

# Jesuit Missions

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# Canada! at War!

Americans, generally, may not fully realize just how close their boundaries are to those of one of the belligerent nations in the present world war. Hostilities and gun fire have not been carried to this continent, but sons of America's most friendly neighbor are in the thick of the fight where the fighting is fiercest.



A "soldier" somewhere in China.

Canada's manhood is giving itself to and in a warfare to which there can be no end till they have been victorious. This is said primarily of those soldiers whose arms are not bayonet and gun, but rather the crucifix; whose enemy is not a visible one; whose battle ground is the hearts of men whom they seek to win to a knowledge and love of Jesus Christ.

Canadian Jesuit missionaries today are more in need than ever before. To win in their warfare for souls in China they look to their Mission Procurator in Canada for the means to pierce pagan hearts with darts of love and to flood pagan minds with the light of Christ.

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**CONTRIBUTORS**

FATHER JOHN R. O'CONNELL, S.J., author of *The Missions and Higher Education* is now busy at the Ateneo de Manila.



John R. O'Connell, S.J.

A year ago he was a busy missionary in one of the most difficult posts in northern Mindanao.

*Under a Tamarind Tree—a Leper* by WILLIAM R. HUSSEY, S.J., now in his ordination year at Kurseong, India, is a story, "once told, always remembered."

You'd wonder how an Alaskan who had witnessed *The Devil Won and Lost* could ever look a totem pole in the face

again. FATHER EDMUND A. ANABLE, S.J., author, dramatist, and missionary in Alaska can expect the call, "Author! Author!"

St. Thomas Aquinas wrote the poetry. FATHER JAMES A. ARMITAGE, S.J., philosophizes. Mother-sill and Littlejohn lead the singers. The result is *Aquinas in the Jamaica Bush*.

*The Peking Front* is a blend of Chinese study and good humor by JOHN J. GORDON, S.J., scholastic-student in Peking, China.

Muthur in Ceylon is *The Place of Pearls*, also of wild animals and jungles. The "Muthurians" are Moslems, Hindus and Christians—but that's the story by FATHER JOHN T. LINEHAN, S.J., from Ceylon.

*To Monkey River and Beyond* is an account of a journey by RT. REV. WILLIAM A. RICE, S.J., Bishop of Belize, whose life has always been pointing to the "beyond." It used to be Baghdad, and the desert, now it is the American jungle. And it is still fascinating.

JOHN A. HOULE, S.J., a scholastic at Loyola High School, Los Angeles, tells us nothing of himself but some interesting facts about a most interesting *Missionary to the Russians of Los Angeles*.

*Chin Mi?* is not Eskimo for "Are you kidding me?" though FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., the author, does write this one in a lighter vein.

FATHER FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J., claims he met no robbers on the road to Jericho, but his Superior, FATHER FRANCIS B. SARJEANT, S.J., of Baghdad says that this journey needed "a scientist, a diplomat, a scholar, a beggar, a pilgrim and a humorist." He sent FATHER ANDERSON.



William R. Hussey, S.J.

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**COVER**—The robes that bishops must wear are many and not a little mysterious to most lay folk. More unusual still, are the additional clothes that an Alaskan bishop has to don. Here is His Excellency, Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Auxiliary Bishop of Alaska, ready to hit the trail with his friend, Stanley Nichols, United States Marshal at Nulato. There is nothing mysterious or symbolic about His Excellency's episcopal robes. They keep him warm, or at least from freezing on the long dog-sled journeys he continually has to make. The Eskimos call their bishop "Agaiyulertapok" which in the InnuIt tongue means "Big Priest."

# EDITORIALS

## THE MISSIONARY'S CHALICE

**I**N a wooded valley of upstate New York eight years ago, an archeologist came upon an old silver cup. It was tarnished and dull from the bite of the frost and the wear of the rains. Little was thought of the unexpected discovery until, through correspondence with Reverend John J. Wynne, S.J., the craftsmanship, the location, and historical records, all seemed to converge upon one startling fact: this silver cup might be the lost chalice of St. Isaac Jogues. The Saint was a prisoner near the spot where the chalice was found. He tells in his letters that he lost his Mass kit when captured. The peculiar workmanship on the chalice, placed it in the time of the martyred missionaries. In all likelihood, this chalice now the possession of the Jesuit Fathers at the Jesuit Martyrs Shrine, Auriesville, New York, is a precious relic of St. Isaac Jogues.

There is something strange in the way this chalice has been preserved. The remains of the martyrs,—bones, clothing, personal possessions, all have been lost. Mangled, hacked and burned, they were buried by the Indians lest they be found and venerated. But the chalice which once held the blood of Christ was snatched from the martyr's hands, probably was saved as a shining trinket, used as a drinking cup, and then lost or tossed aside. And so it has come to us.

Undoubtedly, the chalice belonged to one of the Indian missionaries. It is a valuable discovery, the first one, really, directly connected with our North American martyrs. Exactly three hundred years ago they were tramping our forests; four years later they were martyred, and every living trace of them destroyed—destroyed with a fiendish savagery. True, their heroism lived in the souls of men; their story thrilled the heart of France; brought tears to the eyes of the Pope; fired courage and heroic resolve in every young soul that ever caught the spark of missionary zeal. But our own land which once bore the imprint of their feet, our streams which refreshed them and now conceal their remains, our woodlands which sheltered them at night and gave mute testimony to their martyrdom, our soil which drank their blood and covered them in secret tenderness, had not given us back a single memento until the recent discovery of this venerable chalice.

Its discovery is another of those thrilling events throughout our Christian history for which we owe gratitude to God. They have spurred lagging faith, buoyed up sinking hope, inflamed sputtering charity.

Among these thrilling discoveries are the finding of the True Cross, the opening of the catacombs, the missionary's meeting with the Nagasaki Christians. In its own way, the finding of this chalice may rank with these in our history. It may be the beginning of the long hoped for discovery of the martyrs' remains. It may be another challenge to Americans. September is the month of the North American martyrs. 1944 is the three hundredth anniversary of their martyrdom.

It may even be a timely warning to us all. There is much talk abroad of our position in the world after the war is over, not too faintly reminiscent of a question agitated long ago and put to Christ by an over-fond mother in behalf of her children: "Say that these, my two sons, may sit, the one on thy right hand, the other on thy left in the kingdom." And Jesus answering saith: "Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink?" They said to Him, "We can." He saith to them: "My chalice indeed you shall drink." We may yet be asked to drink just such a chalice as this relic of the missionary.

## MISSION TRAILS

**N**OW that the movement is afoot to popularize for Catholic Youth hiking tours to scenes of historic interest, some place should be found in the plans for the trails and centers of missionary heroism. Most of them are still in the open country where the hikers want to be. Most of them still challenge all the adventurousness of youth. All of them inspire the spiritual heroism and hardihood for which such tours are designed.

There used to be an excellent hostel for German Catholic youths in Rome. There these sturdy, sun-tanned young Germans gathered to strengthen their Faith at the heart of their Church. Wide-eyed, they used to stare at St. Peter's. "This is indeed a Rock!" Lustily, they used to cheer the Pope at the end of an address. And solemnly, they used to stand with the grave faces of brave young people in the Colosseum where stark and fiery martyrdom was recalled to them, and presented to them. Every rock in the Colosseum echoed their vibrant defiance of foes, as they used to shout together the undying creed of their faith.

Heroism may be demanded of our youth some day. They are not afraid of it. Few can resist its appeal. Yet they are not attracted by far off things. But there is something eternally irresistible in the first call to the Apostolate. "Come and see where I dwell." "Leaving all things, they followed Him."

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# The Missions

The Famous Ateneo of the American Jesuits in Manila has made brilliant contributions to Catholic culture.

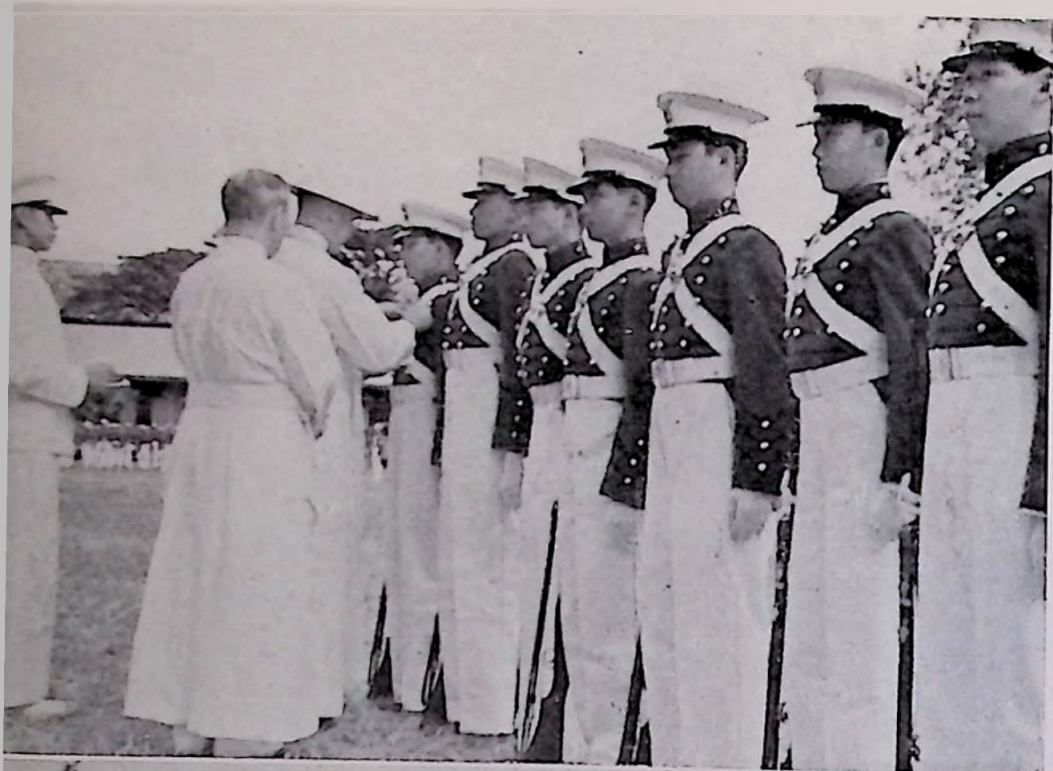
John R. O'Connell, S.J.

**A**T Woodstock, when studying theology, I had a conversation with a French Scholastic who had been teaching in a university in China. I remarked that he had hardly been on the missions, since the hardships of university life cannot compare with those of the ordinary missionary out among the people. The Scholastic replied that we do not go on the missions to endure hardships, but to save souls. He was right, theoretically, though sacrifice would seem to be the key-note of mission work.

However, considering the end to be attained, a Catholic university or college can exert a far-reaching influence on the intellectual life of the missions, by training up Catholic leaders, eminent in the professions or in business, and by making its Catholic principles respected even by pagans or heretics, at least by the sheer force of the social standing of its pupils or the fact that they represent the intellectual life of various districts of the country, if not by the pre-eminence of a long established institution of high repute and of evident help to the country itself and to the country's reputation elsewhere.

Now, it is a matter of history, remote and recent, that the Ateneo de Manila has justified its existence since the year 1859, when the Spanish Jesuits returned to the Philippines to devote themselves to the missions of Mindanao, but were persuaded to spare some of their number to take over the elementary school of the then city to Manila, the old Walled City. The original building on Arzobispo Street grew and grew until the property of the Ateneo Municipal took in almost a whole block, the later title of the Ateneo de Manila, or as we would say, Manila Academy.

**O**F course, the most widely known of our eminent alumni is the "George Washington" of the Philippines, Dr. Jose Rizal, the patriot who was executed (on what is now the fashionable, public plaza of Manila), for alleged revolutionary activities, though he was against the use of violence in his efforts to improve the lot of tenant-farmers. Rizal was really an eminent scholar, a reputable poet and an eminent eye-doctor. But, above all, he was a true patriot, and, as such, deserves a high place in the history of nations as well as in the history of his native land. He had his failings, especially in the matter of fidelity to the Faith of his Baptism, but, he repented and died fortified with the Sacraments of Holy Mother Church, of which he was a devout son in his



Top) Very Rev. John A. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Philippine Mission awards medals to outstanding cadets of the Ateneo. (Center) Receiving the cadet regiment, Commandant Gonzalez, Father Carroll I. Casey, S.J., Rector, and Father Hurley. (Bottom) Another scene during the review.

# and Higher Education

early manhood, before falling in with evil company in Europe, which fall he deplored on his way to execution. Almost every town in the Philippines has a statue of Dr. Rizal on the plaza: and it would be fitting to note, on every pedestal of his every statue, the fact which he was proud to admit even in his writings, that he owed his scholarship to the Ateneo de Manila and to the Jesuit Fathers of the Ateneo who were ever dear to him and who helped him to prepare for death, and stood by him on the field of execution.

THE long list of illustrious alumni would take in practically all the really great men of the Philippines since 1859: lawyers, doctors, poets, priests and bishops. The present crop of shallow literati that have raised their heads in the professions and more especially in the educational field must still turn back to the golden age of the *temporis acti, se puero*. Meanwhile, our later alumni are a credit to us, with some exceptions. The leaders of the country still count many Ateneo alumni among their ranks: judges of the Supreme Court and lesser courts, surgeons, eminent dentists, planters, various legislators and other high government officials, university professors, notable architects, etc.

