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**JULY-
AUGUST
1940**

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**Vol. XIV
No. VII**

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THE CATHOLIC HERALD

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Poor Beggars!

There are two phases of missionary life, not to mention many others, which stand out prominently. The one consists in raising money for the work of saving souls and the other in saving souls through the money raised. Begging is difficult at best, but when it has not the consolation of soul saving attached to it, then is the task soul-stirring and heartrending. Such is the position of the Procurators for the missions. Their work consists in begging, while their consolations are very remote, in the souls which the missionaries will have been enabled to save.

Won't you, if you can, give these Procurators some little consolation in their arduous work? Even the few pennies or dollars that you can give them will ease their burdens. Please, send some money offering to the Procurators listed below. Through them, you too will have the consolation of having helped save souls.

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is Procurator for the missions of Patna in Northern India in charge of the Chicago Province Jesuits.

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300 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

is Procurator for the foreign missions in Jamaica, British West Indies, and for Baghdad College in Iraq, which are administered by the New England Jesuits.

Rev. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.

4511 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

is Procurator for the missions in British Honduras, C.A., and American Indian Missions in South Dakota and Wyoming, which are cared for by the Jesuits of the Missouri Province.

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CONTRIBUTORS

The author of *How to Bury a Big War-lord*, LOUIS J. DOWD, S.J., of the California Province,



Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J.

finds in the elaborate funerals the Chinese give to their dead, an evidence of the strong belief of these people in a future life.

FATHER MICHAEL D. LYONS, S.J., (*They are not all like Henry's Uncle*), is one of the Chicago Province men now doing brilliant work in converting Patna's huge Depressed Classes.

Well known to our readers for his vivid pictures of Alaskan life is FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., of Akulurak (*Near the Bering Coast*).

He is not musing this time but piloting his mission boat.

Thirty Million Patients—a lot of people to take care of, but that is how Patna, India's teeming multitudes look to SISTER LAETITIA, one of Dr. Dengel's missionary Sisters now in India to establish a hospital in the territory of the Chicago Province Jesuits.

A Jesuit Scholastic at Baguio, JAIME NERI, S.J., (*Negritos—the Pygmies of the Philippines*), is on his father's side a descendant of the Sampurhnas, a Moro ruling family of pre-Spanish days in Cagayan.

FATHER EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S.J., head of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, tells in *The Blue Cross* of the work of the order of medical missionary sisters of which he is the founder.

The author of *Reunion in Wyoming*, FATHER AUGUSTIN C. WAND, S.J., is professor of Archeology at St. Mary's College, Kansas.

Night life in Arabia is a subject on which FATHER FRANCIS B. SARJEANT, S.J., President of Baghdad College, (*The Real Arabian Nights*), can really wax eloquent.

Years of experience in the British West Indies has convinced FATHER CHARLES J. EBERLE, S.J., that Jamaica is *Fertile Soil* for missionary activities. He gives facts to prove it in his article.

In *Personal Responsibility*, GEORGE T. BOILEAU, S.J., gives an insight into the life of a Jesuit missionary Brother in the mission of Alaska.



Jaime Neri, S.J.

THIS MONTH

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COVER—Of invaluable assistance to missionaries all over the world are the Nuns who do medical mission work. The picture shows one of them, Sister Adelgunde, I.V.B.M., ministering to a sick Santal woman in the territory of the Chicago Province Jesuits in India. The Santal woman helping her has been trained for this work by the Sisters. As Father Garesche has pointed out in his article on page 180, the Medical Missionary Sisters, although few in number, are able to train many native women in the nursing art, thus multiplying their influence. He shows, too, how friends of the missions at home are helping out in this work by donating money and medical supplies to organizations which send them to men and women in the field. Read also the article by Sister Laetitia, page 177.

EDITORIALS

IF THE BRITISH EMPIRE FALLS...

VERY few of us paid much attention at the beginning of the present European war to Hitler's prediction that the conflict would end in the breakup of the great British Empire. The general opinion was that the Allies were strong enough to bear up under any offensive Germany might launch and after that the war would settle down to something very much like the last World War, with the Allies finally victorious. In estimating, too, the harm the war would inflict on the missions, we were guided by this concept.

The question now arises: Must not this concept be revised? In the light of the German victories in Holland, Belgium and France, is it not realistic to conceive the possibility of a crushing defeat for the Allies? And if so, might not this defeat mean the loss to Great Britain of her vast colonial empire?

Remote as all this may have seemed to us a few months ago we must today concede it as at least a possibility. And it is as a possibility that we should now examine it. For the collapse of that empire upon which the sun never sets would seriously affect all of the foreign missions of the Catholic Church. It is true that the Church has many missions which are not within the eighteen million square miles of British territory. Nevertheless, it is accurate to say that any essential dislocation of this huge empire would be felt by our foreign missionaries everywhere. For the British Empire has been in the past and is today the chief force responsible for the preservation of order in mission countries. This is true not only of the territory she herself governs, but of all of Africa and the Orient and, roughly speaking, most of the world that is non-European in culture.

Her commercial interests are wider and vaster than her territorial empire and these interests have demanded peace and order for their efficient operation. So she has preserved order with a navy that is the largest in the world. Other nations with colonial interests and large navies have done little more than cooperate with her in this work.

However non-spiritual her motives may have been for establishing and maintaining this order, it has been of great value to the missions of the Church. All over the world, and especially in Africa and the Near and Far East, our priests, brothers and nuns have been able not only to travel safely but to have the protection of government in preaching the Gospel of Christ; moreover, the just administration of law has enabled them to own

property and to build churches and institutions of learning and of charity.

The collapse of the British Empire would not necessarily mean that all this would be lost. The first effect of such a catastrophe, however, would undoubtedly be a long season of great confusion and disorder in mission countries during which anything might happen. There would be a mad scramble on the part of other European powers and of Japan and Russia, to grab the choice bits of British possessions, whereas, countries like India and Egypt, with strong national aspirations, would undoubtedly fight for independence. We can well imagine the plight of missionaries and mission establishments caught in this vortex of land-grabbing and revolution. What rights, too, would be granted to them when order was finally established, we have no way of knowing because it is impossible for us to see at the present time any nation large and powerful enough to take the place of the British Empire. The end of the British Empire might also be the end of the European influence in the Orient, with that part of the world slipping back into the condition it was several centuries ago.

One does not have to have any particular love for England to see that the break-up of her empire would be immediately and perhaps for a long time a very serious blow to our missions. But it is something which, in these days of changing world order, we must be prepared for. The spread of the Church throughout the world is indeed helped or hindered by the rise and fall of secular empires. But it is not absolutely dependent upon them. And as great an assistance as the British Empire has been to the spread of the Faith, its existence to the Church is not indispensable.

We remember from history how providential the great Roman Empire was in the Apostolic Age and after, to the spread of Christ's doctrine. It, too, had established and preserved order all over the pagan world. It had made travel possible and it gave to the early missionaries some security and protection of law. Yet its collapse did not mean the collapse of the Church. It did, however, mean the loss to the Church of large and important Christian areas, areas which, even to this day, such as in Africa and in Syria, have not been recovered.

So as the war rages in Europe, we wonder if our generation will see the collapse of the British Empire just as another Christian generation witnessed the collapse of the Roman Empire. We think that Catholics should pray that this calamity be averted, if not for the sake of England, at least for that of the Church.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: J. GERARD MEARS, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; JAMES MCGIVERN, S.J.; ERNEST LALANDE, S.J.

Business Editor: E. PAUL AMY, S.J.

Editorial and Publication Offices: 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to Bury a Big

You won't find this in Emily Post, so in case you are interested, here's how it's done in China



ON the burial day of "Wu Pei Fu" China's famous war-lord, the Jesuit language school in Peiping called a full holiday. It was a rare chance for the students to get some practical knowledge of a most important and age-old Chinese custom. The funeral is perhaps the most intricate and elaborate doing in Chinese life. Both rich and poor throw a lifetime's saving to the winds in but a few short hours. It must be, however, and let no one interfere. It is a pitiful thing in one sense; still, it shows a belief in the spirit, an excellent foundation for the missionary in his work.

Be all this as it may, let us proceed to the front lines and behold for ourselves the strange doings of this great day. The parade is just starting. It is nine o'clock on a bitter cold winter's morning. We meet the procession head on . . .

HORROR of horrors! What is this we see before us? Two huge, fierce-looking giants, sixteen feet in height, moving along on a wheeled platform. These, it is said, clear the road to the land beyond the dark doors of death. They are skillfully made of cardboard and paper, and must be burnt at the funeral grounds to make straight the dead man's way even in that mysterious land beyond the grave.

Then on either side of the street comes a paper figure of a man and a woman. Queer to behold, these two, but history has given them

Chinese nuns, Boy Scouts, huge silk umbrellas, and a dummy soldier on horse-back go by in the funeral procession.

great power. Waiting to trouble the dead man's soul, as he winds his way in and out the main thoroughfares of our city here, are evil spirits both masculine and feminine. These two drive them back, and secure peace for the defunct.

A curious sight next presents itself. Legendary animals made from twigs of fir, spitting forth money (imitation) from their mouths, are carried aloft and twisted this way and that. We certainly had our question box ready on this one. Here seems to be the answer. In China beggars are many; and their curses flow freely upon him who refuses a helping hand. These fir-twig beasts, spirits of poor beggars of centuries gone by, appease the poor needy souls that beg along the road to heaven.

Next in line is a fierce devil with staff in hand, jumping and twisting round and round on his box platform. It is "Yen Wan" (Pluto to us of the West), who guards the gate to the next world, and judges the soul of poor "Wu Pei Fu."

AFTER these unusual presentations, things become a little more ordinary and intelligible. Some thirty or forty piano movers come struggling along under the weight of a huge tombstone, inclosed on three sides by a highly colored sort of niche, made of paper pasted to a wooden frame. We knew what this was, of course, but why they carried it for miles up and down the city is not quite clear to us yet. I did not see the engraving, but I presume it was the ordinary data

War-lord

Louis J. Dowd, S.J.

"Then row on row of buggies bear the rest of the female relatives."



of birth, death dates, and something that would amount to our "May he rest in peace."

Our test in Chinese characters was next on the program. A couple or three city blocks of plaques. Some frames of beautiful silk, others more conservative. Hereon were written the noble deeds of our man of war, now forever retired from the wars of this earth of ours. In smaller characters on the side of each plaque were the names of the donors. In pagan lands it must be remembered that there are no such things as anonymous donors.

STRUNG along on both sides of these signs of honor, were objects of various designs, all prepared in paper and cardboard for the use of the dead man in his new world beyond the stars. There were about thirty fine horses, remarkably well made, life size and manned with brave soldiers. There was one automobile, a most remarkable facsimile, that must have cost nearly as much to produce as the real. It had every contraption of a well-equipped sedan, all of combustible material. Finally, came three motorcycles, instruments of war, and various other things that an army general might find handy in his campaigns in the spirit world. I forgot to mention the many paper footmen, supported and carried along on poles, together with many captives of war, bound and bent in defeat.

Then a sight of rare workmanship presents itself to view. The

paper articles cease, and beautiful silk, highly embroidered umbrellas of honor pass before us. To the Chinese, these are precious tokens of a life well spent, and are conserved for generations in the family of the descendants.

NOW again an Asiatic sight. One of interest and bewilderment to the Westerner. Oriental monks and nuns of several varieties. First came the Taoists in their black and yellow robes. Next the Lamas in red and black. Finally, long lines of Buddhist monks and nuns, with their flowing black robes fluttering in the wind and headgear tight about their faces. Each of these communities supplied its own music, and it was of the weirdest note that ever an ear did hear. It was surely dead man's music, and the devils must have skulked away in fear.

At long last the massive coffin is in sight. All color disappears. Twigs of white willow, portraying the desolation of winter and the death, so to speak, of all nature, are carried by hired mourners. Then come the masculine relatives, distant ones first, following a long line down to the first-born son. He is surrounded by a sort of booth, made of white canvas; and it takes some manipulating to get a look at him. But it is worth the manipulating. He is dragging himself along, almost seeming to fall at times from utter grief. Friends support him on both sides, and thus he makes his long journey to the grave. At first, this forced exterior expression of sor-

row rather disgusts the Western onlooker; but after some experience with the well-known custom of "face" in China, one takes it as a logical consequence.

AT last, the casket. Eighty coolies struggled to sustain it. Here is a treasure indeed, made of the rarest wood of from five to seven inches thick. A very high quality of exquisitely designed red silk is overdraped. The Chinese character pronounced "Foa" is woven thereon in several places. It is a much esteemed character of the Buddhists' religion, and is used by Buddha and his faithful followers. Inside our big box is the body, of course, clothed in twelve layers of the finest garments, and then packed, so to speak, in lime, as a preservative. The city police in large numbers guard this valuable chest, and young Chinese "boy scouts" follow behind as a reinforcement.

Close on after her departed husband comes the sorrowing widow, carried in a white litter. Then row on row of horse buggies, memories of "Little Old New York" bear the rest of the female relatives. Thus in procession, as in everything else in China, the poor women come in last.

With the buggies, comes the end of the great display. There are, however, a few general observations that might prove of interest. All along the way professional "circle throwers" are busy throwing circular white papers high into the air. These have a (Turn to page 195)

They are no

Michael D. Lyons, S.J.



