

Lesuit Missions

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Unscramble ACAJAIM



Who'd guess that Acajaim is Jamaica? But who'd guess that the picture above is of a home in Jamaica, B.W.I.? When the winds blow in that island they can blow even its name to bits as they have blown both homes and crops into non-existence.

The hurricane in Jamaica of a few months ago, "the worst blow that has struck the island in decades", leaves poor people paupers and hungry stomachs starving. As one missionary put it—"This storm will climax the saddest year we have had in this little island of tragedy and comedy. Every banana—the principal profit for all classes in the western end of the island—must be down."

On the procurator for the missions, in Jamaica and for Baghdad College, devolves the task of helping unscramble Acajaim so that once more it will be Jamaica. Will you help him to help the missionaries to help their people, the poorest of the poor, once more to recognize their Jamaica and to have homes to live in and food to eat? Please send your gift to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to

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JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

APRIL

1940

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

CONTRIBUTORS

It is an inspiring thing to learn the privations of missionaries and to find that they are joyous and happy at the same time. In *The Daughters of St. Francis Teach Al-fresco in Jamaica* by FATHER FRANCIS J. OSBORNE, S.J., heroism and happiness sums up the Franciscan Sisters in Jamaica.



Francis A. Rouleau, S.J.

Take an excursion with two Jesuits in India and experience the exotic atmosphere of a Buddhist temple in *We Dropped in on Gautama Buddha* by RICHARD A. EXTROSS, S.J.

Beginnings at Bagong by FATHER MERLIN A. THIBAUT, S.J., tell how a fiesta can keep the Faith alive in lonely outposts.

Progress in the Negro missions of the South is good news for American Catholics. HAROLD J. RAHM, S.J., tells of a need fulfilled in "*Suffer the Little Ones...*"

Missionaries never cease insisting that they need your prayers. You can understand this better after reading *Why We Need Your Prayers* by FATHER LEO A. DOYLE, S.J.

Obsequies at Come See by FATHER DENIS T. TOBIN, S.J., recounts the amazing and beautiful charity of his parishioners when death takes a neighbor.

FATHER FRANCIS A. ROULEAU's stories of China are always a delight. In *The Coffin Makers of Angels' Roost* he has surpassed himself. It is a gripping and human story of how tragedies sometimes have a happy ending.

One of the saddest blows ever to befall a mission was the destruction by hurricane of old St. John's College, British Honduras. *St. John's Second Spring* by GEORGE R. TORUÑO, S.J., relates the gradual emergence of a new St. John's.

FATHER WILLIAM MCGARRY AGNEW, S.J., portrays sympathetically the saintly and strenuous life of Father Francis Monroe, S.J., in *Alaska's Grand Old Man*. The life of this veteran missionary who pioneered in Alaska when this difficult mission was even more difficult, is a vivid chapter in mission history.



Richard A. Extross, S.J. with Brahmin Priest

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COVER — This little Filipina of Mindanao didn't know that she would ever be selected for the cover of a magazine in far away New York. But this appealing child typifies the good people of the great and growing island of Mindanao who will some day have a well established and flourishing Catholicity because of the efforts of American Jesuits and their benefactors at this time. It is one of the most hopeful missions in the world.



Cover for April

EDITORIALS

SAINT JOSEPH'S BROTHERS

THE purpose of statues and paintings in our churches, in spite of occasional stupid misinterpretations, is perfectly clear to good Catholics. They focus our wandering imaginations, help our devotion and remind us of Our Lord, the Blessed Mother and our intercessors, the saints. Their images remind us of their reality.

But not the statue of Saint Joseph we have in mind. It is probably the sculptor's concept of Saint Joseph in his glory in heaven, not as he was on earth. He is wearing a peach colored tunic and a robe of salmon pink lined with pale blue, which falls in voluminous folds around his feet. (One can easily picture the real Saint Joseph in distress, kicking those vexatious folds out of his way.)

His hands are pale and slender with languid and tapering fingers,—hands that St. Joseph would hide behind his back in shame—even in his glory. They are hands which obviously never pushed a balky saw nor handled heavy lumber nor gripped a mallet. His shoulders droop and his face looks like a Burne-Jones maiden's, with a silky beard. There are no bones or muscles in it. In short, it looks nothing like Saint Joseph could possibly look—on earth or in heaven.

But after all, with all its faults, the statue fulfilled its purpose. It got us thinking about Saint Joseph. By showing what he definitely was not,—it stimulates recollection of what he *was*: he was just and chaste; he was obedient and humble; he worked hard at lowly tasks. He lived close to God, closer than any save the Blessed Mother herself,—and yet, by the design of God, he did not stand at the holy sacrifice of Calvary.

From these thoughts about Saint Joseph, one is struck by the similarity of his place in the Holy Family and the part that the religious brothers play in the holy family of religious orders.

Their hands are not lily-white but hard and muscular through zealous labor; they are not called upon to preach the word of God except by example; they do not stand at the altar of sacrifice, but their loyal labors and self-effacement help others to stand there.

On the missions, especially, are the brothers necessary and invaluable as co-workers of the priests. No one can take the place of a religious brother who has the same religious training, the same zeal and the same Christ-like ideal as the priest and who is able to do things which

the priest cannot do. The priest, the religious sister and brother complement each other perfectly in the work of the missions.

May Saint Joseph inspire many more young men, who for some reason cannot be priests but who would serve God more closely and courageously, to follow the same kind of life he led, close to Christ,—in a service that raises humble labor to great dignity and honor in the eyes of God.

THE CROSS OF GOLD

A VETERAN missionary was recently complaining bitterly that everyone he met took it for granted that he—being a missionary—wanted money. Missionaries usually do, he admitted, but it seemed unfair to him, after living for years on the missions, in poverty, that the badge of his tribe should be the dollar sign instead of the Cross.

This feeling, of course, when it exists, is gross injustice to missionaries. Missionaries do need money, it is true, and the lack of it is a brake on their zeal and accomplishment, but the begging they have to do to carry on their difficult work is not for themselves and should never overshadow their true work, their true spirit.

Our soldiers and sailors never bring up in our minds the idea of money—although their ships and barracks and upkeep cost more than all the missions in the world,—and we pay it. In fact, all around us hands are extended for money for far less worthy projects than that of the missionaries.

When we see the missionaries, they have left their real work because they must ask our help to carry on God's work and make more work for themselves, but we must look beyond this phase of their work to what they really stand for.

Far from a pious platitude, it is the absolute truth that missionaries want our prayers more than our money, for they know that material resources without spiritual aid are like guns without ammunition. They are very conscious that their work will *endure* only with God's special assistance, won by their prayers and the prayers of those who support them. Their battle is a spiritual one and their victory depends ultimately on spiritual forces. What they need most, we all can give, and that gift will be the best of all, as they themselves assert.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Daughters Teach Al-

Francis J. Osborne, S.J.

These Sisters keep smiling in spite of great difficulties. Left to right: Sister Mary Emmanuel; Sister M. Magella; Mother Joan; Sister Marie Jean; Sister M. Philomena. Father Edward Whalen, S.J., fails at attempted camouflage.

IT was several days after my arrival in Jamaica before I saw St. Anne's School. From our Rectory at Five-and-Three-Quarters Percy Street I could view its gabled roof closely crowded amid the other buildings on North Street, Kingston, but the scene from the distance hardly did justice to a closer picture.

At number 48 North Street, in the very heart of Kingston and only a few miles from Port Royal, the ill-fated rendezvous of Sir Henry Morgan and his pirates of old, four Franciscan Sisters aided by lay teachers conduct our Government school. They arrive at 8:00 A.M., from their Convent at Alvernia, two miles away. All day they labor under most trying circumstances introducing young intellects to the intricacies of thought. Crowded conditions on every side, crowded and noisy, not an inch of unoccupied land—outside on the street—and it is all street, with only a few inches of sidewalk, peddlers hawk their wares—fish and mangoes, oranges and popsicles—and there goes a man selling brooms!

Do not push the gate too violently as we enter the school yard, respect its old age—and as we pass the Sisters' lunch room on the right, glance inside—no beautiful restaurant with marble or glass, no color schemes for walls or chairs and the one table, just a weather-beaten shack so small that it is mostly door and window, so poor it seems ashamed of its indigency.

The Sisters think not of themselves, rather their thoughts are on the nine hundred pupils upstairs, downstairs, out in the yard, these nine hundred boys and girls are crowded into space hardly suitable for half that number. Even in some of the space which

should resound with voices of children at play, under a makeshift shelter, reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic take its place. Children of the poor they are, accustomed to play in the city streets, clogged with cars and bicycles and street trams,—some so poor that they are eager to get the lunch which charitable people provide daily for these hungry little ones, happy that the inner man is taken care of, in order that young intellects may function in a normal manner.

IF you look from the lunch room, the Infant school can be seen, where Sister Marie Jean, a former resident of Lowell, Massachusetts, teaches. Her pupils are tiny tots, not yet six, with all the winsomeness and mischievousness of their age—seventy children crowded into her section—but glance to the right and there is another group of seventy, under the tutelage of a lay teacher—two classes in the same room! Side by side, simultaneously they are being conducted, with only an



Part of the infant school amazingly ignore bananas in favor of higher things.

of St. Francis fresco in Jamaica

Classrooms though "air-conditioned" are not "weather-conditioned," but these Franciscan Sisters can smile in spite of all difficulties. And they have hopes---and blue-prints---of a new School.

imaginary line separating them, the A.B.C.'s of the one, co-mingling the Do, Ray, Me, of the other.

As Sister Marie Jean looks into these innocent, yet easily distracted countenances, I'm certain she would not exchange her difficult position for anything in the world, for she knows that she is carrying out Our Blessed Lord's Command to go forth and teach all nations, and hers is on the beautiful Isle of Jamaica.

SISTER PHILOMENA, teaches in the room above. At present she is busy preparing the children for First Holy Communion—white dresses for the girls, white blouses for the boys, to match the whiteness of their souls—and if they can't afford this attire, charitable women have already secured the cloth and made the clothes, so that on the day of days they may march down the aisle just as prettily dressed as the children who can afford these luxuries.

But the building in which Sister Marie Jean and Sister Philomena teach is heaven compared with the shacks out in the yard.

With a smile, Sister Mary Emmanuel welcomes you to her classroom. Before she became a Franciscan Sister, she played the part of Miss Jamaica in that most successful pageant, "Jamaica Triumphant" written and produced by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., to commemorate the centenary anniversary of the Catholic Church in Jamaica. A brilliant performance it was, one that drew just praise from both critics and audience.

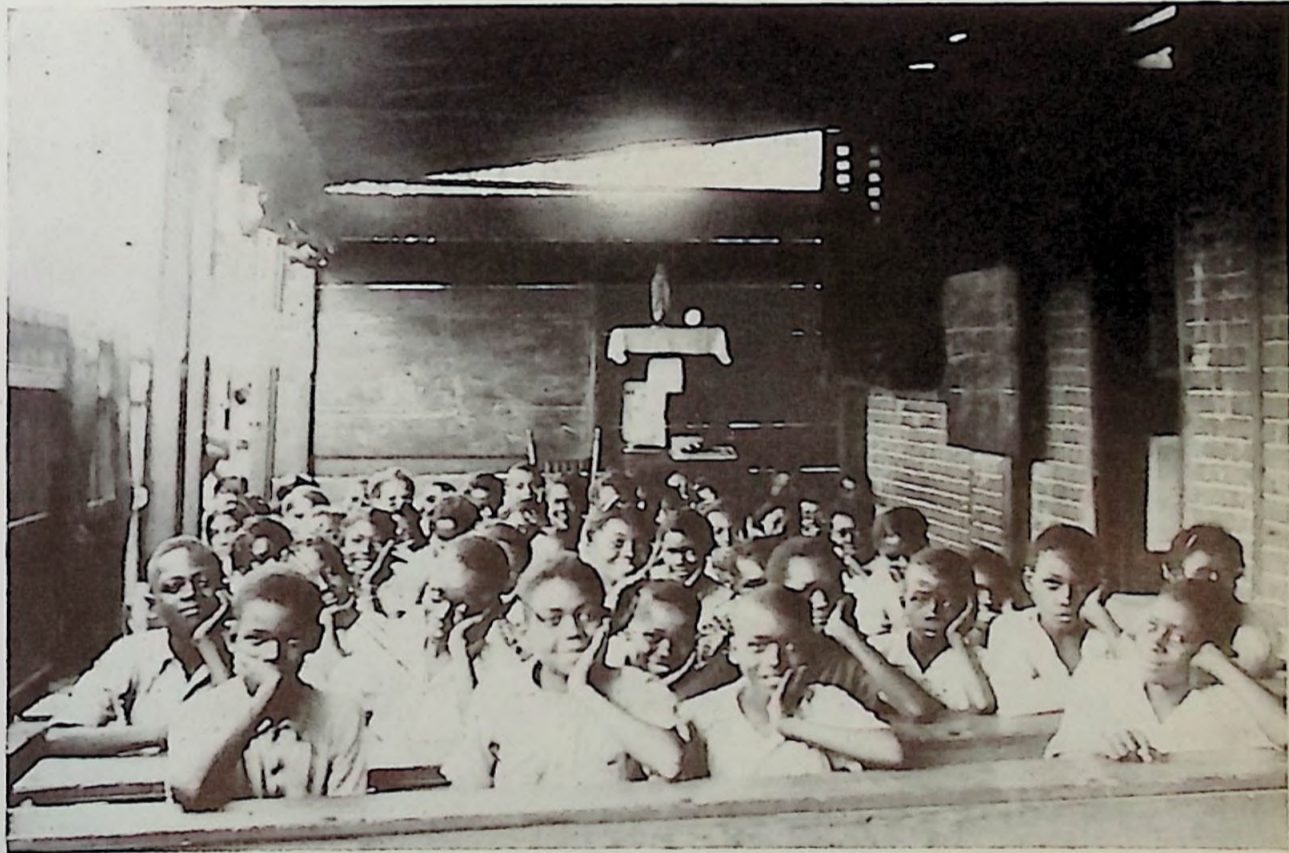
Today as a Franciscan Religious, she is teaching in a weather-beaten shack; under a roof that cannot resist too much rain, with walls that need no windows, benches

old and worn, teaching one solid block of humanity, so crowded that there is not even room for one more, under conditions that call for heroic sacrifice,—yet with a smile she greets you.