An alumni reunion, especially on Alumni Day, on or about December 8th, the Feast of the Patroness of the Ateneo, namely, the Immaculate Conception, looks like a gathering of the three departments of the government, Executive, Judiciary and Legislative, from all over the Archipelago, to confer with the various leaders in the professions and in business. It is like a gathering of grandchildren to the fourth generation, and the spirit is that of children of the same ancestry, the old-timers rubbing elbows with the younger alumni and present students, and all enjoying the homecoming. The late Mayor of Manila took part in the morning celebration

last Alumni Day; but had some celebration at his own home at noon,—I think it was his birthday. Later in the day, he became ill, and, after a week or more in the hospital, died. The alumni attended the Requiem Mass in the old college church in Intramuros, the Walled City, where many of them had often knelt when students.

AT present, the Ateneo has some two thousand and ninety-four students, in its Law School, College of Commerce, College of Industrial Technology, College of Arts and Sciences, High School and Grammar School or Grade School. The name Ateneo de Manila means a high standard in every endeavor whether in the Bar Examinations, which all our candidates passed with an average in the eighties in the last examinations, or on the orators' platform, in military competitions or Boy Scout competitions or on the athletic field, our latest trophy being won by our newly-organized track-and-field team.

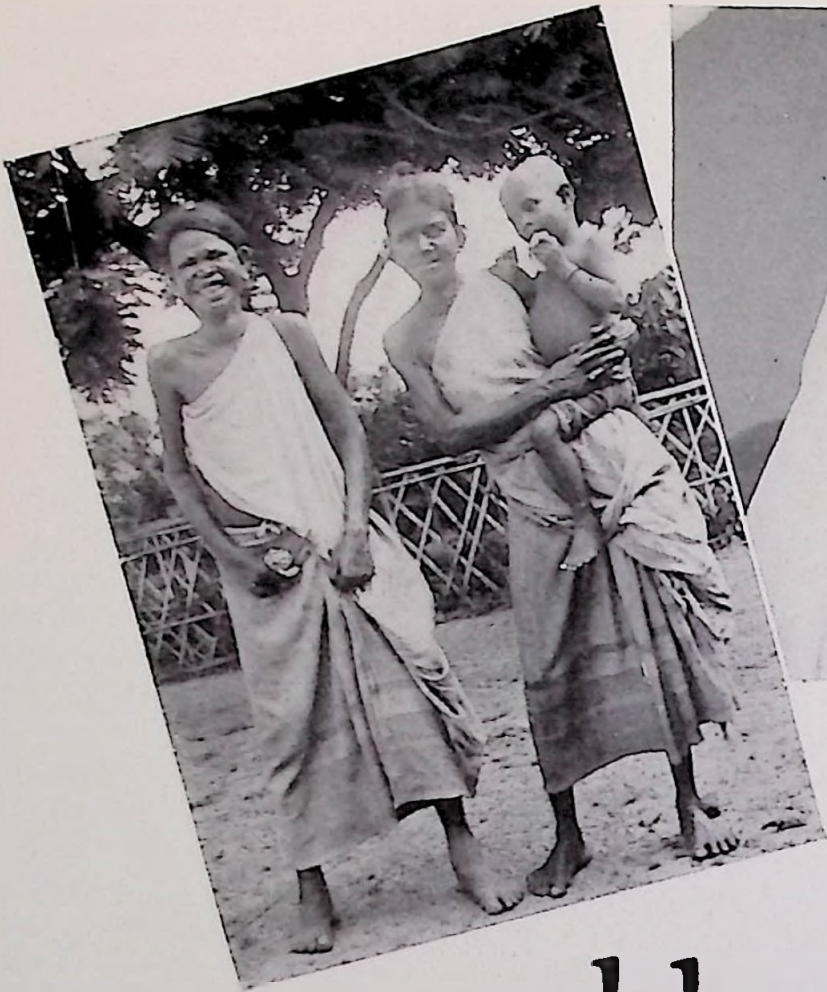
Parents know of the Ateneo's achievements in character-training, and it is common talk that some parents have turned in desperation to the Ateneo with the hope that the Ateneo training could put real manhood into their sons and make them useful members of society and children of whom they may be proud.

Of course, we resent being looked on as a mere reformatory and we have not hesitated to inform parents of this fact when their sons would be a moral menace to other students; but, if a boy has been merely spoiled by over-fond parents, if his character has been somewhat warped by years as a pupil of a godless or irreligious school, and we see that he has qualities which can be developed under patient and watchful supervision, by making him "play fair" in games as well as in the classroom, and by bringing him to know his Maker and his obligations to God, and, gradually, fostering an appreciation of the sacraments, especially the Sacrament of Sacraments, Holy Communion, we accept him on trial, and, if he responds to treatment, we have saved another soul and put him on the road to be a leader in saving souls, by at least the example of a good Catholic life, that of a real Catholic gentleman.

At times, we have had to expel boys who were delinquent, and dismissal was swift, especially if a boy were found to be a moral menace, (*Turn to page 223*)

*Cadets of the Ateneo lead a religious procession in Manila.*





(Left) Two Catholic lepers of the Santal district. (Center) A Sister of the Patna Mission consoles a sick Santal woman as Devidas was consoled under the Tamarind tree. (Right) A typical street scene in the Santal country.

## Under the Tamarind

RISING as high as eighty feet, the Tamarind with its thick, feathery, dark green foliage is ever most graceful and among the most magnificent of tropical trees. But the people of India have a prejudice against it, expressed in the common saying: "Sleep under a Tamarind tree and you will get fever." Now no one wants fever, so the tree is distrusted.

Yet it was under a beautiful Tamarind tree, flanked by a line of Palmyra Palms, tall and stiff, that Devidas lived. Many a year, day and night, was spent in the shelter of this tree, and no one despised her for her defiance of the popular prejudice. In fact, very few people had the courage to approach her. The villagers ignored her. Strangers stared at her from a safe distance and then passed on. Devidas was a leper.

IN her youth she had been the consolation and pride of her parents. Cheerful by nature and generous, she was everyone's friend, and the beggars who occasionally visited the village, blessed the charity of the girl who lived in the house at the head of the street.

Her love was sought and won

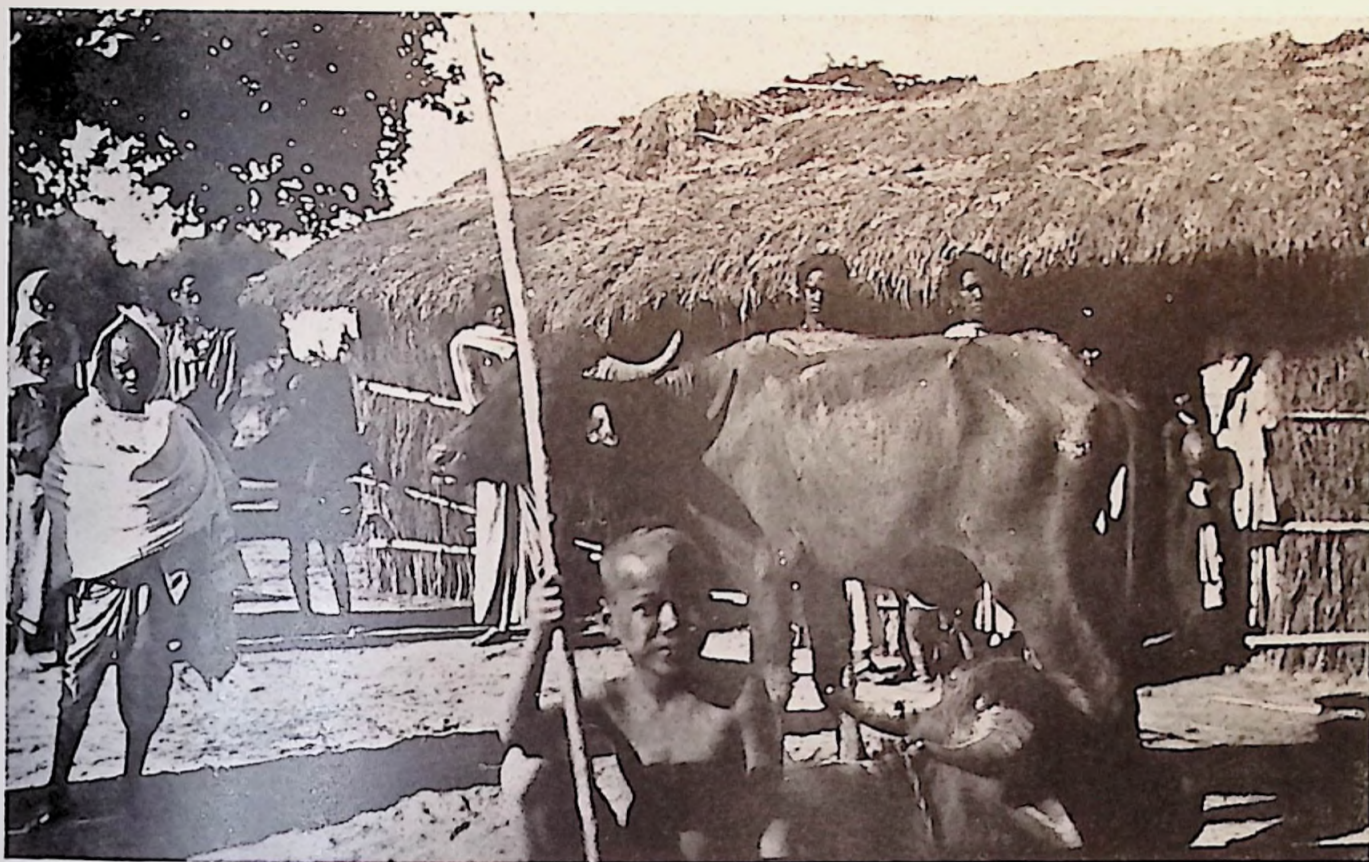
and the marriage was a joyful event for the village. Blessed with two handsome children she had settled down to the duties of motherhood and the manifold tasks of a housewife. With the passing of years, she bore the sorrow of losing her son and later bravely accepted the loneliness of widowhood. But her days were saddened by the haunting memories of familiar scenes so she slipped away to a distant village and sought refuge with her daughter and son-in-law. She did more than her share of work and her presence was welcomed until one day her son-in-law noticed a sore on her leg and recognized in its symptoms a dreaded disease—leprosy. He tried to induce her to go away. But where could she go? No one desires the company of lepers. So his words went unheeded. What harsh words failed to accomplish was done by physical force and Devidas was out in the road. She didn't go far.

Within sight of her daughter's house was a Tamarind tree. She made it her headquarters and there she remained, alone in her misery, a constant reminder to all who saw her of the ingratitude and cruelty of a daughter and son-in-law.

THE Tamarind grew and in season had its flowers and fruit. With the passing of the seasons the bond between the tree and its human companion grew firmer. When the sweltering sun blazed in its fury, Devidas was comfortable in the shade of the tree. The rainy season was long and dreary and many a day she was drenched by the rain, but stoic-like, she accepted her lot and when the sun shone she sat in the open until her rags were dry. During the chilly nights of winter she hugged the tree more closely and shivered with the cold.

Market day at a nearby center came twice a week and on those days she took her place near the row of stalls and begged for food. Kind people tossed her a copper coin and the merchants, satisfied with the success of the day, dropped handfuls of paddy and half spoiled vegetables and fruit into her lap. With the coppers she bought a bundle of firewood and under her burden limped back to her tree.

But the disease grew apace and ravaged her body. Her skin became ugly and tough. She lost the tips of her fingers and her feet became twisted into horrible shapes. Her trips to the market were more pain-



# Tree—a Leper

The most graceful and stately of tropical trees  
gave shelter to poor, rejected Devidas. She  
loved the tree and the missionaries, too,  
who gave her eternal life

William R. Hussey, S.J.

ful and less lucrative and there were days when she dragged her wasting frame back to her camp just as poor as she had left. No one had dared to approach her and a leper's pitiful cries were drowned in the babel and din of the market.

ONE day, a white-robed missionary stopped his cycle near the Tamarind tree. Huddled on a heap of dry palm leaves, surrounded by a variety of broken earthen-ware pots, grunting and moaning, lay Devidas.

"Praised be Jesus! Praised be Jesus!" was his friendly greeting.

Through half blind eyes she saw her visitor, who was so much closer than anyone had come and she warned him away in pathetic tones.

"Away! Away! I am a leper! Give me some *bakshees*. Away! Away. I am a leper!"

But he remained and spoke to her kindly and she wondered at his daring. Seeing her poverty he promised to send some paddy and firewood. "And some fish!" begged Devidas as he cycled away.

TWO Sisters from the convent came the very next day, with a small bag of rice and some clean pieces of cloth. They talked to her of God and taught her some prayers and when they were leaving she managed to say, "Praised be Jesus! Come tomorrow . . . and bring me a fish."

They visited her when they could and their heroic charity was rewarded one day when Devidas told them, "Sister, give me Baptism!" The priest came soon after and made her a Catholic. Though she was grateful, Devidas would not listen to his suggestion that she

come to the Mission and make her home with the Sisters. "I'll never leave this tree!" she said, and she spoke with conviction.

Though her body was dying, Devidas kept on living. She gradually learned the distinction between "Father" and "Sister" and was proud of her intellectual attainment. During the long hours of the day and the quiet hours of the night, at regular intervals, a cry would emerge from the camp of death, "Praised be Jesus! Praised be Jesus!" The pagan villages at work in their fields or resting from

their labors laughed in scorn at her stupidity.

