

Lesuit Missions

MARCH
1940

Ten Cents

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No III



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QUICKEN THE ASHES



Lourdes Academy was a mass of smouldering ruins. . . . Everything was lost.

If sixty thousand American paper dollars were piled high and a lighted match touched to them there would be quite a bonfire. But when the fuel for the fire is not paper but the wood and materials which that paper has bought, the effect is the same, though perhaps not so noticeable immediately.

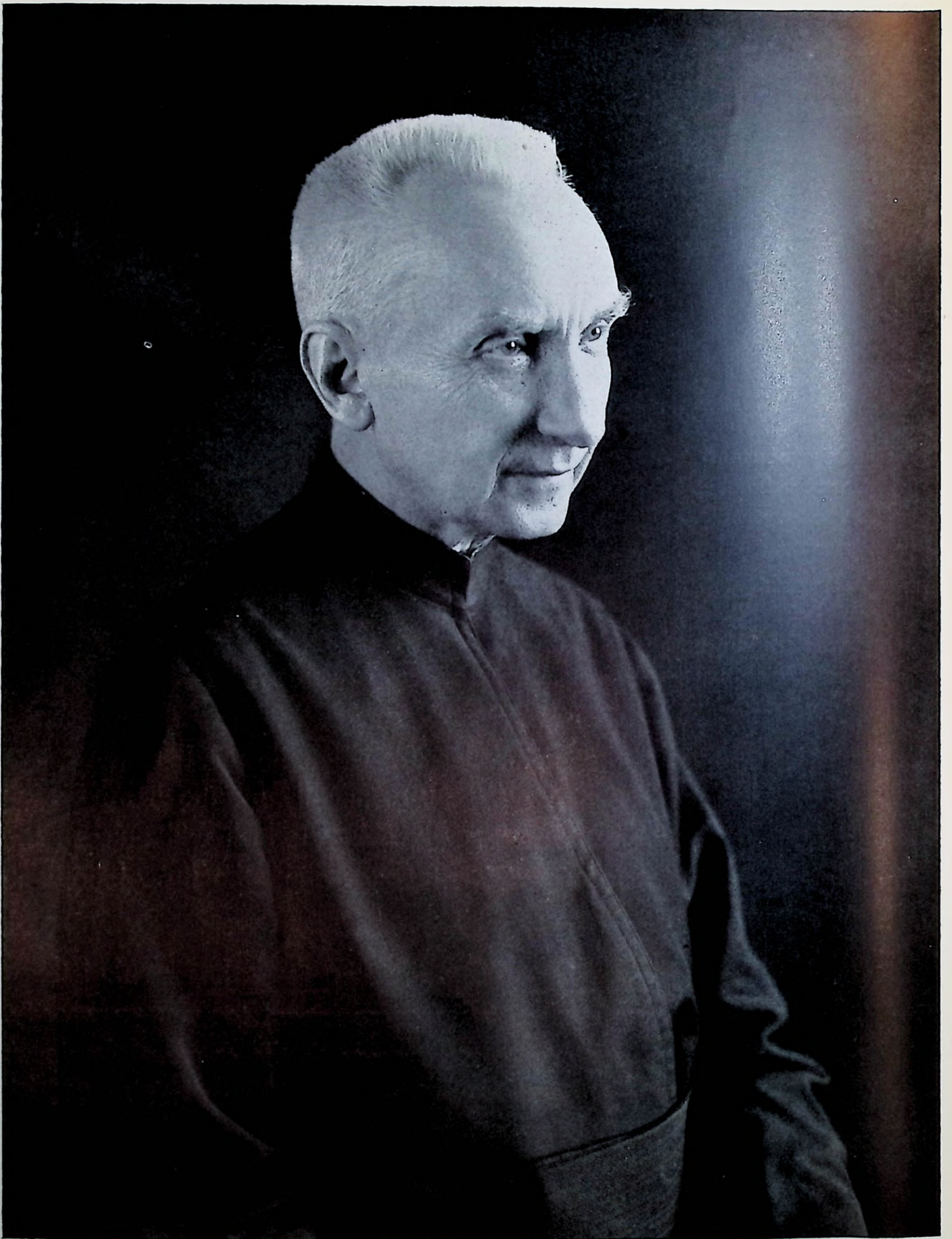
So it was in Cagayan, Philippine Islands, when Lourdes Academy was destroyed by fire last May. Over night, within seven hours the work of seven years became a heap of dying embers and dead ashes. The fire of hope for quickening the Faith in the diocese of Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., was reduced to a dim spark by the fire which wrought destruction.

Today, the Procurator for the Jesuit Missions in the Philippines has added to his burden of raising \$75,000 annually for the needs of all these missions, the task of procuring the money which will quicken the ashes of Lourdes Academy, and kindle once more the fire of hope in the hearts of the missionaries.

We seek to quicken your zeal to quicken the ashes so that there may rise from these dead ashes a living monument to your generosity. Will you contribute as generously as you can to the cause of the Jesuit Missions in the Philippine Islands? Please send your gift to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to

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Just mark your gift—TO QUICKEN THE ASHES!



Very Reverend Father General, Włodimir Ledóchowski, of the Society of Jesus, who this year celebrates the Fiftieth Anniversary of his entrance into the Society and the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his election to the Generalate.

EDITORIALS

FATHER GENERAL AND THE MISSIONS

OF all the activities of the Society of Jesus, none owes a greater debt of thanksgiving and tribute of praise to the Father General of the Jesuits, Wlodimir Ledóchowski, than that arm of the Society which serves the foreign missions. And on the occasion of his double Jubilee,—the Fiftieth Anniversary of his entrance into the Society and the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his election to the Generalate, no fulsome tribute could be as effective as the statistics of the progress of the missions of the Society during the years of his incumbency.

When Father Ledóchowski was elected General in 1915 there were 1,971 Jesuit missionaries in twenty-nine missions. Now there are 3,785 in forty-six missions, and in addition to these, 1,300 laboring on the Home Missions. This means that approximately one Jesuit in five is a foreign missionary.

This tremendous expansion under Father Ledóchowski is an eloquent testimonial to his practical zeal for the missions and is indicative of the importance he attaches to this activity of the Church.

That he may continue to direct the Society for many years is the sincere wish of all those who share his zeal for the greater glory of God.

YOU AND UTOPIA

EVERYONE under the common bond of humanity wants a good healthy world and a happy life for all men. Everyone is sad in these days, to see the poor old world so sick and delirious—so racked by chills and fevers. And every good Catholic knows that the whole trouble is with the doctors. The world has turned away from the Wise and Good Physician of souls,—Who brought all men into the world,—and in its folly has called in innumerable quacks and listened earnestly to their pompous babblings, followed their dangerous prescriptions and submitted to their contradictory treatments. As a natural and foreseen result the world is sick to death.

These diabolical diagnosticians are gathered about the bedside of the poor old world, violently disagreeing and ignorantly dispensing such poisonous draughts that it is a wonder the patient lives at all.

And all the while, the All Wise and All Healing Doctor, Who knows the disease and its only cure, is pushed

out of the room, His credentials ignored and His never-failing cures declared old-fashioned! Daily the world sinks lower, the fever mounts, the delirium grows wilder. And still the false doctors pose and posture and compound deadlier potions.

Yes,—and *you*, citizens of the world, are forced to pay and pay ever more heavily for these murderous nostrums and destructive panaceas. As citizens you pay tremendous sums for armaments, for teachers in state supported institutions that deny God's existence, and reverse His teachings. You pay for clinics that thwart His creative power,—you pay for books that deny His wisdom.

We know that only the wisdom and guidance of God as taught in His own words and as dispensed by His own Church can save the world. When you support His Church and His missionaries who carry His truth across the seas, you are doing all you can to save the world.

The pagan philosophers of old and the pagan philosophers of our own day have written much about Utopia,—the ideal world, which they ironically name—No Where. But we know that the only ideal world we can have here below is approached and attained only by the Way, the Truth and the Life, which is Christ.

We Catholics should turn our backs on the quacks and the false prophets. We cannot drive them from the world but we can support by prayer and material assistance, our missionaries all over the world who are building the foundations of a world that follows Christ and lives in happiness and sanity and charity under God. And it costs far less to save the world than to destroy it. It cost \$13,500,000 for that piece of laboratory equipment called the Graf Spee, ordered by the doctors to save the world and paid for by the sacrifices of the German people; and this \$13,500,000 was blown up in a few minutes, without making the world a bit better. If that had been used for the dispensing of the Sacraments, the perpetuation of the Holy Sacrifice, the building of missions, the support of missionaries and catechists, the maintenance of colleges of Christian truth,—how much better the world would be!

We alone cannot throw out the fake doctors and their ruinous effects. We can send the real remedies throughout the world and by our support of God's messengers, have the satisfaction of knowing that we are doing all we can to save the world and bring it to that ideal state which philosophers despairingly call—Utopia.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Why in Heaven's Name...?

Vincent A. Gookin, S.J.

DEAR Robert,—Your question bursts right out of the page of your letter with great frankness. “Why in Heaven’s name did you go away out there?” Well, let me begin by answering that it *was* in Heaven’s name. You know, we who go off to Baghdad, or Patna (that is in India), or to Montego Bay (that is in Jamaica), or up to Alaska, or any other far-off place, do not go for sightseeing. We do not go for the sake of a Mediterranean trip. Nor to see the blue waters and the flying fishes of a tropical sea. Nor to stand and look at the Taj Mahal or India’s other temples. No, not for any of these wonders that you hear of so often. It is only for Heaven’s sake that we come.

AND what do I mean by saying that? I mean that for the sake of getting to Heaven ourselves and for the sake of helping others to get to Heaven, is why we go. I am putting it rather plainly but, honestly, I am putting it just as it is. You know what it means to get into Heaven. You know from your catechism that searching question, “*What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*” You are old enough to know that “the whole world” is a lot for one man to have. Even one hundredth of it would make you a rich man. And yet what is it if one does not get into Heaven? So anything for the sake of Heaven,—for the sake of getting there,—is little if you think of the reward. Our Lord used to remind people of the reward that was awaiting them for following Him. And whatever we do, the miles

that we travel, the heat and the cold that we live in, the strange languages that we hear all day long, the suspicion that sometimes hovers round us, and the opposition that often faces us, all these are nothing if we win Heaven for ourselves and for others.

OTHERS? Yes, there are always others. You know what a harvest is. You know that every year there is a harvest. Someone has to go out and gather it. If no one goes, then the harvest will perish. Other people as well as ourselves, are the harvest. Our Lord said so. “The harvest is great and the laborers are few.” He meant people when He said harvest. Who will gather them into Heaven? You see, you said, “Why in Heaven’s name?” I keep coming back to just that thought. It *is* in Heaven’s name. There is no other reason under the sun why we go.

I mentioned some of the wonder sights of the world a few lines back and said that it was not for these that we go. Now I will go further. I shall say something that may surprise you. It is just this: the place that



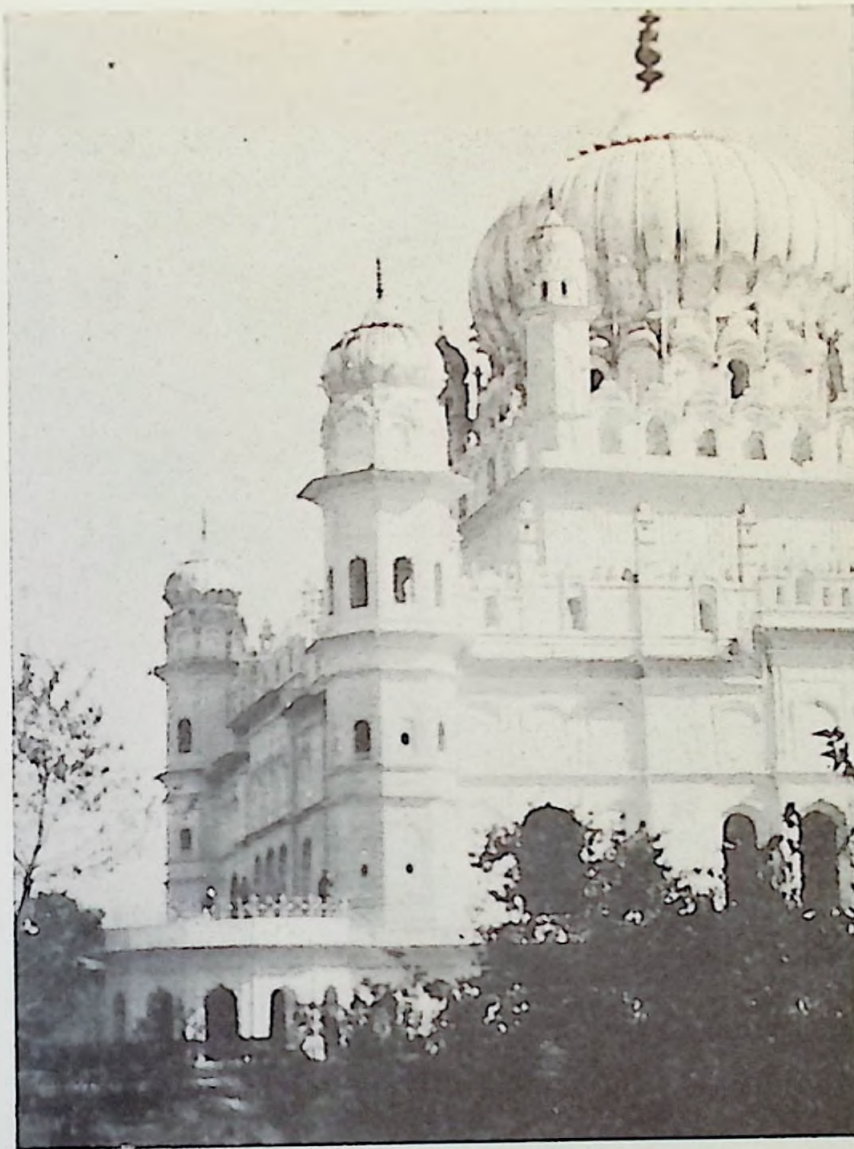
Three brothers of the Chicago Province who are all missionaries in India,—for Heaven’s sake. Left to right: Father Charles J. Scott, S.J., of Patna City, Fathers Edward A. Scott, S.J., of Bettiah, and Francis X. Scott, S.J., of Jamalpur.