Close to her own classroom is another even more pitiable than the one described, for three of its sides are exposed to rain or sun, to fair weather or foul, with hardly any protection except the roof.

Around the corner is a similar one; it flanks the main building. Well, we are over-crowded and the pupils must have class somewhere—the side of a building for a wall, a tin roof—one end boarded, benches and children and you have a classroom. These shacks are certainly air-conditioned but most inadequately weather-conditioned.

SISTER MAJELLA left Ireland to devote her life whole-heartedly to mission work in Jamaica. No marble stairs do you climb to enter her classroom,—just two steps worn by the constant patter of a thousand feet and you are within her scholastic domain. Hers was the original St. Anne's Church—today it is a class-



Nine hundred pupils are cared for in classrooms of this type at St. Anne's School in Kingston. The teachers have to compete with the hawkers of fish and mangoes, oranges and popsicles a few feet away.

room or rather, several classrooms. Old St. Anne's Church is fast becoming old St. Anne's School, no longer in its youth, old age is creeping through the cracks in the walls, the squeaks in the floor, the faded paint and dilapidated shingles—perhaps, a monument to the past but an inadequate, unsuitable school of the present.

The Sisters talk about a new school and wonder when their dream will become an actuality. They who teach here day after day, who live three-quarters of their working hours amid such awful conditions, who when duty calls every day, go to their miserable shelters as gaily as though they were going to a million dollar structure, realize how sadly a new building is needed to relieve the congested condition of the present school.

Discouraged? No! For progress (Turn to page 112)

We Dropped in on Gautama Buddha



Two Buddhist monks attached to the Temple at Darjeeling.

The great hope of the missionaries is to turn the sincere goodness and religious zeal of the people of India to the true God and the true Faith.

Richard A. Extross, S.J.

ABOUT 625 years before Christ "somewhere in Patna Mission" was born Gautama Buddha, who, says an India biographer, "quickened Indian religion and poetry, science and letters, arts and crafts, aye, and improved the status of women." Indeed, this Seeker after a way of delivering mankind from Dotage, Disease and Death found Enlightenment in Gaya and established a religion based on Detachment and Gentleness (non-violence), which once held sway in India. Now, however, confined as it is to China, Burma and Ceylon, Buddhism is almost unknown in India. This summer I found one of their few temples in India among the rugged Himalayan foothills at Darjeeling.

"Well, Dick, if you're ready, we'll be starting to see the monastery." "Eh, what?" I mumbled from the depths of my arm-chair and my book. "Oh yes! I did say something about going out, but just look at the mist over that monastery! . . . It will rain shortly. . . ." All in vain. Adamantine firmness met all my excuses, so abandoning my chair and my book with a sigh, I was soon tramping with Father Carmen De Christopher, S.J., over the hills to visit the monastery. Soon, too,

my attitude towards his 'cussed obstinacy' changed.

"I suppose that's the ante-chamber, whence one sends in one's visiting card or sort of notifies the deity of one's approach," I said, pointing to a pile of stones built up somewhat like a grotto, whither I noticed the people turned aside before going up to the temple.

"Wow, seems as though there's a feast on," beamed Father De Christopher, who had visited the place the previous year. "Boy! are we lucky!"

THERE was quite a number of people to be seen around the temple, all armed with huge rosaries, the worn beads of which kept slipping through their fingers as they mumbled to themselves the mysterious formula, '*Om mane padme hum.*' Here was a ragged old man who prostrated himself on the ground and then rose and advanced the length of his prostration. And here was another 'prostrator,' but this man never advanced. He had a pile of small stones in front of him and each time he measured his length on the ground he transferred a stone from the right to the left.

"Listen, lad, I tell you for the hundredth time that I haven't a single penny on me," I heard Father Carmen expostulate to the most persistent of a troupe of beggars who had been pestering us ever since we passed the ante-chamber. "No, little one, I haven't a cigarette either," this to a little girl,—for here children learn to smoke even before they learn to speak.

The sound of chanting seemed to

Although there is little Buddhism now in India, a temple was found in these rugged foothills of the Himalaya mountains.



come from the Prayer Hall, so thither we found our way. As we approached the door, a Nepali kindly lifted up the curtain, that hung in the doorway, and we saw the head lama, robed in yellow, sitting directly opposite a huge figure which was veiled, but which, I was told, was of the Buddha. To his right and left were a dozen or more monks, chanting prayers, in Chinese or Tibetan, from scrolls worn with age and use.

"What's on?" I asked turning to the Nepali. "We are celebrating the feast of Buddha's departure from the earth," he replied.

"Oh! you mean his death?" quoth I.

"Not at all," he replied. "Buddha never died. He always lives on in some form or other. At present he is in Tibet."

"Oh, I see," I said. Surmising, as I did so, why the Buddha's statue was veiled, and recollecting the Buddhist belief that Gautama was the third Buddha to obtain Release, that the fourth Buddha is still on the Wheel of Life and is none other than the Dalai Lama (Head Lama) of Tibet, and that there were 996 more Buddhas to come.

"And these other lamas?" I queried.

"They keep chanting these prayers for three days, neither eating nor drinking all that time."

"Do they stay in there the whole time?" I ventured.

"Oh, no!" came the reply. "They occasionally come out for a breath of air, it's rather stuffy inside, you. . . . Don't be alarmed. Those are the trumpeters," he smiled.

"You do that often?" I asked, recovering from my start. And looking round I saw two trumpeters blowing on two giant trumpets. After their first sudden blare, they settled down to a melodious, falling and slowly swelling dirge.

"JUST a minute!" I said, as he made to follow somebody who called him, "who are those women in the Prayer Hall?"

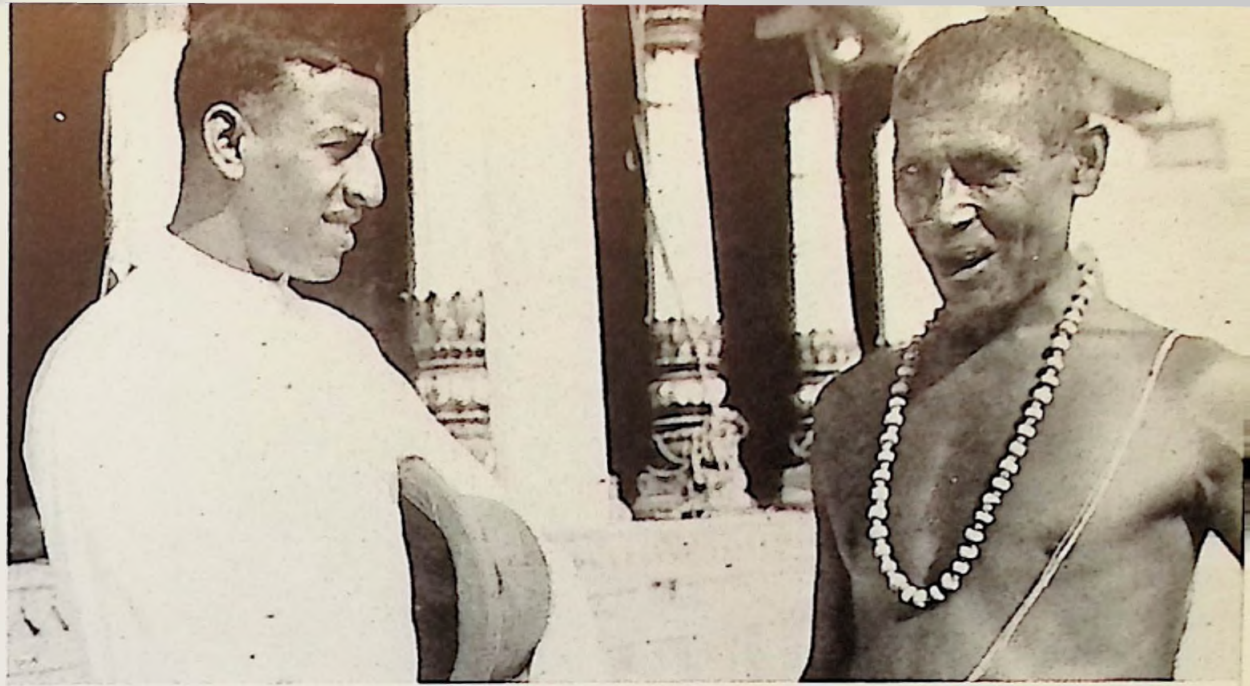
"Oh!" he replied, "Anyone may go inside,—you, too, if you take off your shoes—and sit down and pray. These women will neither speak nor eat nor drink for the three days. Excuse me, please."

"Sure! Thanks." And he was gone.

"Well, let's go over to the temple now," said Father Carmen.

"Say, what's the meaning of those big revolving barrel-like things?" we asked, some little Buddhist boys who attended an English School near-by.

"Those? Prayer-Wheel," said one, pointing to the twelve roughly ornamented bronze barrels in front of the temple which each worshipper first set spinning



The author, Richard Extross, S.J., talking with a Brahmin priest at the Kali Bag temple at Bettiah. Fifty priests are resident at the temple to worship the 200 idols on view there.

most energetically before he entered the holy place.

WE entered the holy precincts. Directly opposite the door was a huge image of Gautama Buddha sitting upright on a throne, as it were, his hands folded before him and his eyes down-cast. In front of the Buddha and in the center of the temple there were thousands of little oil lamps, brass, wine glass shaped things with wicks in them.

There were quite a number of people going around or lighting these lamps. As most of them did the same thing, I shall describe what a boy did whose grey flannel trousers and sports sweater, so different from the quaint garb of the others, attracted my attention.

First he went over to the lamps and lighted some of the fresh stock. Next he picked up a few grains of rice from a platter in the center of the lamps, receded to the door where he held his hands folded above his head, recollecting himself as it were, and tossed a few grain towards the Buddha. This he did twice.

Then he began his prayer. Standing erect, his eyes closed against all distraction, he placed his folded hands to his head, lips and heart in turn, and then prostrated himself before the Buddha. This action he repeated thrice. Next he made his offering. This was a long narrow piece of gauze-like cloth which he threw up among the thousands spread all over the Buddha's hands, shoulders, knees

and feet. The boy next bent down his head and touched the feet of the Buddha, then followed some reverences to the sacred books, a final obeisance to the Buddha and he went out to make the customary pilgrimage around the temple.

We, too, left the temple. God grant that we may succeed one day in snatching these Nepalese, from the kingdom of darkness and transferring them into the kingdom of light, in Christ Jesus. Their natural love of religion is good ground for the seed of truth.



A temple bugler. After a sudden blare they settle down to a melodious dirge.

Beginnings

at Bagong Merlin A. Thibault, S.J.

ONE Sunday some three months ago, while waiting on the roadside for a bus back home to Iligan, I asked a man of the neighborhood: "Where does that trail go to?"—pointing to a road taking off at right angles from the provincial highway.

"Father, that trail leads up to seven new *barrios*, up in the hills, about twelve miles from here. They say that there are eight thousand people moved up into those parts already; and the country hasn't been opened ten years."

Right away I began to think about making those people a visit. "When do they celebrate their fiesta?"

"Father, Bagong Pardow, one of the largest of the *barrios*, had their fiesta last year in November."

"Did they invite the priest?"

"No, Father;—no priest has ever been up in that part of the country; it is a very difficult trail."