SOME time ago, two days passed without a sound from under the Tamarind tree. The villagers forced her son-in-law to investigate and after he had poked the silent form without any response he knew she was dead. The village council ordered him to dispose of the body. Late that night he had it carried to the jungle. The night-prowling jackals voraciously attacked their prey and with the dawn they slunk away to their holes, loathsome vultures fought for the remains of the carrion feast.

IF you were to visit the camp of death today you would see that even the Tamarind tree is in mourning. A wide circle around it is black and dry, covered with the ashes of the leper's possessions. The trunk of the tree is scorched and its branches bare as far as the flames could reach. After a time the rains will come and it will be beautiful again. After the sleep of death, Devidas' body will rise again and the flesh of the leper will be restored fresh and clean, like the flesh of a child. The Tamarind was, in a way, a tree of the knowledge of good and evil, a tree of life and of death. Beneath it died a daughter of Eve; beneath it was born a daughter of Mary. "Praised be Jesus!"

# The Devil Won and Lost

Edmund A.  
Anable, S.J.

FOR most pastors, great feasts, like Christmas and Easter, are times of bright lights, candles burning and the sweet smell of incense diffused throughout the church. During these days all is cheerful, and the unpleasant topics, so necessary at times, are shelved for a more appropriate occasion. But for a pastor whose parish has a radius of fifty miles, whose people are scattered over a wide and barren tundra in more than thirty different villages to which the priest can go but three times during the winter season, great feast days have a far greater importance than the imparting of a cheerful message.

Such is the parish that is under the care of the Superior of the Akulurak Mission, Alaska. Besides having the spiritual and material care of the ninety youngsters at the Mission proper, there is a parish that measures hundreds of square miles, a parish which simply cannot be cared for sufficiently to bring the proper instruction to all. A night spent in this little village, sleeping in the small native cabins, giving an instruction to those who are in the little village at the time, Mass and Holy Communion in the morning to those who have sufficient instruction to be allowed to receive, and then off to another, to repeat the performance. That is the extent which a pastor can instruct and care for such a flock as this.

BUT at Christmas and at Easter, things are just a little different. Then there is a real chance to get many of the people together, to give them some practical instruction and to preach to all. And so, despite the fact that the usual method is to speak of the wonderful happenings celebrated on these two feasts, we must deviate from the usual paths and take the opportunity to fight the difficulties and evils that beset our people.

And this year, far more than in other years, the evils to be fought are far greater. Because of the tremendous epidemic of measles, and the consequent deaths of so many of our people, an evil, once thought to be drying out, has sprung up again and is openly bringing the devil, in very visible form, to our unfortunate people. Superstition and the medicine man have come to life again with a vengeance and the beautiful feasts of Easter and Christmas must be devoted to stamping out the evil at its source.

Consequently, during the midnight Mass on Christmas morning, after a long and careful explanation the day before, we made our Christmas offering to the Babe of Bethlehem by renewing our Baptismal vows with special emphasis on the "renouncing the devil and all his works and pomps." And we think it must have been a very pleasing gift to the Infant Saviour to see more than three hundred men and women, stand with their right hands in the air, promising that the medicine man and all his superstitions will be a thing of the past.

But, since human beings have a way of forgetting, Easter also was devoted to the task of bringing it back forcefully to their minds. And since words alone do not



*A U. S. Reindeer Supervisor puts his plane down at Akulurak and poses with three Ursuline Nuns of the Missions.*

leave a lasting impression, some of the young men and women in the village were carefully trained to present a play that would make a lasting impression. Such a play as they presented, would most probably cause great merriment to most of the readers of this little article, but to my people, it was the most serious thing in the world. To them, angels and devils are very real, and angels and devils were put on the stage, to fight for the soul of a man. Because of the salutary effect we wished to obtain, we saw to it in writing the play that the devil should win, and from card playing, through gambling, drunkenness, fighting and murder it ran with the devil taking all tricks. The play went through a bad confession, and after the supposed death of the victim, it all ended with the devil dragging the soul off to hell with great glee. Superstitions and the medicine man were brought in and his whole performance was shown.

THE effect may be judged by the fact that during the performance some of the audience left the hall and were quietly sick in the snow outside. And after the performance was over, as the devil passed out of the hall to his dressing room to remove his costume, there was a sudden and general movement to get as far away from him as the limits of the hall allowed.

I suppose all this sounds very dramatic, or rather, melodramatic to those who are (Turn to page 223)

# Aquinas in the Jamaica Bush

James A. Armitage, S.J.

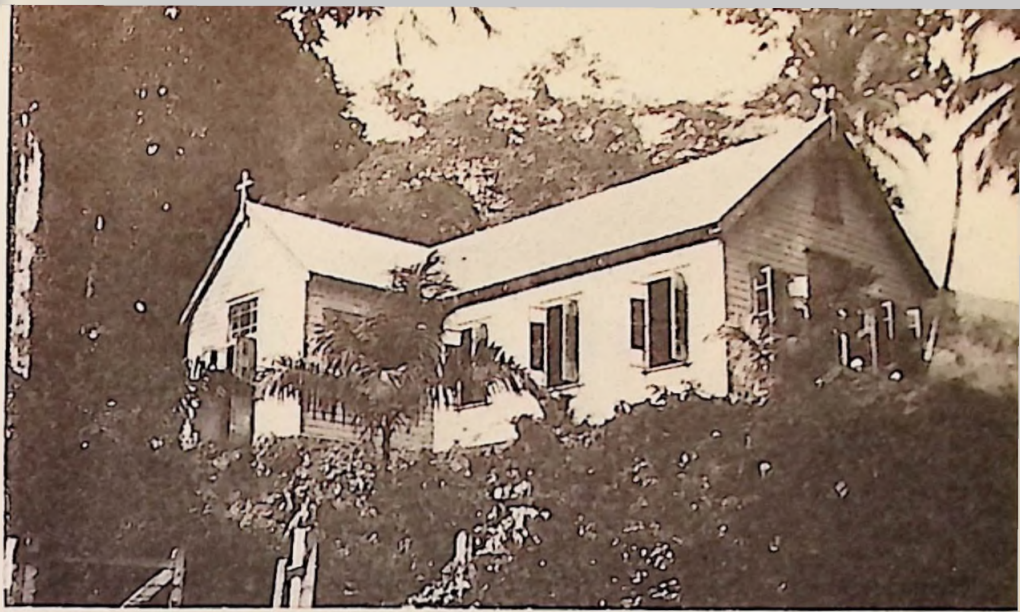
THE cool morning air in your face as you drive up the hills to Gordon Town for week-day Mass is a welcome gift from God. For Kingston is a hot city, and if you would be cool at all, you must get up early. You reach little Gordon Town at six, picking up on the way Mr. Mothersill, who is one of your pillars of the Church in this straggling, impoverished hill-town of Jamaica. Another is Mr. Littlejohn who spreads Christ's Kingdom higher up in the hills, where you can say Sunday Mass only three or four times a year, in the months that have a fifth Sunday. Why so seldom, you ask? Because you have eight Mission stations sprawled out over a parish as large as a diocese in the States, and you are only one man.

Littlejohn is an old Negro, thin, wiry, with sharp features like an Arab, who mounts a horse every week and rides up the bridle paths of the Blue Mountains to Hagley Gap (four thousand feet above sea-level), where he instructs the people in the Faith, supervises the building of your new church, makes converts, and, in general, is your advance-courier of the Good News in that roof-land of Jamaica: that country of sudden, Dantesque precipices, and apocalyptic vistas. Mothersill and Littlejohn: it sounds like a prosperous firm of brokers, and, in a way, it is. Only it deals in coin of another Kingdom.

You say Mass in the little chapel of the convent, where Sister Thecla from the Island of Malta has everything prepared for you, and there are perhaps twenty or thirty blacks and browns kneeling about the altar. They are small cultivators, desperately poor, who grow a few bananas, or a few yams, or own four or five mango trees, and who go into Kingston weekly to peddle their wares at the big open-air markets. A few shillings a week keeps them alive, but only their Faith keeps them happy.

AND how they sing their Faith at Benediction, which follows the Mass on Wednesday and Saturday mornings! The strains of the "O Salutaris" and of the "Tantum Ergo" float out the little chapel window across the valley above which Gordon Town straggles along the hillside; they mix with the clamor of Hope River to make a morning symphony for the Creator: praise of Nature, and praise of Man.

How I have often felt the continuity of the Church at these Gordon Town Benedictions: the old Latin hymns with their roots deep in the Middle Ages now on the lips of these newest and youngest of the Church's children! The voice is the rich, deep, sonorous voice of the Jamaican Negro, but the words are Thomas Aquinas, Doctor of the Ages of Faith, long centuries now at rest. And many a Jamaican Catholic, even before



(Top) The chapel at Gordon Town, high in the hills above Kingston.  
(Bottom) Higher still in the "roofland" a catechist gathers the flock to services.

he has been instructed in the sense of the Latin hymn, is conscious that it does, on his lips, set him apart from his Protestant fellows; give him a continuity with the ancient and splendid Christian past and that no Spiritual, with its purely indigenous origin, can possibly effect; links Gordon Town with Rome, and old Mothersill, off-key and off-tempo, but gloriously "on" in spirit, with Pius and Peter.

AGAIN, these people like to *participate*. Their natures do not take kindly to the role of passive spectators at a religious service. And in this their instinct is Catholic to the core, their desire in complete harmony with the repeated utterances of the Popes. They will learn the Latin words, on more than one occasion old Negroes of sixty and seventy have asked me for instruction in the Latin of the Mass. Sometimes they teach one another: Mrs. Smith, from high up in the hills, who lives with her husband and two children in a little one-room shack whose only wall-paper is pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Mother, and whose glorious, untrained soprano rises clear above all the others—Mrs. Smith, dark-brown, intelli- (Turn to page 223)



# The Peiping Front

Where Jesuits from fourteen nations study Chinese all is quiet except for some brisk action in the language sector

John J. Gordon, S.J.

(Top) The young missionaries arriving at Maison de Chabanel. (Bottom) They get to work immediately.

**B**EFORE I knew that I was to be a missionary in China, I was told to write an article about a certain Jesuit Father on the Indian Missions. At that time I conceived missionaries as persons who were pious and adventurous enough but whose sense of values gave cause to suspect that they were at least a bit "tetched." After spending fifteen years or more to develop their intellects these Fathers reasoned that the best way to, "Let your light shine before men," was to bury it in a mud hut or a smelly igloo which I always envisioned as huge quenchers waiting to extinguish them. In the article I forget just what I said but it was about the missionary as a soldier on the frontiers of Christendom fighting to establish his Master's Kingdom.

That seems a long time ago, and since then some wigwam has snuffed out my Indian missionary so absolutely that even his name escapes me. For professional reasons I have somewhat changed my opinion about missionaries but I am more than ever convinced that they are soldiers in the front lines where there is continuous and brisk action.

**I**T seems to me that this is especially true of the Jesuit Language School at Peiping where six California Jesuits live with Jesuits from about fifteen other countries. At least there were originally fifteen different nationalities. On ac-

count of the re-adjustment in Europe we may have fewer nationalities now. To ascertain the exact number I took counsel with the Germans, Austrians and Hungarians but they confessed to be somewhat puzzled themselves.

At present I am carrying on a campaign of my own in Room No. 135. Various economic reasons determine my campaign to be one of occupation. Among these reasons first and foremost is the crisis which will soon arise because of the Superior's new policy of expansion. Students of Chinese come to Peking because here one may learn Mandarin, the basis of all Chinese dialects. Other Religious Orders and Congregations have asked to be enrolled at our language school. Our Superior, with grand largess, invited *all* to come and marked off on the quadrangle a spot for a building for the new missionary-students. Precisely here is my cause of alarm. The new building will cost more than ten thousand American dollars and I know how much of that my Superior will be able to borrow when the only security he has to offer is a cheerful smile and a few gold fillings. Hence I have "occupied" my room and I will defend it against all invaders till I die like a dog. (Pardon me, Mr. Gordon. "Like a man.")

Sometimes I am forced by hunger to make an incursion on the refectory in the adjoining building. After brief but violent action there I beat

a retreat as rapidly as possible to Pill Box No. 135. But this is far more perilous than it sounds. The whole affair is attended by a thousand hazards. The main difficulty lies in the fact that I speak English which every one wants to learn.

**A**CERTAIN French Scholastic offered me a *quid pro quo* agreement whereby I would teach him English and he would teach me French. Quite aside from any devotion to dear old Monroe my own experience taught me to fly all foreign entanglements. I had once made a foreign alliance and found that from a daily conversation of mixed French, English, Chinese and Latin I was becoming a sort of linguistic chameleon who had an uncontrollable tendency to turn the wrong color at some critical moment. Sometimes I did not know what color I was flying or what language I was speaking. I admit that I was learning a sort of Esperanto but this was only multiplying my difficulties.

For several days I managed to elude this Frenchman but finally he laid a blockade for me at the chapel exit. I turned to the left but I saw a squadron of Italian destroyers bearing down on me. I turned to the right, but I saw the periscope of a German submarine approaching me. As I paused undecided on the chapel steps I felt a Spaniard aiming his finger behind my back so

rather than die outside the Church I surrendered to the French. After spiking my guns, he took me in tow to waters familiar to himself where he intended to use me for target practice. As it was I was almost foundered. It is fortunate that, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." If it were any lower it would have been under the water line. After an exhausting "incident" I was forced to sign a one-sided pact.