I went off to is quite near to the Holy Land. It is a short journey for us, during the summer vacation when school is closed, to go over to Palestine and live there and make our retreats in a Jesuit Community in Jerusalem. That means the unforgettable privilege of saying Masses at the Holy Places of Our Lord's life. Calvary, Gethsemani, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and others. And yet, it is not even for *this* that we go. No, not even for this.

You must easily see that there are thousands of missionaries whose voyages and labors carry them to points nowhere near the Holy Land. Why, there are many and many saints who never saw the Holy Land. Their never seeing the Holy Land did not stop them from living saintly lives. Those thousands of missionaries now living who go to places far away from the Holy Land do not give up because they have not that great consolation. "Well, then," you are probably beginning to say to yourself, "it *must* be for the sake of Heaven." Right. For the sake of getting to Heaven and helping others to get there. For the sake of that harvest. It *is* in Heaven's name.

YOU probably know that a missionary has had a long, long training and examination before he goes. He may be in a seminary where he is *certain* that he will go, or where he is quite liable to go. He knows that. He knows that for a number of years. Those years go by one after another and he comes nearer and nearer to the day when he will be called out of the "long black line" in the seminary or community. Or it may be a "long brown line" or a "long white line" according to the color of his Religious Order. But be that color what it may, he knows that it has been worn, like the uniforms of his country's armies, out to the front. And if he is called, or if he is accepted, he goes, not fooling himself, not to some castle in the air, but knowing just what it is all about. He has looked at the future too long and too often and too wisely to be fooled. He knows just what is hap-

" . . . nor to see the blue waters and the flying fishes of a tropical sea . . . "



"We do not go . . . to stand and look at the Taj Mahal, or India's other temples . . ."

pening. He knows just where he is going. that same Blessed Sacrament, where a little lamp shines in the presence of Him who is "the Light of the world." No matter how wide or far they roam, that same Divine Heart will go with them "even to the uttermost part of the world." God bless you.

P.S. Some day I will write about the boys of Baghdad College, so many of whom are as good as you would want to know. Or just what people do with a daily summer temperature between 110 and 120 (sometimes more) in the shade. Or how these new schools are "streamlining" the Mission picture in our times.





Life in the Heart of Maryland

A very old parish with very new ideas is a model for Home Missions

Victor R. Yanitelli, S.J.

Parishioner of St. Peter Claver's Church contributes to the support of his Pastor.

CHRISt'S CHURCH, His Mystical Body, toils in all parts of the world, sowing the seed for a harvest of souls. India, Alaska, the Rocky Mountains, the West Indies, the Orient. In all of them, missionaries have scattered the seed of Christ's Word. Through them as through so many wires the "Good News" of Redemption has flashed to the hidden corners of the globe. Foreign Missionaries! Because of them "the sun never sets on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

Those who have not gone to the fields across the seas have turned to tilling the fertile soil behind our very homes, laborers for a harvest that ripens in our own back yards. In New Mexico, the Dakotas, the Carolinas, and for the longest time in Southern Maryland, the annual harvest has yielded them souls, new members of the Body of Christ.

ONE phase of the oldest English Catholic Mission in America is still perpetuated in the parish of St. Peter Claver's in Ridge, Maryland. Mass has been offered in its vicinity since 1634 when Father Andrew White, S.J., landed at nearby St. Mary's City. The *Ark* and the *Dove*, the ships with which he traveled, listed two Negroes (probably West Indians) as passengers. With the introduction of African Negroes, these souls naturally became a part of the missionary's flock. From such small beginnings grew

up the parish thriving there today.

The Colored Mission of St. Peter Claver formally began in 1902 when the Jesuit Father William Tynan built a Sodality Hall on land donated by two parishioners. In 1916, the parochial school was erected and in 1924, the same year that the Colored Sisters, Oblates of Providence, Connecticut, came to teach in the school, the Cardinal Gibbons Institute was opened. The latter coupled the functions of High School and Rural Life Training-Centre to prepare the boys and girls of the vicinity for the future in a cultural and practical way. For nine years it flourished until the depression finally drained the resources of the Trustees and forced the Institute to suspend activity. With the help of His Excellency, Archbishop Curley, classes were resumed in September of 1938. Extension courses brought its benefits to adults, both at home and in the outlying neighborhoods.

So much for the

Father McKenna and Sisters, with pupils of parochial school.

history of the parish. What are its aims? What is it doing? What of the harvest reaped from so long a preparation? Under the tireless guidance of their present Pastor, Father Horace McKenna, S.J., the people of the parish have been united into a well-knit community. In that community there is life and purpose and ordered motion. The heart of this life is the parish church. It is the central force from which all activity begins and to which all activity returns. For the religious needs of the people it offers

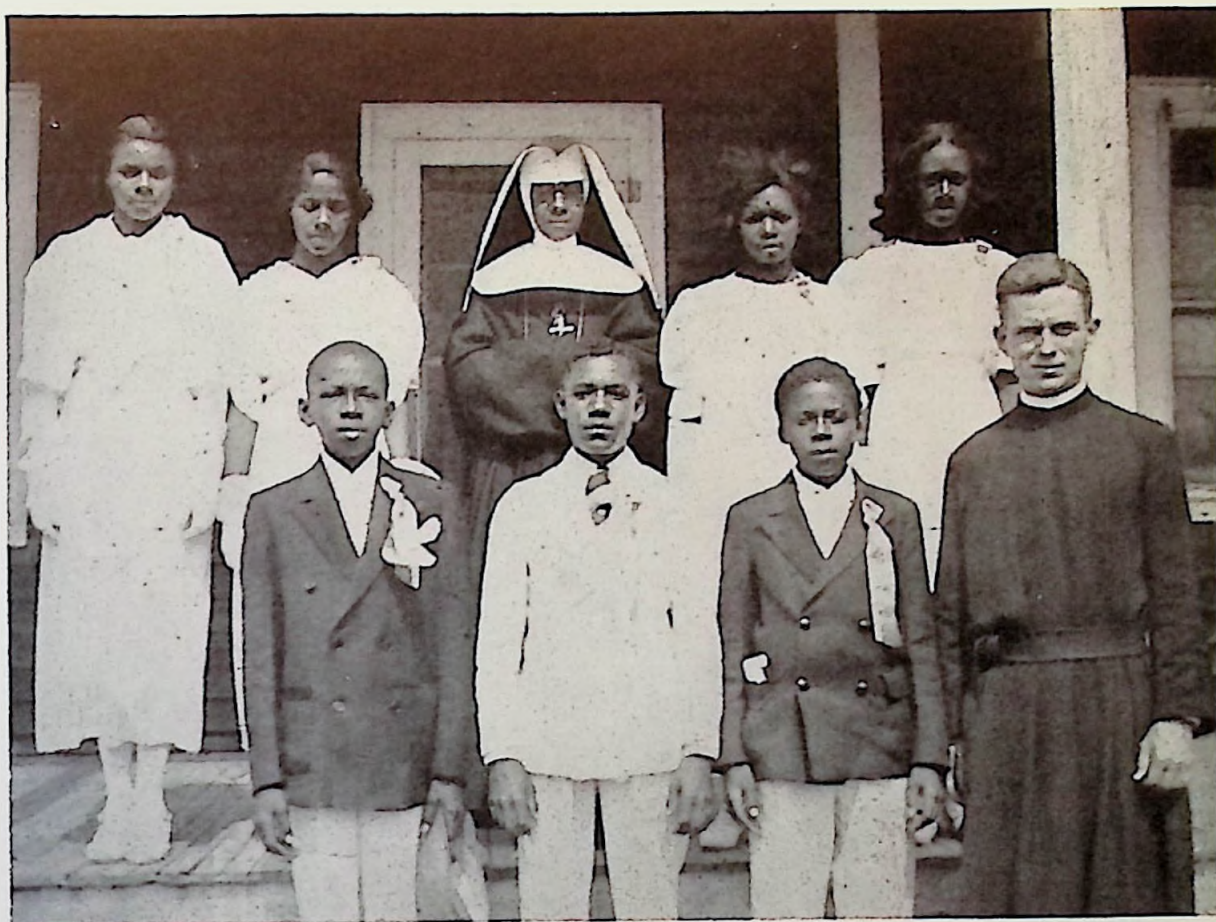


Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. For their educational needs it provides a parochial grammar school with a solid, balanced program and well-trained faculty of Sisters to administer it. The economic needs of the people are being helped by the Institute with its up-to-the-minute extension courses for adults. The advantages, religious educational and economic, when properly provided for, invariably flow back to the agency which did the providing. And this is true at St. Peter Claver's. The result is a community that tends toward the ideal of Christian life, an ideal such as was realized in the early days of the Church. The Christians of that time lived in such communities where fraternity founded on a deep-rooted charity found its culmination in the *Agape*, the "Love Feast," held in connection with the reception of the Sacred Body and Blood of Christ.

THE church itself was designed by the Washington convert, Philip Hubert Frohman, in a Norman and colonial style that befits the historical background. A local builder put local timbers into its construction. Into it, too, went a pink Tennessee marble altar crested by a bronze and wrought-iron tabernacle which is the center of light and perspective. There are no gradines. Celtic carving enriches the pilasters. Altar, tabernacle, candles, sanctuary, every adornment enhances the chaste beauty of the liturgy. The choir, near the congregation and not relegated to a loft, sings solemn High Mass in Gregorian Chant.

Nearly all the parishioners are engaged in one or other of the parish's pious associations and charitable guilds. Last Spring the Holy Name men sponsored a Solemn High Mass and Communion Breakfast for all its Colored members in Southern Maryland. A total of 225 visitors arrived, some making an eighty-mile trek from distant Charles County. The Sodality activities include a Christ Child Committee for the making of layettes and children's outfits.

An invalid parishioner occasioned the formation of a Good Samaritan Committee. At present the sole purpose of the members of this com-



Father Horace B. McKenna, S.J., Pastor of St. Peter Claver's Church, Ridge, Maryland, with the graduating class of the parish school, taught by the Colored Sisters, Oblates of Providence.

mittee is to see that their charge receives proper food, clothing and shelter. Last Summer one good lady used to walk eight miles daily to bring him his meals.

Here under the guidance of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Hartford, there flourishes a parochial grammar and high school. The latter is

the only parochial high school for Catholic Whites in St. Mary's County.

THE men of St. Michael's have been organized by Father Edward A. Kerr, S.J., in the St. Mary's Seafood Cooperative. This is an organization modeled along the lines of the Antigonish plan in Nova Scotia, to serve and protect the economic interests of the neighborhood labor, and to initiate new projects and outlets for local industry.

Membership in this cooperative has been extended to the Negro crabbers and oystermen of St. Peter Claver's. Thus both groups in the same neighborhood mutually assist one another in the struggle for decent living and in the preparation for the life to come, which is, after all, the perfect formula for 'the good life' here on earth.

Our home fields, then, like the fields in foreign lands, are white unto the harvest. One part of that harvest is being richly reaped in the heart and soul of every individual in the parish of St. Peter Claver, where Christian charity is founded and strongly cultivated in an active parish life, where a community is drawn together for the common good the better to lead Christian lives modeled on the Life of Christ.



Altar boys are well trained and contribute to the liturgical excellence of St. Peter's.

Ministering Sioux

Francis J.
Jansky, S.J.

“FATHER, may I serve Benediction? May I serve, Father?” Thus call groups of Sioux boys at the approach of the Jesuit Scholastic who trains the servers at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, on the evenings that Benediction is given. An entire month ahead of time a list has been made out with great exactness to include all of the willing servers. But this list makes provision only for the week-day Masses. Each Benediction, then, calls for individual appointments; and the mass requests for the coveted posts evidence the lads’ eagerness to serve their Sacramental King.

What is the cause of their great eagerness to serve at the altar, you may ask? There are those of you who would suspect the reason to lie in the colored cassocks, matching the color of the priest’s vestments, or the bright red capes and the white gloves which altar boys at the Mission wear. No, their interest is genuine. The capes and gloves are worn only on the great feast days, and usually not at the Sunday Benediction.

ASKED just that question: “Why do you like to serve?” John Bear Shield, star server, responded: “Just because I like to serve, Father.” He couldn’t seem to give any other reason. Couched in different language came the response of Clarence Walking Eagle, a sixth grader: “I like to serve, Father, because then I am near the altar and wait on Jesus, because I wait on the priest, who takes the place of Jesus.” In simple words he had expressed the sentiments of the entire group as I could see from the looks on their faces.

At St. Francis Mission serving is begun in the very first grade. Of course, these lads in the first grade, scarcely able to kneel up without wabbling freely, do not perform the main services. Back at old Sacred Heart Church we called it “chair-serving”—here at the Mission we might call it pre-dieu serving. The boys simply kneel at pre-dieus at either side of the sanctuary, like two tiny angels, witnessing the Holy Sacrifice.

