people. For the most part they are very poor fishermen and the sons of fishermen. They need a licensed spiritual fisherman to catch them in the net of Christ, that net that restrains but also frees us from the far worse net of Satan.

"But why talk about needs? This mission life has great consolations. We have besides our six hundred and fifty children in our own school here at Balingasag, about eighteen hundred children from the public schools in our catechism classes this year. Think of all the First Communions we shall have this year. I can see them now coming up to receive Christ for the first time, and already I am rejoicing over that. Father Risacher is the one who deserves all the credit for rounding up so many. In fact, he promises to have twenty-five thousand before long."

Cagayan Soldiers of Christ

From Cagayan in Mindanao, P. I., Father Isaias X. Edralin, S.J., reports a new and fruitful activity:

"The National Defense Act seems to be a blessing in disguise. Forty thousand young trainees gather every year in the different Cadres of the Philippine Army. It offers a wonderful opportunity to recall some strayed or stolen sheep to the sheepfold. There are twenty-four official Catholic chaplains in the Philippine Army, but here in Northern

Mindanao the situation is extremely difficult as there is only one chaplain, a native priest, to cover seven provinces. As this is a practically impossible task, I have been assigned to aid him in this section by saying Mass at the Cadre every Sunday and



Father Edralin, S.J., with Lieutenants Abelardo Isnain and Vicente Musiah of the Philippine Army, recent Moro converts.

giving religious instruction to the soldiers. So far, two Moro officers have become Catholics and an officer and nine soldiers who were Aglipayans were rebaptized and received Confirmation from the Bishop."

AMERICAN INDIANS *Difficulties at St. Andrew's*

Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., at St. Andrew's School, Pendleton, Oregon, gallantly refuses to look at the threatening handwriting on the wall:

"When in September, 1938, our school ceased to have boarders and became exclusively a day school, it was not surprising that its enrollment fell to twenty-six children, about one-third of the number of former years. In the last ten years, Catholic Indian children have been drifting into the public schools. It was partly to bring back the children of our own Reservation that the change was made. At first we faced a problem of transportation that is

just now coming to a solution. This year our school bus is obliged to operate only over the Thorn Hollow-Cayuse route. According to the new Oregon State Law our children are allowed to use the Mission district public school bus. Thus about thirty-five miles daily have been cut off our bus line.

"The change in our school last year came as a kind of a shock to the Indians. Readjustment with them is slow. However, this year we see an improved reaction which has brought us already a slight increase in the number of children with a promise of more later. If our school is able to continue the enrollment will probably increase considerably more.

"If I can assure my superiors that we shall be properly financed I am sure that our school will have sufficient children and accomplish a spiritual good that will justify its continuance. Five hundred dollars would probably assure our immediate and future needs that are essential to carry on the good work.

"In the battle against paganism, indifference and other deplorable evils of the modern world, our school is most effective. That it may go on is my earnest hope.

PATNA, INDIA

Moslems and a Big Brahmin

Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., of Patna City, reports a future harvest that shows signs of whitening:

"On the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, Patna City's Old Cathedral witnessed the first Holy Communion of a 248-pounder 'newly born', who on the eve of the feast had been christened Robert (Bellarmine) Noel (Chabanel). He was a Brahmin *zemindar* who had come all the way from closed Nepal to seek the pearl of great price. My big family of Untouchable youngsters, ninety of them, had a great feast on Indian sweets and other delicacies served to them personally by their newly-born brother, who is now also

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

'untouchable' to his former associates. But as he is economically independent, this does not greatly worry him.

To the Mission he also made a gift of 'sweets' in the shape of a Rs. 1,000 chapel, which he wishes to build in Father Marion R. Batson's territory. Incidentally, side by side at the First Communion table were our big Brahmin babe, an untouchable Chamar, and a leper. Behind the happy crowd was a tall, gaunt *sadhu* in his saffron gown, like a side-piece—as far as appearance was concerned—to the Baptist in the desert. He was more than well enough instructed, and as for 'piety' you ought to hear him pray out loud when he thinks himself alone in church. But *sadhus* are *sadhus* and,—strange fellows!"



Father John M. Knopp, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who is on his way to British Honduras. Father Knopp's studies of British education at London University were interrupted by the war.