In a weakened state I resumed my former course till I became involved in a Spanish incident. Escape was impossible so I listened patiently to a story of a deathbed conversion which ended: "He was did." According to the agreement with my Spanish associate I correc-

mission to speak during the last fifteen minutes of dinner time. We had oranges that day for dessert. The man next to me would have been regarded in Los Angeles as a miracle worker or wonder man because he could squeeze these unpeeled oranges without a drop of juice appearing. However, to get on with the story:

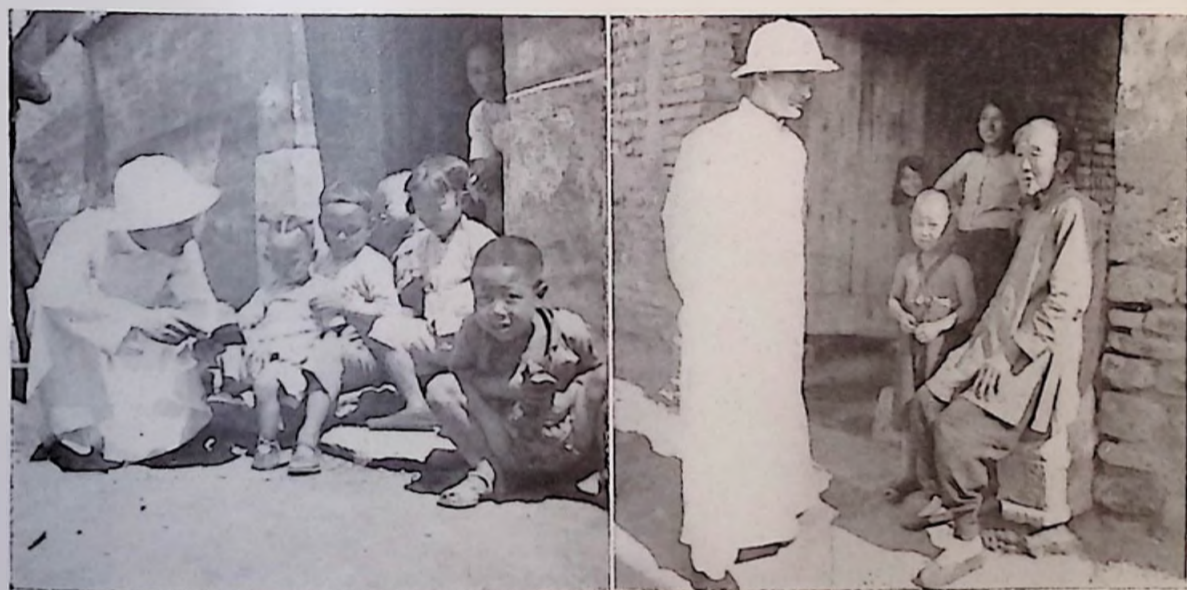
Next to me at table was a German Jesuit. Pointing to the oranges I asked him in Latin for a "golden apple." He insisted that all trade and commerce between us should be carried on in English and I immediately capitulated for fear that he might adopt a "starve-out" policy. Then, with an accent which defies description he told me in English:

to one side and another, and finally met, embraced and resolved to perish together. I tried to guide him through the fog by throwing him intermittent flashes of light by means of Latin. I said: "Gold and silver—*aurum et argentum*. In the morning—*mane*; at noon—*meridiano tempore*." "Ah, yes," he said, "but *mein bruder*, what is this word: 'orange'." I slowly raised an orange before his face and the effect was as beautiful as any sunrise. I saw the light gradually illumine his face, the clouds scattered, the waves subsided, and there was a great calm. It was true, as one of my companions observed, "The bark of Peter was worse than his bite."

**B**UT seriously, do I love my companions here? Indeed I do. It would be impossible to find more lovable companions. It would be impossible to find on earth so mixed a group living in such amity. And if I have not learned much Chinese at least I have learned that in spite of the godless and hateful policies of governments the people of every nation love God, love their homes and families and love their fellow men. And they in turn are lovable.

I have seen so many acts of tender charity among "warring nations" here that I sometimes think that my companions, besides making earth a bit more like heaven, are helping heaven too. There can be no unemployment in heaven as long as the angels are kept busy seventeen hours a day, seven days a week, writing in golden letters the loving acts of kindness that are performed in this a truly Catholic ("universal") house.

As I conclude this I look out over the empty lot which my Superior calls, "the site of the new building." It seems to me that my campaign of occupation will be a long one if I have to remain in my room till the new building is completed. My only hope is in the law of physics which says that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Now planes drop bombs which destroy buildings so, according to the laws of physics, something should drop which will erect a new building. I will have my scientific staff immediately begin to devise this, "new weapon."



Soon they are out practicing what they have learnt, first on the children, then on the grown-ups.

ted him: "He was dead." "Ah yis. He was did." "No, DEAD." "Did?" I tried him on another front. First, to lull him into a state of unpreparedness, I flattered him, telling him that his pronunciation was very good. "But," I added, "sometimes you use a wrong tense. For instance, here you should not say, 'He was did,' but 'He was done for.'" This was one of the few occasions when I managed to keep peace with honor. But life is a continual warfare and, as Sherman says, warfare is a bad word.

**O**F all incidents the most stormy occurred at my base of supplies. It was during dinner on the Solemn Feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church. As St. Joseph is in a special way Patron of China, we had a big celebration with an extra High Mass and per-

"Say that you want an ORANGE."

Across from us two Italians began to discuss the expression: golden apple. They asked me if this was an approved Latin expression. But from the way they had just given their opinions I knew that Rome had spoken and I was unwilling to be party to any further international complications. I sheered away from the question suggesting in English that oranges were golden in the morning and silver at noon. Here my German friend asked me to please repeat. I said slowly: "Oranges are golden in the morning and silver at noon." I repeated it again—and again.

I could see that a great struggle was going on in his mind. Clouds formed on his brow and huge waves began to rise on his forehead. His brows, at sight of this cataclysm of nature, twitched with fear, turned

# The Place of Pearls

John T. Linehan, S.J.

**M**UTHUR, "the place of pearls," gets its name from the pearl fishing industry that once flourished there. The pearl industry has vanished. The story goes that the sea made encroachments on the land and salt water ran into the fresh water creek where the pearls were found with the result that the place was no longer fit for producing pearls.

Muthur, situated on the Bay of Kottiyar in Ceylon, about three miles from the sea, was once a port of ships until the large harbor of Trincomalee displaced it. Before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Cape Cod, Muthur was a flourishing village. With the coming of the Europeans, it lost some of its importance. Its chief industries, at present, are brick-making, paddy cultivation, production of copra, and pottery. This last industry received a blow when buyers from Jaffna began to import clay from Muthur and make the vessels in the North of the Island.

Its Catholic history began with the Portuguese possession of Ceylon. The Hindus in the village were oppressed by the Moslems; to be freed from that yoke, they requested a Catholic priest to come from Trincomalee to protect them. In that way, the first converts were made.

In 1639, the Dutch became masters of Ceylon, with the result that no Catholic priest was allowed in Dutch territory. In spite of the edict of the Dutch, Venerable Joseph Vas, the Apostle of Ceylon, visited Muthur. It was in his company that Father Miguel de Mello died at Muthur in 1706. The grave of Father de Mello is an object of veneration to Catholics and Moslems.

In 1717, the Oratorian, Father Joseph Gomez built a church with a tile roof at the place where Father de Mello is buried. In 1893, old age had taken its toll and a new church, the present St. Anthony's was built by Mr. Johnpillai, now the catechist.

At the present time, the Catholics of Muthur number seven hundred and eighty. They are ministered to by Father Aloysius Mary, S.J., assisted by Father Henry Ponniah, Missionary Apostolic. Besides the church at Muthur, another at Patchanur, three miles away, is also served by these Fathers. These zealous priests make periodical excursions to Foul Point, seven miles away, to look after the lighthouse keeper and his family and the other Catholics who are in that neighborhood.

**I**N connection with the church at Muthur is a parochial school with some one hundred and eighty-five pupils. It is a mixed school with boys and girls, which is not desirable. The pupils may complete the Ninth Standard. About two-thirds are Catholic. In addition to this school, there are ten other village schools under the direction of Father Aloysius Mary, S.J. In all there are about one thousand pupils in attendance. The farthest school is twenty-two miles away. To reach it, it is necessary to go part of the way through the jungle, where encounters with bears, wild boars, wild buffaloes and such animals may be had. In visiting his schools, Father Aloysius Mary, generally, uses his motor-bicycle.



*Father Linehan blesses rice at Muthur on the feast of St. Sebastian.*

The chug-chug of the motor is distasteful to the tame bullocks that he meets on the road. Sometimes, these meetings are not always pleasant, for at the sound of the motor, the bullocks are just as likely as not, to charge the rider unless he shuts off the motor. Of course, on these trips, Father has to do quite a little shifting for himself. If no mishap occurs he can be sure of finding a couple of desks in the schools to sleep on.

To foster a fuller Catholic life, a conference of St. Vincent de Paul and four sodalities flourish. There is a boys' sodality, one for school girls, and one each for young women and young men.

**T**HE crying need at Muthur, at present, is a convent school for girls. This need is particularly pressing on account of the peculiar circumstances that obtain here. Many girls, especially the Moslems, cannot go to a mixed school, but if there was a school conducted by the Sisters for girls, a large number would attend. Besides, Hindu girls from the surrounding villages would, likewise, receive their education from the Sisters. There are more ways than one of spreading the Gospel.

Alas, the financial condition of this Mission makes it impossible to finance the project. The war in Europe is badly felt here. We cannot expect much assistance from that quarter.

# THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

## *World Peace-ways*

It is a privilege to be associated at any time, I suppose, with JESUIT MISSIONS, central headquarters for the largest missionary organization in the United States with 600 "foreign correspondents" stationed along a chain of posts encircling the globe—the United States, Alaska, Philippine Islands, China, Ceylon, India, Baghdad, Jamaica and British Honduras. But to be taken from the relative quiet of a classroom and of preaching to parish congregations and suddenly to be put to work helping keep lines of communication open and a steady support flowing from the four corners of the United States through this office to missions around the earth during a crisis such as this world has probably never seen,—that is a notable privilege.

Not all of the work has been pleasant. You just cannot read headlines in the morning papers about trouble brewing or already boiling over in Hongkong, India and the oil fields of Iraq, and then, up here in the office read letters from China the Philippines, India and Baghdad calmly. You cannot answer your share of the letters from Jamaica, British Honduras and Alaska, and then walk calmly home with headlines glaring at you, telling of crises and blockades in the Caribbean and Russians threatening to move closer to Alaska. The work may not be pleasant at times but it is stimulating. To watch challenge after challenge laid down to missionaries, and then to see them accepted one by one, to hear of not a single desertion from posts, not a single complaint of lack of support, not a single retreat from lines still under fire, to read the universal report, "We are

busier than ever . . . there is more work than ever . . . prospects are brighter than ever" is to experience the inspiration which makes working at JESUIT MISSIONS a privilege.

## *The "600" Still Ride*

Since May, three of the world's most generous missionary countries have been engulfed, and a fourth is now threatened. Holland, Belgium and France combined, supported last year 1,924 Jesuits on the foreign missions. England's share brings the total well over 2,000. It is impossible to foresee the effect of war on this tremendous mission activity. But it is clear that the war will also affect the 600 American Jesuit foreign missionaries. The immediate effects are visible now, and deserve serious consideration.

American Catholics have always had a double burden to carry. Besides the normal support of government, public education, and public charity, Catholics have had to build and to support their own churches and their schools from the kindergarten to universities, to support almost 150,000 priests and Religious, and to maintain all the foreign missionaries, priests, brothers and sisters, which a generous country has sent to the corners of the world.

## *When Is "No-time"?*

Now comes an unprecedented crisis bringing ever-increasing appeals to and demands upon our generosity. The majority of ordinary people will soon feel they have reached the saturation point. Some may be pushed so far as to resist all appeals, worthy and otherwise. Undoubtedly it is only common sense for Americans to say, "We cannot support the world. We cannot an-

swer every appeal." But there is the temptation and therefore the danger that many will say, "We cannot do everything," and thereupon decide to do nothing. Starving victims of war must be fed; so must the spiritually starved be cared for. True Christian charity must always possess something of a missionary character. A true Catholic must include the missions in his plan of life, in his prayers at all times, and in his budget whenever possible. We can never lose our zealous charity for the missions and hope to remain one, holy, catholic and apostolic.

## *Men at Work; Not at War*

As I look back over the Summer, one fact stands out. The only solid, stable, constructive and completely supra-national institution in this world is our Church; and its missionary activity, carried on in such times of stress by the generosity and sacrifices of our peoples of many lands and many tongues, across lines of hate, of war, of race, and of geography, is the most encouraging, stimulating, and noble activity of a human race which has otherwise been pretty generally disgracing itself for many a loony moon. It is the only conquest of which man can be proud today. It demands no compulsory service, it imposes no taxation; it lives a heroic life by virtue of voluntary support, and if I must remind some from the Associate Editor's desk that the burden of support would be much easier to carry and the work of the missions much easier to continue if the burden were more widely shared, I can still insist that it is a privilege to be associated even in a small way with the JESUIT MISSIONS.

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.