After a year or so of this pre-dieu serving, the boys must be prepared for the offices of main servers. To advance to the ranks of a main server, the lads must know their prayers and become accustomed to the motions of assisting the priest at the altar. In imparting this very necessary information, the Jesuit Scholastic is assisted by the Franciscan Sisters in the various classrooms from the third to the sixth grade.

Here again the boys evidence great interest in learning the Latin prayers. You might be surprised to find out that even during recreation time they practice the responses: “*Et cum spiritu tuo*,” echoes in the play room as the little “brownies” dash around playing “cops and robbers” or shooting marbles. A miniature altar in



Walter Bettleyoun and John Bear Shield, sixth grade Sioux boys love to serve Mass even without the red sashes and capes, which are reserved for special feasts.

one of the classrooms is helpful in acquainting the boys with the movements expected of a server. This year a great ginger-snap feed encouraged some of the backward boys to learn the prayers for individual practice sessions held by the director. Thus the advance is made to the ranks of head server.

THE Mission Church where the boys serve is noted for its beauty, and is ideal for the performance of solemn functions where a large sacristy and sanctuary are desirable. This church, dedicated to St. Charles, is the more remarkable since it was constructed by Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J., and his helpers here at the Mission. Begun in 1919, it was not until 1922 that the structure was completed. The concrete work on the outside of the church took the longest time. While Joe Running Bear helped Brother in the construction of the main altar, other Indian boys under Brother’s supervision built the side altars and the pews. This Indian “Cathedral” is fifty-six feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long.

So it is that on the great feast of the year, the Master of Ceremonies, knows certainly that his sanctuary will be wide and deep enough for the performance of the sacred functions of a Solemn High Mass. The Solemn High Mass calls for alert servers. We have them in many of the Sioux boys, especially in the High School Department. Among the mainstays for these duties we have George Brush Breaker, Andrew Bear Shield, Vincent Condelerio, and John Brafford. In these functions the boys are very responsive to nods of the Master of Ceremonies and seldom cause (Turn to page 84)

Feast or Famine?

Alexander
Rolland, S.J.

PERHAPS for the first time in the history of the world one of Our Lady's Feast Days was celebrated here in this nameless little settlement by the railway tracks in Ontario. At any rate, for the past four years no priest had been able to call. However, since I have been working and living in this vicinity for the last two of those years, the suspicious reader may be inclined to ask, "Why didn't you go yourself?" My answer, I confess, is somewhat weak. I have always considered it as not pertaining to my business—and I have no desire to step into places where I don't belong. My charge is the Indian Race; and the people here being white, are not under my jurisdiction, but are under the care of other priests.

Yet, since I cannot bear the thought that the people of this nameless station are being starved for the Sacraments, I put it this year—with fifty odd other places—on my list of townlets to be visited. The presence of one family with blood one-quarter Indian in their veins—though they would be the last to count themselves as Indian—provided me with the excuse I needed.

THE lovely Mass of Our Lady was well attended by the three and a half families that claim to be Catholic. My quarter-breeds were the least conspicuous in professing their Faith. Only the mother and the third daughter came to the Sacraments: no sign whatsoever of the father and the others. Their Faith is evidently on the wane. I spoke at length and quite earnestly, too, to the older daughters. They told me that they "liked the Church all right but did not believe in the confessional." I left them, heavy at heart. It seemed that this Feast Day was not to be a day of much consolation to me.

I boarded a "mixed train" for my next stop, "Quorn." The train is "mixed" because the passengers and freight are all more or less bundled together. These trains stop so frequently that they are able to deliver bread and milk even to the cabin doors. Even if the Feast Day had not been so happy in a spiritual sense, there still seemed a chance that materially it might turn out better.

At Quorn, crippled and scarred Jim Jaganash, his sick mother, and a pagan squaw were there to meet



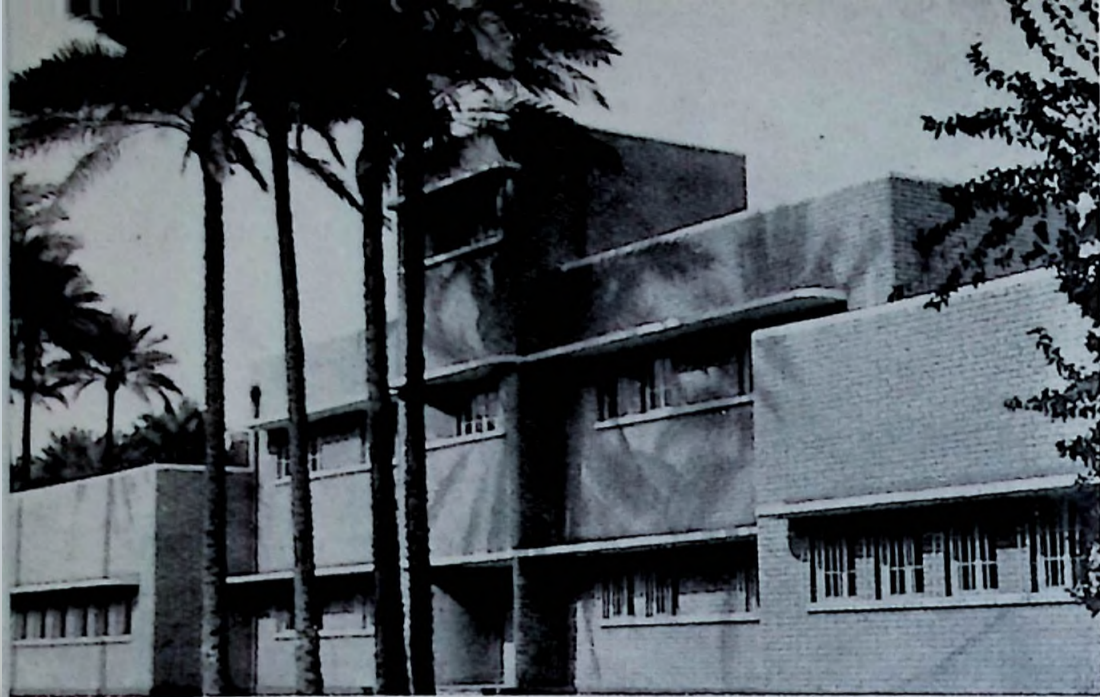
Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., ready to start for the nameless outposts in Ontario.

the train. There is another Catholic woman living close by. Unfortunately, however, due to domestic reasons she cannot be admitted to the Sacraments. Of course, these good people asked me to supper. There was salt, sugar, lard, tea (without milk or lemon) and *bannock*, for the feast. *Bannock* is bread baked without yeast. It can at times be quite good. But from the sight and the taste of this *bannock* I decided that Mrs. Jaganash had never taken any culinary honors. It had something of the quality of tough rubber. As for cleanliness, nothing was clean, neither floor nor table nor food. Jim, who had completed his repast before the others, rested his moccasined foot rather too close to my plate on the table.

Despite these drawbacks I was to experience some little consolation and joy. My congregation for the day and the following morning was increased by the arrival of Charlie Jaganash and two of the other sons. It must have been the Holy Ghost that had brought them back, for they had been engaged in visiting their traps and their return was completely contrary to their plans. I preached two Indian sermons at them and recited many prayers.

LATER we retired. My bed was of boards with neither spring nor mattress. And, alas, for my height, the bed was most uncomfortably short. Sand gritted one whichever way one moved and the shack was scorchingly hot or unbearably and bitterly cold. After Mass the next morning—breakfast—a repetition of the previous night's supper. The only difference being that instead of Jim's foot gracing the table-top, there was the body of a dead mink. And to make matters worse, Mrs. Jaganash soon started in to skin and clean it with resulting unpleasant odors. I asked them if they intended to feed the carcass to the dogs? But no! to do so would mean that no more mink would be caught in their traps. Later, Mrs. Jaganash took the mink—though dead—skinned and cut its throat "so that it would not bite them." These poor people are not yet thoroughly Christian and some superstitions retain persistent hold.

In contrast to the just described Feast of Our Lady I look back wistfully to the way we used to keep it with so much beauty in our parishes and houses of study.



N.C.4 Ends

Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J.

The new dormitory building—N.C.4. "We conceived the idea in January. In April we began digging. In September we moved in . . ."

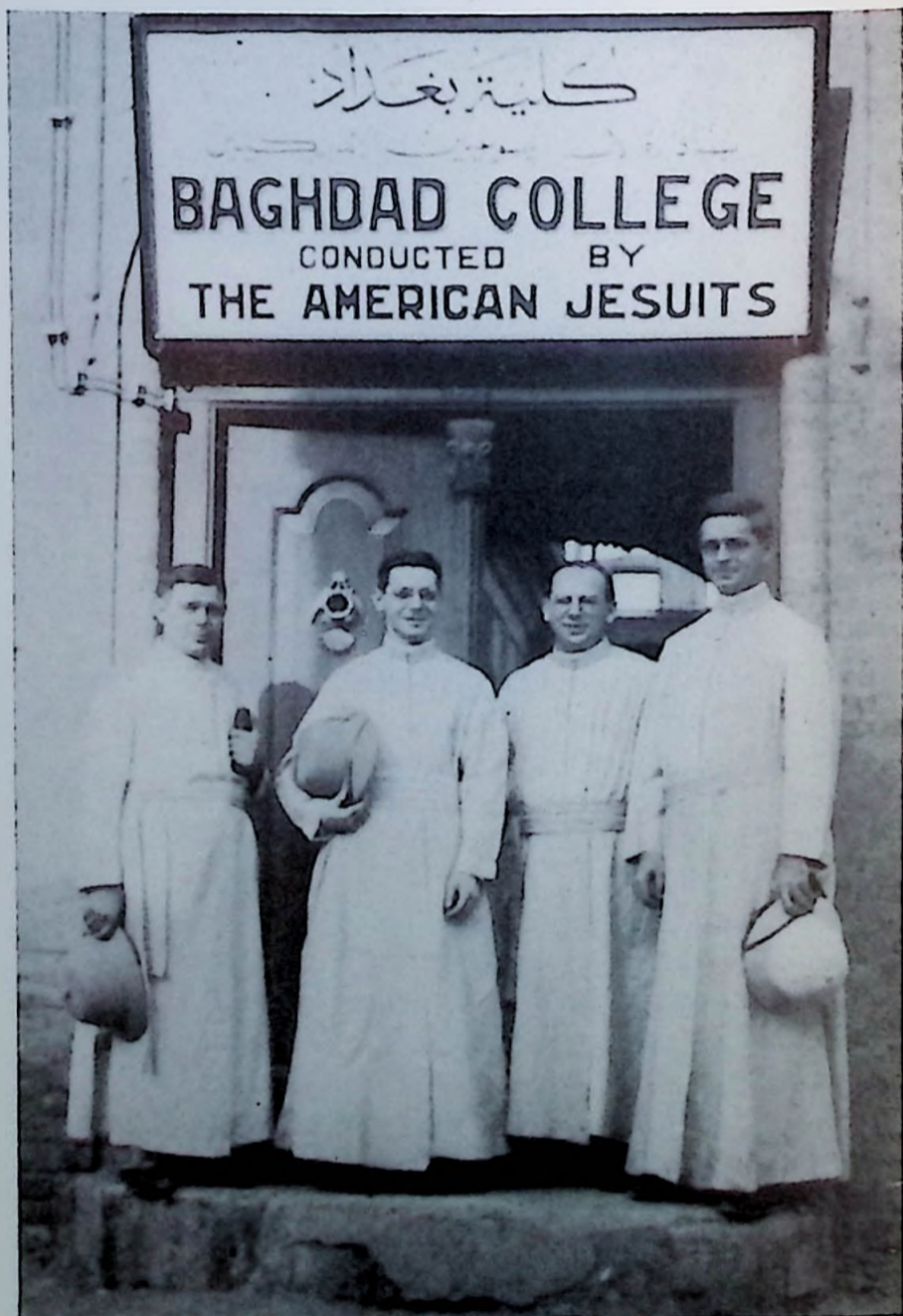
GREAT men say that these are the days of alphabet soup. You will not mind, then, if we throw in a few more pieces of barley. For the last eight months all the soup at Baghdad has been alphabet. The cook may have thought that he was making tomato or pea or chicken or vegetable soup. But that was simply because he did not know. Whether it was Monday or Thursday or Tuesday or Friday, whenever we looked down into the soup plate we saw it filled with N's and C's and 4's. In fact, all the other plates—and cups and saucers and boxes and rooms, our whole little world—were filled with them too. Which, in passing, gives us a chance to explain publicly to all our friends why we have not over-burdened the postal authorities for some time.

TO the ordinary Jesuit Procurator, N.C. stands for New Construction. To us, N.C.4 stands for many things. It stands for the new boarding school and temporary residence where twenty-three boarders and seventeen Jesuits live and move and have their being. It stands for the first house that we can call our own. It stands for the security we have long sought as we feared that the next year might find us in tents. It stands for a substantial financial saving,—that is, if you call it "saving" when you mean that much rent that you do not have to beg of generous friends. It stands for that union which has bound us all together during the four years we have lived in two widely separated hired houses. Who would have thought that three pieces of barley could mean so much?

Let's explain the other N.C.s. N.C.1 stands for our new classroom building—the pride and joy of Baghdad College, completed last year. N.C.2 stands for the al fresco structure where the students take their lunch. N.C.3 stands for the little house that shelters our generator, which makes electricity for us at one-sixth the price we pay the city—electricity that is electricity and not mere candle light in glass bulbs. And N.C.4 is the newest—the dormitory building.