More alert than "Henry's Uncle" is this Depressed Class convert listening to what Father Lyons has to say.

I DO not know his name. We call him "Henry's uncle." He is old, no one knows how old. He is only a dirty, illiterate, uncouth old man of a "depressed class" caste of Patna, India, harmless, but with an ability to reply smartly to Henry's virago wife.

"Won't you become a Christian, uncle?" I asked one day.

"A what?" asked uncle with mouth wide open.

"Don't you want to save your soul?" I persisted.

"Save what?"

ONE day Henry's wife came to me with a bill for fifty cents for food, an expense arising from the fact that money given before for food went into drink. Would I pay?

"I'll pay when Henry's uncle learns the sign of the cross," I promised. That was a condition she did not expect.

Then, every member of the family took an interest in teaching uncle. Henry told him to learn or he'd beat him with a bamboo. Henry's wife said he'd learn or he'd starve.

Martha, twelve years old, and with two months' education a year ago in a convent boarding school for select poor children, actually began work.

One day I saw Martha sitting next to uncle and laughing and saying, "In the name of the . . ." Uncle was perplexed, surprised, but wise enough after all his years to give into a determined member of the dominating sex. His hand went up to his head, flat on top.

"In the same . . ."

"No, in the name . . ."

"In the name . . . what?"

"In the name of the Father."

"In the name of the . . . Father,—yes?"

"In the name of the Father and of the Son."

"Son?" asked uncle. By this time his hands were all mixed up.

SO it continued, and continued for weeks. Uncle got to be able to make the Sign of the Cross—if someone helped him. The next step was to teach him to make it alone. I told Martha so, but she looked down as if to say, "Father, you're asking too much."

I asked Didak, a born Christian, whether uncle was ready for Baptism as far as faith went. He understood the old man's dialect better than I.

"Yes, Father," Didak replied ironically, "Henry's father says he has lost his caste by eating Henry's Christian food, and so may as well be baptized."

"That is not much of a conversion," I replied, a little annoyed in spite of knowing that this was the answer to be expected. "But does he believe in the Christian religion?"

"He said he'd believe anything we say, because he has no other place to go to." Didak was rubbing it in.



The author tries to give a little religion to a girl of the Depressed Class.

all like Henry's Uncle

Father Sontag speaking to a group in a Depressed Class village.



"Listen, Didak," I said annoyed still more, "ask him if he believes that the good are rewarded after death and the wicked punished."

Didak proposed the question to the old man.

"Eh?"

"When a man dies, what happens to him?" Didak repeated.

"He passes into dust, what else?" the old man replied puzzled.

Martha giggled.

"Teach uncle," I said.

She taught him, and so did the family, for weeks. But the old man insisted that death was the end of all.

ONE day,—and this is a true story,—I heard screaming near the house of Henry. I dashed out but could not make out what was happening. A little ominous smoke was coming out from the thatched roof.

"She is going to die, leave her die alone!" a pagan workman shouted.

Henry's wife in fright was trying to close the door of her house from the outside.

"Open that door and let her out," cried Didak.

Then I understood. "Open!"

"Come out!" cried Henry.

It was Martha, with her *sari* (dress) ablaze.

I grabbed her and threw her on the ground and rolled her over and beat out the worst of the fire with my hand. The fire was smothered. I dashed to the house for a tube of tannic acid I had just for such an accident.

Martha has been in the hospital for three weeks, but is progressing nicely.

Rolling a person on the ground to smother a fire is a trick you and I know, but it was a wonder to Henry's uncle.

"If the Christians can do that when all other help fails," uncle probably thought, "they can probably help me in need."

The next day Henry's uncle himself asked for Baptism and said he believed in a hereafter,

Two Depressed Class children. The children are the hope of the Catholic flock.

and in general wanted to become a Christian.

I baptized him Simeon two days ago.

But they are not all like Henry's uncle. His case is an exception. There is much superstition in India but it works against the Church and not in its favor; it keeps millions of good people in a heavy sort of spiritual slavery. Our great hope is in the children whom we educate in the schools before they become hopelessly entangled in the complicated superstitions that surround them.



Near the Bering Coast

Seals are plentiful, but we hunt souls

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

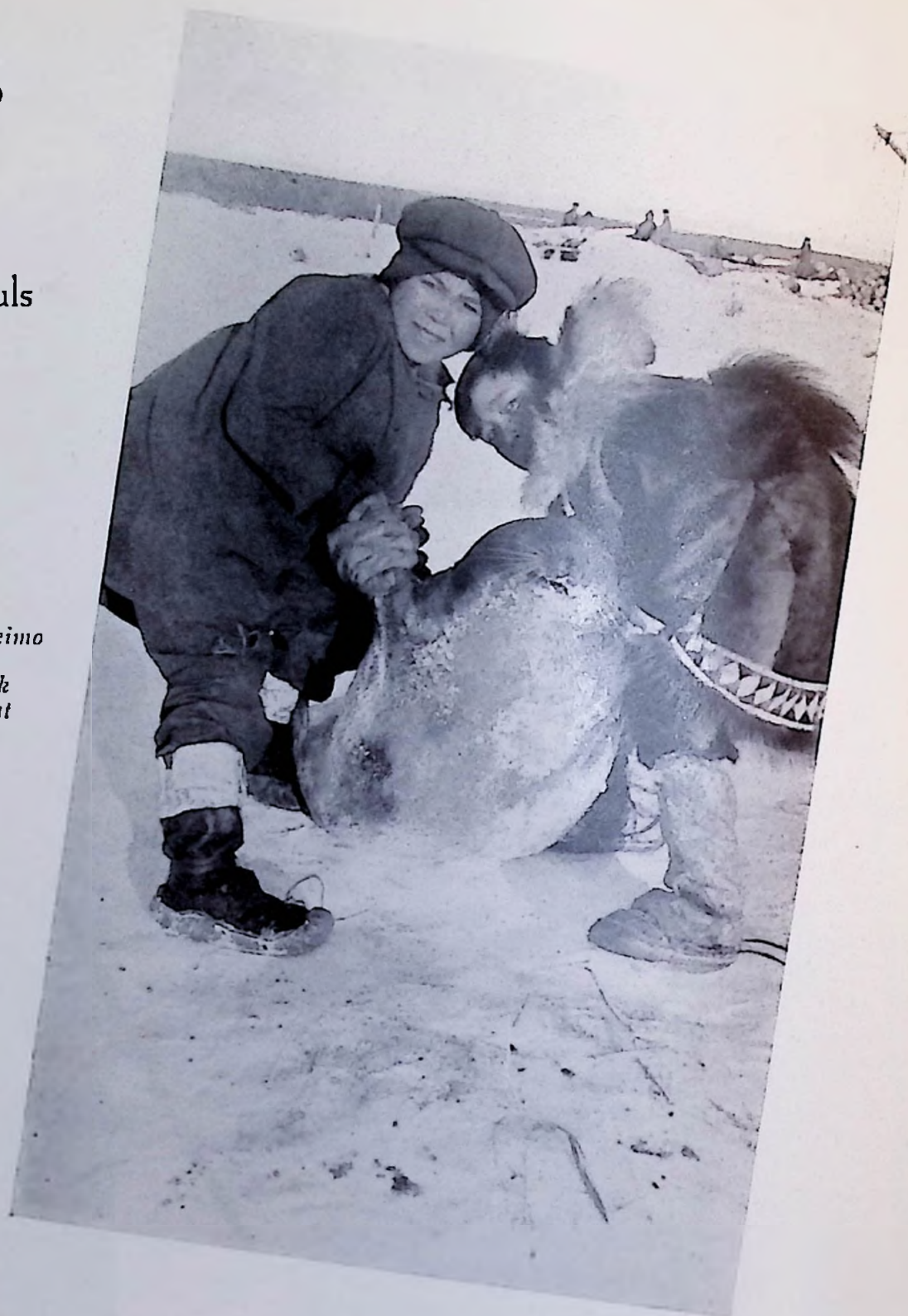
I WOULD invite you to jump on my little thirty-five foot launch and take a tour of my Akulurak mission field before the Alaskan winter locks these coastal waters in a silent and iron grip. During the past week, water travel has been practically impossible on account of equinoctial storms. The wind has turned to the north and hands smart with the cold as anchors are lifted up. However, we have an enclosed boat and a little marine stove which will be going even with a warm running engine. Winter is not far away and warm clothing is in order.

We do not go far before a big Mukluk seal pops up his head. There is a lot of fun chasing and finally bagging a seal, but this is a missionary excursion and temptations of the chase are sternly ignored. The Mukluk, if he goes up a few more bends in the Akulurak River, will be sighted by the villagers and duly speared and shared native style among the many participants of the chase.

ON we go until the river widens into an inland sea. The channel is narrow but easily followed by the clear markings of wind on waves. In and out hidden sandbars we wander until we finally sight a small village called Ungwitorriak. There are several boats tied up here waiting for a favorable wind and tide to proceed to their winter camps. The Eskimo are never in a hurry. They flock to the Yukon for fishing in the summer. They leisurely catch, dry and smoke their salmon and then sail back to their winter quarters. No peace of mind is lost if the return journey lasts a month or two.

At this site, for example, they

Two Eskimo boys of Akulurak insist that Mr. Seal have his picture taken.



have settled down for perhaps a week's stay. The men set their nets and catch a delicious little white fish called an Emapinrat. It is full of oil and has a pleasant, sweet taste. The women and children scour the surrounding high ground for berries—blue, black and red. The fish are eaten as caught while the berries are carefully preserved for winter.

I VISIT the camp, inspect the babies, give out a little medicine and arrange for rosary and instruction. All follows in due order with Mass on the morrow. Three fat ducks are thrown on my boat for dinner and we again proceed out into the inland sea. The waves did not look bad from the shore but we find them kicking a heavy spray of

cold water over the entire boat. Some big rollers hit us head-on causing the boat to shudder from stern to prow. Under such conditions, we lose no time in heading for a little sheltering slough.

Later on we get under way and reach Postolik. Waves are running high against the bank and it is with difficulty that we make the shore with our row boat. I baptize a little tot and would have liked to spend the night here. Many families have gathered here for berry picking. With the tide coming in the waves are rolling higher. A boat was wrecked here a week ago so I think I had better run on in the darkness to the neighboring village. We find that our anchor has dug in so far that we must pull it out by the force of the engine itself. You will have a

few thrills with icy water dashing over you on a rolling boat, dragging in a heavy anchor. A slippery deck and the darkness do not help the situation. Our boat, though, has plenty of reserve power and this is one of the occasions that we need it. Lucky the tide is in and we do not have to bother so much about the channel. Happy are we when we finally reach a small slough and can settle down to a quiet sleep.

The next day was clear and calm. I said Mass in a tent of some old

Akulurak alumni. Things were spick and span and it was a pleasure to bring our Eucharistic Saviour down in the midst of these pious people. I baptized another baby—a girl this time. We skimmed over a few sand-bars and were out again in the open Yukon just a few miles from the Bering Sea. A white whale had been caught in the next village and as I anchored here I was cordially invited up to lunch. Whale is a delicacy for the Eskimo, but, unfortunately, I am not an Eskimo!

We continue on in good weather and in bad for a week. Mass is said every day either in a tent or a small station church. Instruction is given morning and evening. You will notice that all go to confession and Communion. Twice Extreme Unction is given to two advanced cases of tuberculosis. These dying women are resigned and peaceful.

We finally leave the turbulent wind-swept waters of the Yukon and enter the quiet smooth running current of the Akulurak.

Thirty Million Patients

Sister Laetitia, S.C.M.M.

RECENTLY two Medical Mission Sisters of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, received a warm welcome from His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., and the Jesuit priests of the Patna Diocese, India. They have settled down to work in this vast diocese of nearly thirty million souls—one might almost say thirty million patients. For it seems as though practically everyone in the diocese is suffering from one or other of almost every disease known to man.

Many millions are totally out of reach of both medical and nursing care, and what little there is, is inadequate, to say the least. The Sisters have opened a small hospital on the banks of the sacred Ganges, right in the heart of Old Patna City, a center whose inhabitants are as tightly packed as sardines in a can. The hospital has had to begin in a very small way, not because the patients are lacking but, firstly, because funds do not allow a larger establishment and, secondly, because more Sisters who are doctors and nurses, etc., are needed to take care of larger numbers. Nevertheless, it is heart-breaking to have to turn away so many sick and suffering, largely because of lack of funds.

HERE is a typical morning at the hospital: An old lady comes in leading her much loved little granddaughter. The child is blind. But the grandmother is beaming with hope and confidence. The little one's maternal uncle's



Sister Laetitia gives first-aid to a Patna laborer. She also sews up injured buffaloes.

sister's son's wife was cured of a septic toe here, so the old lady knows that this is just the place where miracles on eyes can be performed. A few words and the tears begin to flow and all the bystanders join in the lamentations. There is not a single empty bed! But such a pitiful case cannot be turned away—grandmother will not go, anyway—so a mat is found for the patient on the floor.

Next a very bad case of cholera is brought in. Whatever can be done with her? The limited hospital accommodation does not run to a badly needed isolation block. There are three old mud huts at the end of the compound—hygienic? Yet admission spells life to this mother of a large family, so mud huts win.