Men of Good Faith

Father Joseph G. Mann, S.J., pays tribute to 'the forgotten men' of mission success, the catechists,—and discloses an exciting idea:

"Fidelis, Alexander and Peter, Princes of all catechists, are the three backbones of the Dom mission. For years they have been working heart and soul for our

Mission, getting enough pay to keep them and their families in food and clothes. Nothing more, not even enough to educate their sons. Recently, times grew so hard that Fidelis had to give up drinking tea, a national Indian beverage, for he volunteered to donate one rupee (thirty cents) per month out of his 13½ upkeep salary for missionary work.

The "Reductions" Again?

"But I've got more than that up my sleeve. I'm of a sanguine character. I talk in thousands, nothing less, and I leave it to God to make the thousands tens of thousands.

"Just as Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., was leaving, he gave me the tip to try to get cane to make coal-baskets. The tip was a good one. For three hundred dollars I got enough cane to make about fifteen hundred baskets. And that led to something else.

"The Doms were converted *en masse* by Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., some eighteen years ago. Since then one missionary after another has worn himself out trying to keep in contact with them. They live in small groups, two or three houses per village, and so it is all but impossible to keep in touch with them, for the villages are many and far and wide.

"At last a solution is in sight. I've got the plan working on a small scale to prove it. Here's the plan.

Salvation in Baskets

"I have almost thirty Doms living here in the church compound. During the day they make coal baskets, and in the evenings they receive religious instruction. For the first time in their lives, they have an opportunity to live as practical Catholics, in a Catholic atmosphere, learning prayers and frequenting the sacraments. It is most consoling to see how these lowest of the low in Indian society respond to religious teaching. The solution of the Dom problem seems to be all but realized.

"The wrinkle that needs must be straightened out is a supply of cane to make baskets with;



Father John T. Linehan, S.J., of the Southern Province, who has returned to Ceylon after several years of study in Belgium and the United States.

and that cane can be gotten. Last May I received a gift of all the cane that could be cut, cleaned and hauled away in one month. Providence, nothing less, sent me a little over three hundred dollars and with that to spend, I got close to fifty tons of cane, the cane that is now keeping more than thirty Doms busy and which, according to present plans, will be the source of work and the opportunity of acquiring religious instruction to a couple of hundred Doms. Next January, if again Providence will send the wherewithal, about three thousand dollars, I hope to get almost ten times as much cane (I intend to contract for the whole jungle, two miles square) which will supply work for all my people, and the price realized from the sale of the coal baskets should put my Mission well on the way to be self-supporting.

"If only you could make it possible for me to carry out my plan, or find some God-loved persons to harken to God's pleading, yet gentle inspiration, the Doms will thank you and them *per omnia saecula saeculorum.*"

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Burning with Zeal

To the Editor:

Please send me the magazine JESUIT MISSIONS for which you will find one dollar enclosed in this envelope. The other day I found several old copies of JESUIT MISSIONS in the basement of our church (St. Mary of the Lake) awaiting cremation in the incinerator, so I rescued and read them and think they are swell.

I am in the fifth year in the Quigley Preparatory Seminary. Although this is a secular seminary, my real interests are in the missions and I have long desired to become a missionary priest, but my parents won't let me, so . . . Thus, naturally, when I saw the word "Missions" on your magazines I brought them home as I have many another abandoned mission magazine and now I don't want to be without the JESUIT MISSIONS anymore.

Chicago, Ill.

Seminarian

Hoping in Hopeh

To the Editor:

As a former Woodstockian (1922-1924) may I ask you to present the new Jesuit mission entrusted to me to the readers of the JESUIT MISSIONS, if your rules allow it.

Would you be so kind and mention that our Mission is actually in great distress. The Imperial Canal has broken through the dikes and flooded the Western part of the Mission, whereas in the Eastern part not a drop of rain has fallen up to the present and drought prevailing everywhere. People would be forced to leave, if under present circumstances they would only know where to go. Traveling is out of question and so they continue to stay and to count on relief.

P. L. Prellinger, S.J.

Kingsien, Hopeh, China

This European Jesuit who made some of his theological studies at Woodstock College, Md., one of several houses of study for American Jesuits, surely merits the prayerful support of our readers.—
Editor.