We conceived the idea of N.C.4 in January, as we studied and pondered the condition of the old house which surrounded—one could scarcely say sheltered—our boarders and ten Fathers. In April we began digging. In September we moved in. But that does not

tell the whole story. It does not tell of the little to-scale pieces of paper that one of the Fathers jig-sawed with on his desk for weeks as he changed the dining-room with the study-hall and shifted the *dirwan* to see if the infirmary would go better there; nor of the thumbing of an architectural library; nor of the early morning and high noon and late evening visits to the site; nor of our vain efforts to get them to water the concrete as it sizzled under a Baghdad summer sun.



Pioneers at the entrance to the old college. Left to right: Fathers John A. Mifsud, S.J., Edward F. Madaras, S.J., the present Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., and J. Edward Coffey, S.J.

a Chapter in Baghdad

"N.C.1 stands for our new classroom building,—the pride and joy of Bagdad College,—completed last year."



It does not tell of the air-mail letters to mail-order houses in the States; nor of the anxious following of our ship across war-troubled waters; nor of Youssef the plumber—the *bête-noire* of the whole work. (A fortune awaits a good plumber in Baghdad.) It does not tell the story of those mid-July days when we were torn between the desire to protect our rights and the desire to speed the work along; nor how we managed to do the first without sacrificing the second, by means of a notary public, and to keep the contractor working all the while we fought with him. Nor does it tell how five tons of cement and iron fell on the twenty-fourth of May when the supports were carelessly removed from the first cantilever; nor how Our Lady of the Way put little Ismael between two heaps of gravel in such a way that the cantilever merely felled him instead of killing him. Oh, there is so much to tell . . .

ONE did not have to be a prophet last Spring to know that there was war in the air. We feared it too. Memories of what Baghdad suffered from the last one are still vivid. For even an oasis is no place to live when your communications are cut; no place to build, when the nations of the world are bidding for iron and sinking ships. That is why we did not begin N.C.5 last year. N.C.5 at Bagdad College means the chapel-residence building which we have so long desired and struggled to get started. It was a race with war—and we felt that we had more chance to win if we rode N.C.4. We did.

As we bought our last half ton of cement the first week of the war for twice the price we had been paying for it, we said with fervor the favorite prayer of a recent visitor to Bagdad: "O God, Whose Providence in the ordering of all things faileth not, we very humbly beseech Thee to put away from us all that is hurtful and to bestow upon us all that is to our good."

I suppose you would call the completion of N.C.4, chapter two. And if you headed it in the quaint way of the olden writers, the chapter heading would read something like this: Chapter two—in which the hero is made a Bishop, old friends are exchanged for new, the house cracks up and the school takes form, the blue flag still waves, though a little torn, and the ship takes on a group of cadets. If you are modern and streamlined,

you might just label it: Chapter two—To Let. Some might like to call it The Five Year Plan; but that would not be very apropos, for though the chapter covers five years, it was never planned like this.

Chapter two began on the fourth of July (of all days!) in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty four. That was the day the Jesuits moved their luggage from the center of Baghdad, where chapter one of our educational venture in Iraq had been written, to the house in the northern suburb of Sulaikh.

People had said that no one could live in such a house. But we showed them they were wrong and that William James was right when he said that we all have great untapped sources of energy which surprise even ourselves. We did more than live there. We made it a school—the best in Iraq, even if the plaster fell in the soup at times and we needed a weather prophet to time the outdoor assemblies. We made it a home—one of the happiest homes in the world. Homes are made out of hearts; mud or marble is only the outer shell. We made it a boarding school; and strange to say, the boys who had no vows of poverty seemed to be just as happy there as we were. People had said that a house so far out of the town would certainly be robbed. We did not care; for we did not have much that could be taken and we had come to give, not to keep. The only thing we lost were two croquet pegs and the wages we paid the night watchman who slept there for five years.

THE hero, Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., now of British Honduras, would not want to be named—nor even to be so designated. But when the roof leaked or Baghdad blew you hot and cold or mighty Caesar threatened to destroy the mustard seed that will mean so much to the birds of the air later on, you could always get a second wind from his cheerful disposition.

Before they gave him a mitre and a crozier and sent him off to another Mission, he had the satisfaction of finishing a new school and knowing that now Bagdad College was not only the best school in Iraq but had the best building. The old friends that were exchanged for new would be too many to enumerate. Rome and Kansas and Woodstock and Weston and Louvain and Transjordan know them now; and know how wise was the Wise Man when he said:

(Turn to page 84)

Sowing the Cockle

John T.
Newell, S.J.



The town of El Cayo, British Honduras, the center from which Father John T. Newell, S.J., works.

A MINOR sect in the United States has been striving the past few years to plant cockle in the Spanish American countries. They become a problem wherever they go. Representatives of this sect came into the Cayo District from their headquarters in Guatemala about three years ago. They have established themselves, relying on good financial support which they receive regularly from their adherents in the States.

To make things a little more difficult here at present, they have been widening their efforts a little of late. The two American women missionaries are naturally impeded from doing any wide traveling in the bush, but they have several Spanish people to do the job for them. These fellows descend on a Catholic village, insinuate themselves to get a hearing, and where they can get a crowd denounce practically all the doctrines of the Church. Naturally, not having any understanding of the Mass and of our veneration of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, they make their strongest onslaughts on such things as being meaningless and idolatrous.

THEY, therefore, first require that the people cast the religious images out of their houses. And thus having robbed them of precious reminders of their Faith, they offer them in return the Bible and such consolation as can be afforded by the belief that the real religious temple is their own breast where they can confess in secret to God without having recourse to man. Away, therefore, they cry, with these Jesuit deceivers who have been expelled from Guatemala, Mexico and other such places because of their undesirable qualities!

Naturally, they make some impression on the untrained and uncritical minds of the people. To combat them, one has first to make the people understand what

the doctrines of their Catholic Faith are, so that they see clearly what they lose and how they gain nothing by abandoning the Church. Then, one must show them that the Evangelists do not understand our beliefs and practices, and, therefore, denounce things which they know absolutely nothing about. One can then point out the low type of Catholics that join the Evangelists. These are the mischievous and bad livers, and those who are led by hope of some gain. Then—a capital point—one must point out some of the glaring inconsistencies and contradictions that lie in the Evangelist position. One need but talk briefly with an Evan-

gelist to be afforded abundant occasion for doing this.

One great inconsistency to be pointed out has relation to their declaration that the individual can deal directly with God in the affairs of his soul. In view of that statement, one can ask them why, if they can deal directly with God in the affairs of their soul, do they allow themselves to be baptized by a mere man? Why are they not baptized directly by God? But since they admit the necessity of Baptism by man, they are forced to concede that man could also be given the necessary power of reconciling fallen souls with God. And, since they admit the validity of the text stressing the necessity of Baptism, how can they be consistent and utterly discount the equally cogent text about "whose sins you shall forgive, etc."?

THE Evangelists, having thus been proven guilty of contradictions, can hardly make much headway with reasonable beings. Nor has their success, to date, after several years in our midst, been notable. For an illustration of this, it can be pointed out that in a town of over a thousand people, Benque Viejo, where they have their permanent residence, only four converts attend their cult, these four never having commanded much respect from the people. One of them, the cart man, was granted "episcopal" authority, and later demoted. Another man, who had been a great preacher of theirs, abandoned them when he suffered a broken arm and was laid up in the hospital. He was unable to reconcile the accident with the doctrine he was called upon to preach, that those who join the Evangelists are immune from any misfortune.

They use rather questionable means to make Catholics break their allegiance with the Church. With little gifts and friendly gestures, they (Turn to page 84)



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Our Land and Our Lady

That we American Catholics can, with more justice than our Puritan neighbors, call America *our* land and Our Lady's land, we owe to Catholic missionaries and the missionary spirit. This is one of the truths that Mr. Daniel Sargent demonstrates in his very stimulating book, "Our Land and Our Lady." The conclusion he draws from this truth may be stated as follows: Since we American Catholics owe both our land and our Faith to missionaries from other countries, we have a double obligation to be, ourselves, missionaries—to carry the Faith that we have received to other lands.

This obligation, of course, applies to all American Catholics who enjoy the benefits of the Faith in our land today. But we can see its particular force more clearly when we apply it to special groups whose debt to the missionaries can be traced in the pages of history. Take for instance, the Society of Jesus in America. We celebrate this year the four hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Order in 1540. In 1566, twenty-six years after its establishment, the first band of Jesuit missionaries was sent to our shores, bound for St. Augustine, Florida, founded a year before. The Superior of the band, Father Martinez, was martyred by the Indians at San Juan in Florida the same year. In 1571, six more Jesuit missionaries suffered martyrdom in Virginia, near the present site of our national capitol.

Three Gateways

The early Jesuit missionaries entered the United States from three

points. The earliest was this one from the south. To it we owe some of our first American martyrs. But it was abandoned in favor of Mexico, through which, in the next century, Kino and Salvatierra re-entered and explored and evangelized southern California and the southwestern States. The second entry was from the north, through Canada, the first Jesuit contact with our shore line being on the coast of Maine in 1613. To this northern entry we owe the brilliant succession of discoveries and apostolic accomplishments which extended westward to the Mississippi River and which disclosed to the world the Great Lake States and most of those of the Mississippi Valley. The names of great missionaries and explorers were associated with this entry—Marquette, Allouez, Menard, Dablon, Meurin, and the first canonized martyrs of North America, Isaac Jogues, de Brebeuf and companions.

The third entry was through the center in Maryland where Father Andrew White landed with Leonard Calvert in 1634. To this entry we owe, among other things, the official beginning of the American Church. Moreover, it was from this Mission that in the early nineteenth century the Belgian Jesuits under Van Quickenborne, went forth to continue the work of the French Jesuits in the Middle West. The great DeSmet was in this band. From St. Louis the movement was westward through Kansas, Nebraska, the Rocky Mountain States and Oregon, and from there, in the last part of the century, to Alaska.

This, briefly, is the basis not only of America's debt to the Jesuit missionaries but the obligation of the

Society of Jesus in America to continue the missionary work to which it owes its origin and growth here. How are the American Jesuits today fulfilling this obligation?

Briefly again, one American Province in whose confines Andrew White landed and Jogues shed his blood—New York-Maryland, operates the Society's largest Mission, the Philippine Islands. Another, Oregon, has charge of what Pius XI called "the hardest Mission in the world"—Alaska. The New England Province has the Island of Jamaica, British West Indies and Baghdad in Iraq. The Middle Western Provinces of Chicago and Missouri have Patna in India, (the largest pagan district in the world) and British Honduras, as well as Indian and Negro Missions in the Middle West. The California Province and the Lower Canadian Province both have missions in China, while the Upper Canadian Province continues the work among the Indians of Brebeuf, as does also the Oregon Province. The Southern Province in whose territory the first Jesuit missionaries landed has a foreign mission in Ceylon and has missions among the Negroes and Mexicans.

World Encircling Missions

From the heroic labors of the pioneer Jesuit missionaries have come not only colleges and universities in this country but a belt of missions in foreign lands which encircle the entire globe. More than 700 missionaries staff this belt of missions. Of these 625 belong to the American Provinces, the remainder to the Canadian Provinces.

CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.



Even the village patriarchs sit at the feet of the young catechist.

GOOD catechists are God-sent. So, too, are the benefactors who send contributions to us here in Patna, India, to pay for the upkeep of these catechists. The combination God-sent catechists and God-sent benefactors goes a long way. This is a story of such a combination.

Bishwasi, the catechist-hero of this story, once had a good job with bright prospects, but he gave it up to work for God. Just the other day I offered him a raise in pay but he declined, saying, "I work for God, and you need more money than you have."

Bishwasi was out in some villages a good twenty-eight miles away from here hunting up prospective converts when he happened in on Gosain Ji's village. The old man was the headman of the village, kind and genial, so Bishwasi sat down and talked with him until a crowd had gathered. Then, as only he can, he unravelled the story of original sin, of God's religion, of redemption, of the love of God for us. The old man was interested; not so the others. The seed fell on barren ground.

THEN the news spread around of wells, of pipes driven into the ground thirty feet deep, of pumps screwed down on them. All one had to do was to work the handle up and down and out came water, cool and clean. Old Gosain

wanted a well like that so he trudged the twenty-eight miles to Chanpatia to try his luck.

"But wouldn't you prefer to have everlasting water?" asked the Father. The old man jumped at the suggestion. He interpreted everlasting water to mean a grand well, and he wanted it by all means. In a few minutes all was unravelled.

"You have not understood. Your body is going to die, but your soul will go on living forever. It is your soul that will need the everlasting water. What you need is to have your sins forgiven. Then you can go to God and you will thirst no more. You will be thrilled through and through with the very happiness of God."

IN a surprisingly short time he understood and exclaimed, "Then I'll become a Catholic. I'll accept Baptism. I want to have my sins forgiven."

"But not so quickly," remarked the priest. "You can receive Baptism together with your fellow villagers. In this matter we must go slowly. I'm not going to hand you a sack sewed shut so that you cannot see whether there is a snake, or stones, or gold inside it. First of all, we must open the sack so that you can see what is inside. All of

Father Joseph G. Mann, S.J., who pays tribute in this story to his faithful catechists of the Patna Mission.

The Forgiveness of

The help of Catholic missionaries in all these heroes who play a part in the Kingdom of God.

you can come here. You can stay for a week. I'll put you up in these grass houses. Then we'll teach you to understand the wonders, the beauties of the Catholic religion."

GOSAIN JI went home with a joyful heart, wanting Baptism, but still wanting a pump.