"Sister, Sister, please help me! My buffalo has been injured by a

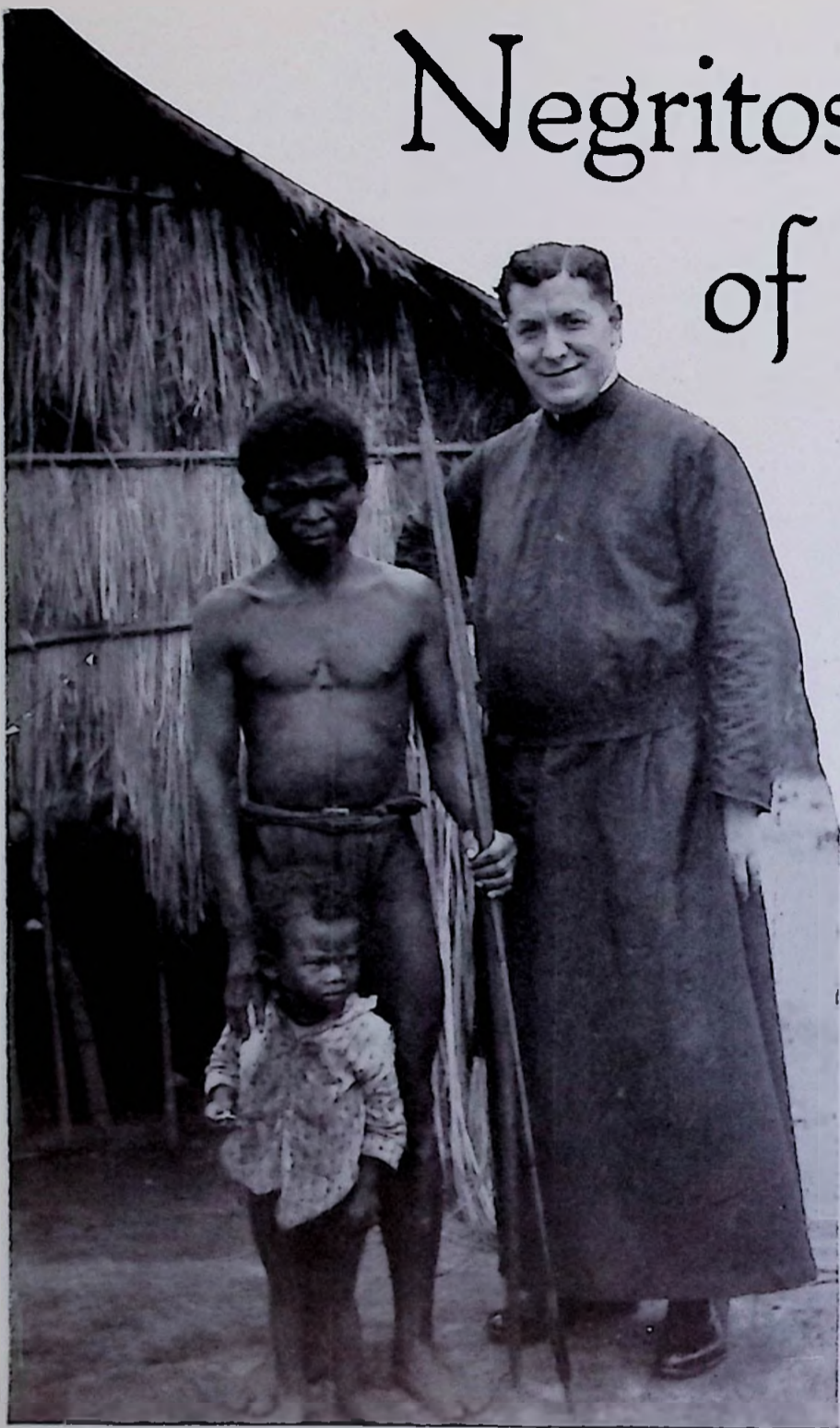
lorry and has a great wound in its side. Please come quickly and save it." "Yes, yes!" chorus all the waiting crowd of dispensary patients. Off go Sister-doctor and Sister-nurse to stitch up a rather terrifying buffalo. In the meantime, the patient women sit back contentedly to wait, because: "—this really is a serious case."

AFTER a long morning the last patient is polished off—but, wait a moment! Is it the last? What is this forlorn creature timidly slinking inside the gate? Is it a bundle of animated rags, or can it possibly be human? Alas! It is a leper, starving and in great distress; hoping to be counted among the few fortunates to be admitted.

Now indeed the problem of accommodation has reached its zenith!

Negritos—the Pygmies of the Philippines

Jaime Neri, S.J.



An American Jesuit missionary with a Negrito man and boy.

HIGH up in the mountain ranges of the Philippines, almost inaccessible, where nature spreads its bulwark of jungle growth, roams a dwarfish people, survivors of prehistoric times. These Philippine pygmies are called Negritos. They belong to the Negroid race. They are short. The average height of the men being about four and a half feet, the women of the race being considerably smaller. They have broad skulls, their lips thick and their noses often flat. The color of their skin varies from dark brown to inky black. Against this dark background the yellowish cornea of their eyes is set like a jewel. Their hair, like that of other Negroids, is kinky.

These pygmies are not grouped in any one place but dot the bigger islands of the Philippines wherever isolated mountain ranges afford them refuge. According to a conservative estimate of their number they do not exceed twenty thousand. They are a vanishing race, these Black Pygmies, and will soon disappear from the face of the earth and their remains will furnish scientists of tomorrow with interesting materials for investigation and speculation.

The origin of the Negritos is one of nature's mysteries. When and how they came to the Philippines, no living man knows for certain. However, recent findings of anthropological science, including the discoveries of pygmoid races akin to the Negritos, indicate that the Philippine pygmies came from the mainland of the Asiatic continent, the cradle of the human race. The ancestors of these Oceanic pygmies must have pushed eastward through southeastern Asia, crossing the land-bridges of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java and Borneo. From Borneo the Negritos could have easily reached the different islands of the Philippine Archipelago.

The Negritos were probably the first human beings that came to the Philippines. No traces of earlier people have been found. They must have reached these islands, which were probably then Asiatic promontories, several thousand of years before any white man set foot upon these same shores.

FOR centuries the pygmies must have occupied the shores and lowlands of the Philippines but their wandering was not over. Migratory waves of brown Asiatics, the Indonesians and then the Malays, broke against the Philippine shores about the same time perhaps as the Barbaric Invasion of Western Europe. To escape annihilation or slavery, the pygmies had to take the only means afforded to a defenceless people before the advance of a better armed and more powerful people—flight. The Negritos sought refuge in the inhospitable regions of the hinterland, difficult of approach and almost inaccessible, where the tropical jungles outstretched their protecting arms and covered the retreat of these hapless people.

When, therefore, the great Navigator, Ferdinand Magellan stumbled on the Philippine Islands in 1521, the different Indonesian and Malay tribes had already occupied practically the same identical regions as they do today. The Negritos then had been relegated and driven into out-of-the-way districts of the mountains. In these isolated regions, flanked by primeval forest and deep yawning canyons, these pygmies maintain themselves and pursue the same primitive ways of life as their ancestors had done long ago in the dim and distant past. As nomads, the Negritos scour the forest, supplying their few material needs by the use of their crude weapons but relying for the most part on the bounty of nature for their daily subsistence. Their economic life, frozen in the initial stage, has not advanced

very far. They have not exploited nature by cultivating the soil or by domesticating animals nor have they improved the primitive weapons of their ancestors for hunting and fishing to insure and increase the supply of food.

THESE primitive methods of gathering food are one of the earmarks which classify the Philippine pygmies as belonging to the primitive culture of prehistoric people known as Food-Gatherers. Whence it is that scientists have always considered the Negritos as one of the primitive races of men still extant. It would be of great interest to have some knowledge of the social, economic, and moral life of these survivors of prehistoric days. Still, greater interest, however, flows from the unveiling of Negrito belief in the supernatural. Such knowledge gives us a glimpse, from the viewpoint of empirical science, into the religion of Primitive man, whose existence predated the artists of Altamira.

Negritos believe in a One and Only One Supreme Being called by many "Bayagaw." They have no other gods. Consequently their prayers are addressed to but one deity. Here is a Negrito evening prayer:

"Lord, we lie down, let our health be good tomorrow like it is now, so that we can find a livelihood for our body."

"BAYAGAW" is invisible. This belief in the one Supreme Being is no mere abstraction of the mind for though "Bayagaw" is unlike man in most cases, he is like man in this respect that he is a person. Hence, this deity of the Negritos is not the impersonal god of the Pantheists but a real and personal God.

Other attributes there are which the simple mind of the Negritos comprehend to be those of their Supreme Being. Immortality and eternity are expressed thus in their own language: "Bayagaw does not die. He exists a very long time, we do not know since how long." Omnipresence and omniscience are two other attributes of this Supreme Deity. For "Bayagaw" is with the good after death and resides above; but he is also below since the Negritos say that "Bayagaw" hid the fishes when their fishermen came home empty-handed and that he shielded the wild animals when their arrows missed the game. Things which are hidden to the eyes of the pygmies are like an open book to "Bayagaw" for he knows when a pygmy bags meat in the forest or even when someone commits an evil deed in the secret of his heart. Though "Baya-

From the Negritos, it is possible to learn something of primitive man, what he did, what he believed.



gaw" may hide the fishes or shield the animals, the Negritos never considered him as a thoughtless deity who had cast them adrift on this sea of life to sink or swim for themselves. To them "Bayagaw" is a providential Father who owns all things and who provides for the livelihood of his little black children.

IN common with most primitive people the Negritos believe in the life to come and this in connection with the reward or punishment of man's moral deeds. "Bayagaw" grants reward and inflicts punishment on this life and in the next. Thus after death the good enjoy "Bayagaw's" company while the bad are never admitted before his presence. The wicked go somewhere else and their lot is always associated with painful punishment.

The simplest way in which the Negritos pay their homage to "Bayagaw" is by spontaneous and informal prayers which they address to their Deity, any time, any place, without any definite formula. Not only are prayers petition offered to "Bayagaw" but also prayers of thanksgiving for the beneficence of the Supreme Being. Thus in the "Offering of the First Fruits" a form of sacrifice which the Philippine pygmies have in common with the African pygmies along the Ituri River, the Negritos acknowledge "Bayagaw's" lordship over life and death and over all the means of livelihood. In this sacrificial rite the Negritos stick a piece of meat on a reed after a successful hunt. The reed in turn is stuck into a tree. The prayer which accompanies this offering though simple and short nevertheless has a meaning which is full and sublime.

SIDE by side with the simplicity of the "Offering of the First Fruits" is the highly developed "Nocturnal Liturgy" genuinely Negrito. This is perhaps the most priceless of Negrito traditions still extant. In this ceremonial prayer the Negritos use a language which was once seething with deep emotion and sublime meaning as their forefathers addressed it to their God, but is now dead and meaningless. Though nothing of the former splendor which might have graced the performance of this Nocturnal Ceremony has survived the

passing of centuries, nevertheless, the Negritos of today are conscious of its sacred character and the reverence due to this ancient rite.

One or more nights are set aside for the proper performance of the Nocturnal Prayer Ceremony of the Negritos. At the commencement of the ceremony, the gongs are sounded. In unison with the beating of the gongs some

(Turn to page 195)

The Blue Cross

Edward F. Garesche, S.J.



In the New York office of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, members of the new foundation, Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, point out on the map of the world the places where their medical supplies are sent.

JUST a few moments ago another letter came in from the missions. How many thousands have preceded it would be hard to say. Nearly every day, from every quarter of the world, our own country as well as the fields afar, from nearly every mission community in the Church, these letters come, with every sort of stamp, on strangely-shaped envelopes, written in various languages, but all of them bearing the same message: "Please send us more medical supplies! The ones you have sent already are nearly exhausted. They have done a world of good, have helped many bodies and souls, but the more medical aid we give to the people, the more they ask of us. Thus, your charity begets still more charity and your donations of medical aid reveal still greater needs."

Day by day, at the headquarters of The Catholic Medical Mission Board, at 8 and 10 West 17th Street in New York City, quantities of medical supplies are skillfully sorted and packed by the Sisters who devote themselves to this work. Trucks drive up to the door from time to time and are laden with great packing cases which go all over the world, by every possible means of transportation, to reach their destination in the far-off African jungles, in the war-torn lands of China, in the mysterious and ancient civilizations of India, in the forests of the Philippines, on the snow fields of Alaska, to every race and clime in the world.

WHERE do they come from—these tons and tons of medical supplies? If you would spend a few days in the shipping room you would see the boxes, cartons, barrels, cases, arriving by freight, express, parcel post, from many cities all through the land. They contain bandages and dressings made by the Blue Cross Circles

of zealous women and children who roll bandages and fold dressings for the missions. They bring in remedies and medical supplies from groups who collect them from doctors' offices, hospitals and drug stores. Sometimes great cartons full of purchased supplies, vaseline, iodine, aspirin, quinine, things that are never received in sufficient quantities from other sources, are brought from the manufacturers. All this material is received by the Sisters and sorted out into bins each with its own label.