# To Monkey River

From the river of the singing monkeys the Bishop visits fourteen villages in the bush of British Honduras.

Right Rev. William A. Rice, S.J.

*Two little Mayan girls of Aquacate.*

AS soon as the Easter rush had subsided I turned my attention to my *patakees* and the southern Confirmation tour. *Patakees*, if you do not already know, are merely wicker baskets, made by the Caribs and especially well suited for travel in these parts. The basket is a square affair with a closely fitting cover. The walls are double and lined with a native leaf which makes the whole thing water-proof, providing it does not turn over and allow the water to get in under the cover. They are easily stowed away in a canoe and carried on the back of an Indian porter. I have two of them, a larger one for my clothes and little things, and another in which I place my only crosier, the mitre and confirmation booklet.

MY first stop was at the sea-side village of Monkey River, a small place of about one hundred and fifty Catholics, a like number of Anglicans and eight or ten Seventh Day Adventists. The village is only a few inches above the sea-level and during the rainy season is almost constantly inundated, a perfect paradise for mosquitoes, doctor-flies and other pests. It was while staying here that I had the good fortune to meet Mr. and Mrs. Tanner and Captain Dickerson, who made up the only bring-'em-back-alive-expedition I had ever met. One associates an expedition of that kind with the heart of Africa or the unknown Pacific Islands, but never thinks of them as operating right here on the American continent.



*Bishop Rice gets a close-up of a toomy-goff, one of Central America's most dangerous snakes.*

Monkey River, however, is just the appropriate name for a rendezvous of that kind of expedition.

I had been told of a previous expedition which had not turned out so well, three snakes escaping from their boxes. But here, after ten days, this expedition had made a very impressive collection of wild animals and reptiles. Monkey River is so called because of the large number of monkeys to be found in the jungle which grows right up to the village. These monkeys look like, and are called, baboons, though I was politely informed by the collectors that their real name is the singing monkey. Why they are called that, I cannot find out. The nearest thing to a song they emit is a long, sustained growl or cry. And

later, I heard plenty of them in their native habitat, but never did I hear the slightest thing that I could associate with a song.

There were already seventy of them in captivity, and the expedition had a contract to bring home some two hundred of them to fill up the vacancies in the American zoos. They were of all sizes, from the tiny milk-in-the-bottle size to the gray-haired old patriarchs. To handle them the curators used heavy, leather gloves, but the singing monkeys seemed to have a liking for leather, for they would forget to sing and sink their black teeth into those gloves at the slightest provocation.

Besides the seventy baboons there were half a dozen snakes, the yellow toomy goff, and a few boas and

# and Beyond

one or two others which were harmless. A particularly ferocious animal, the mountain cow (the dictionaries call it the *tapir*) was also brought in by one of the young men of the village. Then there were gibnots (my dictionary must be antiquated because I could not find this word in it), ant-eaters, Indian rabbits, and I believe there was a tiger, too. All in all, I thought I was rather fortunate in seeing all this collection behind bamboo bars, and not meeting them on the trails I was to cross during the next few weeks!

OUR first Indian village to be visited was San Pedro Colombia on the Rio Grande River, about twelve or more hours from Punta Gorda by canoe. Why don't you use an outboard motor or a motor boat, you may wonder. Well, the answer to that is easy . . . the river at this time of the year is very low, stones and fallen trees encumber the way and progress is very slow. Besides, there are many rapids and many a time we all had to get out and push the canoe over rocks and up the rapids. A motor here wouldn't be of much use, you may be sure. During the rainy season the river is so strong and rises so rapidly that a small motor would be washed down with the current. Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., learned all about that many years ago.

As we approached the village, late in the afternoon, we heard the blowing of a *conch* and the pealing of a church bell, which was the signal for the people to assemble. All were on the shore as we paddled in. The children had large palm fronds in which they had stuck bright red flowers, and the women dressed in their brightly colored blouses, made a very colorful sight. A youngster stepped out of the crowd and read a little speech of welcome to the Bishop and with that we all marched up to the village church.

IN almost all of our Indian villages we have bush churches. I



*Leaving a village in the bush, Ketchi Indians carry the Bishop's patackees in this fashion through the jungle.*

say "almost all," for in two or three we have something more pretentious, a church built with real boards. The bush church is nothing more than poles, or hand-made planks stuck into the ground upright, and the entire structure thatched with palm leaves. And the curious thing about them is that in their construction not a single nail was used! The poles or planks are held together with pieces of *moho* bark, which is extremely tough and strong, or with streamers of the *tie-tie* tree, which lasts indefinitely (unless it is tampered with by the wood lice!) Usually, the church will have two doors and no windows. The cracks left by the ill-fitting boards or poles let in plenty of light and air, enough to satisfy the most fastidious fresh-air addict.

The altar furniture is very meager. In three places I observed that the Indians had used their native ingenuity, by making three-handled clay bowls to serve as censers. If you take this modern censer up carefully and swing it gracefully, you will avoid burning your hands, though you might spill some of the coals on the floor! The Indians are generous in supplying you with coals and incense. The incense is made from the bark of trees which they dry and crush. It does have some

resemblance to the fine Arabian incense and produces clouds of smoke.

Usually the missionary will carry all his vestments with him, though he may have, in a few places, ant and lice-proof chests to preserve them till his next visit, two or three months later. Unless he exercises great caution he may return to find his precious vestments pretty well eaten up by the voracious ants. Even the missals and other books have their natural enemies. Flying cockroaches (and they are enormous, too! I caught one whose wings measured two inches each—a wing spread of four inches) just love to nibble at the outside cover of the missal, while book-worms and wood-lice find their favorite diet in the glue of the binding, or simply boring through the leaves. As a result of various assaults lasting over many years, the missals in these stations are pretty shabby.

I'D like to take you on a visit to all the stations. But there are fourteen of them and I am afraid you would be wearied out before I got to the last one. On one of the trips from San Teresa we had to come down the River Moho, a river that looks pretty decent, but in reality is most treacherous. Our Indians paddled (*Turn to page 223*)

# Missionary to the Russians of Los Angeles

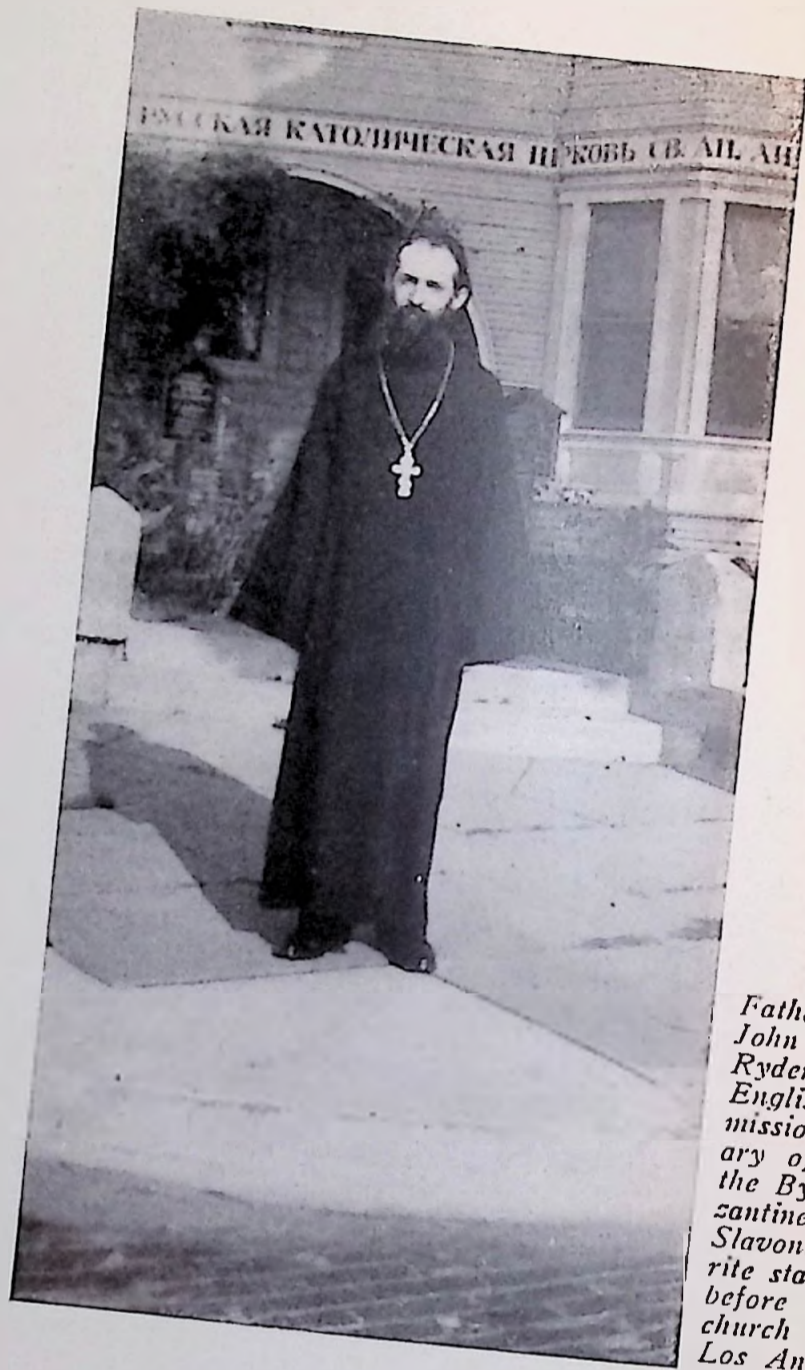
John A. Houle, S.J.

**I**N these days of electric shavers and fancy safety razors, a beard is something of a defiance. But it can also be a symbol, and in the case of Father John H. Ryder, S.J., it distinguishes him as a priest of the Catholic Church, of an Eastern Rite.

Just since the present European war broke out has Father Ryder been in America, in the heart of Los Angeles' Russian community. There he is the pastor of St. Andrew's Catholic Church, where the Liturgy is celebrated according to the Byzantine-Slav Rite, and in the Slavonic (Old Russian) tongue.

When Father Ryder took over his church, his parishioners were limited to one family of three—which is the reason for Father Ryder's presence in the City of the Angels. His Excellency, Archbishop Cantwell, provided the church and called upon Jesuit Superiors to provide a missionary for the nearly twenty thousand Russians of Los Angeles, very few of whom are Roman Catholics. Father Ryder was sent from England, where he had been collecting funds for his mission in Esthonia. Still young, despite a black beard, which hasn't yet seen its wearer's forty years, he made new plans for Los Angeles—and those plans begin with youth.

**A**LREADY the garage in back of 453 South Cummings is a combination play and reading room for the children of Russian parents. Since Father Ryder can speak Russian, he has no trouble in teaching them. Because children can often instruct where other teachers are ignored, he works through them to bring some of the separated flock back to the fold. Father Ryder brings missionary experience and determination to his task. This is not his first pioneering experience. When Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus decided to have Jesuits trained in the Oriental Rite at Rome, Father Ryder was the first to arrive. When the Russian College opened a Villa on the Adriatic, Father Ryder went first with hammer, rule and saw to prepare accommodations. When young seminarians went mountain climbing in the Apennines, Father Ryder accompanied them as chaplain, climbed with them and said Mass daily for them. When there seemed hope of conversions in Esthonia, Father



*Father John H. Ryder, S.J., English missionary of the Byzantine-Slavonic rite stands before his church in Los Angeles.*

Ryder was sent there to develop a Catholic Oriental center. Now he is pioneering once again in Los Angeles.

**T**HE religious Russian non-Catholics among whom he now lives are proud of their ancient Rite with its beautiful liturgy. Tenaciously they cling to it, loath to relinquish the least part of it, suspicious of any attempt to dilute it with an admixture of another Rite. As soon as they discover how firm is the Pope's insistence on purity of Rite, how rigorously Father Ryder has been trained to preserve that purity, how completely and sincerely he has left what he once held so dear, and how eager he has been to devote himself without reservation to Russians in any part of the world—Rome, where for six years he strove day and night to fill his soul with Russian thought, Russian customs, Russian points of view; Shanghai, where he once expected to be sent; Esthonia, where he once labored; and now Los Angeles where he finds the same good Russian people for whose salvation he is devoting his life—as soon as his Russian neighbors discover his single-minded, sincere devotion to their interests, the fruits of this exceptional apostolate will appear.

It is Father Ryder's hope one day to go to Russia, but meanwhile he is not waiting idly. He has found his Russians in Los Angeles.

# Social Works on the Missions

## The Mission Intention for September

AS long as the crisis of civilization remains a much discussed topic, the achievements of the western world will be held up for our admiration, and rightly so. We have a right to be proud of them and a duty to treasure them. Except for certain injustices and errors, mankind can ill afford to lose the heritage which Europe has handed on to us. Yet hitherto in all the discussions, there has been a strange silence on one pertinent point: the very peoples who claim European civilization as their own were once barbarians who came to Europe as invaders, marauders and vandals to kill and to prey upon the most impressive civilization the world had ever known. The barbarians could pound to bits in savage glee a marble statue which should have made them gape in dumb admiration. They could sack cities more beautiful than anything their ancestors straight back to Adam had ever set their eyes upon. They could destroy, and because of that savage power, they claimed the right to rule Europe from the northern stretches to the shores of Africa.