"Well, you tell those people to invite the priest for their next fiesta."

A FIESTA is a religious feast, observed by every town and *barrio*, or village, in the Philippine Islands in honor of its patron saint;—and no town or *barrio* is without its patron. Originally, inaugurated by the Spanish Fathers, it serves as a sort of annual spiritual revival, for which the people of the town prepare by nine days prayer and confession. The day of the fiesta is opened with High Mass, the church, or chapel, crowded beyond the doors, and a good number receive Holy Communion. Late in the afternoon all the people of the town join in procession, carrying the statue of their patron saint; later in the evening there may be a program of entertainment on an improvised stage. Since each town and *barrio* has its own peculiar date for fiesta, it is the big day of the year for visitors, and every family must hold open house and feed and give lodging to all comers. For those *barrios* without a resident priest, it is also the occasion for an annual visit; when the Father will find several couples to be married and many children,—sometimes more than a hundred,—to be baptized. In the larger towns the annual fiesta has of late years taken on the appearance of a civil holiday; but the people of the *barrios* still insist on their religious customs and make great sacrifice to invite the priest.

Less than a month ago the president of Bagong Pardow came to Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., to arrange for their fiesta. He promised Father that it was not much more than an hour's walk from the provincial highway; that he would have three horses at the crossing for the Father and his two boys. Early last Thursday morning, together with my boy who drives our Ford, serves Mass and otherwise helps the Father, and an elderly man to sing the responses of the Mass, we set



Father Merlin A. Thibault, S.J., climbs into the saddle to go around the mountain to Bagong Pardow.

out for a four-day trip. It was noon before we arrived at the crossing where we found the president of the *barrio* and three horses; after a little lunch of fruit we mounted our lazy little animals (Filipino horses are ponies in comparison to American horses) and set out up the trail, the three men who brought the horses down, following after, carrying the Mass kit and the Father's bag. After the second mile the going became a little rough: down a steep hill, across a little river and up again; through a dense forest, along the trail of a new national road, where we had to climb over and around huge trees recently felled, through miles of corn fields, where the horses helped themselves passing by,—and all the time the sun was sinking lower and lower in a reddening sky.

"How far yet to Bagong Pardow?"—my old cantor asked of nearly every one we met.

FINALLY, just at sundown we rounded a small mountain, climbed up the opposite side, and from the sound of music and firecrackers, we knew we had arrived.

"So this is Bagong Pardow!" One would look a long ways for many houses; we could see but four or five;—but many more were scattered about the hills. The people welcomed us by kissing the hand of the Father. The chapel, about the size of a living room, was only recently made of bamboo and nipa grass, the front wall entirely open; no floor but the ground, no benches; but it was very neatly decorated with flowers and coconut branches. A little nipa house had been prepared for the Father and his two boys,—the family had moved out. After a supper of rice and chicken, two different couples came in with their relatives to arrange for marriage next morning. The little (Turn to page 112)

"Suffer the Little Ones"

Harold J.
Rahm, S.J.

STREAMS of perspiration literally dripped off these people standing beneath the burning southern sun on Aug. 27th, last year. Their Negro voices filled the air with hymns of thanksgiving. The procession, representing the whole countryside, slowly moved from the Mission Church to the new little school house. Over a thousand smiling faces beaming with gratitude watched the celebrant as he gave the Church's blessing to the new school. Reminding all of the sacrifice this three-room building had cost, the crucifix was hung in the center room. It proclaimed that only under the protection of Jesus crucified could the undertaking continue to progress. And these joyful people were willing to be even more sacrificing now that their dream had finally come true. They had a school!

At a junction of two dusty roads which twine in and out the vast cotton and sweet potato fields of southwest Louisiana stands Christ the King Colored Mission. This little Mission, not so many miles distant from the oaks of Longfellow's immortal "Evangeline," was again astir on September 25th, the opening day of school. One hundred and seventy-five Negro children, with lunch buckets on their arms, poured in from all directions. At last Christ's words were beginning to be fulfilled at this Mission: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me."

DAILY the three "r's": reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic and the capitol "R," Religion, are taught. As in any elementary school the children learn to spell and read only through the daily grind of drill, drill, drill. The truths of our Faith, the most important course in any school, are taught and explained very thoroughly. While the girls are having sewing classes, the boys are practising penmanship.

The teachers receive a very scanty salary, as the share-cropping parishioners can hardly support themselves—much less keep up the school and small teaching staff. These four Catholic colored women working with supernatural motives put forth every effort to advance and educate their pupils.

Even on Sundays the little grey building doesn't remain idle. Its spacious classrooms are used by Scholastics from St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, for conducting catechism lessons. Formerly these instruction classes were carried on in the Mission Church. The blackboards present excellent opportunities for good chalk-talks.

Folding doors petition off the three classrooms; there-



Scene at the blessing of the school at Christ the King Mission, Bellview, Louisiana. Here the children will learn their three r's and the capitol R.

fore, the school house can very easily be converted into a fairly large parish hall. When the desks are pushed into one corner, ample space is had for various society meetings and social functions.

One cannot help recalling the thought of the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on the "Christian Education of Youth" which stresses the necessity of the Catholic school. If this Christian training is so necessary in cities where churches are close by and transportation is easy, how much more necessary is it that those living in the country be instructed? Should they not be included in the one, true Fold?

THE priest in the mission field well knows that if his fruit is to remain it must be brought forth in the lives of children. The elders have received only a smattering of religious instruction. Although they never really had an opportunity for much education, still these poor people know the most important truths of Faith. If this race is to have a future, especially an eternal future, it must be taught to follow the meek and humble Christ. Now this can best be accomplished in the school where children, the grown-ups of tomorrow, are taught to know, love and serve Our Divine Master.

As Our Lord Jesus Christ has helped us to begin this work which is in accordance with His command, "preach the gospel to every creature," we pray that in His infinite mercy He shall continue to provide, at the same time giving us the necessary moral courage and grace to carry on. We are grateful for this privilege.



Why We Need Your Prayers

A Missionary tells the story
of a case where money couldn't talk
and only prayers could help.

*This is Johnny Setting Eagle
and Patsy White Bull, pleasant
to look at—easy to pray for.*

Leo A. Doyle, S.J.

EVERY missionary knows the great need of spiritual reinforcement from those at home. How powerless and inadequate a missionary feels in the presence of some problem—the conflicting forces of good and evil waging a struggle in the soul of man.

Not infrequently this conflicting of good and evil forces lies not in the soul of the person the missionary wishes to help, but in the interfering actions of an outsider who has power to frustrate the labors of the missionary.

Three mornings a week I brought Holy Communion to the Indians in the Government Hospital—most of whom were trained at the Mission in their childhood. This necessitated other trips during the day and gave me an opportunity to give Catholic magazines—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, The Ave Maria, JESUIT MISSIONS* and other interesting publications to the patients. They were eagerly received and passed on to others, even non-Catholics.

SUCH a patient was Lucy Bead Man, a former Mission girl, who welcomed the reading matter to break the monotony of a long stay in the hospital. After some time another Indian girl, Agnes, about eighteen years of age, was placed in the same small room with her. Agnes not being a Catholic, I was careful not to give offence to her

parents by offering her Catholic magazines but it was soon apparent that Lucy was passing them on to her.

I was pleasantly surprised one afternoon when Lucy said: "Father, Agnes would like to become a Catholic."

"That is fine, Agnes, and I am sure it can all be arranged. You will find much happiness in the Catholic religion. You must ask your parents' consent the first time you have an opportunity, and I will

begin instructing you very gladly."

Fortunately, a few days later when I came for a visit her parents were there—solemn and stolid. My pleasant greeting and request for consent to Agnes' conversion only brought a sullen silence, but I took it as a grudging approval.

IT was only a week later that the Government nurse, a non-Catholic, met me in the corridor and said:

"Father, Agnes was very sick last night. It is serious and I really don't think she has very long to live."

So when I had given Holy Communion to Lucy, I turned to Agnes:

"Agnes, I hear you had a very bad night and are seriously sick. Would you like to become a Catholic today and tomorrow receive your First Holy Communion?"

"Oh yes, Father, I would be so glad," and her face beamed. The Sacred Heart Badge which I gave her, she immediately pinned on her gown. Then I gave her a rosary, having on it a beautiful crucifix, which she lovingly twined through her fingers and gazed at the crucifix. "I'll be back at eight o'clock to baptize you."

WHEN I drove my car up the hospital hill, I noticed some-

*A newly baptized baby at St. Stephen's
Mission, Wyoming, among the Arapahoe
and Shoshone Indians.*



one hurrying up the side path, and at the door saw that it was her father who blocked my way at the entrance.

"No, you cannot baptize my child. My religion is good enough for her. She has been baptized like I have. If she die, she is to be buried with my people in the Episcopal graveyard." How he knew my errand I do not know.

"But you gave your consent once. Let us go up to Agnes and see her anyway."

Reluctantly he went up with me to her room. He stood at the foot of her bed. I placed my Baptism kit on the table and asked her:

"Agnes, do you want to be baptized a Catholic now and receive Holy Communion?"

"Yes, Father," and slowly she lifted eyes filled with mingled fear and hope from her crucifix. Her father only glared back in sullen silence.

Opening my case I began the ceremony and with great seriousness and sweetness she made the responses.

"Agnes, do you renounce Satan?"
"I do renounce him."

"And all his works and all his pomps?" "I do renounce them."

"Agnes, wilt thou be baptized?"
"I will."

TURNING to pick up the baptismal water, I felt myself rudely pushed back by her father who came from the end of the bed and stood threateningly between us.



Most Reverend Patrick A. McGovern dedicating Blessed Sacrament Chapel, Fort Washu Wyoming. This chapel is connected with St. Stephen's Mission.

"That is enough. You can go no farther. I don't mind the oils and blessings. But you cannot baptize her. She has my Baptism and it is good enough. You have coaxed her to this."

"Agnes, have I ever coaxed you? Do you freely ask for Baptism and want to receive it now?"

Great tears welled in her eyes which were intently fixed on the crucifix on her rosary. Slowly but decidedly she nodded her assent.

I then tried to convince her father, using every reason and argument I could think of;—asking him if he dared stand in the way of this child doing what God was clearly calling her to do, if he would take the terrible responsibility of thwarting the Will of God, if he would deny to the child he loved this last happiness on earth. I assure you it was hard for me to respect his parental authority.

MINUTES slipped by, but he grew more sullen and angry. He reached down and unpinned the Sacred Heart Badge and threw it on the table. He started to take the rosary from her fingers. She grew deathly pale, great tears rolled down her cheeks, and she whispered—"It is enough."

I feared she might die right there. I tried once more to baptize her secretly with water I had soaked up in cotton. But it was impossible.

He took Agnes from the hospital that morning to a tent several miles away and then changed her from one tent to another. She died several days later.

OF course, I was convinced that she had the Baptism of Desire, if not the actual Baptism of Water which may have been performed validly the first time. But this frustration of graces that she desired so much, hurt me greatly. Why did these things have to happen? Was it my own unworthiness? How I longed for the assurance of the prayers of others.

Again I am in missionary work after the lapse of four years. I know that if my work is to be fruitful, I must be helped by the prayers of you missionaries at home, for I am only acting in your place, doing the work you would like to do, bringing the sacraments to these people and making actual and active the graces of God in their lives.

We missionaries need prayers.

Father Leo A. Doyle, S.J., with a group of Indian boys from Holy Rosary Mission at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.



Obsequies at Come See . . .



Father Denis T. Tobin, S.J., pastor at Port Antonio with some neighbors of Stephen Somers.

Denis T. Tobin, S.J.

In less than an hour, people who lived near the church and in neighboring districts started for Come See. And for most of them it was a rough hard climb of three miles or more up a hill as steep as a staircase. Few of them bothered with their evening meal of rice and peas, even though they knew that they would spend a long and busy night at Come See. They were entirely absorbed in preparing Stephen for a Christian burial.

Whatever they were to do, must be done quickly. A suit of clothes and a coffin were needed at once. A bearer was dispatched to a town, eleven miles away. He returned with a tailor. The tailor accepted the assistance of a few well intentioned gar-

ment workers and they sat down by the lamp to begin their work. A crew of eight men started to work on the coffin. About daybreak these people who live far from the conveniences of the city had tailored a suit and prepared a well made, varnished, ornamental coffin.

At eight o'clock in the morning, twenty-five or thirty men came to the cemetery in back of the church. Theirs was the task of digging the grave and they were equipped not only with shovels and picks; but also with a small quantity of white rum to overcome any possible fatigue. They proceeded leisurely. Friends and acquaintances came to observe and comment on their work. At noon, all was ready.