Through the center of the room run great tables, on which are packing cases. Armed with the letter from the missionary, Priest or Sister, and the questionnaire which gives an accurate view of the medical state of the Mission, the Sister packs a box especially for that Mission, selecting from the stores the

very materials it is most in need of. Thus, every packing case sent out answers a special request and meets the need of an individual hospital or dispensary in the missions.

Again and again the letters describe the arrival of a packing case. It is borne into the mission stations and opened and as each precious parcel comes to light, it is received with cries of joy. "This is just what I need for that poor, old man who has such a terrible ulcer!" "This is just what is wanted for that anemic little girl! It will save her life." The letters tell also of the wonderful conversions brought about, of the good-will gained, the hearts touched by the charity of Christ as the result of these merciful ministrations.

MEDICAL Mission work is the golden key to the hearts of the pagans. It is the most rapid and effective means of winning the good-will and interest of those outside the Faith. It is difficult to picture to ourselves the destitution described in the letters of the missionaries. One Sister in a leper asylum writes to beg for dressings. Yesterday she tore up her petticoat to cover the bleeding wounds, and now she has nothing but raw cotton which makes the angry sores more painful still. One missionary had to use a safety razor blade to amputate a gangrened finger, without antiseptics, without anything to kill the pain. The life was saved. Another, a Sister, cut off a leg with a pen-knife! The need was desperate and she knew how, but she had not proper instruments. Again, the life was saved but what needless suffering both for the patient and the poor Sister.

A Sister in China pleads for medical supplies to help the flood sufferers. She receives three packing cases filled with needed remedies. Writ- (Turn to page 195)



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

After 400 Years

The fourth centenary of the Society of Jesus has a special significance in a world of tottering institutions, for the Society has somehow managed to survive turbulent times. This would be a shock to some historical figures: those who have buried the Society so often would find it hard to believe that their names are forgotten and that their work is in vain. But the Society has not only survived; it is actually thriving today with life and activity. Despite 400 years of harried existence, it is still weaving the threads of its colorful history. This is the perennial "Jesuit enigma."

The Fountain of Life

The enigma has a solution. It has been stated recently with unsurpassed penetration and understanding by Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., in an address to "The Sons of Xavier" on the Fourth Centenary of the Society of Jesus (reprinted in the *Catholic Mind* for May 8th). "It is a complicated thing, but the two elements that come closest to solving the enigma are, I think, the flexibility of Jesuit administration and the reckless devotion that every true Jesuit feels to the folly of the Cross . . . Every single development of the Society in the last 400 years can be traced through its extraordinary adaptable Constitutions to one meditation of the Spiritual Exercises, the Meditation on the Kingdom. For when St. Ignatius arose from his knees in the Cave of Manresa, he said very quietly: 'Lord I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest'—and that was the first rough blue-print of the Order."

Divide and Conquer

The true Jesuit spirit, then, is a blending of the Spirit of the Cross and the spirit of the Kingdom. Because this is so, persecution has not been able to destroy the Society from without, and diffusion of forces has not weakened it from within. Because this is so, the full flowering of the true Jesuit spirit is found in the Missionary character of the Order. Failure to appreciate this has made Jesuit history such a puzzle to "outsiders." "The world can make nothing of an Order which is supposed to be clever and still wastes a quarter of its most active men on this trifling visionary business of the missions. Think of it! 4,000 trained men working overtime to get simple, ignorant people—Eskimos, Africans, Chinese to go to Mass and say their beads and make their first Communion!" By every human standard, this is folly. By every human standard, the 625 Jesuits from the United States now engaged on the Missions are being wasted. By every human standard, the Society should drop its missionary activity. But by every human standard, the Society should now be buried. Yet it lives because of its missionary spirit, the spirit of the Cross and of the Kingdom.

Higher Mathematics

All Jesuits would agree with Father Gannon that this prodigality of men has meant a loss for us here in the United States, a loss of manpower, of potential teachers and preachers, not to mention the loss of friends, for rare is the Jesuit who has not an intimate friend some-

where on the Missions. But it is not loss by "the mathematics of the angels." No one knows how many Jesuit vocations are due to the missionary spirit of the Society, or how many more youths have been inspired by Xavier than by Ignatius, or how much chaplains are strengthened by Masses said, hour by hour, around the Mission world.

Sowing the Harvest

There is a timeliness to Father Gannon's address at this season, for each summer, new bands of missionaries set out for mission fields. The life-process goes on, the sowing of new seed, cell-division, and growth. For "Unless the grain of wheat, falling to the ground, die, itself remaineth alone." How else shall there be the more abundant life which Christ came to bring?

Lord, I Will Follow Thee . . .

For us all, the missionaries are heroic and inspiring. Their life is "a tonic that makes any sort of work seem light," "a lense that focuses my ordinary day and puts my ridiculous troubles into their proper perspective." "It is a perfect rebuke to this rotten world with all its vanity, its selfishness, its sensuality, and its pride, when thousands of men toss aside with a smile everything that the world loves, when thousands of young men lay down their lives, without posing or self-pity, for a great ideal." We all hope that in this answer of "1940 Jesuits" to the call of the Kingdom, St. Ignatius "would still recognize his company even after 400 stormy years."

JOSEPH F. MACFARLANE, S.J.

Reunion in Wyoming

Augustin C.
Wand, S.J.



APRIL 30th of this year marked the rounding out of a hundred years since the day when a missionary set his face towards the west and embarked on an extremely hazardous enterprise. The missionary was Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, S.J., "the Marquette of the West." Before him lay hundreds of miles of travel over territory beset with dangers and infested with warlike Indian tribes. The town of Westport, on the present site of Kansas City, Missouri, then marked the frontiers of civilization in the United States. No settlement of Whites was found between the neighborhood of Westport and the trading post of the fur company in Wyoming, called Fort Laramie. Beyond this remained hundreds of miles of difficult road through the mountains and over the national divide to the Green River in Wyoming. Here in a large valley, known as Pierre's Hole, a rendezvous had been arranged with a small group of Indians anxiously awaiting the Blackrobe's arrival.

This rendezvous was an important historical event in the his-

Modern Catholic Flathead Indians of Montana, descendants of those who met De Smet a century ago.

tory of the northwest. The State of Wyoming is celebrating the centenary of De Smet's journey to the meeting place at Pierre's Hole by erecting a twelve-foot twelve-ton granite shaft at the De Smet Lake, twenty-four miles south of Sheridan. Other northwest states are also planning centenary celebrations, together with many Catholic Indians and their missionaries. For this meeting a century ago marked the beginning of the great work of evangelizing the Indians in this region, a work that still goes on.

SIGNIFICANT in this connection was the death, not only in the centenary year but during the very month of De Smet's historical journey, of Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., one of the veterans who for thirty-nine years did magnificent work in giving continuity and permanency to the work among the Indians. "My work is done," Father Sialm said as he breathed his last at Holy Rosary Mission on April 7th. But he knew that the work of

preaching Christ to the Indians was not done, and his consolation was to see about him many other younger men who would carry it on.

The early Jesuits came to this country in the first part of the seventeenth century to convert the Indians. After more than three hundred years they are still engaged in this work. That is one of the things that makes this centenary celebration of De Smet's journey to the West so interesting. The journey formed the link between the work of the early French missionaries like Marquette, Jogues and Brebeuf and their successors today. The story of how this link was formed is really a remarkable one and bears retelling on the occasion of its centenary.

IN the western part of what is now the State of Montana and in the State of Idaho there dwelt at the opening of the nineteenth century two closely joined Indian tribes, the Flatheads and the Nez Percés. Both have received high praise from travellers, traders, and missionaries who knew them, despite the fact that they were pagans, for their relatively high standard of morality, their honesty, and their susceptibility for religious sentiments. Thus Captain Bonneville, who dwelt among the Nez Percés in the winter of 1832-33, says of them: "Simply to call these people religious would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades their whole conduct. Their honesty is immaculate, and their purity of purpose, and their observance of the rites of their religion are most uniform and remarkable. They are certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages."

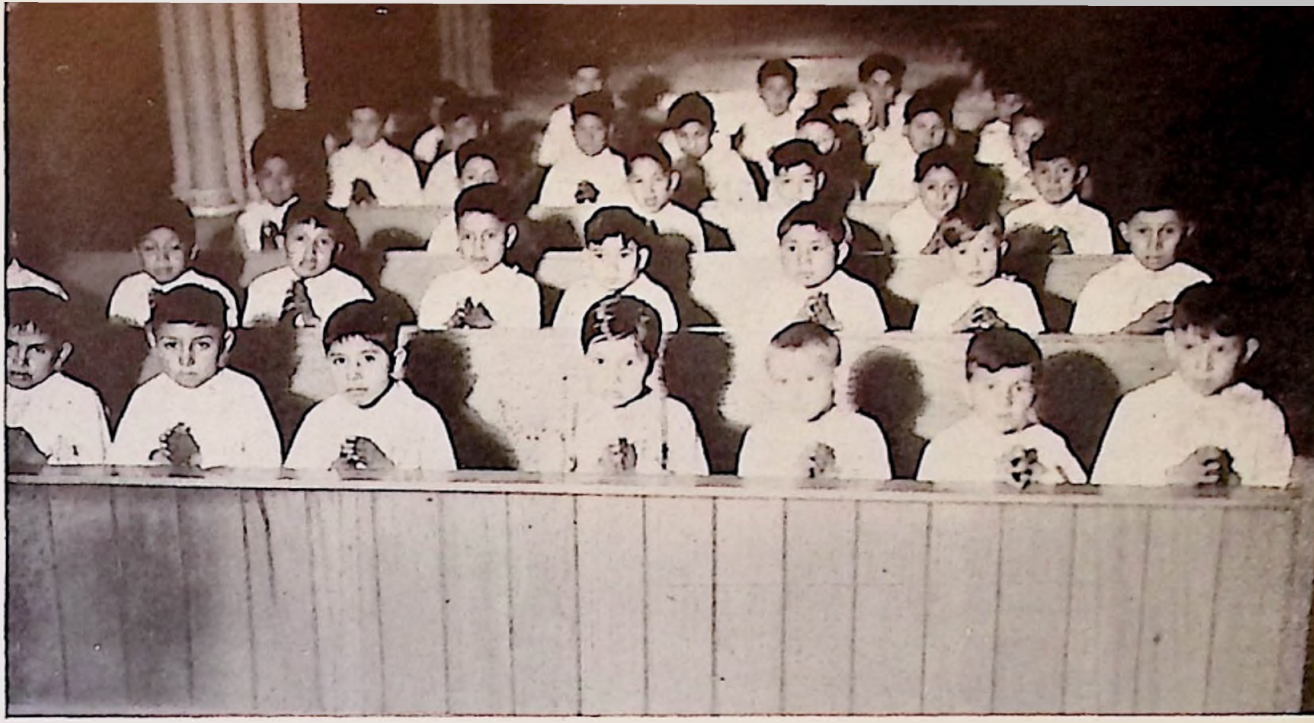
INTO the midst of these pagans strange emissaries of the Christian faith were penetrating. The second decade of the century saw the great westward expansion of the old Hudson Bay Company, now changed from a group of adventur-

ers to a regular commercial enterprise dealing in pelts on the world's market. Into every corner of the great northwestern territory and of the Columbia basin their employees penetrated. Factors, hunters and trappers, boatmen and other functionaries of various types were to be found in great numbers throughout these unsettled lands.

The backbone of the army of minor functionaries consisted of Canadian half-breeds,—men rude and unlettered, clad in homespun or in skins of animals but hardy and inured to the privations imposed on them by their irregular mode of life. Licentious they sometimes were and shifty, differing little from the Indians in their manners and often inter-marrying with them. Yet they bore with them their Catholic Faith which had been ingrained in them during their youth, and this they failed not, on occasion, to impart in a primitive manner to the savages with whom they had to deal.

YET still stranger emissaries of the Faith were to be met with. Not two centuries had passed since the fierce Iroquois in Canada and New York had wrought the destruction of Christian missions amid streams of blood and encompassed the death of many devoted missionaries. But in the meantime the teaching which had ennobled and sanctified the gentle Kateri had tamed her bloodthirsty fellow tribesmen. Among the Flatheads and Nez Percés came descendants of those who had brutally murdered John Brebeuf and his companions, not as warriors but as peaceful traders and trappers and hunters. Their Catholic Faith was ardent and strong; as they freely circulated among the tribesmen of the Columbia basin they told of the teachings regarding the true faith that had been imparted to them by the black-gowns.

THE little that these ignorant preceptors could communicate regarding the religious customs and teachings of the Church made the susceptible minds of the Flatheads and Nez Percés much concerned regarding their own spiritual state. Among them, one, Ignace La Mousse,



First Communion class of Sioux Indian boys at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota. A century of devoted work has brought results.

or old Ignace, acquired great influence and has merited for himself the title of "Apostle of the Flatheads." Such influences, it seems, began about 1811 or 1812, and twenty years later Captain Bonneville was struck by the evidences of Christian piety and charity which he found among them, though he could only conjecture the reason. Impressed by such dispositions the soldier turned missionary. He began to inculcate as far as he was able the gentle and humanizing precepts of the Christian faith:

"Many a time was my little lodge thronged, or rather piled with hearers, for they lay on the ground, one leaning over the other, until there was no further room, all listening with greedy ears to the wonders which the Great Spirit had revealed to the White man. No other subject gave them half the satisfaction, or commanded half the attention; and but few scenes in my life remain so freshly on my memory, or are so pleasurably recalled to my contemplation, as these hours of intercourse with a distant and benighted race in the midst of the desert."