That crisis should have been considered because its outcome was the end of a civilization and the beginning of our own. No matter how difficult it may be to conceive the end of our world today, it is still far more incredible that our civilization, in view of its inauspicious origins, should ever have come into existence at all. That it does exist, glorious enough to make its ruin an irreparable loss, is due to the Monks of the West. They were the ones who pushed out into the wreck of an empire, out across the frontiers of a wilderness to found for the barbarians and their posterity what we know today as western civilization and culture.

THE Mission Intention for September is very much like a call upon the missionaries to do for the Missions what the Monks once did for Europe. But there is this difference: the task is easier because the peoples of the Missions today are more amenable to genuine Christian culture than were our European ancestors; it is more difficult because of the staggering magnitude of this new field of operation. The Mission Intention for September calls upon the entire Apostleship of Prayer to pray for Social Works on the Missions. This means that the mission countries are to be made, as they have every right to be, self-sustaining as soon as possible, so that they may be able to speak with pride of *their* work for the Church in China or in India, etc., as we speak with pride of *our* work for the Church in America?

The fact that this intention has been assigned does not imply that such a program has not already been put into practice. United States Jesuit missionaries in 1938 ministered to 48 hospitals and clinics which cared for 161,000 people; they conducted 11 industrial schools which trained almost 900 boys in useful arts; they directed 9 normal schools which were preparing almost 1,200 to teach in mission and public schools. The force of those simple statistics becomes evident when you realize that this was done over and beyond the main missionary

work of preaching, administering the sacraments, conducting parishes and regular schools. In the same year, for example, that the Jesuits were engaged in the social works listed above, they distributed almost 3,000,000 Communion, performed almost 6,000 marriages, conferred almost 50,000 Baptisms, and taught in Jesuit schools, subjects ranging from the rudiments in grammar school to law in the universities to 50,000 young people in our nine mission fields.

MISSIONARIES today see more clearly than ever the need of the program outlined in this month's Mission Intention—a Christian civilization, native schools and teachers, Catholic civic leaders, credit unions, scientific farming, mechanical progress, and health programs. Quite certainly and for a long time the Church, the missionaries and those who support the missions at home have seen the need of this course of action now recommended to our prayers and to our assistance. Boys and girls must be trained with enough patriotism to use their abilities to improve the lot of their own people rather than to making their own fortunes; with enough religious faith to want to aid their own people to build a Catholic civilization and culture rather than to desert their own once they have become independent of the missionary's support.

The intention "Social Works" reminds us all that the work, already begun, needs fuller support if it is to succeed in providing the vocational training, leadership formation, establishment of credit unions, savings institutions, etc., needed to make the Missions self-reliant. A few comparative figures will indicate the magnitude of the task. The United States has a population of approximately 130,000,000. China has almost 500,000,000 and India over 700,000,000. For public school education alone, our country spends annually about two billion dollars. For vocational guidance it spends an admittedly inadequate forty-five million dollars. This, for a population one-fourth of China's and less than one-fifth of India's! And the total population of the lands in which six hundred United States Jesuit Missionaries work is over one billion!

OBVIOUSLY nothing so grand as our American educational program can be undertaken. And the main point is that it is not our place to undertake it. We must start it, however, and train them to carry on. Besides, it does not cost our missionaries as much to build schools and to maintain them as it costs the United States Government. Perhaps nowhere else in the world does money go farther than on the Missions.

Supporting the social works on the Missions is not unlike the generosity of the Wise Men who gave a start in life to the Holy Family by their gifts. By furthering Social Works on the Missions through our prayers and support, we can become other Wise Men returning the compliment to the East. We shall be aiding holy families among the Catholics on the Missions.

# A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## ALASKA

### *Pancakes En Route*

Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., describes some of the Summer work at Akulurak:

"You know the big Summer work up here at Akulurak is the catching of salmon. First of all, Brother Murphy, S.J., leaves on our fifty-five-foot *Treca* with a load of men and boys to fix up the camp on the Yukon. When the fish wheels are in readiness and the nets set he sends word to me and I take up a load of mission girls to do the cutting.

"This year, due to very little snow, the Yukon is at Fall level and one must use to advantage the tides to make his trips. I therefore left the Mission at high tide with eight girls and three boys on the *Missionary Lucchesi*—a dandy little thirty-eight-foot enclosed boat. A beating rain continued during the entire trip. The Eskimo lassies set to work cooking a monstrous heap of pancakes made Eskimo style, but devoured with gusto. At the wheel I watched with silent amusement the mysterious manner with which these pancakes disappeared.

"After some four hours travel we began to scape bottom and we were forced to drop anchor. Luckily at this point an Eskimo with a 'kicker' happened to be passing by and I immediately requisitioned him to relay the girls to the camp. We left the boat in charge of one of the boys and after another hour of scraping and pushing and changing broken pins we finally arrived at the camp at dusk.

### *The Fishing Camp*

"Brother Murphy had just landed with a boat-load of huge King Salmon, so the girls donned their fishing clothes and set to work. I visited the camp, later said rosary and rounded up the day with about seventy-five confessions in good old Eskimo gutters. During the night, if night it can be called, for there is very little darkness, the mail chugged

in and with it your overflowing box of pictures, statues, nicely stringed medals, books—but the prize of all, the double trail vestments. Say, they are just the thing. Before my little crew of three boys had risen in the morning, I had the vestments blessed and ready for use. The canning house had been fixed up the night before for Mass and you will be happy to know that your vest-

17th. Father James J. Hannon, S.J., gave it. The Scholastics from St. Francis were over and Father Louis Meyer, S.J., was in from Porcupine, so we had a full house for a time. Our chapel seemed too small just then, but we still had room to put in more in the refectory.

"During the retreat one of our workmen, a cousin of Father George Stroh, S.J., went down for



Brother Eugene Jennings, S.J., surveys the havoc wrought by a tornado at St. Francis Mission. The Dakota wind tore the roof off the dormitory building.

ments inaugurated our fishing season in style. I told my Eskimo flock of your generosity and asked their prayers for you. We do not forget our benefactors in our prayers and Holy Communion here at Akulurak.

"I really had a lot of consolation last Sunday in saying Mass at the fish camp. All the men in a body answered the prayers of the Mass in Latin—all, of course, are old Mission boys. Prayers before and after Communion were said in native and songs also echoed in the Eskimo language which somehow or other loses its harsh sounds when sung."

## AMERICAN INDIANS

### *Scholastic to the Rescue*

Brother William P. Siehr, S.J., writes to give us the Summer happenings at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota:

"We finished our retreat on the

a swim back of our dam and was apparently drowned. Mr. Robert Demeyer, S.J., one of the St. Francis Scholastics, succeeded in restoring life by artificial respiration after the lad was apparently dead for about ten minutes. Ever since the lad has been in the infirmary here. Pneumonia developed and every bit of care that could be given has been bestowed on him. The Sister, two other nurses and several doctors have been here right along, to say nothing of the attentions of Father Stroh and the boy's parents, who have been here for about a week. I believe it was mostly through prayer that the lad is not now dead. He is still lingering on the brink, but we hope now that he may ultimately recover.

### *Water Makes a Difference*

Father Francis Collins, S.J.,

was over when the retreat began, for he brought a number of the men from St. Francis here. Father Thomas Hallahan, S.J., was here to get the men after the retreat. He takes a great interest in the temporalities now that he is Minister. Consequently, he wanted to see the difference between the respective gardens of each place. When he got into our irrigated corn patch where the corn stood high over any man's head, he made the remark: 'Well, you have something there.' Where there is no irrigation there is nothing taller than three feet. The rest of the garden crops are all doing as well, wherever there is any irrigation. People come for miles to get a look at our garden, for when you look out over these burnt and dry hills with the dust blowing all the time, it is a marked contrast.

"There are about thirty children here during the Summer, most of these are homeless. There was to be a group here for a Sodality meeting over the last week-end, but since Father Stroh has been so much occupied he was unable to direct it and so it has been called off. Father F. J. Coffey, S.J., has been assigned Father Placidus F. Sialm's territory for the time being. He is getting acquainted with the territory now.

"At St. Francis Mission they had a young tornado that tore the roof off the boys' building and nearly wrecked Brother Joseph Parry's garden house as the pieces came down. They plan to build up that place, the boys' building, by adding another story, to make it the way it was before the fire damaged it about ten years ago. It was only two stories high of late, but it had been three when first built.

"Old Brother Henry Billing, S.J., started to get around with a cane the last few days. His 'good leg' has the rheumatism. He is one grand old man. All the rest of us are well and around, even Brother James Marchand, S.J., who was down to Alliance Hospital for a few days about a month ago, being then very much run down."

## *Any Old Clothes?*

From Holy Rosary also comes a plea from Father F. J. Coffey, S.J., for clothes for the Indian children:

"Old clothes are an excellent gift and fulfill a real need. Styles neither change nor are given much consideration on the Reservation. It takes a lot of clothing to keep about four hundred children warm during these cold Dakota Winters. The packages are turned over to the Sisters of St. Francis, who have charge of the clothing. Many of the articles, when they are distributed to the teachers of the different grades, make fine prizes for the children. Pictures of all kinds are in great demand, but especially holy pictures. The interior of log cabins in which most of the Indians live is usually very bare, the logs with the cement between them exposed. Pictures will help to beautify the home, and religious pictures and statues go a long way to help create a religious atmosphere about the home."

## BRITISH HONDURAS

### *Help from England*

A hint of what might happen to the mission if the British Empire should lose its Colony of British Honduras is given by Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., in a recent letter:

"Who knows what the projected blitzkrieg of England will mean for American possessions? We don't, that is certain. However, we are going along the best we can and are not worrying about tomorrow.

"Any change in the status of the Colony would certainly affect our schools very much. Without the Government aid we would have to close more than half of them, perhaps more, because we could hardly raise the funds necessary to keep up our sixty or more schools. But, as I say, we are not worrying. Our Sisters are doing a very splendid work all through the Colony in their schools, and are ever enthusiastic for any other venture. Not long ago I proposed another task for



Father Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., of High Gate, Jamaica, B.W.I., introduces our readers to two of his young parishioners.

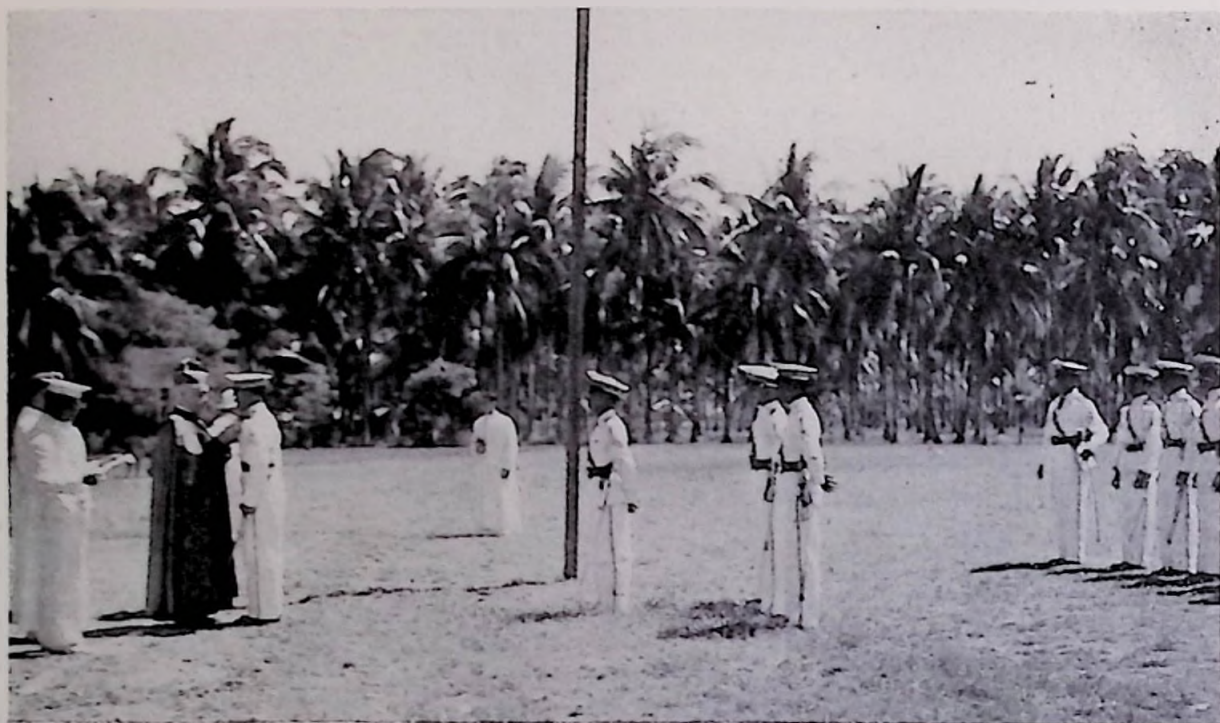
their zeal. They are glad to take it up and all we are waiting for just at present is the means of transportation. You see, around Belize, Corozal and Punta Gorda there are one or two important villages where there is a very great need of catechism among the children and the elders too. As there are now fair roads to these villages, I thought of sending a group of Sisters there each Sunday for this kind of work.

### *Why Not Scooters?*

"Some one proposed getting some horses or bicycles. But these do not seem practical. Imagine a cavalcade of Sisters galloping up to some thatched roof bush hut, veils flying in the wind, and telling the good people they had come to teach catechism! It would be romantic, wouldn't it? But they could not bring any helpers along with them, and besides there are other disadvantages. So we are just waiting and praying that St. Joseph might send us a Chevrolet or a Ford. In fact, three of them! Aren't we modest?