BY this time almost a hundred people had gathered in the churchyard. I inquired when the body would be brought down from Come See. The answer was, "Soon come." And so about three o'clock the funeral cortège was seen slowly winding down the hills. This procession, necessarily straggly, down the steep, narrow mountain path, consisted of two women mounted on mules, a dozen who walked down and the coffin which held Stephen, carried down the hill on the heads of two strong and sure-footed sons of the Jamaica hills.

But the majority of the mourners were already in the churchyard. They met the body at the gate, the coffin was lowered and carried in the usual manner; a procession was formed; a hymn was begun and the body of Stephen Somers was brought to the church and then to the grave.

People at home are wont usually to take consolation in the fact that this or that detail is being carried out just as the deceased would have wished it to be done. The simple people of Come See certainly did everything they could with true charity and neighborliness. I think you will agree that all his good neighbors and friends gave Stephen Somers a beautiful funeral.

STEPHEN SOMERS was given a beautiful funeral. And there is something so neighborly, so Christian about a funeral in these green hills of Jamaica that I want to tell you about it. Of course, the death of a friend and a neighbor always brings out the goodness and kindness of people, but funerals, as we know them in the States, are so standardized by super-efficient "morticians" with high-priced but smoothly-gearred service, that there really isn't anything a friend can do but offer help which he knows isn't needed,—say a prayer which is, and sit on an uncomfortable folding chair, be introduced to people he'll never see again, and after a decent period,—depart.

Modern life, as it runs in big cities, frequently obscures the really important things and plays up the lesser. Not so in Jamaica. Life here harks back to simpler ways and the simple but great events of life,—such as the death and burial of Stephen Somers—are all the more moving because of the simplicity that surrounds them.

THE thought occurred to me that when Saint Joseph died, he must have been buried in much the same way as was Stephen, when "after life's fretful fever, he slept well." Nor, do I think Saint Joseph would mind the comparison because Stephen, like him, was a carpenter, who gave generously of his time and labor to the maintenance of the church buildings, and he was a just man, well liked, and one of our most loyal Catholics.

He died late on a Tuesday afternoon at his home which is high in the hills at a district called Come See, three miles up from the church. We tolled the *De Profundis* immediately after receiving word of his death and as the bell sounded through the hills the people for miles around soon came to know that one of our Catholics had died. We are without telephone or radio here, but news travels fast from town to town in the hills.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Why Go Back?

This business of occupying an Assistant Editor's chair at JESUIT MISSIONS for the past six weeks has had many advantages for the writer, not least among them was an opportunity he had been seeking for almost five years, namely, a chance to formulate and prepare an answer to that constantly recurring question: *Why return to the Philippine Islands?* The question is asked by really solicitous friends and well-wishers, hence, for that very reason it is well worthy of an adequate answer. Doubtless, all who intend to go for the first time or return to work in the foreign missions will find themselves confronted with the same objection, reinforced by the following or similar arguments.

Objections

Imagine the good work that more zealous priests could do right here in New York City. Charity begins at home! There is a vast field for a long life of tireless apostolic labor in our own southern States. Sometimes this argument is used: *Those people do not appreciate your efforts. Why use your good, young life laboring over there?* Finally, there is what might be called the *argumentum propter matrem*. *Think of your mother!* They are convinced that filial affection and years of separation are not compatible.

We Are Fortunate

First of all, there are plenty of zealous priests in New York City and in every large city and town of the Union. Relatively few churches are packed to capacity at every one of the Sunday Masses. So far as priests are concerned, it

is possible for all city Catholics to confess and receive Holy Communion weekly if they only will. Moreover, Catholic schools, religious classes for public school students, a well established Catholic press, to say nothing of Catholic radio hours, convert classes and free labor schools, offer countless opportunities for the people of American cities and rural districts to know and love the Church.

Charity begins at home! Maybe I'm wrong, but I think that it began over four hundred years ago. Are we still only starting? It is true that there is a vast field for apostolic labor in our southern States. Much has been done in these Home Missions but far more remains to be accomplished before we shall rejoice in a well established Catholic Church in the South. But whoever said that every section of any country had to be thoroughly evangelized before the Message of Salvation was carried to foreign lands?

Not a New Idea

It must be remembered that Christ founded the Catholic Church and His plans not our own ideas are to be followed by those who labor for its universal establishment and growth. St. Paul, while Christianity was still in its infancy, stepped from its Palestinian cradle to preach salvation beyond the borders of the Holy Land. He had been chosen by Christ Himself to be a vessel of election for the nations of the Gentiles. And Paul, the erstwhile brilliant Pharisee, the outstanding pupil of the great Gamaliel, surely would have been able to accomplish great things among his own, due to his prestige, learning, zeal and elo-

quence. Who, today, would say that Xavier, Jogues, and the Martyrs of Canada or Japan should have stayed at home, and worked for their own?

Love's Labor Lost?

Sorry to contradict, but *those people* do appreciate the efforts of the missionary. In Urkami, a suburb of Nagasaki in Japan, the Faith has been preserved for two centuries in the midst of the most terrible persecution. The parish has eight thousand practicing Catholics. Three thousand came to *one* Mass recently that was offered by a French priest. Truly, those good people were worthy to receive the Glad Tidings. Not many years ago in one parish of the Philippine Islands, only fifteen souls attended Sunday Mass. These people had been deprived of a resident priest for the better part of thirty years. Now, when the bell tolls for Sunday Masses, a good two thousand turn out to fulfill their religious obligations.

Think of your mother! Missionaries never forget their mothers. They may not give them the consolation of frequent personal visits but they enable them to offer these too to Almighty God which makes the oblation more complete. Every missionary lives in the hope that his mother's eternal reward for having given him so completely to God will be in direct proportion to God's infinite generosity.

This is not merely a theoretical though brief treatment of a vastly important subject. The writer expects, even hopes, that this July will bring him a one-way ticket for life in the Philippine Islands.

J. EDWARD WASIL, S.J.

EVEN baby bodies make a hefty load when you rope half a dozen coffinsful of them together to either end of a bamboo pole and try hoisting them up to your shoulder.

Old Chang the Coolie can tell you, for that's his job. He has been hauling infant cargoes like this for how many years heaven only knows! Early in the dawn he shuttles out through the iron gates of the Sheng-Mu Orphanage where the baby castaways are rescued and nursed—and die and are boxed up. Bent over under the weight and croaking loud his rhythmic "hee-ho" in the morning mist, he plods along the cobble lane that skirts the canal and twists into the shade of the overhanging elms. Only at the open pits there in the cabbage fields does he set the wooden bundles down and mop the sweat off his brow. Responsibility is his and he feels it: By special appointment, undertaker and grave-digger to the Chinese Baby Church.

AS soon as the lifeless little Marys and Josephs have been packed away, he must begin thinking right off about the next batch. And so he stops in at the boys' orphanage, spread out a block square at the other end of the lane, and straps to his bamboo pole a fresh lot of "baby boxes" just out of the shop. Empty coffins this time and they make the return jaunt under the cool elms a lazy, pipe-smoking outing, enlivened by the latest gossip from the farmers strolling in from the green countryside.

The boys' orphanage! That's where you stop in, too, when you visit the thousand or so lads study-



Abandoned babies with their godmothers after Baptism at Sheng-Mu (Blessed Mother) Orphanage.



ing, working and playing in that grand old industrial institution, the pride of the Jesuits in China. Touse-wei, it is called; or, if you prefer it in English, "The Knoll at the Bend." And you usually start off with the wood-work department, those long rambling buildings to the right. It is the most interesting of all. Statues and sculptured bas-reliefs and other *objets-d'art* that would lend elegance to the old imperial palaces of Peking are made here. Some irreverent *pundit* once called this great artists' workshop "Angels' Roost."

In addition to the Roman Martyrology, all the seven choirs of angels, in varicolored robes and gleaming wings of carved wood, look down on you everywhere from rafter and showcase. Finished craftsmen do all this, of course. Those laughing, wide-eyed youngsters bouncing around here and there amid the shavings and the paint pots are just beginners. They are the makers of coffins. Boxes

Two "Angels" of the "Roost" with the products of their craftsmanship.

for the babies up the lane.

Francis A
Sturdy striplings of ten or twelve, all dressed alike in blue denim, they hammer and hew away at crude wooden crates, one eye cocked on their plane or saw, the other on anything interesting that may be going on in the neighborhood. Theirs is the lowest rung of the sculptor's ladder, this homey technique of constructing infant coffins; but after a long apprenticeship it will lead them to the work-bench of the skilled tradesman.

IF you single out spritely Celestial Dragon for teasing, it is simply because he is singing and pounding away there near the doorway as you enter.

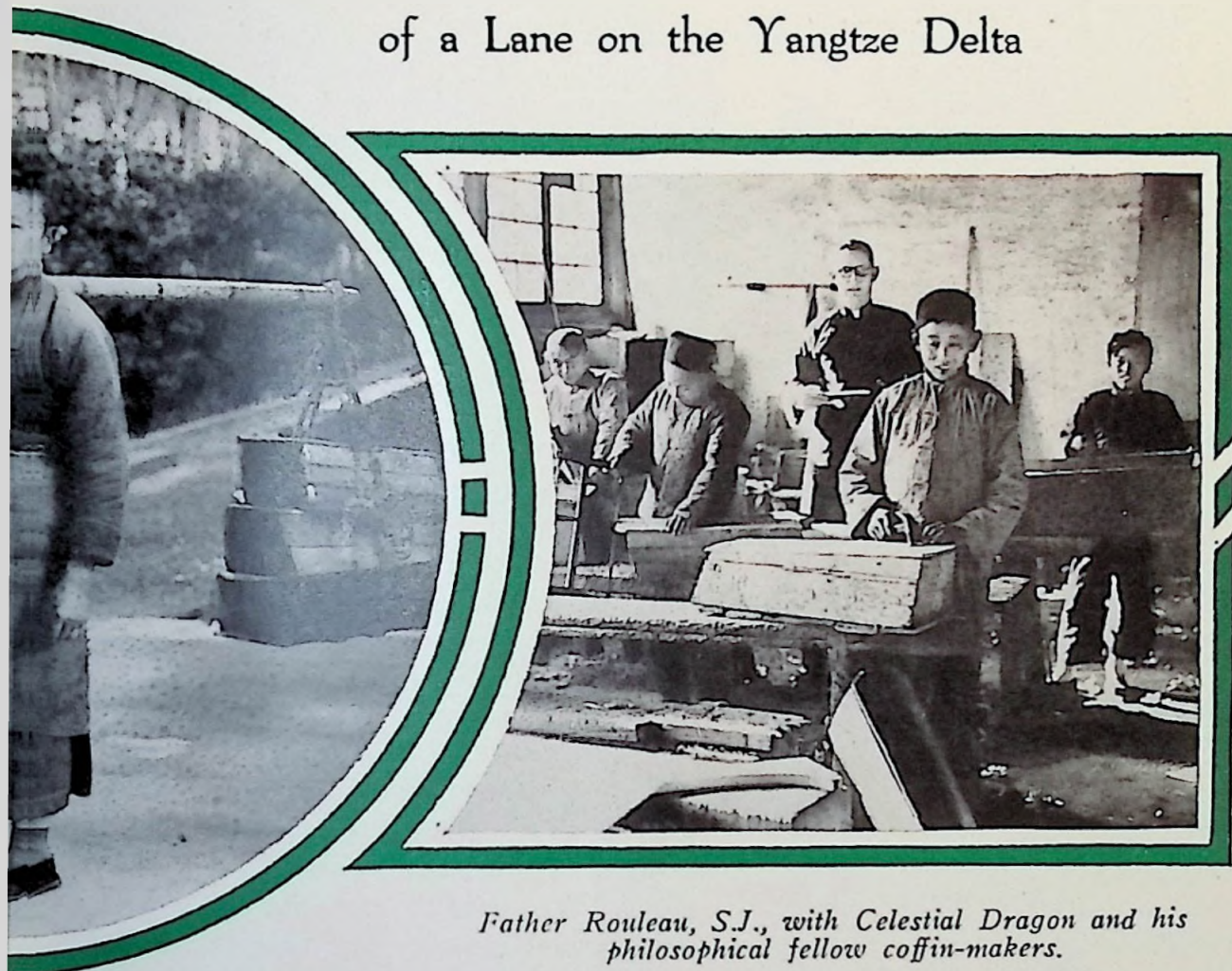
"What are these fruit crates for?" you begin, as you pry open one of the boxes and pretend looking for plums or chestnuts.

The budding sculptor drives in the nail with a fierce metallic thud to emphasize his contempt of your ignorance.

"They're baby crates, can't you

of "Angels' Roost"

of a Lane on the Yangtze Delta



Father Rouleau, S.J., with Celestial Dragon and his philosophical fellow coffin-makers.

hee Coolie

rouleau, S.J.

see!" he explains.

You look around questioningly for the babies to go in them.