AS the years had been rolling by the desire had grown to secure religious teachers for themselves. Why the appeal was directed to St. Louis rather than to Montreal or Quebec we do not know. But early in October, 1831, General Clark saw before him a deputation consisting of four Indians from the

A Flathead Chief looks back down the vista of the years.

northwest, Flatheads or Nez Percés, who were appealing to him as to an old friend to secure for them some of the coveted teachers. For the present, however, they could obtain nothing but general promises; no workers could be spared at the time.

The hardships of travel and changes in climate and mode of living proved fatal to two of the four ambassadors. The records of the Old Cathedral at St. Louis preserve the memory of their Baptism and burial. Whether the remaining two deputies ever regained their homes is unknown. (Turn to page 196)



The Real Arabian Nights

Francis B.
Sarjeant, S.J.

I NEVER believed the story of Ali Baba. It was not that I was either cynical or precocious. The idea of huge doors swinging open and giving entrance to a cave chock-full of gold and precious stones merely because someone said "open sesame" never appealed to me. Much more true is the way a few words can swing open the doors of a man's mind and bring forth treasures that would make Ali Baba look like a pauper.

Take the case at hand. When you read the title of this little sketch, I have no doubt that the doors of your mind swung open, and out of your memory tumbled princes and fair ladies and slaves and Baghdad merchants, lion-hearted heroes and ingenious thieves and camel trains and desert riders. What was all the gold and silver of Ali Baba compared to such?

There was a time when my mind poured forth the same wonders on hearing of Arabian Nights. But that was before my arrival at Baghdad. Now there tumble forth, when I hear those words, sand flies and mosquitoes, followed by barking dogs, portable oilstoves, and the mysterious shuffling of camels' feet on the dusty road that lies between our house and the Tigris. I am not complaining. I still hold that real life makes fiction look dull and uninteresting. There is not an animal in the whole gamut of Sharazad's stories that can stand comparison with a real sand-fly. There is not a single hero there that can be compared to one of our Fathers as he faces a night's sleep on the roof. And as for love—well, this is a love story different from those of the old Baghdad. And the King in the story is Christ and the Queen she who watches over this college at Baghdad dedicated to the Immaculate Conception.

CONTRARY to the opinion of most of our good friends in America, Baghdad nights can be very cold. Down in the yard about five in the afternoon, Yousef is at the oil-stoves. When they are full they will be placed in the rooms above where they help to keep you warm while you work.

Three months later, you shun the sight of a blanket. The oil-stoves are gone; the windows and doors are opened wide; but all in vain. The sun has burned its way into the very bricks all day—and they give off its heat long after it has disappeared in the palms on the other side of the river. The beds are up on the roof where the breezes that come from the north make sleep possible. Then each night you shuffle upstairs in your slippers, alarm clock in one hand and a bottle of citronella in the other. The alarm is not really necessary, because the early sun will chase you from your bed if



The morning after a "real Arabian night" on the roof of Baghdad College where the Fathers try to get some sleep despite the sand-flies and other nuisances.

the bell does not. But the citronella! you need that more than a soldier needs his gun.

As soon as the first sand fly sees you coming, he blows the trumpet that summons all the sand-flies in the world your way. On they come, more devastating than any army that ever traversed this cock-pit of the world. But if you have bathed your face and hands and neck in citronella, they respect your wisdom and march on to attack some less prudent Arabian. For each sand-fly there is a dog. They all bark in turn, and then they all bark together. Were it not for the fact that each day's work in this school leaves you completely fagged out, you might never get to sleep.

BUT the roof has its compensations. Overhead the mood spreads its soft light on the date palms; a million stars above make it easy to believe that it was in these skies the Magi saw their star; eternity with all its peace flows by below; and across the river the golden domes and minarets of Kadimain, the holy city of the Shias, blaze forth their light to the Moslem faithful. Were it not for the insects and barking dogs, one might well call Baghdad at this time the city of peace. With a last look at the lights of Kadimain, you retire. And you cannot help recalling the words spoken at the altar in the morning: "In Him was life; and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it—that was the true light."

And you wonder when the day will come when the billion souls that do not comprehend the true light will come out of the valley of the shadow of death; when the day will come when we shall be able to say in all truth that He is the Light of the Gentiles. Then Arabian nights will not be so dark.

The Mission Intentions for July and August

Increase of Vocations for the Missions

IT is disheartening to see the ugly black spot spread across the newspaper maps of warring Europe. It is a foreboding darkness, a sinister shadow of a broken cross. One by one, the missionary countries are being swallowed up—Holland, Belgium and part of France. Young men who would otherwise heed the command of Christ, "Go, teach all nations whatsoever I have commanded you," must now remain at home and be taught, by a very different master, very different commands.

The Mission Intention for July, 1940, is prophetic in its timeliness: "For Works for the Increase of Vocations for the Missions." Lest we succumb to the temptation of rushing all our reserves to the defense on the warfront, a steadying voice comes to us from Rome "...for the increase of vocations for the *missions*." Rome, who has beheld wars flare up and die away, who still bears the scars of age-old sieges, whose long memory still recalls post-war devastations without number, and the haunting cries of shepherdless sheep crying for food—above all these—hears deep in her soul Christ's words, "They shall hate you . . . and persecute you . . . Going, therefore, teach all nations." Long before Foch, for a goal far higher, with a much surer hope of success, Christ outlined the tactics for His soldiers under fire; "Attack, attack, attack—with love! Turn the other cheek . . . give him thy cloak also . . . love thine enemy . . . other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring . . . follow Me . . . to the ends of the earth . . . even to the consummation of the world."

Three things we should pray for during July: education to mission needs, charity, and the services that only those at home can render to foreign missionaries.

The education that is needed is the growing realization in generous young hearts that every church destroyed in Belgium means not only a church to be rebuilt there, but also five churches in the Belgian missions that now cannot be built at all; the realization that among the soldiers dying on French battlefields are some who should have been one day active on French missions; the realization that as the sea has rushed back across the dikes to engulf Holland again, so darkness of a pagan night will creep back from behind jungle barricades across Dutch mission lands unless new recruits are inspired, trained and sent to protect God's home among His other children.

The charity that is needed is the generosity of soul which considers the needs of less fortunate brethren even during times of stress at home. From this generosity of soul will flow prayers for vocations for the mission fields "white unto the harvest."

Sincere prayers and good works go together. Mission societies, adoption of missionaries, etc., are parts of a crusade to make known *the* Red Cross, the Cross made red by the Blood of Christ. Such activity not only benefits the missionaries and their flocks, but also enlarges the souls of those who take part in them. From this growth in generosity will come vocations.

By this triple work of education, charity and service, we Americans can prepare, during war, to spread throughout the world the Peace of Christ.

The Press and the Missions

ST. PAUL, who first made the statement, "Faith comes by hearing," wrote as much as all the other Apostles and Evangelists combined. There was nothing inconsistent in his dual role of preacher-writer. As Christ made both the blind to see and the deaf to hear, so God has used writers as well as preachers to spread the light of Truth in the world, until "the Word of God" and "the Holy Scriptures" have become interchangeable terms. But it is significant that the most successful missionary among the Apostles also used the pen the most extensively. Imprisonment kept him from preaching in the market-place; it could not prevent him from dictating letters to his separated brethren.

From earliest times, "the press" has been the indispensable ally of the missionary. The slow methods of travel, the need of secrecy for fear of persecution, the need of studying the new doctrine with all its profundity and its sublimity, the necessity of preserving unity in doctrine amid all the varied cultures, classes and conditions of the new churches, made the pen a necessary adjunct of early Christian life and growth.

Today, although churches are numerous in "Christian countries," although travel is easy, and communication almost instantaneous, although Catholic schools and publications abound, there is still an alarming ignorance of Catholic teaching among American non-Catholics. And among Catholics, too! You have only to deal a very short while with products of non-Catholic schools who never read a Catholic book, paper, or magazine to discover how hopelessly ill-informed they are regarding their faith. And this, in spite of an environment, nominally Christian, at least! Imagine, then, the situation on the missions!

All the difficulties St. Paul faced, and all the modern difficulties of a better equipped paganism join forces against the modern missionary. It is still difficult to travel, there is still fear of dispersion and persecution, still the dead weight of pagan inertia to overcome, and what is more, a press and means of communication in the hands of modern pagans such as St. Paul's Romans never had. The modern missionary has not even the advantage of preaching a "new doctrine." Some Christians have already shown by their lives in pagan lands a corruption as old as paganism itself.

But modern missionaries have one advantage over St. Paul—a Press, at home and in the mission fields. From *the Press at home here*, they can obtain scholarly, valuable articles, written in comparative leisure, from abundant source material. Here is a field for apostolic work—to send such publications to them! From *the mission press*, which had in 1933, 175 printing establishments, they can obtain catechisms, pamphlets, books and 350 periodicals.

Of course, "The Catholic Church keeps its people in ignorance!" Yet, as a matter of fact, there is only one Sister for every 22,000 and only one priest for every 57,000 souls on the missions. The answer to the charge of ignorance is the Press. Pray for it; support it. The answer to the deficiency of missionaries is vocations, especially native vocations through a Catholic Mission Press. Pray for this work; support the Mission Press!

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

Cure for Leprosy

A letter from Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., of Bhagaya, Santal Parganas, describing the expansion of work for the lepers, mentions a new medicine that is working cures:

"We now employ a catechist to tour our district and dispense medicines. We have obtained a medicine that is working cures. It is supplied to us by a native Catholic who was himself cured of leprosy by its application and is now head of a Leper Asylum in Burma.

"Sister Laetitia, Regional Superioress, in India, of Dr. Dengel's Medical Missionary Sisters, visited our district this month. They are keenly interested in our project of a Leper Asylum in Santal Parganas. Major Pereira, retired Manager of the Patna College Medical Hospital, an eminent Catholic, has volunteered the services of his vast experience.

"Father John Brennan, S.J., is taking the lead in this campaign. He has spoken in the churches of Patna and Dinapore and collected a neat sum (about fifty dollars). Father James Creane, S.J., long ago called attention to this work. Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., has land in his sector available for our purposes. The need of an Asylum for our Catholic lepers is apparent and urgent. Get us the *donor* and the deed will be *done!*"

Cup That Distresses

Tea drinking is one of the hardships of missionary life at Gaya, according to Father Charles McAleese, S.J.:

"Being Pastor to the railway colony here is not unlike the ordinary pastoral work in the States except that it involves more of a strain on the good old American tradition concerning tea. If the boys who dressed up in war paint and dumped all that tea into Boston Harbor could only see the way I put away cup after cup of Darjeeling tea they would disown me as a hard-boiled Demo-

crat. Yet St. Francis Xavier played cards or was it dice to save souls.

"Although there has been some rioting here in this town and some murders, Father Michael Lyons, S.J., and myself have not been hindered in our work and have even been allowed out after curfew hour. According to the papers it looks like they are getting ready for some more of civil disobedience and we must wait until after the big Congress Party Convention which is to be held this month, not very far from Gaya, to see what is to be done."

Life with Oscar

Our readers are familiar with "Oscar", Father John A. Morrison's temperamental horse. Here's his latest about Oscar:

"I just got back from burying an old Santal woman whom I anointed a couple of days ago. Everything was O.K. only my kid forgot to bring the incense and Oscar ran away—yes—he still has the habit. Tied him about half a mile from the village that the road didn't go to and he lay down on the road for a nice little roll and snapped his rope—then hit out for greener fields. This time it only took my kid almost forty-five minutes to capture him. Life is always interesting when Oscar is in it. The other day he got tired of standing and doing nothing, snapped his rope and went over and picked a fight with the policeman's stallion across the way—a horse twice his size. Oscar doesn't give a whoop for size—just tough!"

ALASKA

Work for the Poor

Father Edmund A. Anable, S.J., of Akulurak, Alaska, writes to an old classmate, Father J. Edward Wasil, S.J., who is about to depart for the Philippine Islands:

"Possibly Superiors will see fit to have you go back to the Islands. I suppose Bishop Hayes will have the rose wreath of welcome all dusted off waiting for

you, and I sincerely hope he does. After two years of mission life, I honestly feel that the ones who stay in the States running a classroom or a few parish activities are the ones who are losing out plenty. At least, in this life of ours, we get a real chance to work with the poor, and if I'm not mistaken, they are the ones who are closest to God. And I wouldn't change with any of the crowd for anything there is. Sure it's hard at times, but anybody can do an easy job. And so I hope that the Provincial puts your name at the head of the list and sends you right back to the Islands. Of course, we certainly could use you here.

—and plenty of it, too

"No kidding, about ten priests up here could make all the difference in the world. And there doesn't seem to be a chance of getting any. The Oregon Province is so small that they don't have any men to send, since they have to take care of several Indian Missions in the States, too, and there are more of us up here from outside Provinces than there are from Oregon. The Protestant ministers are having it all their own way in many districts, and about all they seem to preach is hatred of Catholicism. If they can't come in as ministers of the Gospel, they come in under Government auspices as school teachers, and do their preaching in the classroom. Quakers, Moravians, Lutherans, the whole bunch of them are as bigoted and narrow as a human being can possibly be. And we haven't the men to oppose them. I suppose God must have His own reasons for it all, but God's reasons are hard to understand at times."