"Do you know that we have four jubilarians on the Mission? Two will celebrate their jubilee next month. The other two celebrated theirs a couple of years

# BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., awards medals to some of the graduates of the Ateneo de Cagayan, Philippine Islands. The Ateneo de Cagayan, which is not to be confused with its famous sister, the Ateneo de Manila, produced its first college graduating class this year.

ago. They are wonderful old soldiers and have done a marvelous work. But it seems time to think about replacing them. They won't be able to continue many more years."

## IRAQ

### *Boats on the Desert*

The faithful correspondent and genial Rector of Baghdad College, Father Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J., writes:

"Here we are at last with a note of thanks, sincerest thanks, for all the gifts. There used to be an old song, 'Every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more.' And that is how the missions run. It is really amazing to look at one's books and see how much of the mission support comes from small gifts. I shall acknowledge each gift with a letter and with many a prayer for the donors.

"Since last I wrote we have had all kinds of flood troubles. Baghdad has been threatened seriously, and once the bund close to our property was in such danger that the Government had to rush several loads of dirt to stop the water. The Euphrates was on a rampage also and broke its banks. There are now five hundred square miles of the desert flooded and the desert

road, ordinarily a dusty ride by auto, must now be done in a boat.

### *Big Year for the College*

"We are just finishing one of our best years. Our graduates will number nearly twenty this year and they are a very representative group.

"We miss Father Francis W. Anderson, S.J., very much. He had what is needed for the work here and our Community is such a family that all separations hurt and, to add to that, his work is most delicate and most difficult, requiring something of a scientist, a diplomat, an athlete, a mechanic, a scholar, a beggar and pilgrim, all sprinkled with a sense of humor. I have just returned from a visit to Transjordan, so I know that I am not exaggerating. Father J. A. Devenny, S.J., is filling in very well. He must be looking forward to the Summer, for he has had scarcely a chance to unpack his trunk.

"Our buildings have made a very fine impression. The equipment, the classes, and the results have had the same effect. It is hard to put down on paper just what this place means to the Church here. Even if it should end tomorrow, it seems that it would have justified itself. But it will not end tomorrow. Great

work has been done. There is greater yet to be done in whatever form God sees fit."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

### *New Appointments*

A notice has been received of changes in the Philippines:

Father Anthony L. Gamp, S.J., was appointed Superior of Culion Leper Colony on May 23rd, replacing the famous Father Frances X. Rello, S.J. Brother Augustin Sinayan, S.J., has gone to Tagoloan; Brother Augustin Miralles, S.J., to the Ateneo de Cagayan.

New principal residences were established by Very Reverend Father General at Cagayan, Iligan, Talisayan, Balingasag and Dapitan.

The new local Superiors appointed by Father Superior and approved by Father General are Father James L. O'Neill, S.J.; Father Andrew Cervini, S.J.; Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J.; Father Clement Risacher, S.J., and Father Joseph Buxo, S.J.

Attached to Talisayan, will be Gingoog and Mambajao; to Balingasag, Jasaan; to Iligan, Dansalan, Colambugan and Initao. At present there will be no house attached to Dapitan.

### *Temple Built with Hands*

"Your kind letter was received with deepest gratitude," writes Father Joseph M. Reyes, S.J., from Pagadin, Zamboanga. "It is hard to carry through a task like this with so little to go on, about thirty-five cents a weekly collection. But to see and to feel the spirit with which these poor people go to work, absolutely free of charge, repays us for all the hardships and fills our hearts with gratitude to God for the faith which we find here.

"We would appreciate greatly receiving any musical instruments that our friends might be able to send for our music-loving Filipinos."

### *Into Thy Hands*

Of the Jesuits' departure from Plaridel, Occidental Misamis, Father John Gaerlan, S.J., writes:

# JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

"I was the last one to leave the last post of Occidental Misamis. The people, I suppose, with gratitude in their hearts for the work done by the Jesuits, felt very much our departure. The building of so many schools and the great increase of Catholics everywhere were the fruits of their daily hardships and sacrifices. But it is all A.M.D.G. We do not need to mention how we all had worked in that Vineyard before our exodus. May God bless us in our new posts and may He bless these good people and their new shepherds with ever greater success in their work for Christ's Kingdom."



Father Harry A. Delaney, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has sailed for Belize, British Honduras.

## This Is a Brother

How valuable a Brother is on the missions can be gathered from the graphic picture Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., has sent us:

"All the Fathers, I think would be glad to have Brothers, especially as a companion, somebody to talk to at times. If there is only one Brother in the house many tasks keep him busy. After Mass and Holy Communion and the usual spiritual exercises, the work in church, sacristy, *convento*, school and the grounds begins. Thanks be to God, I received a good training in the Noviceship and learned many useful things there; they all come in handy now: a beam in the *con-*

*vento* or church, destroyed by ant, must be replaced; vestments or clothing need repairs; meals have to be prepared; a horse or carabao must be chased out of the garden; or there may be a trip to Cagayan, sixty miles away, to get provisions. The farm and garden must be looked after, a few carabaos, sheep, pigs and chickens cared for, two hundred orange trees and plenty of coffee trees pruned, rice husked and corn ground by our power engine, the only machine in a wide area.

"So you see the variety of work for the Brothers makes a busy day and even after supper there are things to do for which there is no time during the day, such as fixing rosaries, cutting hosts, etc. Keeping busy keeps us happy, and we forget there are hardships in trying to help out the Father by our companionship in his hard and trying duties. Greetings to all my old friends."

## CHINA

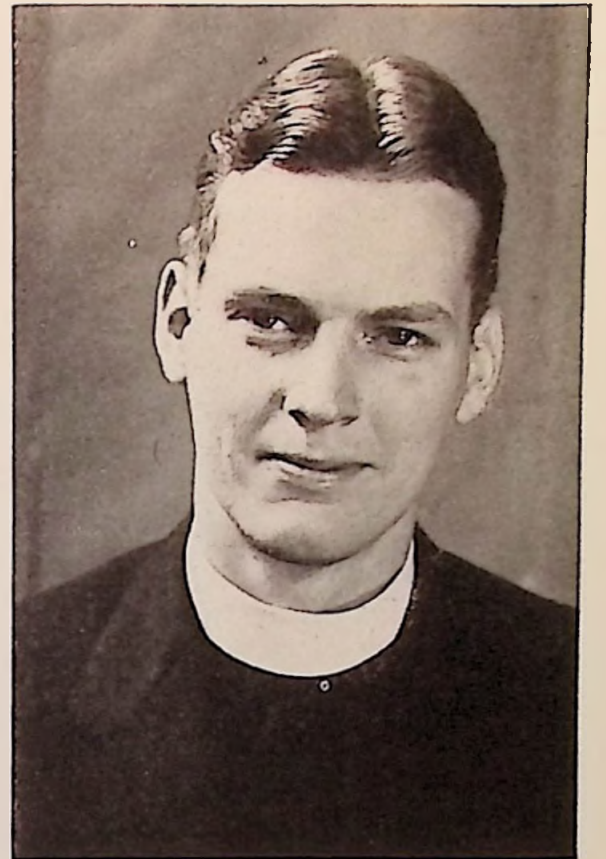
### Shanghai and Nanking

A letter filled with news about the China missionaries of the California Province has come in from Father John K. Lipman, S.J., in Shanghai:

"What have we been doing over here? Well, the parish has been coming along nicely, and the congregations have increased noticeably the past eight or nine months. We could use a church twice as large, but this is no time to build, and perhaps when another parish is started in a year or so, there will be no need at our place.

"Gonzaga College has been doing well but this next year is going to be a hard one, because plans have been made to move the school back to the French Concession, and two-thirds of the land at the present site has been sold, taking away all the campus. We only hope that arrangements will be finished soon and something done on the new building, so that by next year it will be ready.

"Nanking has been coming along well enough. Father James F. Kearney, S.J., 'occupied' the



Robert P. Raszkowski, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who, after finishing his studies of philosophy and science at St. Louis University, has been assigned to the Mission of British Honduras.

building of the Ministry of Industries of the former government, which had been taken away from the Mission, and the way things are going, it looks as if we shall be able to hold on to the place, which is right next door to Ricci College. Father Kearney has moved in there already, from Chung Shan Road, and is fixing up several of the buildings. It will be a much better location than the other, from most points of view, so we are hoping for the best. When the Haichow Mission is established, Nanking will probably be the headquarters, for it is only five hours from Shanghai and eight hours from Haichow.

## Two Fathers to Return

"Up in the district the three American Fathers are coming along fine, and I expect to join Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., at Shuyang in October, after the new men arrive here from the States. There are three Americans there now, and three old French Fathers who will remain there until they die. Then there is one young Chinese Jesuit and a young Portugese Jesuit who will remain until they can be replaced

# AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

and the present Minister, Father DeLauzon, who will stay for another year or so. Just what my status will be after a year, remains to be seen. Our next man, Father Wilfred LeSage, S.J., won't be ready for another two years.

"Father John O'Farrell, S.J., just finishing Tertianship at Wuhu, leaves for the States July 8th, and with him goes Father John Lennon, S.J., who hasn't been so well and is going back for a rest. Father Thomas Phillips, S.J., will take charge of Gonzaga, and Father Ralph Deward, S.J., just finishing theology and intended for Gonzaga, will stay out of Tertianship a year to help out there.

"Father Simons will be down to Shanghai during July, and Father Joseph Gatz, S.J., went to Peiping to inhale a little of the language. Brother James Finnegan, S.J., from Nanking also went to Peiping for three months to study the Mandarin.

## *New Radio Talks*

"As I mentioned before, most of the regular little jobs are through for the Summer, but now I have to start on the publishing of the second volume of radio talks. This last year we discussed four encyclicals of Pius XI,—Christian Marriage, Atheistic Communism, Social Reconstruction and Christian Education. Next year Father Kearney is planning a series of doctrinal talks,—the sacraments, etc. As far as we know, the programs are popular enough, but I must confess that some of the talks this year were a bit solid for popular consumption.

"About the world news, I have nothing to say except that the whole thing is a mess; God only knows what the end will be, but I hope it comes soon. I feel very sorry for the poor French Fathers here."

## PATNA, INDIA

### *Farewell to the Doms*

Father Joseph Mann, S.J., tells of his transfer to a new Mission at Tribeniganj:

"My new address! Yes, it's new, for when I learned that Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., was coming back, knowing how hard it was for him to leave the Doms last year, I sent a note to Very Rev. Father Superior volunteering to step out gladly to allow Father Pettit to take charge. For after all Father Pettit's trials, he surely deserved to be allowed to lead the Doms in a grand religious revival. So now Father Pettit is back at his old stamping ground, happy with the prospects of making something out of the Dom mission; and I am here a bit sad, still homesick, but with a will to do and dare A.M.D.G.

"Latona is the village where I have taken up headquarters. To be brief and to tell you what we have here I need but note that the earthquake leveled the Father's house, ripped the church up and down with huge cracks; the sanctuary roof fell, all was a wreck. Immediately a thatch church was put up and God saw fit to allow a burning faggot from a blazing jungle to be carried by the wind and to land in the middle of the thatch church. All went up in smoke, the window frames and doors of the old church too.

### *More Misfortune*

"Even before the earthquake the mad Kosi River periodically leapt her banks, but after the quake she began shifting her course more than ever. The whole district became a river and now that the Kosi has spread farther West, she has left this Mission loaded with three and four feet of sand.

"But now the river has gone, the people are returning, houses are springing up quickly, the tough tiger grass that grew up everywhere is fast disappearing and the land is once again being brought under cultivation.

"But there are hopes. Two days ago I met the head man of all the Chamars of the surrounding country, some five hundred or so. Things look promising. If in God's Providence we will be able to convert them soon, the other

Chamars who will return to this now budding area will most likely follow the example of their Catholic brothers. This is just a dream, but something to help me keep up my pep here."

How he solved a property difficulty in a novel way is told by Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., of Godda:

"I have a new partner now, Father Edward Scott, S.J. He has been doing most of the missionary work since his coming about six weeks ago. I have been held up here by building, warring with the *Morwori*, and whatnot.

"Then, as I may have told you, I inherited this famous encroachment case that Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., had with the *Morwori* who grabbed a piece of our land here at Godda and while Father Gibbons was away built a little temple (Mohbir Sthan) to make it impossible to oust him. The case started before my coming to Godda. A civil suit can run forever in India. I began to get tired; so two weeks ago I set the Mohammedan masons to work to build a very necessary little building for the mission people just over the line that I had finally been forced to give him on account of his temple. The masons got the spirit and practically duplicated in the foundation of his shrine. He began to get very much troubled about a latrine being built next to his place of prayer. He tried to start a suit against me and got out an injunction to stop the work.

"The S.D.O. came up a couple of days later and assured me that I had a right to build what I wanted on my own land but would like to have the matter peaceably settled. He went for our poor *Morwaris* (who are wealthy, by the way, usually money lenders, with the reputation of being rascals). So I told them if my friend behaved himself we might put our latrine some place else. So two days later, the surveyor appeared with officials to give us possession of the disputed land, plus the plot we were to get in compensation and I hope the matter is finished. To keep peace, we need charity and a measure of justice, too."

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Neutrality!

To the Editor:

May I as a Britisher thank you for your Editorial "If the British Empire Falls?" It is rare to find a priest or a Catholic paper in this country saying anything kind about our Empire. As a matter of fact, they are so neutral, that one wonders if they really want us to win the war!