By this time all his young fellow-apprentices have come shuffling over with their tools to listen in on the show. Several of them simultaneously enlighten you in the same cacophonous tone:

"Over there, up the road at the *Mu-Mu's* (the Sisters' place). Lots of 'em." Professionally, this is their line, so they talk shop with the animation of a salesman laying out his wares.

SAY, if only Celestial Dragon's memory could go back ten years to his babyhood, how he could season his salestalk with a salty sprinkling of his own! The day one of the Sheng-Mu Orphanage "scouts" picked this abandoned mite off the byway, swathed in a dirty flour sack and chilled blue with the raw wind, more than a score like him were also brought into the snug, comfortable *crèche*—scurvy-skinned and pinched to the bone and whining with hunger, the unwanted off-

spring of the destitute in these difficult times. And since nursing and sacraments go together, the young Fathers from the Scholasticate across the way are kept busy baptizing the tots in batches of twenty or thirty almost as soon as first-aid attention is given the foundlings. Confirm them right off, too, for nine out of ten can't possibly live long. Sometimes a baby will go cold on you before you can wind up the ceremony.

NATURALLY, everything in the world is done to fan along the spark of life in these diminutive anatomies: milk, medicine, woollens, maternal care. But expose an unfed infant, born only a week before, and it takes almost a miracle to save it. Miracles are exceptions. The cradles empty fast and refill just as quickly; and old Chang the Coolie sweats and grunts his "*hee-ho*," an animated metronome to his springy step, as he lugs the tiny boxed-up corpses with his bamboo pole out

Turn this picture upside down and see the weeping change to laughter.

into the cabbage patch for burial.

Nearly all of Celestial Dragon's cradle-mates of the first week took that ride. He was one of the few who got the breaks . . . or the miracle.

SO these are not fruit crates after all, but crates for babies, you reflect out loud, as you count them stacked up in piles one upon the other. And then just for the fun of it:

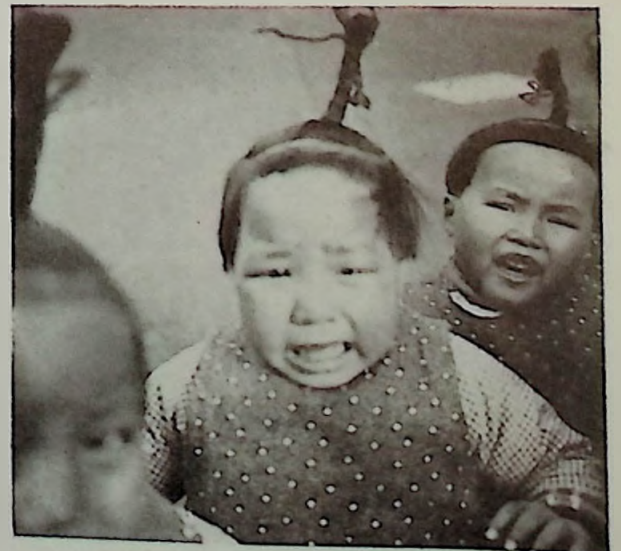
"Do you put *live* babies in them?" Mock amazement and horror on your part.

A whoop of scorn and shrill boyish screeches of merriment!

"Naw, my gosh! What else but *dead* babies! (Tapping a coffin lid as though that gesture would make the fact sink in more forcibly.) All baptized and holy and up there." And Celestial Dragon swings his hammer in a sweeping circle heavenward.

NOT bad theology, that. Even the learned *Mu-Mus* up the lane can't define it in a more orthodox canon. I have heard them with my own ears, while on the rounds baptizing their piteous shrunken broods off the alley-ways and the "collecting stations." Let's see . . . ten years ago, and I was still a greenhorn on the Mission the first time I walked into one of our Shanghai *crèches*, with its long, prim rows of cradles, each holding a wee, whimpering bundle of flesh half smothered under the quilts. Near the open door my eyes lighted on a wizened mite with a face no bigger than a dried-up lemon. I gently touched a finger to its cheek,

(Turn to page 112)



St. John's Second Spring

George R. Toruño, S.J.

IT is nine years ago, and it seems like yesterday, when I bade adieu to old St. John's. Suddenly the thought that I might not see it again flashed through my mind as a remote possibility. The readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will recall that the fine looking building of St. John's College was completely destroyed in a terrible hurricane which struck Belize in September, 1931.

After a month of heroic labor on the part of those Jesuits who survived, a new St. John's College was opened. Much has changed, above all the building itself; and in the lack of a spacious, well equipped school, the new St. John's has been handicapped in many ways for the past nine years. To express precisely what I mean, let me put it this way: we have no building of our own; we live in "the back yard of another man's property." Classes are conducted in three different parts of this "back yard," one being held in the sacristy of the Holy Redeemer Cathedral! When it rains, and it does rain copiously in the tropics, both teachers and students get wet when they go from one classroom to the other.

BUT the lack of material and necessary comforts has by no means led to lessening the intellectual achievements of the school. Scholastic standards are higher than ever, and a well-known Jesuit educator in North America admitted that our standards here are more difficult of attainment than those of high schools in the States. Concretely, that means that if a student wants to get our College diploma, he must pass his Junior Cambridge Examination besides securing the requisite number of credits in his high school subjects. This latter examination is but a previous step to a more strenuous one, namely, the Cambridge School Certificate, which, if successfully completed, allows the student entrance, free of examination, into Cambridge and other universities of the United Kingdom. No doubt, many are puzzled at the fact that we make such requirements. Nevertheless our mode of procedure seems more intelligible when one recalls that the passing of these exams is a *sine qua non* for admittance not only at the English University but also into the Civil Service of the Colony. The latter, the Civil Service, affords many young men of Belize their best opportunity for advancement in life.

Passing over the just criticism that can be made of the system, this will give you an idea of the curriculum.

Religion, comprising the usual catechism and a thorough study of the New Testament; Latin, English, Spanish, including grammar for all three and the study of several authors; English and European History; Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, all three taught in every year of high school, form the subjects in which our students need to specialize if they are to pass their Cambridge exams. I say "to specialize" and I mean it, for the examining board at Cambridge admits no mediocrity. Thus far we have been quite successful in our endeavors, obtaining in several years one hundred per cent passes among the boys from St. John's who sat for these examinations.



Our "campus" at St. John's College at present is "the back yard of another man's property."

hours of study every day added to their five periods of class work? Yet our boys have. They, too, enjoy sports, but again our limitations come to the front. It would be fun to see an American laugh when we should show him our so-called "campus"!

WITH the coming of Spring in America,—for here in the tropics we live in an eternal Spring,—St. John's closes for the Summer. Not because May and June are the hottest months, but simply because during that time the "dry season" is in its intensest mood, and there is grave danger of being faced with empty water vats, and the whole town of Belize depends upon these vats for its water supply. The scholastic year begins with the New Year; then we go till the end of April; after two months of vacation, we start working once more and continue until the second week of December.

Would that our Dear Lord should inspire a generous benefactor in the United States to help the "new" St. John's, so that it may continue to educate young Catholic leaders among the "poor and little ones" of His flock, just as He inspired the "Unknown Benefactress" of America who gallantly built Khrist Raja High School for the Jesuits of Patna, India, some years ago.

Works of Charity in Mission Lands

The Mission Intention for April

A RECENT release of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith assures us that in mission lands, "the glorious tradition of charity is best sustained. To the priest and sister toiling for Christ in foreign lands even natural antipathies of race and color are non-existent." Ancient pagans were attracted to the Infant Church by the love that its members had one for another. Modern unbelievers are no less amazed and are often won over by this unique Christian virtue.

Each priest and nun successfully laboring in mission lands has adopted as a principle of action those words of St. Paul penned to his beloved Corinthians: "If I shall have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity I am nothing." This business of establishing the Church and subsequently reaping a harvest of souls for heaven's granaries will never be accomplished through merely natural talents and material resources. Schools, dispensaries, hospitals are helpful and often necessary for missionaries and their people. Charity must erect, conduct and maintain them; for nothing less than this virtue can touch dumb piles of lumber, mortar and brick and transform them into stepping stones that men may climb even to heaven's gates.

Early one hot Holy Thursday afternoon in the rectory of a mission cathedral a seasoned priest, weary to exhaustion after the long ceremonies of the morning said to a young companion: "I hope that I spend my next Holy Thursday in Heaven." Scarcely had the words left his lips when an excited man brought word that a young girl was dying in a hut beyond the limits of the town. Before the boy who drove the priest's Ford could get the car from beneath the rectory the priest had hurried to the sacristy, obtained the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Oils and was ready to bring Christ to His little one who needed Him so badly. He absolved, gave Viaticum to the girl and anointed her. Twenty minutes later that young soul stood before its Maker to be judged; and a tired smile brightened the weary features

of the priest who had hoped to be with her in another year. That was five years ago and that priest, though six feet tall, weighed only a hundred and eighteen pounds at the time. From that day to this his annual vacation has consisted of a sufficient leave of absence to make his yearly retreat and no more. He would need a five-year vacation to make up for lost sleep, but the chances are he'll never get it and the fact is that he doesn't want it. A new position with heavier responsibilities was recently

laid upon his spare shoulders and he accepted it with that same tired, smile, grateful that he is accounted worthy to give his weary all for Christ and immortal souls. That is Charity. The love of God above all things for His own sake and heroic love of one's neighbor for God's sake.

Who can start to calculate the reward that such a priest will receive from God, Who is never to be outdone in generosity but Who is infinitely more generous than His creatures? Nor are such priests the exception in mission lands and the secret of this heroism is charity; for "Charity is patient, is kind, is not ambitious; beareth all things, endureth all things." However, in order that this mighty flame which consumes the men and women who are spreading Christ's King-

dom in mission lands may not grow cold, the prayerful help of the faithful at home is in constant demand. That is why our Holy Mother the Church begs, this month for the works of charity in mission lands. If an added motive is needed for fidelity in rendering this prayerful assistance then stop and try to realize that He who wouldn't let a cup of cold water given in His Name go unrewarded is going to reward them who have left all to follow Him and you who faithfully beg His blessings on their efforts.

Expeditions to all parts of the earth for all sorts of temporal ends are constantly being undertaken by adventurous men and financed by enthusiastic supporters. None are doing more glorious work than our missionaries in the field and they need our prayerful support.



"Charity is patient, is kind . . . endureth all things."

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

Gratitude and Progress

Few but encouraging are the lines from Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., of St. Mary's Mission, Bhagaya, P. O., Santal Parganas, India:

"Many thanks for your letter and the gift from my most generous and faithful Washington, D. C., benefactress.

"Baptisms are on the increase again in Santal Parganas. Father John J. Brennan, S.J., recently baptized a Pargana. A Pargana is the highest ranking official among the Santals—leader of several villages."

Superb Encroachment

This letter from Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Godda P. O., Santal Parganas, India, is replete with odd problems:

"I am having an interesting time here on this famous encroachment case which I inherited from Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., where the Morwari encroached and after the case started, hastily put up a shrine to his deity on the encroached property. The case has been going since before my coming four years ago. I finally agreed to let him keep his shrine (a Hindu can't tear down a shrine, or at least, so he says, even though he erects it to hold stolen land) on the payment of costs and an exchange of an equal amount of land. He was just about forced to agree, for the decent men in town were beginning to feel uncomfortable, too. We are to be decreed possession which he was hoping to avoid. The surveyors were here Friday and Saturday and boundary marks were placed. *Last night the boundary marks came over two feet.* You never saw such rascals. I am waiting to take official possession and have another surveyor come which will cost the Mission an-



It is a peaceful scene Father Ernst, S.J., is viewing but odd problems brew in his mission in India.

other dollar or so. Yet the man comes every day to tell me what a good neighbor he wants to be. The history of this case would make a book which would convince almost anyone that some of these people need a good religion.

"I'll Let You Decide"

"Last week or rather the week before I toured the Sundarmur, I went to visit the village where a man claims to have seen an apparition.

"While I was in the hills at Darjeeling in October, one Christian woman was bitten in the finger by a very poisonous serpent. Father was not at home, so it seems the pagans resorted to the 'song cure.' That is, they waved branches back and forth over the victim chanting ditties. The woman recovered and the pagans went to the husband the next day to get a goat for a thanks offering. He indignantly refused, saying they had done their work without his permission. Later he confided to two catechists that he had three times seen a beautiful

Lady putting medicine on his wife's finger. The catechist told him if she appeared again to ask her her name. The man wanted to see me.

"So a few days ago I visited the village, a picturesque little village, clinging to the side of the jungle and huge piles of rocks

"The man told me his story. He says he has seen the woman eight or nine times now. Once a man with a long beard carrying a book under his arm accompanied her. He says the woman is very fair and shines like the sun. Acting on the advice of the catechist he asked her her name but she would not tell him; only she asked him to see the Cross. She told him to tell his priest that it would be very profitable to build a church in the village but she didn't tell him where his priest was going to get his money or how he was going to build on cultivation land though it belongs to the man. The fellow says he is going to put up a little church if I don't help him. He is very poor, so I think it will truly be a very, very small church.