He came here twice, but alone.



Men The Missions

its is indispensable to
They are unsung
the part in spreading

Joseph G. Mann, S.J.



Here is a session of group-instruction by a catechist in a village of India.

The others would not come. Each time he came he learned a bit more. Then he came with a companion and insisted on receiving Baptism. His determination was all but overpowering, but he could not persuade the others to be of his mind.

The priest went along with him to Gosainpur to give all a taste of Catholicism. Once again he invited all to come for instruction; only Gosain Ji came, but this time he had a new argument.

"I am responsible for my own soul," he said. "The rest of the village is not. I understand. I need Baptism and I want it."

But the Father was hard-hearted. "Not yet. Not yet. Go on back home and try to bring the others around. Then you will be able to receive Baptism."

ALL this had taken place while the hot season was turned on full blast. Hard missionary work had begun to take its toll from poor, weak human nature. The Father couldn't stand the strain and was ordered to take a rest. But first of all, the catechists gathered together. Different districts were assigned to each pair, and they were turned loose to comb the countryside.

Bishwasi and Dowd waited for daybreak and then made for Gosainpur. They are still grateful to God that they did not wait a day or an hour longer. Their blood ran cold when they saw poor old Gosain Ji.

A cow was standing at his door, a decidedly bad sign. According to Hindu custom if a man dies holding the tail of a cow in his hand he will go straight to heaven. Everyone loved the old man, and they had made preparations to assure his salvation.

Bishwasi led the way, brushing the cow aside. Dowd followed close behind him. Before them lay the old man. His chest was heaving frantically. They drew closer. His eyes were glazed. His breath came in gasps. In a moment they realized that he could hardly hear. With brotherly care they rubbed his body with hot oil. They gave him lemon juice to drink. They put him in a more comfortable position. He got better, he was able to speak—in gasps, and he did not waste a word.

"I'M dying. Please give me medicine, the kind the Father has, the everlasting water. The Father . . . he would not baptize me. Now I'm dying." Bishwasi held his crucifix aloft. The old man gazed. He recognized the image of his redeeming Saviour, and saying, "I believe," he sank back on his cot. He was sinking fast. Bishwasi held the crucifix before the dying man's face. He reached out and kissed it.

Bishwasi spoke: "The Father is sick. He could not come, but he has sent us. He refused you Baptism in order to try you. Now you have passed the test. I will baptize

you. Your sins will be forgiven. You will go to God, and you will never thirst again."

"Joseph, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The sacred words were scarcely uttered, the water was still flowing when the old man cried out, "I'm cured, I'm cured," and sank back all but a dead man.

THE bystanders, not realizing just what had happened dragged in the cow, put her tail in the unconscious man's hand and were happy that his soul fled straight to heaven.

Then Bishwasi and Dowd squatted down to explain what had happened, how the old man had pleaded for Baptism for months, how he had been dying all week, but could not die till heaven had been opened for him. The listeners were so interested that they forgot to cry for Gosain Ji. When Bishwasi had finished, they remembered. All began to cry, but Bishwasi and Dowd are still rejoicing.

BUT things do not always end as happily for the catechist as this. There is for instance the affair at the village of Lauri. The catechists from here had had trouble there but undaunted Bishwasi, Dowd, Louis (catechist-in-training) and a Dom catechist returned to have another try. (Turn to page 72)

REALLY, things were fine in Lauri for a while. For one half hour they catechized the Doms (depressed class people), and then just as on the previous occasion other Hindus began to gather. This time it was not to listen at all. Their purpose was more sinister.

In less than five minutes, more than one hundred people had gathered. This time even the women were on hand, urging the men on. There was no time wasted. It was like the impact of jackals on a poor, helpless puppy.

Bishwasi waited for just a second. Then turning around he joined his hands, as is the most polite way of saluting in India, and said, "Salam, brothers, salam!"

"Come here, you scoundrel," some one of the crowd said.

Rising, Bishwasi walked over to where they were standing. Like a flash, one burly fellow grabbed his hands, whirled them behind his back and Bishwasi was a prisoner. Dowd and Louis shared his fate.

"Call the *chaukidar*! Call the *chaukidar*!" rang out. "Thieves! Thieves!"

Bishwasi smiled! He turned to his captors and said: "My heart goes out in thanks to you all. You are my real benefactors. You are showing mercy to me. No! not to my body, but to my soul."

"Scoundrel! Look at him! Look! A thief with a face as innocent as the moon."

And others shouted against Dowd and Louis. "These are his helpers. Smash their bones too."

Then all three were thrown down, but Bishwasi got a word in edgewise. "Go ahead! Go ahead! Break our bones. That will be an act of mercy. We want to die to prove our Faith."

"Away with the thieves! Where's the *chaukidar*?" shouted someone.

And then the women had their say: "Shame on you! Can't you see that these thieves are making fun of us all. Away with them! Take them to the *chaukidar*."

Then the three catechists were dragged to the house of the headman.

The women had another chance. One of them screamed: "These thieves have come here to steal the *tiks* of the Doms. (The *tik* is a pig-

tail worn as a sign of membership in the Hindu Religion.) Call a barber and have him cut all their hair off, leaving only a *tik*. Make them Hindus!"

All of a sudden someone caught



James Hansdak, a Santal catechist—typical of these "right-hand men" of the missions.

ahold of Bishwasi's hair and began twisting it into a *tik*. (It was done so roughly that when night came, Bishwasi could not sleep due to the pain that still remained.) "These people are Indians. They should be made to become Hindus. Come on! As they make others Catholics, so we'll make them Hindus. Where's the barber?"

Bishwasi turned his head as much as he could and replied, "Do your worst! But you'll never make me a Hindu. By God's grace you'll all become Catholics."

"Another word from you, you scoundrel, and I'll split open your mouth," one lion-faced Hindu roared.

"That will be an act of mercy. If you want to shatter my bones, if you want to tear my jaws asunder, then please hurry. Hurry in your mercy."

Then the *chaukidar* came on the scene. He listened to the story of the Hindus and was quite convinced that the catechists were thieves, so Dowd spoke up and said, "We're

queer thieves to come in broad daylight to steal, aren't we? Did any of us enter your homes? Did any of us enter the homes of the Doms? What did we steal?"

"Come bind us," added Bishwasi. "If we're guilty bind us and give us the punishment we deserve."

The *chaukidar* saw through the lies of the Hindus, and pleaded with them to forgive the catechists. Again they tried to prove that the catechists were thieves, but though they tried hard they could not even deceive themselves.

The trouble had ended. They were set free, and then immediately Bishwasi joining his hands and raising his eyes to heaven began to pray for the people. They insisted that he should leave and never return. Bishwasi reminded them that he and Dowd and Louis had come to instruct the Doms, and that they would remain as long as the Doms would want them. The inevitable followed. Through fright, the Doms protested that they would do *puja* to Ram and Shio. So, sadly, amid the jeers of the mob they left Lauri, feeling sure that they would return . . . during the cholera season, as messengers of mercy.

The ride home was long and dusty, a full fourteen miles. It was after two when the catechists arrived, blood still flowing from Louis' right leg, with Dowd, of all persons, minus his perpetual smile, with fallen face, and Bishwasi worn out to the point of fainting. Immediately he lay down to rest. The other two went into the church to tell the Missionary of missionaries of it all. That night Bishwasi got fever. His body was burning up with thirst, but it was only after he had received Holy Communion the next morning that he took a drink.

These violent incidents could easily have terminated in the martyrdom of the catechists and their hearts were ready, as far as they were concerned, to embrace death for their convictions and their love of God.

The heroism of the catechists and their staunch loyalty to the Faith is shown by these incidents—but only if you were here on the scene, could you realize how absolutely essential are these faithful and effective co-workers in the missions of India.

For the Missionaries and Their Co-workers

The Mission Intention for March

WHEN the difficulties and hardships of missionaries are mentioned, people usually get the idea of underfed men, either freezing in the cold of Alaska or roasting under a tropical sun. They are likewise convinced that every mention of such matters is an appeal for the donation that will alleviate, if not entirely eradicate the trouble. There is no denying that material help is constantly needed, or that hunger, heat or cold are very unpleasant, often malicious companions. Long, lonely hours in the saddle or following a team of huskies for days over frozen wastes, trying to keep going on a disagreeable diet of native food, would severely test the constitution of a physical giant. Such things, however, are expected by every missionary long before he experiences them. Hence he takes them in stride, and since they are inevitable, he tries to learn to like them.

But many and varied are the unforeseen problems often quite knotty that pop up daily during the active life of one who would help teach Christ's Gospel of salvation to other nations. All of these problems have to be faced, some are solved, others merely treated, a third group must be borne patiently as things that just have to be and few can learn to like them. Typical of this third group is loneliness, that common experience of every child of Adam at home and abroad.

With foreign missionaries, however, most of the home remedies are lacking. Our earthly exile is often sweetened by those who understand us, who will laugh with us and cry with us, who will encourage, console, warn and advise us. They in turn are wont to weep on our shoulders to obtain similar solace. But the foreign missionary is living with people who have a different background, different training, a different outlook on life and above all a different sense of humor. All of which are very conducive to a special type of intellectual loneliness. He must take his loneliness to Christ in the tabernacle that he may there find solace and courage to bear with it. He needs our help and as is evident the

help needed is beyond the power of material resources to bestow. He needs Divine help obtainable only through prayer.

There is another such problem that persists in checking the progress that a foreign missionary might make.

It is to be remembered that he is always a stranger in a strange land no matter how well he may succeed in adopting the customs of the people. A fair parallel might be drawn between the missionaries and a permanently paralyzed boy at a playground. The boy must be content with watching other children play and exercise while he remains strapped in a wheel chair. The others know him, love him and want him to be happy, but they can never give him the supple limbs and agile body that is theirs. Perhaps one more thoughtful than the rest may come and talk with him, thus forming a link between those who are healthy and active and him who is forced to be only a spectator. Such a youngster may be compared with that indispensable co-worker of the missionary, the native catechist. The catechist forms the golden link between the priest and his people. Through more

constant contact, he learns to know the priest, his ways and the importance of his mission better. From birth he has lived with his own people and really understands them. Their language, customs, outlook and sense of humor are his. He knows his own and loves his own. They will receive him and then follow him, enabling him to bring themselves and their little ones to God's priest of whom they stand in such great need.

The men in the field have heard and responded to Christ's mandate to spread the good tidings. The men and women at home would naturally like to share in the reward that the Master will bestow for wholehearted sacrifice. The Mission Intention for this month is extremely broad and offers such an opportunity to every one capable of lifting his heart and mind to God in behalf of others. Poor and rich are implored to heed this appeal. The harvest is white, the laborers are few.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS *Eucharistic Journeys*

"Last week-end," writes Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., from Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, P. I., "we had 190 First Confessions and Communions—in three different places. On Friday I went up to an out of the way place, Valdeconcha, about two kilometers back of Binnangan, our last *barrio* on the main road north of here. We took up all our needs, of course, for Mass, as Valdeconcha sees the priest only

"We have over 2,200 public school children in our catechism classes—about 400 in our Sunday classes and another 600 in our own parochial school, St. Rita's. The school year is more than half over and First Communions are now in order in our many chapel stations.

"You can easily imagine we have a big problem on our hands with so many children and grown-ups to think of, and all of them so poor. Well, thanks to God, a little outside help goes a longer

towards settling a priest there where one is needed so much. There are 600 children in the public school there—all the people are Catholic—but they are poor, very poor. If the Government didn't give them a school and teachers and we catechists, the place would be nothing at all."

PATNA

Renewing the Old Man

John Barrett, S.J., former Editor of the *Patna Mission Letter*, who is now at Bettiah, sends some news about Patna:

"Odd bits which may be useful to you: The "retreating" going on around here makes up for any lack on the western front. Father Leon Foster, S.J., has hot-footed it off to Shillong for a month of retreat-giving. Father Paul Joehl, S.J., is in town to give his first retreat in Hindi to the Sacred Heart (Indian) Sisters. Father Vincent McGlinchey, S.J., has a similar job for the St. Clare (Indian) Sisters out at Chuhari. Father Augustine Wildermuth, S.J., will soon land at Allahabad for a retreat to the diocesan clergy; Father Henry Milet, S.J., just got back from the northwest on a similar expedition. After the annual monsoon all the Religious and clergy of India are ready to renew the 'old man' in keeping with Nature."

"Father Joseph Mann, S.J., is celebrating his first year in the field. And he's in business already. From a friend he got enough cane from a jungle to reach almost to New York, maybe. Then he rounded up his Dom Catholics . . . if you only knew how poor these people are . . . taught them how to make baskets of the cane, and paid them piecework. They live on what they earn, and twice a day receive a thorough instruction in the Faith to supplement the essential instruction they received when they were baptized. Father Mann sells the baskets to colleries and to railroads . . . which also aids his Mission."

"I hope you have already got this news in greater detail than I am giving it . . . but the Bishop



Three little Chinese girls of St. Joseph's Hospice, Shanghai,—and they all bear the name of "Elsie" in honor of a kind benefactress who read Father Wilfred LeSage's article describing the Hospice in *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

a few times a year. We also took up some dresses for First Communicants.

"Due to two paid catechists' work there, we had 50 First Communions in Valdeconcha on Saturday—85 people received Communion in all—a good number for a small mountain *barrio* that necessarily gets so little priestly attention. Two *barrios* on the road, Salay and Lagonglong had their First Communions booked for Sunday, the following day. Father Clement Risacher, S.J., covered Lagonglong and had 73 First Communions, and I took Salay and had 67 there—add them all up and you get 190 First Communions for our last week-end.

way than the same would go in the States—even though things like gasoline and other imports here cost us more than twice as much as in the States.