An Ally

To the Editor:

I am enclosing a check for the renewal of my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I am sorry to be so awfully late. But seriously I am certain that you will readily take my alibi.

Brother Superior decided I would drop JESUIT MISSIONS alleging the running out of the magazine budget. I grinned and bore it; obviously, the place was impregnable.

All the while, your increasingly beseeching appeals, in favor of your needy laborers, kept pouring in, just pouring in. Just imagine my embarrassment! Eventually I resolved to shift my batteries upon the class room field. Here I depicted to my twenty-three Canadian pupils the pitiable plight of our missionaries afield in heathen lands and the dire need of financial aid they are in, to carry on their Good Samaritan's of-

fice. Upon my asking if they wouldn't club together and subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS, all chipped in; then and there they handed me the required amount.

Many thanks for your special memento of me in your Mass, to which I beg you to append my dear pupils.

Canada

Brother —.

Clan Delany

To the Editor:

If it would not be a sort of plagiarism on Hugh Walpole's recent novel "The Joyous Delaneys," it might be very uplifting to your readers, if you would give to your graphic and geographical periodical a sub-title—"The Joyous Jesuits." One learns now that the clan Delany—or Delaney—(both of the same middle Irish County branches) is shocked that Walpole should have selected that old Celtic name to portray Delanys not really joyous but morally unorthodox and socially reckless.

The Jesuits with their gay spirited charm, as they write in your magazine, are really joyous, with a contagious exhilaration, remarkable in the articles and letters from such diverse temperaments and temperatures.

For a few months, and inadvertently as far as my main objective went, I was assigned to the grim Anthracite region of Pennsylvania. I re-live the horrors of isolation and circumscribed small town life sometimes in the quiet stretches of the night. Then I marvel at the perennial gayety of your writers, more fully appreciating the elements of the supernaturally heroic that is part of their happy zeal.

To one who in a minor degree only has uprooted, these Jesuits seem so persevering, so jauntily cheerful. We will think of the new magazine title now as "The Joyous Jesuits," even though Mr. Walpole feels we are trespassing on his preserves.

Phila., Pa.

A. M. Delany

The Answer Man

To the Editor:

In answer to Father Madaras' question if anyone knew something to discourage the crows in Iraq from eating away the putty from the windows, which I read in your September number, page 214, I have obtained the enclosed answer. Hoping it may help.

Bayonne, N. J. M. H. Eddy

The Answer Man

Station WOR—1440 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

The Curator of Birds at the New York Zoological Park says:

"On the assumption that the putty of Iraq is made, like ours, from whiting and linseed oil, it seems to me more likely that the crows are seeking lime, rather than negligible or absent vitamins. Perhaps spreading a more readily available supply, in the shape of bone meal, crushed oyster shell or old brick rubble, might help.

New York, N. Y. Albert Mitchell.

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Healing for China's Wounds

Albert O'Hara, S.J.

“WHAT nationality are you?”
“American,” I replied.
“We Chinese are certainly grateful to you Americans for the aid in food and medicine that you have so generously given us when we had lost all in the war.”

Time and again during my recent month and a half stay in Nanking I have heard these same words expressed with all the sincerity of grateful hearts. If those Americans who have aided the Chinese refugees and the Red Cross work in China could hear these words as I have heard them so frequently they would feel amply repaid for all that they have given.

Part of the Catholic Church's contribution to the welfare work in Nanking is the carrying on of dispensaries where the genuine poor may receive safe medical treatment practically free of charge. The kindness and generosity of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary who are doing this work and of those who are aiding them have won the hearts of the poor for whom the work is carried on. Two of these dispensaries are located within the city and a third is situated outside the walls in the poorest of the poor sections of Nanking.

The fame of these dispensaries is rapidly spreading throughout all Nanking. We learned that word had gone around among the pagans that there was a wonderful Buddha at Tou Ts'ai Ch'iao, the location of one of our dispensaries, who mercifully treated all sick people without asking for money. However, when the patients arrived at the dispensary they soon learned that it was not a Buddha who was doing the work, for Catholic pictures and charts on the walls made it clear to all that it was not Buddha but Almighty God, acting through his priests and nuns, who was so mercifully taking care of the poor.