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

"Is it a delusion or a lie or a fact? I will leave that for some one else to decide. The man is not a liar, I am sure. They are very good people, very simple and innocent, but in love with their religion since I gave them Baptism over three years ago.

One would like to believe that it is another manifestation of Our Blessed Mother who has shrines to her honor wherever the Church has taken root and who has shown her favors to just such people as these, whether it be at Lourdes or Guadalupe, or at countless other shrines which fill the Catholic world. These people need a church, as do the people of some twenty other villages of my Mission, there is no doubt about that. Whether or not Our Blessed Lady has interposed to bring the need more forcibly before us, I will leave it to you to decide.

Bunga Bugaboo

"While we were still talking, a pagan came and the conversation was hushed. This pagan, Roshar, was having his troubles too. He would like to become a Catholic. He has two children but many other children born to his wife later have all died shortly after birth. He consulted the pagan *guru* who said his wife was married to a *bunga*, (evil spirit) and that was *the* thing that was causing all their trouble. So Roshar was thinking of offering a goat or pig to drive out the evil spirit and if that didn't work he was going to get a Christian wife and be baptized himself.

My shrewd-headed catechist smiled and assured him that if Baptism would not drive out the *bunga* or devil, then nothing would. But Roshar did not see the joke; he is tremendously serious. For him and the majority of pagan Santals, spirits are very real. It is they that bring sickness and the countless other evils with which these poor people have to contend.

Let us hope that they may soon be granted light. The light is growing brighter day by day to countless of these people and they are eager to forsake their spirits for the yoke of Christ; and the protection of His Mother. But we need teachers and schools and churches as I have so often remarked before."



Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., who has been named Rector and Master of Novices at Novaliches, with Father James L. O'Neill, S.J., now pastor at Cagayan, P. I.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Excerpts from a long letter of Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., who lives at St. Francis Xavier Church, Corozal, British Honduras, and cares for ten smaller churches:

Lenten Pilgrimages

"A word about some of our activities. Amongst our principal activities for Lent will be two pilgrimages. The first will be that of the people of Corozal to Paraiso, a small town not far from Corozal. The people will be grouped according to families,

each group of families under one of the *Señoritas* of the Young Ladies Sodality. They will meet in the early morning, walk two miles into the bush singing hymns and praying, where they will attend Mass in the open as the day begins to break. This will be on Ash Wednesday, and there they will receive the ashes. The other pilgrimage will be from all of the bush towns around Corozal to Corozal in the morning of Good Friday. Many will come here from the villages in sail boats, and others from the land villages in trucks, or walking. Here they will attend a twelve o'clock Mass on Good Friday, and sermons until the end of the three hours. At five o'clock there will be a procession, in which is carried a statue of Our Blessed Mother and a coffin. The latter represents Our Lord's Sacred Body on the way to the sepulchre. At eight o'clock a Passion Play in Spanish. Saturday morning, Mass and Easter duty for all. After Mass the people from the villages return home.

On Easter morning early we have the *Santo Encuentro*, which is a procession in which the women representing the women who first came to the sepulcher on Easter morning, find the men representing the Apostles, and bring them to the church, where they hear the Easter Sunday Mass. These pilgrimages and processions are of far greater importance than they would be in the States.

"Please do not neglect to pray for us and for our work. The work is in much need of prayer and sacrifice. You can supply that as well as the men in the field, so pray much for us and all missions, that God may call all the world from the shadow of darkness, that He may dispel error, and send in all places the light of the Holy Spirit. We know that you at home, too, have many great intentions in your prayers, for yourselves, and we

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Father George B. Hamilton, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, ordained March 25, 1940. Father Hamilton is preparing for Trincomalee Mission, Ceylon.

here offer our own works to God for those of you, especially, who remember us. Probably God will answer our prayers more when we pray for each other than when we pray for ourselves."

IRAQ

Alien Elocution

From Francis X. Cronin, S.J., our faithful correspondent in Baghdad, comes the following items across the troubled lands and seas:

"Christmas week at the school wound up with final matches in handball and an oratorical contest for the younger boys who pulled out all the stops with 'The Face on the Barroom Floor,' 'Limpey Tim,' 'The Gladiator,' and Wendel Phillips' 'Two-cent Literature' as Father O'Connor used to label 'Toussaint L'Ouverture.

"The youngsters did remarkably well, and every once in a while we of the faculty would jerk ourselves up with a realization that these boys were doing a very presentable job in a foreign tongue. The whole question of how they pick up English is consoling, for it must be remem-

bered that we don't demand (as some schools do) that they talk English outside the classroom.

Descendants of the Magi?

"Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., brought his Sodality over to the house chapel a couple of days before Christmas and had them put on a simple Miracle Play in which the Three Wise Men (who very probably came from this country) adored the Divine Babe and prophesied great things for the Church in Iraq. Let's hope and pray that they are real prophets.

"To lend weight to the divining, Father Richard McCarthy, S.J., gave a sermon in Arabic. It was a bit of an eye-opener to the youngsters, and a comfort to us tyros in Arabic, for after that feat, the days when Jesuits will give the people the Word of God *via* Arabic does not seem the impossible goal it once seemed.

New Faces—New Lines

"Over from Antebas in the Lebanon came Fathers Joseph Doherty, S.J., and J. F. Ewing, S.J., to spend the Villa with us. I hope they are getting a well-earned rest from their pre-history and paleontology. I do know that we were glad to see them. They joined the Villa fun and chaff perfectly, and since, naturally, all of us over here have heard each other's line and jokes till they are threadbare, the advent of new lines and new faces (even though fringed with hirsute decorations) has been a blessing to us. Needless to add, when once school started again, we corralled the scientists into a couple of free lectures for our students and for our Alumni.

Hidden Life

"I'm sorry that these notes to you are so prosaic. When I read the excerpts from other fields, there's just a wee bit of jealousy of the opportunities other Jesuits are getting to bring in converts

and neophytes. The old feeling of the grass being greener in the other fellow's yard pops up when you run across something of Father Thomas Cunningham's or Bishop Rice's adventures. All the time we sit quietly over here, ever falling back on the saving thought that even on the mission field there is a vocation to a comparatively hidden life.

"There's no doubt we are preaching sermons by our presence; but sometimes there is a yearning for some of the external apostolate that is the ordinary consolation of the ordinary missionary. I'm not complaining, for it is all taken and loved with faith, and no one doubts for a minute that a Jesuit community, sincerely Ignatian, is a generator of good, for itself and the whole Mystical Body.

"A group of Catholics from the R. A. F. came over to our house around the New Year to make a triduum under Father Merrick. Plenty of edification for us and an enjoyable and profitable three days for them if we can judge from their avowals as they left. They took back to camp Father



Father John W. Lange, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, ordained with Father Hamilton at St. Vincent's High School, Poona, India. They are the only Americans in a class of eighteen.

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

Merrick's points (I hope) and Father Daniel Lord's pamphlets (I know).

"Another event that was interesting was the Mass and sermon in honor of St. Francis Xavier—an annual affair sponsored by the colony of Goans here at Baghdad. Father Rector preached. The colony is pretty small now, so the affair is rather tame, but, to this lad at least, the thought that Goa still loves Xavier is thrilling."

ALASKA

Measles Multiply

Father John P. Fox, S.J., relays happenings of Hooper Bay:

"Measles; Keep Out—That's what we read everywhere now. And so we are later in writing than I had planned. In the village one hundred and eighty are down now. Unfortunately, our nurse just happens to be busy in another part of the district. But the teachers are making the rounds of the village twice daily to give what medical aid they can.

I, too, am out at all hours of the day and night, encouraging, blessing and helping where I can. Quarantine was declared, but it did little or no good. Perhaps, not to spoil entirely our celebration, we waited a bit too long before shutting down. It was a very inconvenient gift our heavenly Father sent us; but we hope that the little trial will have its good effects for this life and the next.

"As the First Friday fell in the worst part of the siege, and many of the people had started the Nine Fridays, I made the round of the village on Thursday evening to hear confessions. The following morning I brought the Bread of Angels to sixty-seven of the worst who could not leave their beds. For those who could safely go to church (quarantine seemed useless) services were held in the chapel. Of the Sisters, only Sister Superior escaped her turn in bed. That was a kind con-

cession of Divine Providence to the lower man, as the Sisters cook for us all and the sick needed someone to nurse them. They are all back to regular routine now.

God Calls His Child

"On the afternoon of November 18th, Albina (Chikegak) Gump died. Her death, like her life, was very edifying. She was conscious right up to the last minute. Just before dying she instructed her stepmother regarding the disposition to be made of her few belongings and her burial. Her clothes and similar things she gave to her little stepbrothers and sisters. Her prayer books and writings she gave to the Sisters. Her last request was to be buried in the Habit of Our Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows.

For the past five years she had desired to enter the Community, but as she was too young she was sent to St. Mary's Mission School for more education. She, there fell into a serious tubercular condition and returned home to die. She was anointed several weeks before her death and received Holy Communion frequently in bed after she could no longer attend services. She was buried as she desired. And though it was a bitterly cold day, a very large part of the people followed her remains to the grave. May her departed soul rest in peace!"

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

League of Nations

Another interesting letter from Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., who is teaching at Saint George College at Kingston, throws light on the variety of Jamaica's population:

"We seem to have a rather good enrollment. In addition, the school has taken on an international character. We have five German-Jewish refugees, a Russian, some Syrians (one born at Damascus), Chinese and of course,



Typical Eskimo family, minus measles.

a few Americans and another few of direct English or Scotch abstraction.

It is an odd fact that this little Island seems to contain all those peoples we associate with foreign missions. India is represented, of course, by the class called 'coolies' down here. We have the Chinese and the Syrians to bring Baghdad right to our front door.

"The other day I met an Indian (Spanish-Indian) woman from Ecuador. She had left there with her Jamaican husband three years ago. But his death left her and her son in terrible destitution. She speaks only a few words of English and has no one to turn to for help and as a consequence wanders the streets of Jamaica without a roof for herself or child. I gave her a little money. It was the best I could do, but it's really no solution for her problem. The sad thing is that such people who often come to our doors, go away with bitterness in their hearts towards the Church because we haven't the magic wand that will make them well off.

"The authorities on the Island do everything they can and our Church has fine charitable organizations but they are still inadequate in the face of such terrible conditions of poverty.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

Pride of Seaford Town

"Sunday last I went to Seaford Town for the opening of the new school. I hope that someone who is more capable of it than I am, will write up **Father Francis Kempel's** achievements, for your magazine. He has built up a magnificent Catholic center in the wilderness, despite obstacles of every kind.

"In order to find a foot of level ground in those hills you have to make it. He has made whole terraces for his buildings. At any rate, last Sunday's opening was more a testimonial to him than anything else and one that he richly deserved. The Governor of the Island, Sir Arthur Richards, was present with Lady Richards and many another Jamaican notables from civic and educational circles."

Full Churches

"It is dangerous to try to measure spiritual progress," writes **Father Charles Eberle, S.J.**, from Holy Cross Church at Half Way Tree, Jamaica, "only God knows the heart. But at any rate let us put it this way, it's encouraging to look at full benches! We had four Masses here at Christmas and New Years. At some of the Masses, notably the midnight Mass at Christmas, the church was simply jammed. I believe every chair was removed from the rectory to the church and there were many extra school benches.

"When I first came to Holy Cross we had two Masses on Sunday with about a churchful and a half. So it is encouraging. Of course, this is a large parish and covers a wide area. If all the Catholics decided to come to church we should be forced to call out the riot squad!

Calomel Cannibals

"It's a far cry from church to termites, and yet it isn't really, for the little brutes can quickly

ruin a church. I have exterminated several nests recently. It is almost unbelievable how this is done. You obtain a sixpence worth of calomel from the chemist; then punch a hole in the nest and put in a few pinches of calomel.

"In one nest there are thousands of these creatures. They love the calomel and after eating it they devour each other. I could hardly believe my eyes when I went out to inspect a nest yesterday. Not one alive, where once there had been thousands. All dead. The same mass power they use to destroy a building, had worked towards their own destruction.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Their Move Next

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., in one of his last letters as Superior at Cagayan sends us the latest news of changes on men in the missions. He writes:

"**Very Reverend Father Hurley, S.J.**, finished his visitation here just after Christmas and closed with a conference at which he announced the status:

"**Father James L. O'Neill, S.J.**, to be Pastor at Cagayan. When the new men come down from Manila this month **Father Carl J. Hausmann, S.J.**, will go to Sumilao, while **Father Frederick W. Henfling, S.J.**, will open a new district in the Santa-Fe Plantation section of Bukidnon. **Father Matthew P. Reilly, S.J.**, will go to Balingasag; **Father John P. McNicholas, S.J.**, to Talisayan; **Father Eugene J. O'Keefe, S.J.**, to Iligan; **Father Merlin A. Thibault, S.J.**, will move from Iligan to take up permanent residence at Kolumbugan, formerly a station of Iligan, now an independent center. I was to have remained as Superior at Cagayan, but a wire from Manila informed me that it was my move next. My status will be Master

of Novices and Rector at Novaliches.