Salay Needs a Shepherd

"What I should be doing is living in the municipality of Salay. Salay is now as I said before, run by a priest from here—but there are 12,000 people in that municipality. It is more than ripe for a resident priest. But the simple fact is we haven't the money. We have no *convento* to speak of there, no auto to get around in, no money to fix up the awful looking church. A thousand dollars would do a lot,—nearly all,—

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

is moving into the Superior's house when finished in January, and giving his own new house to the Carmelites from South India to use as a Women's College.

"Now when I was editor I could give you news . . . and didn't. Now I am willing to do so (see how I've tried!) and have nothing to pass on. So be it. Yes, I am ashamed. Trouble is, every year a man is here he forgets more and more the folks over there, so that unless one can be constantly reminded of them and conscious of writing for them, one sees absolutely nothing to write about. (As you may judge from these items.)"

Budding Dispensary

"I'm happy to say that with our fourteen by twenty-six chapel completed, attendance at Sunday Mass from the villages is increasing," writes **Father Frank J. Welzmler, S.J.**, of Piro. "We also boast a budding dispensary that is giving the poor a chance for treatment in the many afflictions that want and unsanitary habits bring upon them. The contacts insure the friendliness of both Moslems and Hindus here, but it will be like moving mountains to lead them out of the mire of vice and paganism. Our new central school here is just getting under way. Both Moslems and Hindus are applying, though it is mainly intended for our boys in nearby villages.

"The 1939 harvest in souls amounted to well over three hundred and an equal number is in prospect for this year. **Father Henry Westropp, S.J.**, is starting to build a small church at Arrah and trusting that St. Joseph will see him through. **Father Bernard D'Cruz** is badly hampered for want of a house and chapel to accommodate his flourishing center at Buxar.

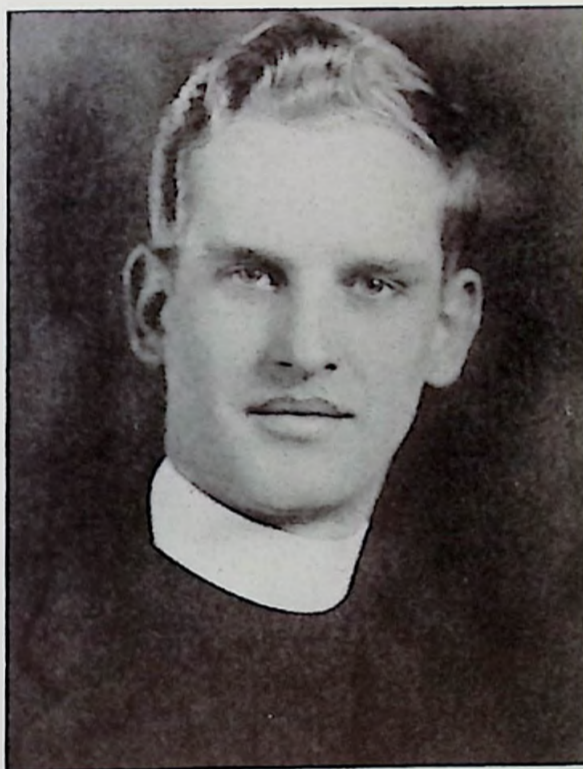
BRITISH HONDURAS

Mayas Celebrate

From **Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J.**, of Corozal, comes a description of a Garden Fete and its sequel at one of his water missions:

"Well, the Garden Fete things St. Joseph's Jesuit Missions Guild

sent were just what we wanted, and they arrived in time for the last Fete and the others I am going to have later on. The one I did have was in Chunox, a little Maya village of eighty souls. And what a Garden Fete it was! How much good it would have done you to see the delight of the people and genuine fun they all got out of the roulette wheel when once they found out how it



Stanley E. Kalamaja, S.J., Scholastic of the Missouri Province, who is on his way to Belize, British Honduras for missionary work.

worked. And when it got around that one fellow got a big red ball that bounced for just a nickle, they all just flocked around that wheel.

"Due to difficulties of transportation I did not get the Fete started until eight at night, but I couldn't get the thing stopped until four in the morning. However, we stopped the Garden Fete activities at twelve. After that the dance kept up until four. I left the town going strong at one-thirty, got in my good old boat and set out for Corozal, with all the fete luggage, including a temporary stage for my little school play. We were loaded to the gunnels, and dragging mud in the middle of the channel of the lagoons, when—mush! we nosed into mud and stopped. In the dark night we had slipped a few feet out of the channel, and were stuck in mud. We worked on the

boat until five in the morning, when we finally got out. Lay down for two hours' sleep and were up again for the trip home. Fasted until ten in the morning when I said Mass here at Corozal. Then had to go back to get the boat anchored properly, finally getting my sleep at three in the afternoon. Some day!

"And how much money on the Fete? Well, first, let me say that I had told **Father Anthony Corey, S.J.**, I would be satisfied with five dollars business, and then let me say that my collection there is about fifteen cents every six weeks. The sum taken in was \$24.85; profit clear: about \$16.00. That is a success, so we shall do it again in bigger places."

Fans in December

For the first time this year, **Bishop William A. Rice, S.J.**, had the opportunity of comparing Christmas in Belize with Christmas in Baghdad. He writes:

"Next week I am going down to Punta Gorda to be present at the Profession of the first three Sisters in the Pallotine Congregation. That is to say, the first three native Sisters. There have been vocations to the Sisters of Mercy during the past fifty years, but the Pallotine Sisters arrived here only in 1913 and these are their first vocations. I'll tell you about it as soon as I get back from the ceremony.

"Christmas passed off pleasantly enough. Though I do not think that even Baghdad enjoys such a warm December! During the Midnight Mass I noticed a number of fans moving discreetly in the congregation, and all the windows and door were wide open. After my third Mass I felt as though I had been saying Mass in Baghdad on a bright July morning! We have had a few cold days—when the temperature hovered around fifty-eight or fifty-nine. For the people here, that is cold, and they hurry to get out their overcoats and sweaters, but so far I haven't felt at all uncomfortable.

"**Father Daniel Coady, S.J.**, is returning to the Colony soon after spending three months up in the States. And **Father Joseph**

JAMAICA — CHINA — CEYLON



Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., of St. Michael, Alaska, with some of his parishioners during the fishing season. An epidemic of measles is now raging at St. Michael, and Father Lonneux is wondering when it will hit him.

Kemper, S.J., is getting ready to make a mission tour through the Province. Father Coady did not preach much, I infer, because he was having a set of store teeth made for himself and was handicapped. But Father Kemper is having an itinerary arranged and will give some conferences to stir up interest in the Mission, and collect whatever he can. Thomas J. Kelley, S.J., returned to the States to have his eyes attended to. George R. Toruno, S.J., has been home in Guatemala for the past month where his father died. And Robert E. Ratterman, S.J., has been the only Scholastic in the house. We are hoping to have another Scholastic here soon . . . but perhaps not till the end of the Summer. We could use a few more men in the Mission."

IRAQ

Growing Mustard Seed

From Baghdad, a word from Francis X. Cronin, S.J., who is struggling with the Arabian tongue:

"Here in Iraq circumstances keep us from doing a lot of the preaching and writing and general apostolic work we would like to do, but we are not on the shelf because the seventeen of us over here are putting our hearts into Baghdad College, and through it spreading the spirit and truth of Christ. It is the parable of the mustard seed all over again. But since it is a very precious, divine mustard seed, I

make no apologies for the apparently tame chronicle of our life over here.

"The school is progressing very well. It would do old Walter Camp's heart good to see the way the youngsters take to sports. A typical holiday morning means a soccer game, basketball, two volley-ball courts and two tennis courts in constant demand. That meant that nearly the entire school was getting some vigorous exercise and loving it. That the scholastic side of the institution is in the tradition can best be shown by a little story. We have an English youngster with us (his father has some big job in the city). The boy's application to his books caused the father to comment that he evidently liked his subjects. 'Oh no, it's not that. It's simply that those blighters up there give us so much work!'

Arabian Days

"Our generator and pump are just cantankerous enough to remind us that we have not here a lasting city. Still, when I read of Father Thomas Cunningham's diet and domestic surroundings at Little Diomedé, as described in a Fall JESUIT MISSIONS, I felt that I had come into a land flowing with milk and honey.

"The recluse side of the community—the Arabic students—go their crawling pace. Father Joseph Merrick and Father Francis W. Anderson, may be seen

any day walking alone with a vocabulary and idiom sheet in their hands, quizzing sundry natives as to how to say this or that. At the drop of a hat, they will give you the singular and plural of *hammer, hat, humpback* or what will you?"

ALASKA

Who Wants to Go North?

From Nome, Very Reverend Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., Superior of the Alaska Mission, writes that he feels a great shortage of men:

"I had hoped to get away for a visit to the various missions but so far Father Provincial has been unable to send a relief man for Nome. Have you any good missionaries for Alaska down East? There are at least four places crying for priests right now. All the men are working at full throttle. I am sure that unless something is done soon to send help we shall have a couple of missionaries on the rocks, take a nose-dive or do whatever missionaries do when they are overworked. My biggest trial in all these years in Alaska has been to realize that so much work has been left undone because we have not the men to fill the various places where we formerly had priests.

"I am enclosing a few pictures of the blessing of the memorial to Archbishop Seghers in Nulato on the tenth of September, 1939. Bishop Walter Fitzgerald, S.J., blessed the monument in the presence of a large number of Indians from Nulato, Koyukuk, Galena and Kaltag. The Archbishop was murdered by his White guide, Fuller, at a place thirty miles up the Yukon. The point of land, or island, on which the murder occurred was washed away some years ago by a flood. We thought it best to place the monument in Nulato where the people could see it and be reminded of the price paid for their instruction in the Faith."

Measles at St. Michael's

"We completed the work on the church here just two weeks ago," writes Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., of St. Michael. "At once I started to put order all

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., of Benque Viejo, in a local religious procession flanked by two young men acolytes, Jorge Nabet and Casiano Coyoc. Despite the loss of his church by fire, Father Kuenzel still continues to observe the liturgy.

around and to fix my new sacristy. Since we started the work early in September, we have been getting ready for the epidemic that was all around us. Divine Providence was watching over us for it is only now, the very last village in this whole section, that we have been visited with the measles. Right now I have seventy-eight people in bed. Fortunately, none of our cases are very serious and no complications have appeared. For this I am very thankful and if the people continue to follow well their instructions concerning this sickness I am sure that it will soon be over. Just as these people have shown a great Christian spirit in working on their church for two months without pay—their gift to Jesus—so also in this sickness approaching they have shown the same Christian spirit. We now do not have to go around and get ice or chop wood for the sick. Each family had plenty of ice and wood in reserve just for this epidemic. All also take their sickness joyfully, although some feel quite sick for a few days.

"Since everybody seems to be touched, and not remembering having had the measles myself when young, I do not want to give a bad example and so I am getting ready to lie down for a few days if necessary without having to impose on anybody. Later on, I will let you know if

I escape or not. Do not worry, I do not expect a serious case."

JAMAICA, B. W. I. Plans for 1940

Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., of Winchester Park, Kingston, reports on educational hopes and prospects in Jamaica:

"You may have already heard that we are going to open a Preparatory Department to the school about the middle of January. Judging from the standard of the first form, which I taught during the latter part of this year, this new Prep School is a much needed addition to our system. It will help to give us a more uniformly educated entering group each year. Elementary education is rather chaotic anyway and almost anybody who has an empty room feels qualified to open a school.

"The new Prep School is only one step in the right direction. We hope that 1940 will also see the inauguration of a new boarding school. A certain class of Catholics have been clamoring for it over a long period and they have the support of some of the Fathers. Of course, I haven't been here long enough to form any decent opinion on the matter, but it seems to me that a boarding school will prove attractive not only to Catholics but to Protestants also and not only to Jamaicans but to people from the neighboring islands of the Caribbean. At least, boarding students come to the convents from Protestant homes and from Cuba, Haiti and Porto Rico."

Come All Ye Faithful

The following Christmas reminiscences arrived recently from Father Harold J. Sullivan, S.J., who is at Brown's Town, Jamaica, with his brother, Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.:

"The rush of Christmas is over and Father Raymond and I have taken to our respective desks (mine, the dining-room table) to say our thanks for the gifts that came at Christmas. This year, with the distress after the hurricane and the subsequent floods, Christmas stood out among dis-

tinctive things indeed. But thanks be to God, now that it is past, we have the consolation of knowing that no worthy case was left uncared for and that a lot of the joy of Christmas was due to the gifts that went from our door. Yet, for one who lives on the charity of others, as we do, charity is the best investment, for the Infant King is not outdone in generosity.

"I sang the Midnight Mass here at Brown's Town and as I went in at ten-thirty to put the lights on the Crib and the Star, I stumbled over legs in every direction. I could not believe my eyes and turned on more lights



Father George P. Prendergast, S.J., newly appointed Superior of St. Stephen's Indian Mission, Wyoming. Father Prendergast succeeds Father Albert C. Zuercher, S.J., Father Leo A. Doyle, S.J., formerly Minister at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, has been sent to assist Father Prendergast at St. Stephen's.

and to my astonishment saw every available inch of space taken up. I insisted on certain benches being vacated for my own people, but I am not a good mule driver and could make no impression. They were there and there they would stay. From eleven to eleven-fifty I was kept busy with confessions as the far-away Catholics had struggled to come to the Mass and fulfill their obligations.