Another Epidemic

"Soon after emerging from the measles epidemic, we were hit by diphtheria, and of course, have been quarantined ever since," writes Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay. "When the agony will end is not yet certain. But as we have had no new cases



R. RAYMOND A. LUTZ, S.J.



FR. RICHARD H. DOWLING, S.J.



FR. BERNARD M. LOCHBOEHLER, S.J.



FR. J. EDWARD WASIL, S.J.



FR. RUDOLFO CABONCE, S.J.



FR. ARMAND J. GUICHETEAU, S.J.



FR. FORBES J. MONAGHAN, S.J.



FR. ARTHUR F. SHEA, S.J.



SAMUEL R. WILEY, S.J.

**THIRTEEN OF THE FIFTEEN
JESUITS OF THE MARY-
LAND-NEW YORK PROV-
INCE WHO ARE SAILING
DURING JULY AND AU-
GUST FOR MISSIONARY
WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES**



PHILIP J. BOYLE, S.J.



PPAUL F. X. LEARY, S.J.



THOMAS A. MITCHELL, S.J.



MICHAEL J. CASHMAN, S.J.

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

for about a week I guess the end should not be far away. As no one died so far we really should be thankful. But one never thinks of the silver lining, but always of the dark cloud. Four died of the disease at Tununak before they were able to get in antitoxin. Here, being warned from Tununak we took our precautions on time; and though we did not escape the sickness entirely and the consequent tiresome quarantine, still, we have plenty of antitoxin handy, and the moment any one gives symptoms that are a sure indication of diphtheria, he gets a shot. And unlike most shots, these are saving shots. The antitoxin is a real miracle medicine, and turns the tide almost as soon as injected. With our little Mission transmitter we got out our SOS immediately, and had the doctor in from Bethel as soon as antitoxin arrived there. Also an extra nurse was brought to the district and stationed on Nelson Island where the quarantine was lifted yesterday."

BRITISH HONDURAS *Hitler at El Cayo*

"Hitler has brought about a sudden and striking development for us here," writes Father John T. Newell, S.J., of El Cayo. "In line with other countries, we are to offer a refuge to some of the exiles from war-torn Europe. A representative from Hungary has bought over a thousand acres of land from the nearby Baking Pot Estate whose owner was a Catholic, and the latter is now under contract to start to build the necessary houses. Fortunately, for him, he has also the sole right by his contract to conduct a mercantile business for the settlement for a period of five years. Over a hundred children are expected and these will be accommodated according to present plans in our school at Baking Pot until a separate, larger and better building will be built for the purpose. It appears that a number of the refugees are Catholics, others products of mixed marriages, and the rest pure Jewish stock. For the time being there will be a lot of work for the hard-

up unemployed in the District building the eighty houses for the start and getting all else in readiness for the quick arrival of the refugees via Genoa, Italy.

Glowing Reports Afloat

"According to the arrangement with the English Government, these people are supposed to be self-maintaining through the factories which they will establish—one for embroideries (for which they were famous in Europe) and another for furniture; we have



Father John M. Ledesma-Howard, S.J., who is returning to the Philippine Islands after having completed special studies at Rome.

the finest woods available here, including mahogany and cedar. No one knows exactly where they will get the money for these enterprises. In fact, no one knows very much at all about them. All that can be done is hope for the best and always be ready for the worst. I feel that they won't long be content in the native buildings and will soon supplant them with modern dwellings. Glowing reports afloat also point to a modern and flourishing township before long. Seeing is believing!

"The Government also wishes to bring in a fair number of settlers from the over-crowded West Indies for cultivation purposes along the Belize River in the District. The road from Cayo to

Belize should be pushed through in a hurry as an all-weather road since it is going to be badly needed at all times of the year. Boat, airplane and automobile are now our chief means of transportation and communication—the latter two of very recent origin. The District will soon be transformed if all these signs mean anything."

CANADIAN INDIANS *Pilot Grounded*

Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., the "flying missionary" of Longlac, Ontario, tells some of the difficulties he's having with the plane:

"I did not fly at all during all winter. I did the best I could without the plane, but how little!

"My plane was in pretty bad shape and I would never, by myself, have been able to cover the expenses of a thorough repair. So I did not repair the plane and did not visit the north.

"Then a young pilot with private license wanted to fly with me in the north and offered to see about the necessary repairs; and Bishop Belleau of James' Bay asked me to visit that northern part once or twice until he could arrange for a new missionary.

"So now my plane is in Montreal being repaired and I am waiting to use it after the ice is gone. So as you see, I will not say much, or boast very much about my work this winter—it was indeed very poor."

IRAQ

Last Lap

"We are just about ready to start the last lap of the school year and I don't know who are the more elated—the kids or the Fathers," writes Francis X. Cronin, S.J., of Baghdad. "Before we know it, we will be doffing the black clothes and donning the khaki, getting up at four for the summer schedule, saying goodbye to John J. Williams, S.J., and Thomas F. Hussey, S.J., who will hie themselves off to theology, waiting for the new Baghdadis, whoever they'll be.



John B. Donohoe, S.J., of the California Province, who is leaving for China in September after finishing his course in philosophy at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane.

"Tuesday night the class that will graduate this year came up to the boarding school for a closed tridium directed by Father Leo Shea, S.J. Judging from externals, both he and they did an excellent job. Friday night, seven R. A. F. men arrived for a day and a half of recollection under Father Merrick.

"It's getting warmer daily, but still more than tolerable and right now through my windows is coming the heavenly scent of orange blossoms and the sweet warbling of bil-bils (nightingales). You can keep your Fourth Avenue.

"Before the warm weather set in we had our annual track meet. Plenty of good talent and class spirit. The Baghdad Division of Schools had this track meet shortly after and seven of our youngsters entered. There is a really good stadium downtown and the affair was well run. Our little band was the smallest aggregation there by far, but it managed to take six medals plus a cup for placing fourth in the aggregate. Of course, the majority of the points were taken by one fellow—a Moslem, Harith Hawkett, who came to us this year—still the kids were tickled pink that B. C. did so well and they behaved not unlike B. C. or H. C. after a victory at Fenway.

"A greater victory, however, was garnered in the intellectual field when Richard McCarthy, S.J., delivered his two lectures in Arabic on Communism, after but two years in the study of the language, and was well received by those who know. Not to be outdone, Father John A. Mifsud, S.J., gave the sodalists a talk in Arabic and now there will be a rebuttal by Father McCarthy in an Easter sermon this coming Wednesday. Father Merrick, too, is becoming articulate in the language and is already using it steadily in his visitations in Baghdad."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS To the Bukidnon Hills

"I was just about to start an article for your excellent magazine when a sudden order came from Father Superior to pack up my things, hand over the books to a new successor, Father J. Gaerlan, S.J., and start off on the road to construct another large parish in the Bukidnon Hills of this most distant on our mission posts," writes Father Francis D. Doino, S.J., from Malaybalay. "So far we have had only two priests, the one in Sumilao and the one in Malaybalay, to take care of this vast mountain region of the south.

"Father Gaerlan is to assume authority immediately over the Malaybalay parish and nearby *barrios* and I to take the road for the more distant ones. I shall continue to make my headquarters here until I get started in my own parish, according to the orders received. I am to build two or three *conventos* along the line because the distances will be too great to be returning home every day. An occasional visit for my mail and supplies will be all that I can do. Everything I had in the way of supplies for church and furnishings for the house with very minor exceptions, have been turned over to Father Gaerlan and now I must start out from scratch. Altar goods, statues, candle sticks, linens, etc., will have to be begged as usual and a new beginning made once more. So if you can

steer some of the household and other necessities and whatever comes your kind way please remember the little builder of rural cathedrals. For it seems that my lot has been cast forever—to start things going from the very beginning and once begun and all ready to be enjoyed and organized, to be turned over to the new-comer. God be praised. The Lord has given and the Lord takes away."

Here Comes the Padre

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., of Talisayan, writes amusingly of a visit to his little chapel in the hills:

"Will somebody please get a chair?" They were my first words when I arrived at a little chapel in the hills for the regular monthly Mass, confessions, Communions, weddings and Baptisms. They were spoken while I held an open umbrella over my head and pulled the rope of the old church bell as it swang from a branch of a nearby tree. (Francis Xavier also rang a bell, but it was a small hand bell, and he had no umbrella to operate and there is no record of his ringing it in the rain.)

"Strange how we all like water—to swim in—but we do hate to get wet when it rains, and hence



William S. O'Leary, S.J., another Jesuit of the California Province, who will leave for the China Mission in September. He is at present finishing his course in philosophy at Mount St. Michael's.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

the delay in coming to church this particular day. The first to arrive was a small boy and he was promptly sent to look for a chair. When he returned, he placed the chair in the old-fashioned confessional and was immediately promoted to chief bell ringer, with the umbrella, because the rain was increasing. In a little while, after a few prayers to the Patron of the chapel, Santiago, Apostle of Spain, the rain stopped, the people gathered, confessions were heard and Mass began with the people praying the Rosary aloud. On the little altar stood a beautiful crucifix, two metal candle sticks and three altar cards, all gifts from JESUIT MISSIONS. Every time that I look at these I always pray for the kind donors.

"The wooden platform in front of this altar is an inclined runway, deliberately built that way by a local carpenter—to save steps—if you please. I manage to keep my balance, but much prefer an even keel, the while I doubt whether said runway is rubrical.

"On our way home a young man hailed us and brought us to his brother who was dying. Malaria had made a wreck of this fine young lad. He was trembling from head to foot. Our malaria is far more serious than what I ever saw at home.

"'Here comes the Padre'—the children shout it; the old folks whisper it; and everybody is happy to see, hear and talk to the *Amahan sa Kalag*, Father of their Soul—truly a royal title."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The Barretts of Jamaica

The famous Barrett family into which the poet Robert Browning married, were also the Barretts of Jamaica. Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., of Half Way Tree, Jamaica, gives us an insight into the family:

"Many years ago if I remember correctly, you were very much interested in Robert Browning. If you still are, this will further interest you. Met Elizabeth Barrett Browning's niece the other day. Elizabeth's

brother came out to Jamaica and settled on the old Barrett properties. This lady is his daughter. She says Elizabeth played tricks on her father. Once she had received an injury to her back. When her father came to the room she was on the couch covered with blankets, but when Browning came she was up and about, etc. She is frightfully indignant over the motion-picture—the insult to her grandfather she calls it.

"Her father became a Catholic owing to the influence of Daniel O'Connell. Just how, she did not know. The early Fathers here, especially Father Woollett lived at Retreat, their property in Jamaica. He built several chapels and gave several pieces of land to the Church, upon which chapels now stand in the country parts."

Verandah to Store

"For the past two years I have been saying Mass on a large verandah at the Guy's Hall Mission," writes Father James M. Harney, S.J., of Linstead P. O., Jamaica. "I have now secured a beautiful piece of property near the center of the little town. It has easily enough land for a church, rectory and garden. At present it has a shop or store which we are converting into a temporary chapel and on the fourth Sunday of this month I shall move my congregation from my verandah church into my new store chapel. At least it will have this advantage, I won't have to worry any more about the wind blowing the candles out during Mass and, what is a far greater advantage, I won't have to take extra precautions lest the Victim of the Altar become a Victim of the wind while I am saying Mass."

Leper Asylum

"Perhaps this letter will be first to bring you news concerning the leper asylum," writes Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., of Winchester Park. "On Wednesday of this week the proposal to hand the leper asylum over to the Marist Sisters was passed by the

legislative council, twenty to seven and it is now a *fait accompli*. During the previous two months the proposal had stirred up considerable controversy in the local newspaper. The opposition, however, came from a minority that made noise far in excess of its size. Said minority proposed all kinds of arguments against the proposal, religious, patriotic and economic. All were poor and many, nonsensical."

"However, many champions for the proposal were found among the finest non-Catholics of the Island. The general sentiment of all classes favors the proposal and I wouldn't be surprised to find that the opponents in the council had committed political suicide."

"Now we can say welcome to the Nuns definitely. To my mind, it is a sign of progress when we have another group of Nuns coming to the Island to help.

"There are about one hundred and fifty lepers at the asylum and about as many more in private homes. Some of these latter will probably go to live at the asylum where they can receive expert care from the Nuns. Because leprosy is not prevalent here, there is no great fear or worry that the disease will spread, but the problem facing the Government has been to give those already afflicted, decent care.

"Holy week was a busy time for all of us. We have many Good Friday Catholics who come out to church only on certain big feasts and who come to church more during Holy Week than they do the rest of the year. It is not entirely their fault for there are extenuating circumstances. The Three Hours service is always a crowded affair, especially since Good Friday is a legal holiday. On that day all the women dress in white and the men in black or other dark colors. I conducted the service at Spanish Town and found the church quite full. During the Three Hours there wasn't a single sound throughout the city. I didn't see the crowd at the Cathedral but I am told that it was full at eleven-thirty and that Father Jeremiah O'Keefe, S.J., did a masterful job in preaching the Three Hours."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Intrigued!