ONE day a wounded man was brought from his little country village to Nanking for medical aid. A hurried consultation was held among the onlookers and all agreed that he should be sent to Tou Ts'ai Ch'iao for there he would certainly receive good care. The man was carried to our dispensary much in the same manner as the paralytic in the Gospel was carried to Our Lord. We were called outside to see him because the crowd inside was too great and there was no hole in the roof

through which he could be lowered as the man in the Gospel was lowered into the room with Our Lord. A brief examination showed that added to his wound was a serious case of jaundice. We immediately decided to place him in our little provisional hospital just across the street.



“The kindness and generosity of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Nanking have won the hearts of the poor for whom the work is carried on.”

I started to question him about religion to see if he knew anything about God and the Catholic Church. Between labored breaths he whispered, “Two years ago there was a nun in Chekiank who taught me a great deal about God and the Catholic religion but as I was very busy I hadn't time to finish my instructions and to be baptized. I think that the Catholic religion is a very good one.” The next night his condition became very serious and Mother Innocentia, a Chinese nun, who was on duty, asked him if he would like to be baptized. He nodded his assent. Mother reviewed a few important truths of Faith for him and then baptized him. He had gone to Heaven before dawn.

ONE day our house-boy informed us that a squatter on our property was very seriously ill. We hurried him to the hospital and the doctor started to examine him. His curious story is as follows: “I was working hard daily for the Japanese without much pay and I became ill. I went to a Buddhist temple and the monk told me that I had received a wind from an evil spirit. He told me to burn some incense before Buddha and to make a small monetary donation which I did. He then stuck needles in my arm and leg. Upon returning home my arm and leg became numb and I grew very sick—!” he slumped back with a moan.

We could scarcely restrain our laughter at his story but with a determined effort became serious enough to tell him that he should stay away from such temples and needle-sticking monks for the doctor's examination revealed that he had a bad case of infantile paralysis. Two days of treatment brought no improvement and the ertwhile temple-visitor decided he would like to receive Baptism for an entrance into Heaven instead of trying to appease wind-blowing evil spirits. The Baptism came just in time, for in a few hours the poor sufferer had left his vale of tears and labor for an eternal rest.

Our patients included ricksha-pullers, carriage and cart drivers, policemen, street-players, and a goodly number of down-and-out beggars. One afternoon, after

the dispensary was closed we had a whole family of patients literally dropped on our doorstep. A frantic mother and father brought us their children and daughter-in-law who were victims of a house collapse. They sobbed out their story as the Sisters and nurses started to care for the victims. A few weeks earlier their house had been burned by the Japanese and they were forced onto the street.

They found a ramshackle building that had been made unsafe to live in by wartime bombings. The owner agreed to allow them the use of the place. As the daughter-in-law was leaning over a pot of boiling gruel, preparing their dinner, and the rest of the family were all sitting nearby, a strong twist of a typhoon wind swayed the house and sent ceiling and walls crashing down on the occupants. The daughter-in-law and little daughter were thrown into the boiling gruel and the fire underneath. Both were horribly burned and the little girl's hip was crushed by a falling beam. Two sons were struck on the head by falling debris and the mother and father were badly shaken up.

What a task to start to work on—washing, clipping, cutting away the burned and torn flesh—ointment, powder, cotton and bandages for burns and bumps—at last they were all tucked away in nice clean beds but oh, what pain they suffered! The poor father went back to the ruins to try to salvage what he could while the mother stayed on at the hospital to help soothe the sufferings of her children.

DAY followed day of high temperatures and painful dressings of burns. The little girl's hip was found to be smashed in six places and she had to be sent to a larger hospital for more skillful treatment. On their part, the admiration of these poor stricken people grew for the kind devoted care of those servants of God who so self-sacrificingly looked after them; on our part, our admiration grew at the courage and patience of a people who could meet such sufferings and disasters, still smile gratefully for what we were doing for them, and go forward undismayed to meet the sorrows of the morrow. A truly fine people!



At prayer before a statue of Buddha. The pagans at first talked of the dispensary as "a wonderful Buddha who treated the sick people without asking money."