"**Lourdes Academy** has no building yet—or prospects of one. The former old house of the Governor has been taken for new classrooms for June, so they will open the classes again, plus intermediate. Another residence will be used as a dormitory. The **Ateneo de Cagayan** is going strong—fine spirit. **Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J.**, is doing a great job. They will build again before June additional classrooms and faculty quarters. They are adding intermediate grades this year also. We had the first graduation from the **Ateneo** and **Lourdes** college courses this year. The graduation was very impressive. It was a combination affair with plenty of ceremony."

NEGRO MISSIONS

Jack Frost Goes South

Father Cornelius J. Thensted, S.J., writes of personal grief and the hardships of his people, at Christ the King Mission, Grand Coteau, Louisiana:

"Thanks for your kind thoughtfulness. Yesterday I returned from my dear Dad's funeral. His death came as a shock. Please remember him in your prayers.

"I shall write to my benefactor and send him some pictures of my Mission.

"The cold weather here has caused much hardship. May God reward the soul for the suffering the body has endured! You can imagine the condition of the poor Negroes in their cabins with the temperature ranging between twenty and twenty-five, while ice and snow covered the ground for ten days.

"We are giving free lunch to the school children. The State gives nineteen cents a year for each child—the Federal Government commodities and we pay for the rest. It costs me about five dollars a week."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Pro Parvulis

To the Editor:

At this time I wish to tell you how very much I enjoy JESUIT MISSIONS, but particularly how much my children enjoy it. They love the pictures and they devour the stories. As I watch them poring over the pages each month I think of how much our boys and girls have today that we older folks lacked in our days. I am sure that reading the customs and habits of foreign races and lands integrated with the activities of the Church and our missionaries is the finest lesson in inculcating international good will and understanding.

In this connection I would like to say a few words of praise for the fine character-building help I find in our Catholic Book Club for children, the Pro Parvulis Book Club. When my husband and I first enrolled our children we had a problem on our hands. Outside of the good old classics we all love and have had, I knew nothing to get for my growing young readers that I was sure of. Some books I bought were too simple and Betty was finished in an hour or so with a book I would have supposed would last a week. Jack pouted over many of the things we bought him but seemed uninterested in anything but the awful things they call the "Little-Big Books." It did seem to us that there must be books for children of adventure, mystery, history, poetry, biography, that could include a taste of Chaucer, the Crusades, the Jesuit pioneers, the lovely backgrounds of the countries children see when taken abroad, and the beginnings of the old missions out in California. We tried books reviewed in the secular papers for children, but either we picked the wrong titles or the wrong authors for every time we drew some anti-Catholic or untrue picture.

When we heard of a Catholic Book Club for children we held aloof at first. I was afraid of stiff, too-pious books. My husband was even more skeptical. But a friend of mine in Scarsdale, with a large family, was getting the "Pro Parvulis" books as she called them. And when I saw them, but particularly when our children saw them, there was no peace in our house until we had enrolled

all four of our boys and girls.

The Club Plan is divided into age-groups and very practical. So far our children have gotten a musical biography of Schubert that the whole family enjoyed. A most beautiful book came this month written by Kate Seredy who, I understand, last year received the national John Newbery Medal award for writing the most distinguished book of the year for children. Then Jack has gotten that Paul Hodges' Book on *Columbus* which was even recommended to adults by the Book of the Month Club. He loves it and although a book on Pasteur which he received is his favorite so far,—it is called *The Microbe Man*—and is written by the author of the prize book *The Insect Man*—it runs a close second to a thriller called *Bat* about an Italian lad and his prize bull-terrier (which my husband also saw called the greatest dog-story of the year by the American Kennel Club Gazette). And my small folks at Christmas time got a pair of companion books as one selection. And one of them was *The Lonely Dwarf* written by the little New York girl Rosemary Lamkey who has created such a stir and goes to Holy Trinity Church where some of Betty's friends know her.

Our youngsters can hardly wait for the mailman to bring the books. And as for myself and my husband, we perhaps should be ashamed to be so juvenile, but we read them ourselves as eagerly as the youngsters. It's ever so nice too, because we find ourselves discussing the different characters with them. And my husband says he finds himself so much closer to young Jack at the very age when the boy is commencing to grow away from us.

New York, N. Y. Mrs. D. L. Rock

Brothers of Mercy

To the Editor:

I avail myself of this opportunity to thank you very heartily for having inserted our ad, regarding vocations for the Brothers of Mercy, in your esteemed magazine JESUIT MISSIONS. Dear Father, there is great need today for young men who feel themselves called to this noble work. We carry on in a special manner the mission of mercy which Christ entrusted to the Church, and which She has fulfilled so magnificently down through the ages. There are always some young men, who, for some reason unable to become priests, can devote themselves to no grander vocation than this work of mercy, namely, caring for the sick in hospitals or private homes. Should you, dear Father, ever get in touch with those mentioned above, please advise them to write to

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Alaska's Grand Old Man



William McGarry Agnew, S.J.

Father Francis Monroe, S.J., spent many years traveling thousands of miles over ice and snow in Alaska.

ALIGHT snow had whitened the countryside. The air was crisp and fresh. Shadows already enclosed the "fortress" of Saint Michael's, for it was late afternoon—and in a little room, facing northward, Father Monroe, oldest missionary of Alaska, lay dying.

The dark-frosted figures of his religious brethren crowded around his bed. An atmosphere of the most profound peace pervaded the room, for a chosen one of God was going to his reward. The light of the blessed candle cast its warming glow on his countenance, and his eyes were fixed on the image of his Crucified Christ Whom he loved so much. Then the chapel bell tolled. The Father Rector's voice was heard telling him Holy Mother Church's last farewell: "Depart out of this life, O Christian soul, and may His holy angels conduct thee into paradise." Father Monroe was dead. Thus closed a truly remarkable career.

FATHER MONROE had the rather novel experience of reading his own obituary while he was alive. The story appearing several years ago in an Eastern paper besides giving notice of his death, eulogized his virtues and lauded his devotion to his people. When the article came to his notice, he good-naturedly rejected the encomium and as good-naturedly, yet very firmly, rejected the premature news of his demise, saying that he felt able for a trip behind huskies in Northern Alaska! This though he was nearing eighty years! Never daunted; ever courageous and strong; kindly toward all and full of the goodness of Christ—that was Father Monroe.

Those who have had the privilege of knowing him would be far from rejecting this encomium. A brief résumé of his remarkable life will make this clear.

Francis Monroe was born in Lyons, France, on June 2, 1855. Twenty years later he was received into another household, the Society of Jesus. He made his studies in France and was ordained priest on June 24, 1886. The first Mass he said was at Paray le Monial. And we can imagine with what intense fervor that first Holy Sacrifice of the new Levite must have been offered, since he chose for its setting the birthplace of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart and the home of Saint Margaret Mary. He came to America two years later, in 1888.

FATHER MONROE was a classmate of Right Reverend Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., and, it is said, also of Marshal Foch, in his early years. Certain it is that his brother, General Monroe, served under Foch during the last war. Once when asked about his family connections, Father replied that he remembered having heard when a child that his forbears had been some of the last and most faithful defenders of the Stuarts in England. (The Stuarts were the legitimate sovereigns of that country, the last of whom, a Catholic, was forced to leave in the Revolution of 1688.) But aside from this, he had little to relate, saying: "I was never much interested in the question." Nothing mattered but that he was a scion of the Royal Priesthood and a soldier of Jesus Christ. And this, to be sure, he was, in the fullest sense.

After four years spent at St. Peter's Mission, Fort Benton, Montana, Father Monroe went to Alaska in 1892, there to begin a life of self-sacrifice which was not to be terminated until six months before his death.

In 1892, Alaska was indeed a far-off and desolate land. The poetic lore of the Klondike had not yet encircled it

with a golden halo in the minds of people. Alaska was then just "Seward's Folly" or "Seward's Ice-box." As a matter of fact, there had been comparatively little traffic between the States and Alaska, and even such cities as Skagway, Fairbanks, Nome and others, now well known to us, were then but a part of the vast Alaskan wilderness. But nothing could daunt the young Jesuit missionary, afire with zeal for souls.

Father Monroe began his labors along the lower Yukon. The only means of transportation was mushing. And he trekked up and down the river, bringing the tidings of the Gospel to the natives and to any prospectors or trappers he might come across. He offered the Holy Sacrifice in dug-outs, cabins—any place that could serve as a temporary chapel and enable him to dispense the sacraments to those that needed them. He often traveled hundreds of miles over ice and snow to bring the consolations of religion to some poor soul who had called for him.

The gold rush brought to the Northland every class of men. As one Alaskan pioneer has put it there were "former lawyers, college professors, sailors, adventurers, the riff-raff of a world, all rubbing shoulders in the hunt." Among these, too, Father Monroe was to spread the good leaven of Christ. He became the much loved Padre of all who knew him.

Many stories are told of his devotion to his flock. There is room for but a few here.

AT Holy Cross one bleak winter day some passer-by brought word of a lone prospector lying sick of the scurvy and helpless in his cabin some eighteen miles from the Mission. Father Monroe immediately equipped a sled, and taking with him two helpers, set out for the distant point. He arrived to find the man in all but a dying condition. First aid was given. Then the patient was informed that he must come back to Holy Cross Mission where he could be given the care and treatment he needed. Holy Cross! The Catholic Mission! Never. He would rather die. The old sour-dough resisted all the good Father's efforts to persuade him and even exhausted his "Alaskan vocabulary" to put across his point. But Father Monroe understood old prospectors, and his charity was not to be cooled so easily. With his two helpers he took the man by force and sat him on the sled. All aboard for Holy Cross! But before they had gone very far the man's attitude changed. No doubt seeing himself in the clutches of one who for the love of God would not let go, he became resigned. One good thought led to another. His sullen countenance melted away. And as the dogs mushed on he burst out into song! He got entirely well and even stayed on freely for several months afterwards working at the Mission.

What the salvation of souls meant to this missionary is well illustrated by an incident in which he traveled two days and two nights to marry a couple. He had

thought himself lost on the way, but trusting in God had pushed on through brush and thicket. God did guide him to the place where he was to effect some good. Phantom-like he appeared in the clearing of their cabin in mid-afternoon and found them salting away moose meat. Frightened at this dread spectre of the forest, they asked: "Who are you? What do you want?"

"You know me," said their scarcely recognizable Padre, "I am Father Monroe come to marry two persons who are living together like pagans." No one could resist such self-forgetful, disinterested charity.

Thus did this man of deep faith and devotion to Christ spread His sweet message in the Alaskan wilderness.

AS time went on, with the miners and other settlers coming in, towns sprang up, and there was need of churches, schools and hospitals to care for the needs of

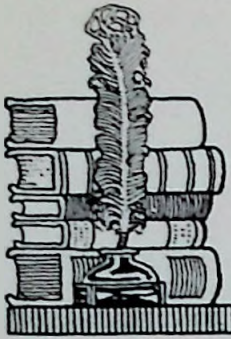


Father Monroe, S.J., talking with his classmate, Rt. Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., about another great Alaskan missionary, Father William H. Judge, S.J., whose biography the Bishop is holding in his hand.

the White population as well as the natives. Father Monroe was instrumental in building nearly all the churches in the interior of Alaska—at Holy Cross, Nulato, Marshal City and other places. The fine church of the Immaculate Conception at Fairbanks—now the Cathedral of Bishop Walter Fitzgerald, S.J.—and Saint Joseph's Hospital are monuments to his labors. It became evident that a hospital was needed. Out went Father Monroe on a begging tour; up and down the creeks and sloughs, visiting each mining camp and cabin in the vicinity. "You pay me," he told them, "and I'll build the hospital." With the good-neighbor spirit and generosity which is characteristic of Alaska, every one gave, and the results of all this can be seen today on the Chena slough in Fairbanks.

HERE in Fairbanks, Father Monroe spent twenty years caring for the souls and often for the bodies of his people. Whether it was grub-staking a miner, or supporting some needy family, or finding work for someone, Father Monroe was ready. And his people knew his devotion to them and called upon him.