"At ten of twelve, I sang the

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

Jesu Bambino by Yon and then the *Come, Let Us Adore Him*, went right in and vested and came out on the altar in a new set of vestments, the gift of Mrs. Heffernan of Lynn,—to the *ohs* and *ahs* of the congregation. Really, it was a thrill. The Bethlehem of the Consecration was the main theme, and it *was* learnt, as right after I had finished the heart of the Mass, one husky voice to my right, whispered to his companion: 'Him is awful for truf' (truth). Benediction followed and it was near to two-thirty before I could put the lights out and try to catch a nap.

The Children's King

"The Crib is a great attraction. We keep it lit up at night and it can be seen from the road. The little kids used to stay at the wall and crane their necks to see it. Now they come right in. They used to run away as soon as I appeared but now it is a consolation to see them smile and stay and ask about the Baby God in His 'pretty, pretty Crib.' I said the children's Mass at eight o'clock and had three first Communions at it. Then on to Somerton for more confessions Mass and sermon. They sang the traditional hymns to original versions that would have made some of our orchestra leaders green with envy.

"My car was a Baby Austin but looked more like Santa Claus' chariot after they got through giving me *cho-chos*, potatoes, (scarce this year and a real sacrifice), some eggs and as one little tyke said to me, 'some oranges for your tummy.' They took it upon themselves to keep me in oranges when they heard that they were a principal part of the diet. She did not want me to miss the fact that she was taking care of me. A sick call finished up the day for me on my return. Then sweet unconsciousness.

Picknies' Party

"The youngsters' treat and Christmas party came off on Friday. An orange tree branch was the tree, balloons the baubles, the



Father Michael Selga, S.J., director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, and Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., of Balingasag, inspect a volcano in Mindanao. Another volcano not far away, took 15,000 lives last year.

silver paper from cigarette packages the icicles and a gift for every child—toy whistles, alligators with tails that wiggled like our John Canoe dancers, little cupid dolls, and oddments of cloth to make clothes for them. The cakes were provided by a Mrs. Branwell, the ice-cream by the house, some sweets that came for Christmas and cakes sent in by the ladies of the town. Then to the chapel for a little visit to the baby King and a prayer of thanks to Him for the treat and a wish that He may have had one in Heaven, another Christmas story with the moral of sharing with others (as the boys looked guilty and stealthily examined the hidden duffle to see if they had been victims of Divine intervention). By six-thirty only the lights on the Crib were twinkling to the tune of whistle and little cries of gladness dying away in the distance.

"I sat down alone to supper as Father Raymond had been called to Montego Bay, after saying one Mass in the mountains, and a *Missa Cantanta* at Alva, then to Refuge for his third Mass. But I was happy, happier than I can tell.

"A 'Little Flower' Club in Cambridge provided the where-withal for that treat and I can imagine that the Child in Whose honor that treat was held was kind to a number of tiny tots

across the river from Boston that night as they lisped their good-nights to Him."

Here Comes the Navy!

Father Raymond J. Fox, S.J., explains how he increased the catholicity of the attendance at midnight Mass at the Cathedral, Kingston, Jamaica:

"On the Sunday before Christmas a group of sailors hearing that there would be a midnight Mass, asked if they could attend. Well, it created a diplomatic dilemma for there were no more tickets, as we had given all of the fifteen hundred away and nearly three thousand wanted to come. However, having a few personal cards left over from ordination, I wrote on the card, after warning them that there was no room, 'Admit the sailors to midnight Mass.' You can imagine my surprise when I drew up at the rear of the procession to the Bishop's House to see them emptying themselves out of a bus.' I was wishing for the ground to open, but when we returned I found not one in sight and supposed that they had gone back to the ships. When I got into the church, lo and behold, they were parked in front of the front benches. Forty of them sat in front of the altar rail and were made up of Australians, Englishmen, Canadians, Irish, Chinese and other nationalities."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Question!

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a check for \$10.00 for the Patna Mission. If enough other donations come in you may be able to balance the budget, although balancing budgets is often a blood-sweating process. See Mr. Morgenthau about this.

I found the article by Father Scott on "Lone Eagle Remembers" very interesting. It seems to pose a question that it doesn't quite answer: Was the artillery attack on the Indians unprovoked? If the Indians had surrendered why was the artillery turned loose on them?

I wonder if the true story of the Wounded Knee and the Custer Massacre have ever been really publicized. The educated Indians have a version decidedly different from that which appears in our school histories.

Detroit, Mich.

R. H. G.

Advertising the Catholic Church
To the Editor:

On December 23, 1939, I inserted my fifth advertisement of the Roman Catholic Church in my local newspaper *The Morning Post*, with a circulation of about 20,000 copies and the *Evening Courier*, with a circulation of about 50,000 copies, that is, a combined circulation of 70,000.

For many years, I have been interested in bringing a knowledge of Christ's Roman Catholic Church to the more than 100,000,000 souls who know it not, or who only know it by the slanders which they receive from its enemies.

I am convinced that the printing press is an ideal method to bring this knowledge of Christ's Church to the many people in our country. Advertising in secular newspapers, to me, seems to be the greatest way to bring Catholic truth to non-Catholics.

During last November, after first reading your pamphlet "Advertising the Catholic Church," I wrote Most Rev. John F. Noll a letter which I understand will be published in the near future in *Our Sunday Visitor*, a national publication.

In my letter to Bishop Noll, I suggested that he organize a Sunday Visitor Advertising Society, printing an "ad" (or more than one) each Sunday in *Our Sunday Visitor*, and recommending that

Societies, such as the Knights of Columbus, etc., pay for and insert said "ads" in the secular press of this nation. In this way the 100,000,000 non-Catholics could learn about Catholic truth. The cost of the ads would be small, being distributed among many Societies.

The Narberth Society, of Narberth, Pa., which is approved by Cardinal Dougherty and over thirty Bishops of the U. S., also prints articles, praising the merits of the Catholic Church, in the secular press. From this Society's literature, I learn that they have their articles printed in the secular press, free of charge. However, I note that despite the fact that this Society prints articles in 192 newspapers, it reaches only 1,200,000.

What about the huge circulation of metropolitan newspapers? Do these newspaper firms refuse to advertise the Roman Catholic Church free of charge in the columns of their newspapers?

I note in your pamphlet "Advertising the Catholic Church" that this book only contains selections from advertisements that appeared in the *New York Times* and in Pittsburgh daily papers. I would like to receive the rest of the ads.

Please believe me when I state that I am interested in promoting the cause of the Catholic Church solely for the honor and glory of God, and not from any material motive. As a matter of fact I have paid every cent for the five advertisements in my local newspapers.

In your pamphlet, you state that three American Cardinals and sixteen American Archbishops and Bishops strongly approved this advertising movement, by written endorsement. Of course, I am happy to note that the Roman Catholic Hierarchy approves of your movement for advertising the Catholic Church. I would be pleased to obtain as much information as possible about your pamphlet "Advertising the Catholic Church" and I am willing to pay for the information, if there is any charge.

I am particularly interested in knowing the names and number of newspapers which advertise the Catholic Church and whether or not these ads are free or paid for at full commercial rates or at special Church ad rates? I would like to know the circulation of each of these newspapers as well as the location of these newspapers. Also I would like to know, if possible, the effect and results of advertising the Catholic Church in the secular press. The list of the names of the American Cardinals and Archbishops and Bishops approving your noble work would also be appreciated by me.

I am determined to bring Catholic information to the 110,000,000 non-Catholics in America.

Camden, N. J.

John J. Carroll

J. J. O'BRIEN & SON

EST. 1864

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JESUIT MISSION PRESS
257 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

A SUCCESSFUL CHURCH—

like a successful business, must be articulate. It must have some means, other than oral, through which it can speak to all of its members.

So every Church is faced with the problem of how, inexpensively, it can do such contact work in sending out notices and announcements, promoting special services or affairs, following up collections, securing the many small forms needed in Church management.

Those Churches which have some method of printing or duplicating are rare, but even they still have the problem of folding, inserting, addressing and stamping when sending out promotional or informative matter.

Today there is available, however, a little combination printing and addressing equipment that is ideal for Church work. It is called the Elliott Cardvertiser. Write for details about it. Free demonstration. No obligation.

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WINES AND LIQUORS

The Missionaries' Missionary

Wilfred J.
Le Sage, S.J.

THE scene was within the Catholic church at Swatow in south China. Another Japanese air bombardment rattled the windows, shook the walls, —then silence and the voice of a little girl was heard distinctly, "Had the bombs fallen here I would now see Jesus!" But God protected His church and the Faithful within. So spontaneous, however, was this particular act of Faith, the simple faith of a child, that it stands out foremost in the memory of a missionary about to leave the Far East.

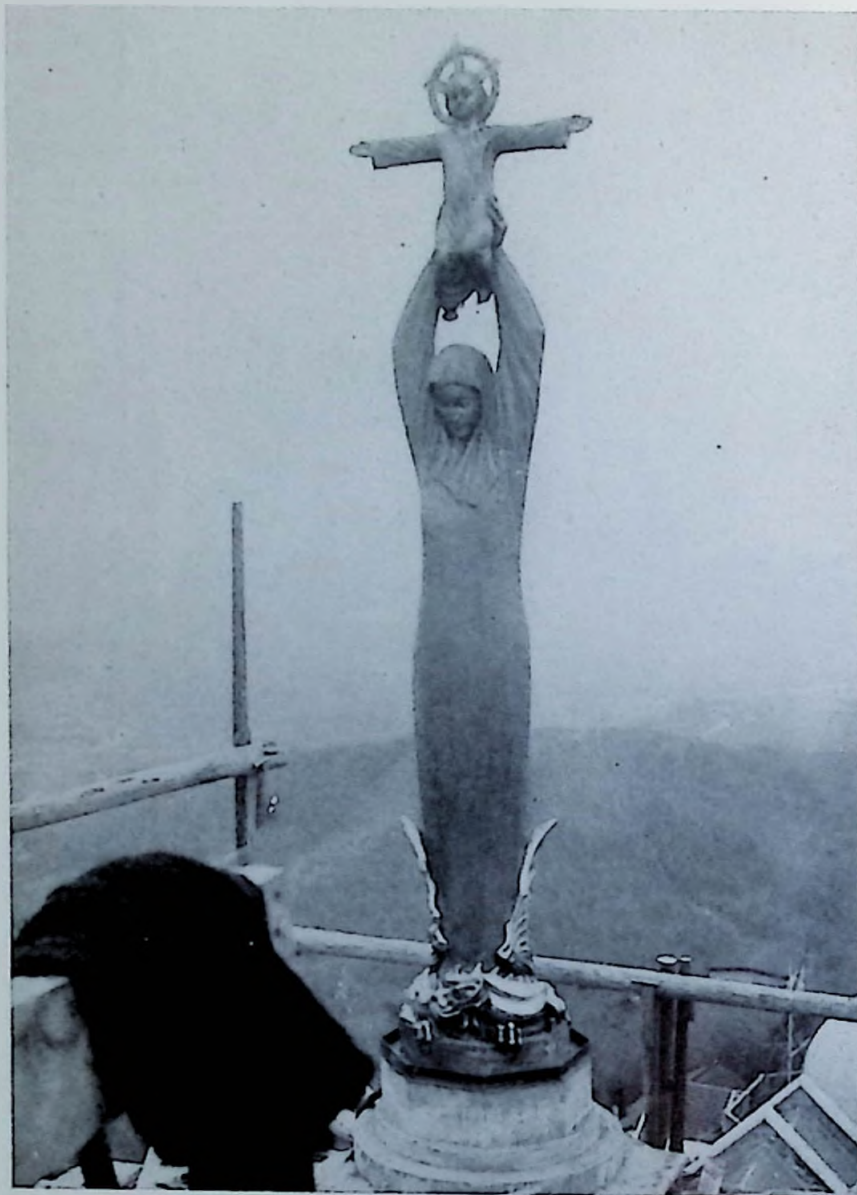
"It was a beautiful act of faith," said Father Valensin, S.J.

Before proceeding with this narrative, the story of three years apostolic achievement, let us say a word about the missionary himself. Father Albert Valensin, S.J., was formerly a Professor at the Catholic Institute of Lyons, France, and is well known for his many works in Philosophy and Theology. Twenty years' experience in giving the Spiritual Exercises throughout France, provided the occasion for his coming to the Far East. Missionaries returning to France for special studies, and having made retreats there, requested that Father Valensin come to the Orient. The Bishops also asked that he come and their demands were communicated to Very Reverend Father General who gave his hearty approval. Through His Eminence, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda—His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, sent his blessing upon the missionary work of Father Valensin. He sailed from France in November of 1936.

IT was our good fortune to interview Father Valensin, "the missionary of missionaries," as he is familiarly known, when he last passed through Shanghai. Naturally, we asked questions concerning his long apostolic expedition.

"Mon Père, you have covered most of all the Far East, haven't you?" This was the first question we put to him as he beamed at us through his pince-nez glasses.

"Because of the war," he began, "I could not penetrate into the interior of Szechuan, where the Vicars Apostolic invited me to come, but I did succeed in traversing China both north and south, Korea, Man-



A striking symbol of the present-day church in China, as seen by Father Valensin, is this statue atop the church at the Chinese Shrine of Our Lady of Zose.

chukuo, Mongolia, Japan, Burma, Siam, Malay, Laos, Annam and Tonkin."

Cast your eye over the map of the Orient and you will readily see what a vast territory this retreat missionary covered during the three years and more of travels.

"What impression, Mon Père, has the Church given you in these vast mission fields of the Orient?"