To the Editor:

On opening the pages of the May issue of your magazine a yellow leaflet fell therefrom to the floor. The drawings of the Orientals intrigued my curiosity. Picking up the leaflet, I read thereon the following: "Your JESUIT MISSIONS subscription expires with the next issue." I knew right away what that meant, an invitation to renew my subscription for another year, which I do with the greatest of pleasure, having in mind that the dollar will be put to good use. The articles in the magazine are entertaining and instructive, which reminds me of what a loyal son of Loyola once said in the course of a mission.

"To every man there openeth

A way and ways and a way,
And the high soul climbs the highway,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.

But to every man there openeth

A way and ways and a way,
And every man determineth
The way his soul shall go."

One's experience in life teaches that when a human being has drunk deeply of some cup of bitterness, say, for instance, what the Jesuit missionaries undergo at the outposts of civilization, he longs more strongly for some sweetness, which I am sure one finds in such a splendid magazine as you publish.

Boston, Mass. THOMAS F. PHELAN

Selfless Generosity

To the Editor:

I wish to help you "multiply dollars" so I am sending you a money order for \$5.00. I wish I had a thousand.

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"1 equals 14 when 1 plus 1 equals 2" in the May number of JESUIT MISSIONS pleased me so much that I thought I would rather give it for that purpose to help the missions in China, than use it for myself.

Dayton, O.

M. KELLINGER

We Recommend It!

To the Editor:

The Pro Parvulis Book Club is an organization that becomes popular the minute that it is known. Its appeal is immediate with intelligent parents, alert schools and librarians who are on the job, and most of them are. The work of this Book Club for young people is so vital and necessary and its main objective is so evident that it is easily sold to all who deal with children. The leaders of this Club are to be congratulated on the energy and intelligence with which they attacked the problem, and the various means employed to achieve their aims.

The Pro Parvulis Book Club is fighting the leftist, and anti-decency programs of the movies, the pulp magazines, the theatre, and radio trash with but one very effective weapon—the mighty slingshot of good books and good stories. Through the medium of the right type of story and real living characters that walk out of the pages into a youngster's life, our boys and girls are finding men and women worth imitating. The Pro Parvulis books-of-the-month never preach, scold or moralize. They furnish thrilling companionship of great boys and girls, and men and women whom the young readers will love and wish to be like.

"Being too late again" is an unfortunate practice with altogether too many parents and schools. The sooner these get in touch with the work of the Pro Parvulis—and the address is easy to remember—EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY, the sooner will they be doing something for the adolescent success of our younger generation.

Dorchester, Mass. ALICIA SULLIVAN.

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Fertile Soil

Charles J. Eberle, S.J.

WHEN first I came to Jamaica some years ago I dreamed of mass conversions such as we read about in India. I had thousands of East Indians in my parish in those days and perhaps that was why I had such high hopes. But the converts came dribbling in, one by one. Some of them, thank God, have turned out to be excellent Catholics, many have died and—I feel sure—have gone to heaven. Two nuns and one priest have since come out of the old parish.

Holy Cross is a city parish, and here we are almost realizing the dream of earlier years. At least this much is true, the converts are coming faster than Father George M. Kilcoyne, S.J., and myself can deal with them. We have four instruction classes each week, three at Holy Cross, one at a little church we rent out at Four Roads, and an occasional person whom we instruct privately. It is a fertile soil. The fields here are indeed ripe for the harvest.

Last year when I was in England I spoke to a priest in a parish outside London of the number of candidates for the Church we had in Jamaica. He was astounded. Father Owen Dudley came out from England on a visit

to Jamaica and he, too, was enthusiastic about the prospects of the Church here. Several years before that Father Woodlock visited Jamaica and was very sanguine over the future of the Church in the Island. Certainly in no place that I have struck—though I must admit that my experience is rather limited—have I seen a more fertile field.

The Church which we have rented at Four Roads, about two and a half miles from Holy Cross, is interesting. It belonged previously to some sect or other which disintegrated and so we have been able to hire it. We have a Sunday School there, taught by the Native Sisters. One hundred and twenty-five children are instructed each Sunday afternoon; there is no Mass there yet, however.

IN Holy Cross parish there must be at least 1,800 Catholics, some good, some not so good, many careless. We have had an average attendance of 750 at our Masses on Sunday. There were three Masses and the old church seated 283. It is really fortunate in one way that all the Catholics in the parish were not fervent, for if they had all decided some fine Sunday to come out to Mass, 1,800 strong, we should have had to call the police to keep order! But now our new church has been completed and with its opening our task will be to dig out the careless and the negligent, and many, many will be found too.

Besides these we have a little Mission Chapel at Whitehall, five miles away, where we say Mass two Sundays per month. We have a Government School there with about one hundred and twenty-five children in attendance. An order of Native Sisters are doing an excellent work teaching there. Recently I met the Government Inspector of Schools and he was loud in his praises of the work being done in that little chapel school.

Also in our parish is a school taught by the Franciscan Sisters. They have four hundred on the roll in that school. Father Kilcoyne and myself look after this school too.

HOWEVER, there are many difficulties to be overcome. The Church in Jamaica is young. Some hundred years ago when our Fathers came to Spanish Town they had eight Easter Communions during their first year. That was a very, very small beginning, but after all, it is the beginning of the mustard seed.

Again, Jamaica is a distinctly Protestant country and the Protestant ideology predominates. Not that there is any bitterness about it. There isn't. But Protestants are not, for instance, bound to go to Mass on Sunday under pain of sin. Catholics are. Our Catholics live in an atmosphere where this belief prevails. Protestants do not believe in the idea of sacrifice. In fact, to converts the sacrifice of the Mass is a completely new idea.

So at present our job is to instruct, instruct, instruct, and then instruct some more. And instructing is not always a pleasant task. It is monotonous. But after all, it brings us back to the words of our Divine Lord to the little group of fishermen of old, "Go teach all nations." Then, too, are His other consoling words, "As the Father hath sent me, so I also send you," and "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth."

Personal Responsibility

George
Boileau, S.J.



Each year Brother Horwedel would go up the Yukon some miles to an island where he would cut the next year's supply of wood. He lived alone amid such scenes as this.

“**H**ERE is the answer to my prayer, Father,” said Brother Edward S. Horwedel, S.J., as he extended a bleeding hand from which two fingers had just been severed. And of the truth of that statement there could be no doubt. God, in the inscrutable designs of His Providence, had willed the young man to be a Coadjutor Brother.

Brother Horwedel had entered the Society of Jesus with the intention of becoming a priest. But his Superiors had judged that he had not the talent necessary for the hard studies ahead and deemed it best that he should not continue as a Scholastic. They saw, however, that he had a real vocation as a Brother. In doubt as to whether he should become a Brother or return to his home in Maryland, Brother Horwedel turned to the Sacred Heart for light. And then, on the last day of the novena, he had accidentally cut off two of his fingers in the little mission sawmill that he managed. Accepting the manifest will of God, he finished his novitiate training and pronounced his first simple vows as a Coadjutor Brother. That was far back in 1897 when the western missions were still young. He died recently in Alaska, after thirty-seven years of service on the missions.

BROTHER HORWEDEL was a master of several trades—a carpenter, mechanic, licensed engineer and fireman. The fruits of his manual labor are still admired at Saint Ignatius, Montana, where he made a beautiful library in the Fathers' home and turned out in the little

sawmill the pews for the church—a church that is admired by visitors who come from many States to see it.

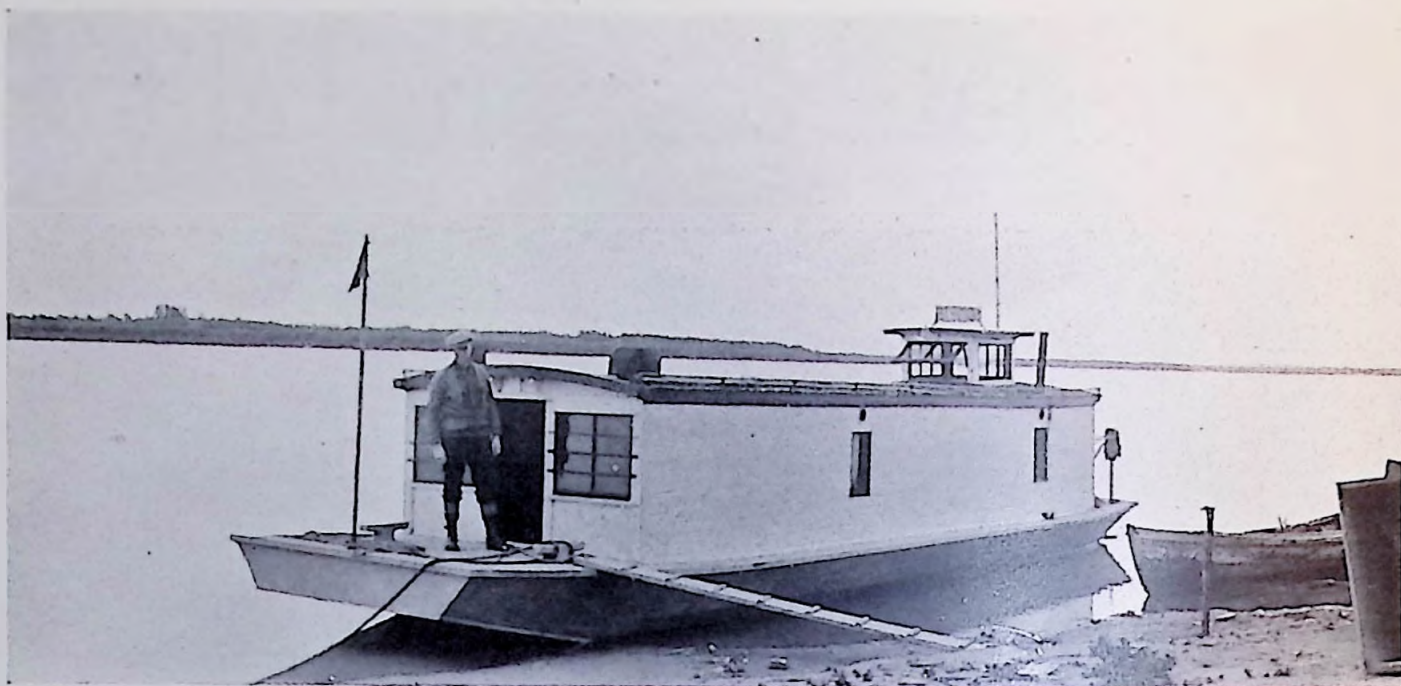
In 1903, his desires were realized when he was sent by his Superiors to the Alaskan Missions, then in their most arduous years. From that moment on up to his death he never left the Yukon country. Most of his days were spent in hard labor at Holy Cross, the heart and center of the northern missions. Here, his ability at carpentering had ample scope. A new Fathers' home, a school for the children, home for the Sisters who came to teach, warehouses and many small buildings—all these were erected throughout the years. Brother was assisted in the construction by many of the Eskimo boys who soon came to look upon him as a second father.

FINDING that the small boats were insufficient for the needs of the growing Mission, he built a steamboat. But Holy Cross is far up the Yukon and the cost of transporting materials high. Therefore, during the Winter, Brother constructed the hull of the boat and in the Spring, after the high-waters had receded, accompanied by a faithful Eskimo lad, he floated it down the river to where the boiler and other machinery were awaiting his arrival. Fortunately, they landed at daytime. It would have been bad if they had been swept past the landing during the night by the swift current. As it was, they narrowly missed this danger. The night before, Brother had had a premonition that they were very close to their destination and had managed to land

the boat. They remained there that night and started out early the next morning. What was their surprise when, but a short while later, they rounded the bend and saw before them the village to which they were going. . . . One month later, Brother steamed up the mighty river with a load of lumber and Winter supplies.

WHEN the Spring and Fall runs of salmon occur, there is lots of work for everyone. Fish must be gotten for man and dog—an absolute necessity during the long Winter months. A great quantity must be caught in a short time and this can best be done only with the aid of fish wheels. Brother was instrumental in constructing several for the Mission, each of which can turn out over eight hundred fish a day. These fish are dried in the sun or smoked and to the tenderfoot (or *chechako* as one is called in Chinook jargon who has not yet experienced a Winter in Alaska) are not very appealing to either nose or tongue. They soon become quite palatable, however, and even a delicacy when the supplies run low. A good, old sourdough would turn up his nose at the sight of a fruit salad if he had a king salmon frying in seal oil over a hot fire. . . .

DURING his visit to the Novitiate at Sheridan, Oregon, three years ago, Father McElmeel, who is now Superior of the Alaskan Missions, told us something about Brother Horwedel which to his mind evidenced the quality most needed by a missionary. Each year Brother would go up the Yukon some miles to an island where he would cut the next year's supply of wood. He lived alone in a tent. As part of the calling



The Mission boat, St. Anthony, which Brother Horwedel piloted on the Yukon during his stay at Nulato.

he accepted any kind of weather, much of it forty degrees and more below zero. Late in the Winter some of the Eskimo men would come up from the Mission and Brother would return home with them. The wood was rafted down to the Mission the next Summer.