When I left Nanking this family had been discharged from the hospital with the exception of the little girl whose crushed hip was slowly mending. She was longing for the day when she could return to the Sisters' little hospital and stay with them. Meanwhile, the dispensary work goes on with the two city dispensaries averaging 370 treatments a day and the out-city one averaging more than 200 treatments. A stream of poor weary crippled sufferers trudge into the dispensaries but come forth with grateful smiles for the kind encouraging care they have received and for the Americans whose donations have made the work possible.

Toward the end of my Nanking work I took a trip to Peiping. I stopped at Hsuechowfu and had a visit with the three seminarians from Shuyang. They are Haichow's first contribution toward a native clergy.

Near to Tientsin I saw the start of what is now proving a disastrous flood. My train seemed to be traveling through the center of a huge lake whose shores were too distant to be seen by the naked eye. Visits to the Catholic University in Peiping and the Hautes Etudes in Tientsin impressed me with huge influx of students that the war has brought to them two Catholic universities.



Here is one of the ways the sick are carried to the Nanking dispensaries.

NEW BOOKS

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T. Gavan Duffy

Here is some mission literature that could safely be called literature. These small, attractively bound books are a series of salty letters from a missionary uncle to his nephew in a mission seminary. They are crammed with avuncular advice on how to prepare to be a missionary and a variegated, satirical, straight-from-the-shoulder, humorous and tremendously graphic exposition of what life is on the missions in India.

Short of going and seeing for one's self—it is hard to imagine any better way of understanding mission life,—stripped of all synthetic romance and preconceptions—stripped of "snakes and conversion statistics."

The main theme of these books is the futility of mission work without adequate and constant instruction to anchor conversions.

T. Gavan Duffy has ideas, plenty of them, and the pages of these little books are vibrant with originality and personality. Certainly these books are definitely different in style and readers will meet in Father Duffy a truly rare personality.

He predicts that everyone will not like all of the ideas,—and he is right. We do not like the idea that "religious life is not made for the mission field; . . . it is an incessant compromise." This statement seemed so ridiculous that we read it several times to see if we had read aright. Saint Francis Xavier pray for us!

The author says so many good things so well, that one can pass over this and other equally "forthright" but slightly fatuous generalizations.

The City House Alumnae, Convent of the Sacred Heart, 334 North Taylor Ave., St. Louis, Mo., each \$1.00.

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O'Donel of Destiny
 Mary Kiely. Drawings by

Victor Dowling

We venture to say that two very dull faults beset modern biographers, particularly those who write of famous characters in history: first, they cram their books with monotonous facts, and add to them (second) dryasdustical dates.

Happily, neither can be attributed to Miss Mary Kiely, who has just given us "O'Donel of Destiny." Although she has done earnest research in authentic documents and the most reliable historical records bearing on the troublous years in Ireland during Queen Elizabeth's reign, she has used them only as a background against which Hugh Roe O'Donel stands out as a gallant, idealistic figure. Through her, we meet the red-haired princeling of Donegal Castle, who was destined by an ancient prophecy to rule Ireland.

Ireland waited this leader, and in her biography Miss Kiely unfolds the events which fulfilled the prophecy. When Hugh was still a boy, he was chosen tanist-heir to succeed his father. Having been entrusted to MacSweeney to foster, he was taken north to Lough Swilly for his early education. Shortly, he was kidnapped by the English and brought to Dublin Castle, where he was imprisoned. Twice escaping, the second time he was successful despite terrific hardships, and the description of the

English hunt for this youth throughout Ireland makes exciting reading.

After his return to his father's castle, this boy leaves behind the name of Hugh Roe and becomes "The O'Donel." The young prince of prophecy is invested with the power to rule over all Tyrconnel. The scene at the Church of Columbcille, when Hugh Roe O'Donel takes his oath of office, and the subsequent festive gathering at the traditional Rock of Doonee are full of ceremonial splendor and stirring drama. And the warrior O'Donel for ten years defends his people against the enemy Sassenachs.

In this stupendous biography, Miss Kiely has captured the setting, the mood, and thought of 16th century Ireland. She has taken its greatest and most youthful hero, given him vitality, and brought him to life again. She writes as naturally of the noble deeds of these Irish noblemen, of their songs and laughter, and of their adventure, as if they were contemporaneous. But in the boy, Hugh O'Donel, she has recreated a hero whose physical fortitude was remarkable, but whose strength of soul made him the chosen leader of his people. His brilliant career was cut short, when, in seeking aid for his people at the Spanish court, he was fatally poisoned.