We are not surprised that on (Turn to page 112)



NEW BOOKS



The World's Great Catholic Poetry Compiled by Thomas Walsh

Eliot once said that great religious poetry is a rare happening, for to achieve it, the poet must at once be a great saint and a great artist. We have, he continues, great saints rarely enough, and great artists even more rarely still. The combination of the two is indeed scarce. That is admirable reasoning, and seems inviolable, but the evidence contained in this anthology is strongly to the contrary. From the dawn of Christianity, even from the heart of its Founder Himself, down the long ages of heart-breaks and triumphs of Christ on earth, rise the sustained paean of praise like one grand organ concert, beautiful in its variety, striking in its simple beauty. From all languages come the songs, from hearts all over the face of the globe, the cries of love, joy, sorrow, triumph and need spring vividly into being. Translations from the Greek, Armenian, Latin, French, Spanish, Catalan, Italian, Germany, Swedish, all bear witness to the universal love and selflessness which Christ has planted in the hearts of those who know Him. As all translations, these necessarily lose in their transference from one language to another, but the compiler and those aiding him have done much to preserve the pure beauty that is native to each respective language.

A book of this nature, with all its striking unity amid variety, is a revelation to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. To Catholics, for it is an only too common opinion among them that their Church has not adorned world beauty—to non-Catholics who love the things of the spirit, for here the spirit receives the inspiring expression worthy of it.

Only occasionally does one notice a false note, when an author attempts to express what he or she *wants* to feel.

From the words of Our Lord Himself (from among which one misses the soul-shaking poems uttered on Calvary) and His Blessed Mother, down through the first ages of the Church, through the ages of Faith, of Transition to the Modern world, through contemporaneous poetry up to the present, the Catholic ideas and ideals are laid bare. Through all these changes, the essential notes of Christ's Church are discernible. An interesting addition is the chapter, Catholic Poems by Non-Catholic Poets, revealing the essential cry of the spirit which finds its home in the house of God.

This is a Macmillan book, of which 514 pages are devoted to poetry and 50 to biographical material.

Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y., \$1.69.

Through Hundred Gates

Translated and Arranged by
Severin & Stephen Lamping, O.F.M.

The Grand Canyon bathed in the rays of a setting sun is surely a thing of beauty that attracts and holds spellbound many a traveler to our beautiful West. The wonders of the world have ever fascinated men at home and abroad. Sightseeing tours have developed wealthy corporations because we generally love to gaze at God's masterpieces and man's mighty accomplishments. But above and beyond all this, we are most interested in those great masterpieces of Creation, *men* and *women*. Their trials and triumphs, joys and sorrows, victories and defeats, appeal to us in a manner unique. Since this is so, "Through Hundred Gates" should not be conspicuous by its absence from any worth while collection of books.

It is a book composed by forty authors, eminent men and women, from many and varied walks of life. Each tells the brief but fascinating story of his or her own life. Each story is new, attractive, different, telling of battles fought and victories won by souls that hungered for truth. Restlessly they sought the truth that would give them peace, and they found

it only when they found themselves safe within the portals of the One, True Church of Christ. No two of these converts came into the Church in the exactly the same way. They differed before they entered, they did not lose their identity as individuals when they all became the same. With few exceptions, they continued to be what they had been before their conversion, philosophers, sportsmen, diplomats, poets, business men. An Anglican minister became a Catholic priest. A former non-Catholic Sunday School teacher who held in scorn and contempt the first Catholic books that were given to him to read, became "His Excellency" in the Catholic Church. This is surely not a book of mere passing interest, but one that contains forty complete stories of everlasting value.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, \$2.50.

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St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey, \$1.00.

The Great Tradition

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Mrs. Keyes in her book "The Great Tradition" certainly seems to have her finger on the erratically throbbing pulse of Europe. Her main character, Hans Christian, a young idealist, is born in Germany of a German father and an American mother. His father is killed in the World War and his mother brings young Hans to the United States, to be reared in a New England atmosphere, that is to him comparatively irksome. The lad always yearns to return to Germany, the land of his birth, which his fancy pictures as a sort of enchanted castle. He eventually realizes his dream and returns to his ancestral home. On

first stepping from the steamer, the Great Tradition of his father starts to lose its fancied splendor. A new Germany has usurped the place of the land for which he has longed. Even his aristocratic grandmother, who first greets the returning youth, shows unmistakable signs of a new order that little appeals to him. The great war has produced many definite and disagreeable changes in Germany. Due to these changes, the Nazi Youth Movement springs into being. Hans, though not altogether in sympathy with the Movement, eventually joins it despite the fact that his relatives are opposed to such a Movement. A serious wound and a subsequent visit to relatives in Spain, where he goes to recuperate, mark a turning point in his life. On his return, and particularly after the June Massacre of 1934, the castle of his dreams crashes to the ground. A dash for freedom brings him back to Spain where cause for deep sorrow awaits him. His first love, an Andalusian girl, is irreparably lost, but an American girl, as charming as she is courageous, whose devotion to him has been unswerving throughout his vicissitudes, helps him in the fulfillment of his fate, and eventually illumines his life with the radiance of her own.

Mrs. Keyes writes without prejudice of all these dramatic times. Her familiarity with the foreign background of her narrative is lifelong and her subject matter is more stirring than any with which she has dealt before. At the same time, her treatment of the dual love story in "The Great Tradition" reveals afresh that special aptitude and grace in the field of romantic fiction of which her earlier novels gave such abundant promise.

Julian Messner, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

The Life of Saint Andrew Bobola

Louis J. Gallagher, S.J., and Paul V. Donovan, LL.D.

It is unfair to judge a book by its cover but a knowledge of the authors might well give us an idea of what to expect in this exceptional book, "The Life of Saint Andrew Bobola." The Reverend Louis J. Gallagher, S.J., President Emeritus of Boston College, as diplomatic courier for the Vatican brought the Saint's body from Moscow to Rome in 1923. Father Gallagher is also the author of "The Test of Heritage," a Catholic Book Club Choice of 1938. Dr. Paul V. Donovan, Principal of the Boston Vocational High and Opportunity School, was formerly Professor of Italian at Boston College Graduate School. He is Massachusetts Representative of the Center of American Studies in Rome and taught Italian for twenty years in the State Extension. Both Father Gallagher and Mr. Donovan, drawing deeply on their wealth of learning and experience, have truly accomplished a splendid task in presenting to American readers this very remarkable volume. The book is deeply exciting and illumines the pre-war situation of Poland as no news bulletin ever illumined it. The evidence presented is essential for any attempt at prophesying the future of that

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DAUGHTERS OF ST. FRANCIS TEACH AL-FRESCO IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 89)

has been made—the only available vacant lot in the vicinity has been acquired, the plans are drawn—but there the matter rests. The building is to be of concrete and it must be so because a wooden building would be at the mercy of a little insect called a termite which devours wood with an unbelievable appetite. One hundred and twenty by thirty, exclusive of the porches, will be the length and breadth of this two-story structure.

Seven large classrooms, airy and spacious, will adorn this school; the doors between the classrooms so constructed that the entire space can be used as a large hall and the further end will be a stage. This will be a most welcome addition to our section of Kingston for we possess no building that can be suitably used for occasions which form an important part of school and parish life.

The cost? About thirty thousand dollars—not much when you consider the necessity and the service necessary for six hundred children to relieve the present crowded condition of St. Anne's.

It is a service not only to the neighborhood but to whatever part of the Island these young graduates may go, diffusing the high ideals, the Catholic atmosphere, learned under the able leadership of these self-sacrificing Franciscan Sisters.

Not only will it serve as a school but also as a center of intense Catholic activity. Convert classes would find themselves in a spacious classroom rather than in a small rectory parlor, church societies could function normally, having suitable meeting places—an important center from which would radiate much good for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

BEGINNINGS AT BAGONG

(Continued from page 92)

oil lamp was out before nine o'clock in our house when three tired men lay down for a night's rest,—the two boys on the floor, the Father on a bed of bamboo slats.

Up at dawn,—five o'clock,—the next morning, the Father took time to review his sermon in the dialect, said some of his daily Office, heard a number of confessions, collected and catechized some twenty-five children. Finally, about eight o'clock, a good number of people had collected from the hills, and we started High Mass. Not half the crowd present could get into the chapel. The woven-grass walls were nearly torn down by the number of heads trying to peep through. After the Mass twenty-seven babies were waiting to be baptized.

It is no little consolation to the missionary to witness the undying Faith of our Filipino people in the *barrios*,—and the more distant the *barrios*, the more striking their Faith. Some walked more than two miles to be present at the fiesta

Mass. One couple tramped a long way through corn fields in their bridal finery; in the chapel knelt on the bare ground, except for a newspaper, and sat on a back-less bench. Equally as far, mothers carried their babies to be baptized. People lay aside pennies for months to have a Mass offered for their departed. The wonder of it all is that these people have not known a resident priest for many years. There are vast fields yet to be harvested here in Mindanao.

COFFIN MAKERS OF ANGELS' ROOST

(Continued from page 99)

noting the purplish lips and eyes staring wide open.

"*Mère*, come quickly!" I called out to the other side of the hall.

The long white-starched wings of *Ma Mère's* wimple flap up and down like a meadowlark's as she comes skipping softly over.

"Dead!" She runs a smooth professional hand over the lemon skin.

"*Mais, mon Père*"—and she smiles up ecstatically—"le petit est au ciel!"

The tad is in Heaven! The young coffin makers swing their iron mallets skyward—a graph curve of the infant soul's ascent; *Ma Révérende Mère* raises her eyes liquid with faith and thanksgiving. Both speak of baby angels. Of course. What else are these holy women sacrificing themselves for except to people Heaven with the countless thousands of these Chinese foundlings?

Not only Heaven, but earth, too . . . as much as possible. Miracles can happen; and besides, unsleeping care does save a percentage of the less-exposed and healthier castaways. Take Celestial Dragon for example, and some others among those denim-garbed youngsters gayly chopping away at the coffin planks after class hours. Bigger fellows, too, past the school age. Long and skillfully trained and now running a chisel deftly over a statue block or lacquering teak-wood furniture or painting saints in oil or fashioning exquisite metal patterns—any number of trades, in fact, taught by the orphanage Fathers and Brothers. Similarly, the girls in the great Sheng-Mu Orphanage at the other end of the lane, with their ravishing needlework and church vestments and like feminine art.

Well, look through the records and you will see how many have been nurtured tenderly throughout the years from their cast-off baby days, especially the girls. Baby saints in Heaven by the million, thank God; but the Church must plan for this world, too . . . unhurriedly and with the centuries to work in. And so out of these foundling bodies, when the adolescent years come and the two ends of the lane are joined in holy matrimony, she brings forth a hardy race of Christian families, the mainstay of her apostolic empire. Many a flourishing Catholic settlement, planted like an oak grove about a slender white tower on the Yangtze Delta and elsewhere, had

its origin in this long, patient, self-sacrificing baby-saving work of years.

ALASKA'S GRAND OLD MAN

(Continued from page 109)

the occasion of his Golden Jubilee, in 1934, an article appeared in an Alaskan paper calling him "the oldest and most beloved missionary in Alaska." One of the foremost citizens of Juneau wrote to him at this time: "I wish you many years of labor in your well established work in your church for the betterment of the people of Alaska, who love you for your unselfish devotion to them. Every person who has come into contact with you is a better citizen for having done so, and the whole country is indebted to you, for advancement in Christian love and charity." That the people of Alaska loved Father Monroe was evident to those who lived with him during the last months of his life, for letters poured in to him from all sides. One pious parishioner wrote from Alaska asking him for a relic of himself. Somewhat non-plussed at first, his eye twinkled when he answered the letter: "I have nothing except my cassock and breviary and a few things which I need, so you will have to wait until after I am dead to get a relic of me."

After leaving Fairbanks in 1924, Father Monroe was stationed at Juneau and Ketchikan and finally at Wrangell. At this place he built a church and spent his time catechizing the natives and administering the sacraments. Ever active and cheerful was he. "Sweeping snow twice a day," he wrote from Wrangell, "is good exercise for an octogenarian who otherwise would perhaps feel inclined to take too little exercise."

Eighty-five years bent his frame but the spirit of the nineties was still in him. He took a boat for Seattle. There he would consult a doctor, receive the treatment he needed, and return to Wrangell within a short time. God disposed otherwise. The serious illness which was threatening him broke forth with all its violence shortly after he reached Seattle, but he rallied again.

At first he had hoped determinedly to return to Alaska. "If I get well enough again to go back," he said, "I know that my good Bishop Crimont will find a place for me." But his strength failed rapidly, and his strong will turned itself into channels of resignation and conformity to God's Will.

With a wit as sharp and clear as ever he dictated many letters. "My time is past," he wrote to a fellow missionary in Alaska shortly before his death. "Take good care of my parishioners and do all the good to them that I wanted to do and could not." And he who knew by many a hard experience in Alaska what a long journey meant, wrote to a friend four days before his death: "God seems to be giving me time to prepare for my last big journey." He was well prepared for that trip when he closed his eyes in the Peace of Christ, whom he had served so well.

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