Father McElmeel, on a mush up the river one time, visited him. He remarked that Brother must get a late start at wood-chopping in the mornings. "Yes," replied the humble old man, "by the time I have made my fire, finished my meditation and reflection and have breakfast, it is already eight o'clock." . . . Then Father added to us that even though Brother was alone in the Arctic north he lived his life as personally responsible to God Who is ever present. He never failed to read or have read his "points" for the next morning's meditation. . . . "That's what our missionaries must be!" said Father McElmeel. And surely when Brother went before His Eternal Judge he had that record to show.

IN 1932, his Superiors sent him to Nulato to spend his declining years. In his "spare time," while waiting to go home, he constructed two large buildings, one of which was a school in which the Sisters of Saint Anne teach. He also piloted the "Saint Anthony" on its missionary journeys up and down the Yukon. Rest for him was to come after death.

This is what Father Talbot, S.J., wrote of him at this time: "Brother Edward Horwedel is seventy years of age. Yet he can cut his cord of wood a day without effort. He is a man of all work, a true 'sourdough' mechanic. He can build a steamboat, run a saw-mill, care for a dog team, direct a thousand and one activities and through it all remain always a true Religious." Fitting praise for any man.

Among this group of Alaskan missionaries, several of whom are now dead, Brother Horwedel is the little man standing third from the left.



How to Bury a Big War-lord

(Continued from page 173)

jagged hole in the center. Later we learned that the evil spirits following the procession, striving for the soul of the poor defunct, found themselves greatly hampered by these papers. It seems that they must work their way through each jagged hole of each paper; and thus in their labors get behind the procession, leaving the soul to be buried in peace. Why must these spirits go through each hole? Why not just pass by? Well, grandma and great-grandma said they must go through, so that settles the question. In China the thesis underlying most religious practices is: "It's age-old, therefore it's right."

Thus for eight long hours they marched the length and breadth of the city, finally placing their heavy burden in a Buddhist monastery, where it shall rest in state for a few months. Here before the monastery the burning of all the paper articles took place, thus sending on to Heaven knows where, all the necessities of the soul of "Wu Pei Fu" . . . ;—all, that is, besides the one it can use, namely, the grace of God.

It is needless to mention the sentiments of a missionary as he returns home from his tour. Where, how to begin this tremendous setting right of centuries of falsehood and superstition. Surely Christ must come unto these His own, 500,000,000 of them, more than all the Catholics now in the world, and though He has waited long, He will come as He promised, for there will be but one flock and one Shepherd. We shall do all things in Him who strengthens us.

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Negritos — the Pygmies of the Philippines

(Continued from page 179)

select Negritos perform the sacred dance. The singing of the sacred verses alternates with the dance. The women sing one strophe and the men follow with another; thus the alternating hymns continue like the Responses at Tenebrae. At the latter part of the ceremony the dancing and beating of gongs cease while the alternate singing alone continues to the end of the liturgy. The whole performance is religiously observed and fittingly decorous. That seeming diabolical weirdness which is concomitant with the sacrificial offerings of the pagan Malays, has no part in this nocturnal ceremony of the Philippine pygmies.

Strange as it may seem, the primeval forest of the Philippines has not only sheltered the remnants of a primitive people but has also kept aglow the spark of primitive revelation in the hearts of these prehistoric people. The Negrito belief of the supernatural, though deprived of its former splendor and sublimity by countless ages of stagnation, has nevertheless, given us a glimpse at the religion of Primitive Man.

The Blue Cross

(Continued from page 180)

ing to express her thanks she tells how many were converted by the acts of mercy thus made possible. Especially, she says, the Sisters were able to obtain entrance into a pagoda where a thousand men, condemned criminals and pagans, were herded together awaiting execution. The Sisters bound up their wounds and these darkened hearts were moved to desire the love of Christ. They begged for Baptism and since no priest was at hand, the Sisters baptized over four hundred in one day and the rest, almost a thousand in all, soon afterwards. Then they were all taken out and beheaded, going from the depths of pagan crime to the heaven of the new baptized. "It was all due to the medicines you sent us," the Sister concluded. "For it was not humanly possible, so to move these hearts in any other way."

The Community of Sisters whose members sort and ship all this material for the Catholic Medical Mission Board are a new foundation, The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, established, at the suggestion of the present writer, by authority of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Hayes. The Cardinal of Charities had visited the Catholic Medical Mission Board and was deeply appreciative of the work being done there. Thus, when it became clear that a new congregation was needed to put the work on a firm basis, he gladly authorized its establishment. Already in the four and a half years of the Community's existence the Sisters have served hundreds of missions

by their skill and care and are rapidly increasing their efficiency. Thus, during the year 1939, they prepared and shipped 306 packing cases to about seventy Communities, in this country and all over the world. But, this year during the months of January and February alone, they were able to sort and pack material which filled 118 such cases, so that it seems likely (if supplies come in) that the work of the Board may be doubled this year.

But this is not the only purpose of the Community nor indeed its most important one. In the vast and authentic bulk of correspondence on file at the Catholic Medical Mission Board it becomes ever more clear that there is a special need for professional workers, doctors, nurses and technicians to give to the mission lands the advantages we enjoy of medical ministrations. In this country everything is abundant. There are many hospitals, doctors, nurses; and medical supplies are plentiful. In the missions the very opposite is true. Many precious lives of missionaries have been sacrificed because the nearest hospital, doctor or nurse or even drug store was miles away. There is also a dreadful loss of life among the natives in the missions because of the want of proper medical and nursing care.

A few years ago, on the 11th of February, 1936, an epoch-making instruction was issued by the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, of

So Falls the Elm Tree

By John Louis Bonn, S.J.

HERE is a vivid picture of sheer human personality and indomitable courage—the life of Mother Ann Valencia, foundress of St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Conn. Magnificent and vital, she moves through this story, overwhelming obstacles and converting opposition with more than mere ability—with intense human understanding. Her life is replete with incidents of poignant human interest and this biography is so intensely real that it reads like a novel. Every reader will find it vital and compelling and it will be of particular interest to members of the medical and nursing professions. \$2.50

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which a special copy was sent to us by His Eminence Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, who has shown a very kind and constant interest in the progress of the Community. This instruction declared that many missionary bishops had been writing to the Holy Father, pleading with him to do something to save the lives of mothers and children in the missions. These are dying in such numbers for want of proper instruction and medical care that whole tribes are being wiped out and the missions will fail for want of subjects unless these precious lives are saved. For this reason the Holy See has approved the foundation of new Communities of Sisters, whose members will become not only nurses, but even physicians and surgeons, in order to save these precious lives. The instruction directs that the Sisters shall not do all the work themselves, but shall associate with them native women who will be trained to assist them and instructed to share in their work. For this reason, it has been decided to make it a major objective of the Community to instruct native women, first as nurse-catechists and afterwards, it is hoped, as doctor-catechists in central schools, established for that purpose. Thus, these Sisters are to be a teaching Community, teachers of nursing and catechetical work and of medical and catechetical work and it is hoped that their graduates will go out in groups under a lay head nurse to work from a central place in the missions and teach the native women to take care of their children and their families.

This will vastly multiply the efficiency of the work of the Sisters, as they will devote their personal efforts to training others. Thus about one-third of the Community will be professional nurses and afterwards it is hoped doctors will also be prepared to teach. The rest will be occupied in administrative work, secretarial work and in teaching catechetical methods to the pupils in their schools.

Besides the vast extent of the relief work of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, it has also carried out a constant campaign of publicity in behalf of the Medical Mission idea. Over the radio, by lectures, in print, and through the little magazine, *Medical Mission News*, our Catholic people have been brought face to face with the need of medical mission work and have been encouraged to partake in it.

Reunion in Wyoming

(Continued from page 183)

Yet, in the late summer of 1835, another deputation reached St. Louis, led by Old Ignace, the Iroquois, himself. Among the party were his two sons who were baptized on the 2nd of December with the names Charles and Francis. In 1837, Old Ignace set forth again, accompanied by three Flatheads and one of the Nez Percés. When they had gotten as far as the Ash Hollow on the North Fork of the Platte, a few miles above its junction with the South Fork, the whole party was massacred by Sioux Indians.

Nothing daunted, a fourth deputation, consisting of the Iroquois, Pierre Gaucher and Young Ignace, went forth in 1839. Apparently, they followed the route of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers. On the 18th of September, they were at Council Bluffs where they met the very man who was to satisfy their urgent request in the following year. Arrived at St. Louis, the deputies presented themselves before Bishop Rosati and obtained definite promises for the following spring. The Bishop's letter to the Father General of the Society of Jesus on the subject is dated October 20, 1839.

About the time that Father Pierre-Jean De Smet set out by steamboat from St. Louis, the 27th of March, 1840, Pierre Gaucher was back among the Flatheads with the news that the black-gown was surely coming. While the missionary, accompanied by Young Ignace, was advancing by slow stages with a caravan of the American Fur Company towards the rendezvous on the Green River another group was making for the same spot from the north. It consisted of some sixty warriors of the Flathead and Pend d'Oreilles tribes who were covering the four hundred miles in order to act as escort to the long-expected blackgown. When De Smet arrived at the Green River on the 30th of June, he records that the Indian guard was already there:

"Our meeting was not that of strangers, but of friends; it was like children running to meet their father after a long absence. I wept with joy at embracing them; and they also, with tears in their eyes, welcomed me with the tenderest expressions. With a truly patriarchal simplicity, they told me all the little news of their nation. . . . We thanked the Lord together for having preserved us thus far in the midst of so many dangers, and implored His protection in the long journey that we had yet to make."

Please Note

that only one summer number of **JESUIT MISSIONS** is issued: the July-August number. The next issue will be out for September.

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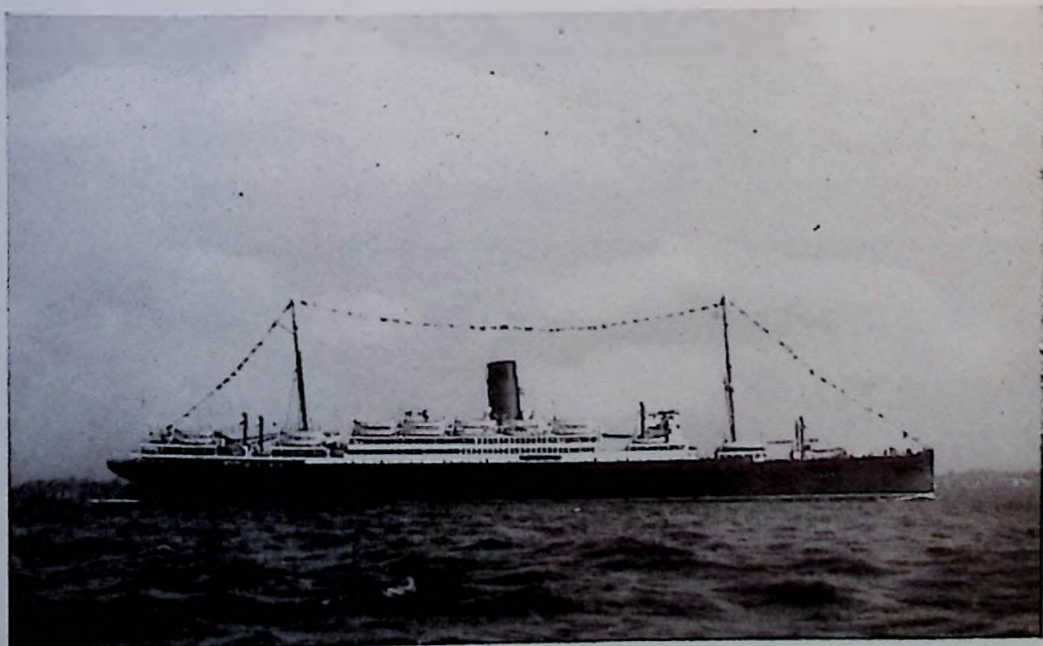
GOING, GOING, GONE!

It sounds like an auction sale, doesn't it? In reality it is an Action Sail! During these summer months young American Jesuits are, and will be on their way to foreign mission fields entrusted to the Provinces of the Society of Jesus in the United States. In answer to the call of obedience they will be traveling by land and by sea to Alaska, the Philippine Islands, India, China, Iraq, British Honduras in Central America, Jamaica in the British West Indies, and to the Indian Missions of the northwestern United States.



At the present writing it is impossible to say how many American Jesuits will be going, going to the missions this year. But when they will have gone, a frightfully high travel bill will have been paid. If \$400.00 were taken as the average cost of transportation for one missionary from the United States to his foreign mission, and if sixty Jesuit missionaries were to take their Action Sail this summer, the bill would be \$24,000.00.

The new missionaries are going, going and soon will have gone to the lands of their zealous dreams. Dear reader, will you please help pay their travel bill? Please send your gift not for an auction sale, but for the Action Sail, to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Every gift will be gratefully acknowledged.



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GOING,
GONE!**

“Thou art
Peter—”

“Going therefore
teach ye
all nations—”



The Apostles, first missionaries of the Church, have been followed down through the ages by other missionaries, who have left all things to follow Christ. These missionaries, too, have gathered strength for greater sacrifices from the prayers their friends have offered for them.

During the coming months new apostles, other human consolation they have known, they to their fields of labor. They have made sacrifices, and will sacrifice yet more for the souls entrusted to their care. But deprived now of the American Jesuit missionaries, are going forth must rely on prayer—their prayers and yours—to face the trials of missionary labors.

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