His response was vibrant with earnestness. It is the answer of a seasoned educator—an observer of men and events:

"That of its admirable unity; missionaries and native priests, to whom my ministry was above all directed, gave me the consoling spectacle of that fraternity of the Catholic Priesthood which is one of the ornaments of the True Church."

"Were you also able to get an insight into the Christian life of the Faithful?"

"Yes, certainly. One incident in particular comes to my mind. In the neighborhood of Swatow, one of the great cities of south China," he continued smilingly, "I climbed up to the roof of the church, from which I could gaze on all sides at the vast settlement. From below I could hear the murmur of voices. It was the evening prayer chanted by the Christian families gathered together in their homes surrounding the church—a great corporate prayer, rising to heaven! Fidelity to their religious exercises, and to prayer, combined with the practice of charity—something unknown to the pagans—appeared to me to characterize the Chinese Christians of the south, with whom I came into contact."

"MON PÈRE, where did you find the Christians most numerous?"

"Regarding south China," he replied, "in Tonkin and Annam, the Christians are more numerous than elsewhere. I had just left the Buddhist countries of Burma and Siam when I first entered Annam. Unforgettable was the sight of the church towers rising up everywhere over the Annamite and the Tonkin countryside. After all, this is the land of the old Christian martyrs."

The conversation paused for a moment. A picture of a Japanese Madonna lying on the desk suggested the next question.

"How is the Church in Japan coming on, Mon Père?"

"It is humble," he began. "You will find in Japan the descendants of the old Christians of the sixteenth century grouped on the Island of Kyushu and especially in the vicinity of Nagasaki, while the more recent converts are scattered everywhere. I said Mass one Sunday at Urakami, suburb of Nagasaki, where the Faith was preserved for two centuries in the midst of the most terrible persecutions. Three thousand Faithful assisted at my Mass. A large number were also at the preceding Masses. The parish itself embraces eight thousand practicing Catholics.

"I went up the hill at the summit of which stands the Church of the Martyrs. It was here around 1860, that the memorable discovery of the old Christians took place. Several Japanese had entered the church, which had been erected for the use of foreign sailors at the port of Nagasaki. The Japanese visitors asked the priest three questions: Where is the altar of Mary, Mother of Jesus, born in the month of the snows? Do you have one leader here upon earth? Have you any children? By these three signs—devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Mary, Fidelity to the Vicar of Christ, and sacerdotal celibacy—the descendants of the martyrs, recognized the True Church—the church of their fathers."

BESIDES around Nagasaki, how did you find the Japanese Christians elsewhere?"

"Very edifying indeed, and I have no doubt whatever that, if the preaching of the Gospel could enjoy more liberty, their number would increase in more substantial proportions."

As Father Valensin was speaking, our eyes followed the little map of Asia dotted all over with places where he had been.

"Did you have a difficult time, Father, getting from place to place?"

"Well, you see in all these travels of today, that is, by train and airplane—much time is saved. By using these means of travel, it was possible to cover territory in three years—that formerly would have taken ten or more."

"Just one more question, Father, from the viewpoint of Catholics in America, interested in mission work. Can they have real confidence in the progress of the missions?"

On the steps of the famous Jesuit House of Studies at Zi-ka-wei, Father Valensin poses with the Rector and a group of California Jesuits. Front row, left to right: Thomas Carroll, Fathers Ralph Deward, Albert Valensin, Peter Lefebvre, Rector of St. Bellarmine Theologate, Francis Rouleau, Albert O'Hara. Back row: Wilfred LeSage, Gerald Pope, Daniel Clifford, James Thornton, Richard Meagher.

His face beamed with enthusiasm, "*Incontestablement!* The progress of the missions is not measured merely in conversions, but it is also effective in the diffusion of Christian thought."

"You mean, especially among the intelligentia?"

"Exactly, because thus far, the main scope of missionary work has been among the poor. Now is the time to reach the intellectual class. That is the aim of the American Jesuits in Nanking, is it not?"

"*Oui, Mon Père,*—the spread of Catholic thought and influence!"

"Excellent—the best thing that could be done for China, because the results will fructify beyond all present hopes."

WE thanked Father Valensin for the little interview. It was indeed an inspiration to hear him—enthusiastic, a dynamic personality, and yet very simple and unassuming in manner. It is only from the quick flash of his eye, ready smile, enthusiastic conversation, that one may glimpse the reflection of his ardent soul—like that of another Xavier—

*"The man with the heart of a viking,
And the simple faith of a child."*

And why was this apostolic work in the Far East so necessary and fruitful? First, because it reached all the missions, directed by various Religious Orders and Congregations, that could be reached under the trying circumstances then prevailing. Missioners all over the Orient, priests, nuns and seminarians have been given the occasion to strengthen themselves further for their arduous apostolate, in the words of St. Paul: "I can do all things in Him Who strengthens me." Thus with Faith enlivened and charity inflamed in their own hearts, missionaries are now ready with God's help to spread His Kingdom more fruitfully.



NEW BOOKS

Our Land and Our Lady Daniel Sargent

In the year 1886, a sword was found in a field in Kansas. It might have been a Knights of Pythias sword, it might have been the lost saber of an Indian-fighting United States cavalryman, it might have been the property of a member of a local Masonic Lodge. But it wasn't. Nor would any similar guess that the ordinary American citizen might hazard from the depth of his historical knowledge, have been able to identify it. For it was the sword of a Catholic soldier and gentleman and it had been dropped there not in the Civil War or in the Revolutionary War but in the year 1540 by one of Coronado's men.

This chance contact with the forgotten and glorious Catholic past of our country "adds a depth and plentitude to the flatness of the State of Kansas," dryly remarked Mr. Daniel Sargent, the author of "Our Land and Our Lady." It does something more, especially to American Catholics—this and the other phases of our national Catholic history that Mr. Sargent so engagingly unfolds. It makes us feel at home in our native land. More at home than we have ever felt before; we have roots, we belong.

This is not an inconsiderable achievement. Mr. Sargent accomplishes it, not because he is a better historian than others who have described this country's indisputable Catholic origins, but because he is a poet and with the vision of a poet, has seen the whole panorama of our national history, not only the beginning but the middle years and the present, as well as glimpses into our future destiny. Virgil did something of the same thing for the history of Rome and produced an epic. We shall not say that Mr. Sargent has produced an epic but we can say that in "Our Land and Our Lady" he has, with magnificent creative insight, struck off the first rough draft. All that remains is to hammer the material into pentameters.

It is his ability to grasp the higher implications of history that makes Mr. Sargent's book so rich in epic material. And it is this same ability which enables him to put seemingly disparate events into a coherent pattern. It is a fact—and a somewhat thread-bare one, too—that Columbus discovered America in 1492. But that it was his ship, the *Santa Maria*, which first introduced into our land the Affair of centuries, the Incarnation, and that "from then on the New World was drawn into a drama from which she could never free herself"—that is also a fact, but on a much higher level of truth. Our history books tell us that long before the first English settlement at Jamestown, Spanish priests and explorers had raised the Cross in Florida and Virginia, and long before the English had reached the Middle West and the far West it had been discovered and evan-

gelized by French and Spanish Catholics. But we need to be told that this Catholic work was not a temporary thing, beautiful but embalmed; that its effects reach to our own day because this was the period of our national christening when all our States from Maine to California, all our rivers and hills and mountains were discovered and dedicated to Christ and Our Lady by men whose vision was large and long.

The seeming destruction of many of these beginnings by happenings in Europe was but an interlude. So were the successive layers of another culture which were spread over these Catholic beginnings. What had been done was permanent and remained to receive the millions of Catholics who in the nineteenth century came over the Atlantic in the furrows of the Christ-bearing *Santa Maria* and who built up the greatness of the Catholic Church in the United States on the foundation laid centuries before.

We should like to call attention to two other aspects of "Our Land and Our Lady." First about Our Lady. There is in the United States great devotion to Our Lady. That's because we Americans are really Catholics. But is there a distinctly American devotion to Mary, a nationalistic devotion, if you will, such as we find in other countries? We have a national shrine and our national Patron is the Immaculate Conception. But how often are our prayers to Mary taken up with the needs of our country? "Our Land and Our Lady" will do much, we

feel, towards supplying a healthy national element to our devotion to Mary.

The second point is really our justification for giving so much space in a mission magazine to this book. We regard it as one of the best mission books that has appeared in many years, although it is not specifically a mission book. Every page contains eloquent testimony to the remarkable fruitfulness of the missionary idea. That we can call America our Land and Our Lady's Land we owe to missionaries. Our beginnings were missionary, our middle years were missionary and our present as well as our future must be missionary—the work of giving to the world through missionary enterprises the Faith that was given to us by missionaries.

Longmans, New York, \$2.50.

A Life of Our Lord for Children Marigold Hunt. Illustrated by William G. Schnelle.

When you read this book you will wonder why it wasn't written before—and then be glad it wasn't because Miss Hunt has done it so well.

There are, of course, many books for children about Our Lord, but they are fragmentary and selective. Here we have a consecutive and clear account of the life of Christ and of what happened prior to His coming—all rendered in a manner that is perfectly suited and attractive to young minds.

All who deal with children will find this a very useful book.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.25.

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Happily, the Lenten season begins in the early part of Catholic Press Month. The active Catholic, therefore, has a twofold purpose in stocking his library at this time.

Recommended not only as ideal spiritual reading, but also as shining examples of fine Catholic presswork, are the following books:

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MINISTERING SIOUX

(Continued from page 64)

any major embarrassment to any of the members concerned in the celebration of the Mass. Henry White Horse, a high school boy, not only serves well at any of the posts in a Solemn High Mass, but he can perform as Master of Ceremonies with great exactness and grace of movement. This fact was demonstrated to me only recently when we had Forty Hours Devotion in the Mission Church. Henry then took over the duties of a Master of Ceremonies, and directed not only the Mass but the procession as well, flawlessly.

Holy Week ceremonies are performed with all their solemnity here at the Mission. This year during these services it was Henry again who proved the standby among the servers. Although he appeared the first day, Holy Thursday, with one white oxford and one black shoe and complained of a serious ailment, he was in the thick of the ceremonies that day as well as the succeeding days. After the functions of the last day had been performed, he wanted to know if he couldn't have my written rubrics to type out for reference in future years.

This year, two of the seventh and eighth grade boys served, Manly Night Pipe and Philip Stands By Him. The crowning ceremony of Holy Week was the Mass on Easter Sunday. On that great feast day the white cassocks of the Sioux boys were set off by their dark red capes and red sashes. The boys do enjoy wearing these and consider them just as much a piece of their Easter clothing as their flaming new neck ties, if they are fortunate enough to have received one, or their new hat or cap. To congratulate the Risen Savior on this glorious occasion, the white gloves were also worn.

So throughout the school year the boys are serving their King and Lord in the Mission Church. From pre-dieu servers to the ranks of main servers, the boys ascend with great eagerness. In this manner practically every boy who reaches fifth and sixth grade receives the opportunity of serving Mass. This training is very helpful to the Mission Fathers who go out week-ends to their districts to say Mass for this scattered tribe. Very likely it is, then, that in each one of his posts, the Father will find some one able and eager to assist him at Mass.

N. C. 4 IN IRAQ

(Continued from page 67)

"He that hath found a faithful friend hath found a treasure." And as for the new, they have shown that new buildings and oil stoves do not necessarily destroy that charity which was born in an old house amidst charcoal braziers.

And the cadets! They are down below studying the charts. One of the charts is labeled *Thatcher Arabic Grammar* and another *Spoken Arabic of Mesopotamia*. They say that the charts are hard to master, but what a course we shall steer when they are done! Thus far

the boat has been working its way through the mists; and if the little blue flag is a bit torn it may be partially due to the fact that the older crew are not too well acquainted with the charts. But it still waves.

The flag, of course, is Our Lady's. For Baghdad College is under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception. And what better patron could have been chosen? It was Our Lady who carried the Christ Child across the desert to save Him from the mad Herod. But when the hour came to give Him over to a crowd of butchers for the salvation of mankind, she was there too. That is why we keep her flag up there. Under that flag we begin another chapter.

SEWING THE COCKLE

(Continued from page 68)

try to attract the children. A portable organ, together with a well-trained group of voices and an abundant variety of melodious hymns is another enticing drawing-card. If someone in the States would give us a portable organ we could offset this. There is the regular distribution of literature, filled with attacks on the Church's doctrines, and if a person does not wish to buy a bible from them, one may be left behind just by accident. They even will descend as low as to denounce the priests and Sisters with slanderous accusations and suspicions.

Incidentally, one of them professed her bewilderment to the *Alcalde* (Mayor) of one village that the people were offering such a poor response to their own generous efforts to better them religiously and educationally. The poor *Alcalde* was not quick enough to catch and resent the implied insult, that in spite of all the efforts of the Church through the years in religion and education, his people were still practically barbarians. The Evangelists themselves apparently fail to see the absurdity in giving as authority for their teaching commission the text demanding that the Gospel be preached throughout the world. The people here have had it preached to them for centuries, so the Evangelists should first feel the obligation to carry out their commission in places where the message of the Gospel has not yet penetrated.

We work most effectively and are best fortified against these invasions where we have a school. The approximately five thousand people, overwhelmingly Catholic, are scattered through numerous villages, and we are at present conducting eleven schools in the out-stations, though more are needed. Seven of the schools must be supported privately. Needless to say, then, we are in great and constant need of every bit of aid we can get, to do the most effective work possible.

Apart from necessary contributions of money, much besides can be done for our needs by apostolic-minded persons. Pious articles and Catholic literature comprise an important need.

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