O'Neil, ruler of Tyrone, had once said to Hugh, "If we lose, we can at least hand down to those for whom we will have fought the memory of what we shall have struggled for." And the memory of O'Donel really clamored for such

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HARPER & BROTHERS
Publishers, New York

a biography as Miss Kiely has written. The holy monks of old predicted, "A noble, pure, exalted man shall come." In O'Donel he came to Ireland over three hundred years ago, and through Miss Kiely woung Hugh has come again to inspire and delight the young and old.

Oxford University Press, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

The Following of Christ

(The Spiritual Diary of Gerard Groote
—1340-1384)

Translated by Joseph Malaise, S.J.

You have heard this many times before but it cannot be heard too often. To anyone who makes any attempt to live for God, whether his footsteps tread Times Square or the cloisters of a convent, "The Following of Christ" is a necessary book. There is no sorrow which it cannot interpret and soothe, no spiritual blindness the darkness of which it cannot dispel if read with an open heart. It is a compass to those lost in the wildness, a physician to diagnose and heal the sicknesses of the soul. While reading it, self-deception is almost an impossibility, tepidity grows warm. It is stiff training for the flabby muscles of a weak will but gentle soothing for a crushed spirit.

You probably do not need to be reminded of all this, but you will want to know that a new and handsome inexpensive edition of the *original* manuscript of Gerard Groote, edited by Father James van Ginneken, S.J., and translated by Joseph Malaise, S.J., has been brought out by the America Press. It will fit comfortably into your pocket or handbag where it really belongs.

America Press, New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

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Story and Illustrations by
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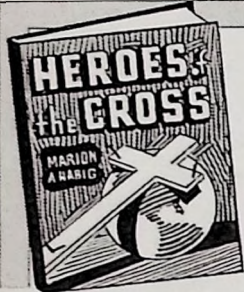
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ernity is an artistic accomplishment that sets it apart from the ordinary and it is not surprising that “The Ageless Story” has attracted so much attention and favorable comment.

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After all, the artist is giving us what the Medieval, Renaissance and Dutch Schools gave their age: the timeless story of the Nativity in a background of our own time. And yet it is all done in such good taste, religious and artistic, that the book cannot fail to delight all.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

Introduction to Catholicism

Martin J. Scott, S.J., Litt.D.

A real author has been defined as a person “who has something to say and says it well.” Father Scott has always something valuable to say and invariably says it well. For many years now, Father Scott has been giving to Catholic readers books which answered an urgent demand and a particular need. His name is synonymous with the best in Catholic apologetics and he has the enviable ability to present the fullness of Catholic theology in a clear and pleasant style, suitable to all types of readers.

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P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., twenty-five cents.

Children's Books for Christmas

Books make a pleasant and useful gift for the great number of children you find you know at Christmas time. But it is easier to pick a book for a college president than it is for a child. The picture book age is comparatively easy,—but in this our day the nine to twelve age is difficult. And it is very disturbing to have these nieces and nephews look down their noses at our literary offerings. Our prestige droops.

In this delicate matter your guess is

as good as ours as far as the unpredictable taste of the budding generation is concerned, but the following are recommended—

For the picture-story book age:

Pedro, Nina and Perrito. Lithographs by Barbara Latham. Story by Lily Dupaix. Harper and Bros., New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

A Christmas Story. By Virginia Cole Pritchard. Illustrated by Frances Hickey. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

A Land from the Sea. Story and pictures by Edna Potter. Longmans, Green and Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Kokwa. Story and pictures by Theresa Kalal. Longmans, Green and Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Mother Read Us a Poem. A book of verses for Mother to read to children. Poems by Mary Elise Woellwarth. Illustrations by Oscar W. Rabensteiner, Jr. Foreword by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.50.

Picture Tales from Scandinavia. Selected and retold by Ruth Bryan Owen. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.25.

Little Wolf's Brother. By Elizabeth H. Atkins. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.75.

A Life of Our Lord for Children. By Marigold Hunt. Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.25.

The Tails Book. By Graham Carey. Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

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