Cardinal Hinsley said the other day "Neutrality in the face of crime, is in itself a crime." Do you suppose the Chaplain of the Catholic War Veterans agrees with the resolution that body passed in Newark yesterday? They evidently want Hitler and Mussolini to be the victors.

To us the issue is so clear we cannot understand the attitude of American Catholics.

MRS. M. GRANT COAKLEY  
New York, N. Y.

## Faith That Wins

To the Editor:

I have received notice that my subscription for JESUIT MISSIONS has expired. I cannot afford to renew, my eyes are not strong, and cannot do much reading. Each magazine I received, after reading it, I have left in the church porch. Others pick up and read it so perhaps some of them have sent in their money for your good magazine.

Last Christmas I was destitute and out of work. I read about your "Novena of Masses" ending on Christmas Day, said for subscribers. I rejoiced that I was one of them. I felt a positive and certain faith that the Novena would bring me success. The day after Christ-

mas I obtained employment, temporary, but other temporary positions have followed and since then I have not been in a destitute condition. I am 63 years and still working for living expenses.

Also your editorial on the "English" (or British) protection given to the Catholic Church was of great spiritual benefit, if it impressed other readers as it did me.

There has been too much bitterness in our Irish hearts against England for what has happened in the past, and I felt bitter for what they had done in broken promises to Poland. But my eyes were opened; "There is good and bad in most of us." God expects us to forgive if we wish to be forgiven, nations as well as individuals.

I enclose \$1.00 for the cause—"Multiply Dollars in China." A friend told me about it a few days ago. Some other time I shall renew my subscription for the magazine.

MARIAN O'DONNELL  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Table Talk

To the Editor:

I would miss your magazine too much if I failed to renew my subscription. I enjoy it so much I read the articles to the family at dinner the evening it arrives. We all enjoy it and look forward to it. When we are finished with it I give it to a student in one of my classes—a young convert. He then passes it on to some of his friends. So you see it is really enjoyed.

GERTRUDE MASCHIO  
San Francisco, Calif.

## From a New Subscriber

To the Editor:

Allow me to express my sincere appreciation for your very kind letter and sample copies of JESUIT MISSIONS. They are without doubt the finest Catholic magazines I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

Mattapan, Mass. V. G. MASON

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# Chin Mi?

John P.  
Fox, S.J.

**W**HO was the pagan philosopher who defined man as "A curious animal"? Of course, I guess he is that, both in the literal as well as in the secondary sense of the word. Most men, even those that are otherwise peculiar, like to know "Just why?" "*Chin mi?*" as the Eskimos have it.

The reason for this bit of philosophy is a toothache. I used to brush my teeth as most white folks (among whom I have not been classed for these twelve years in Alaska). But I do it no more, at least not till either a dentist strays down this way, or I get out of my element and run across one somewhere. For I found after the last brushing that my teeth had lost the protective insulation they had before the act of sanitation I performed, and every time I went to table or took a cold drink, all my teeth just jumped as the cold or hot objects touched them. So, in spite of all the good advice of dentists, who keep plenty far from here, I decided to give up a good white man's habit.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, it may interest folks to know that no less of an authority on teeth than Dr. L. M. Waugh of Columbia University, New York, who paid us several long visits, decided after much investigation here and elsewhere, that our Eskimo have the finest teeth in the world. And, at least till very recently, they would not have known what use to make of a tooth brush and paste. So I, too, have reasons for my strange conclusion.



But as I did not mean to write an apology for the non-use of a tooth brush, we'll go on.

One usually learns most things by experience. And generally the bulk of our reasons "Just why" we do or omit certain things, are drawn from experience. Our Eskimos from long practice found that dragging their kiyaks over the mud would wear holes into the bottom and so make them leaky. They also found their sled runners wearing out from the friction caused by dragging them over the snow. Even their axe and knife occasionally became very dull from much wear. And though filing made them very sharp, it also wore away some of the iron till finally the axe was only about half as wide as it used to be and blade of his knife resembled a stiletto rather than the nice wide blade of a pocket knife.

**I**T took little reasoning to apply the experience to his clothes. When these were almost all made of skins of some kind, naturally the problem of washing them did not arise. For one does not wash fur coats, but when the occasional white trader strayed in with cloth and matched his cloth against the Eskimo's wood pile, a yard of cloth for a yard of wood (cord wood, four feet long and four feet high!), the natives found that their grease and oil more readily stuck to the cloth than to their skins. The cloth, of course, was washable. Didn't Kaluyartok fall into the water and his clothes look a little cleaner when he came out? So washing might be an idea. But alas, there was the experience of a holey kiyak, worn-out sled runners, axes and knives. Would not the cloth, too, wear out sooner under the strain of the rubbing necessary to wash it? The general verdict here was that it would. And as the wood was scarce, and other things to buy with not abundant enough to meet prevailing prices, they wore (Turn to page 223)

*Left, Eskimos are noted for their perfect teeth. Smiling Julius is no exception. Right, Eskimos wearing cloth covering for their fur parkas.*



# Jerusalem to Jericho

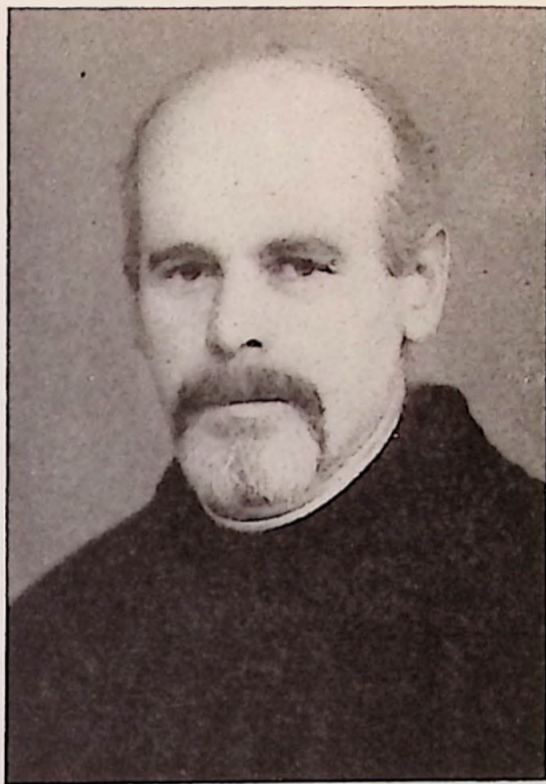
Francis W.  
Anderson, S.J.

THE Parable of the Good Samaritan has made the Jericho Road a byword. But one takes that Road today with little apprehension of falling among the robbers who for centuries counted it their legitimate preserve. "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." If one ever doubted the exactness of detail that enriches the simple Bible narratives, he cannot remain a sceptic as far as the Jericho Road is concerned. Down, down from the heights of Jerusalem nobly poised nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea to the Jordan Valley well below sea level. Hairpin curves around the shoulder of a cliff, S turns on the slope of the hills, a thin ribbon of road through a narrow gorge, but always down! That is the Road to Jericho.

One has scant reason to stop at Jericho today. It is little more than a name on a battered signpost. So when one goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho today, he is in all likelihood bound for Transjordan. For Jericho, the citadel that resisted Josue and his army for seven days when the Chosen People entered the promised land, the city that was a garden enclosed in the days of Christ, will in this twentieth century arrest none but the archeologist.

AT last the road levels off onto the fertile plain that is the Valley of the Jordan. And one approaches the famous river as one would approach a shrine. Though, to be sure, the asphalt road and motor car (F.O.B. Detroit) exact a penalty for the comfort and speed they have provided. They strike an incongruous note when one would conjure up the marching hosts of Israel or the stern and rugged Baptist calling the world to penance by those waters, or that sublime lesson in humility when Eternal Innocence submits to Baptism like the feeblest sinner in Israel. If one has lived for a while in the parched East, where every well and water course is held in benediction, one is not apt to be surprised at finding the Jordan, except in time of flood, the mere width of a hop, skip and jump. The historical importance of the pools and wells and rivers of these lands is not to be measured by size or grandeur. There are a thousand rivers in America that will never count in history, simply because there are a thousand rivers. The Jordan runs through the pages of the Testaments because it is unique.

"The land beyond the Jordan" is the familiar biblical designation of what is today the Arab principality of Transjordan. The narrow plain skirting the further bank of the River, from the Lake of Galilee southward be-



Father Francis W. Anderson, S.J.,  
American Jesuit missionary in the Trans-  
jordan district.

yond the Dead Sea, this is the western borderland of Transjordan. Sweeping abruptly skyward from this plain is a forbidding line of bare, scarred hills. Southward, the Mountains of Moab; to the north, the Mountains of Gilead; names with a familiar ring to readers of the Old Testament. These mountains slope away in a succession of swirling waves until they level off, some thirty miles away (in places less) onto the eastern plain that borders on and is really a continuation of the Syrian, Iraq and Arabian deserts. Fertile plains, rugged hills and the open desert, such is the physical aspect of a country somewhat less than twenty thousand square miles in area. In cities terraced on the hillsides, in towns and villages along the fruitful plains, in black tents spread by the wells and water courses live the country's three

hundred thousand people; almost equally divided between settled population and those picturesque nomads—the Bedouins. Arabic is the language of the country; but due to the British Mandate, English has become an important secondary language.

WHEN Transjordan emerged from the Great War as a new political entity, the attention drawn to it as a new born state tended to obscure its venerable past. Much stirring history, both sacred and profane, has been made in this land from time immemorial. The Jesuit Archeologists of the Biblical Institute at Jerusalem have unearthed at Teleilat Ghassul on the plains of Moab the remains of a civilization that flourished there no less than four thousand years before Christ. And there remain, perhaps, traces of older cultures to be unearthed. When the Lord rained down fire and brimstone to destroy the cities of the plains, Lot retired into this land. And his sons Moab and Ammon were founders of the Moabites and Ammonites, sometimes in peaceful, but more often in warlike contact with the people of Israel. It was in the country of the Moabites that the Chosen People spent the last months of their weary pilgrimage of forty years before entering the Promised Land. It was here that "Moses went up from the plains of Moab upon Mt. Nebo to the top of Phasga over against Jericho." And here the Lord showed him the land of his desire into which he was not to enter. Here on these mountains the great Patriarch lies buried but "no man hath known of his sepulcher until his present day."

In the capital Amman, like Rome a city upon seven hills, stands the ancient citadel of the Ammonites, captured some thousand years B.C. by David's army. It was that same campaign that

(Turn to page 223)



# NEW BOOKS



## The Sacrifice Paul Bussard

The actions of the Mass are meant to symbolize graphically a mysterious Truth. Most Catholics know that the Mass has something to do with the death of Christ, but for the vast majority, the actions and prayers of a priest saying Mass have little in them to suggest Calvary. In other words, the symbols have ceased to signify.

For all those who watch the priest Sunday after Sunday go through the silent, mysterious and mystifying ritual of the Mass, this book is highly recommended. It is written for the parishioners in the pews, though scholars will read it with envy and busy priests with gratitude. Converts, sodalities, study clubs, people who use Missals, all will find in this book just what they want, a simple, clear and interesting explanation of how and why the prayers and actions of the Mass, come to be chosen by the Church to symbolize the Sacrifice of the Mass. This book is easily one of the very best in this field.

*The Leaflet Missal, St. Paul, Minn., \$1.00.*

## Christian Life and Worship

Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J.

(Enlarged and revised edition, 4th printing)

Father Ellard needs no introduction to anyone at all acquainted with the field of liturgy. But there is still a great number of people who need an introduction to liturgical writings. It would be hard to find a better book for this purpose. Old friends of Father Ellard will welcome this revised edition. The author himself gives the reasons and the advantages of the revision—annotations from seven years' experience teaching the subject in the classroom, friendly criticism and comments from sympathetic readers of the first edition, suggestions from other teachers across the United States, difficulties proposed by students, and modern sources brought to light since the first book appeared on the scene.

This is a book designed to make the Faith, the Mass and the Sacraments, mean something to Catholics, not only on Sunday but every day of the week. Thanks be to all concerned, there is not one single sentimental holy picture in the book. Ade de Bethune has contributed the forceful, eloquent illustrations. Father Ellard has made an invaluable contribution to the Christian world of thought and action by giving us this book.

*The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$3.50.*

## Bess of Cobb's Hall Enid Dinnis

This book is meant to be a novel based on the life of Elizabeth Barton, a 16th century English martyr. It could also be placed in the files of hagiography. While the story equals the best of novels in dramatic grip and human interest, it surpasses mere fiction in the impact of truth which it carries. The main outline of the narrative does not depart from the known facts of history. Even the warm living details created by the imaginative *fiat* of the author, serve to unmask a conspiracy of falsehood, for Bess Barton has been much maligned by English annalists.

Within the compass of slightly over 200 pages, Enid Dinnis resurrects the living soul of 16th century English. She flashes clear-cut, action pictures of court life and monastic life, of country folk and of great notables like Thomas More, King Henry, Thomas Cranmer and Anne Boleyn. All this complex of people and things is woven around the narrative of the holy maid of Kent, whose simple, childlike viewpoint reads a meaning into it all that has escaped the attention of many savants. To follow the dramatic episodes of her life, is to breathe cool, fresh air in the midst of the warm, tainted winds of corruption.

The homely style of the author captures the spirit of the times as no other manner of treatment could do. The book is a valuable addition to any library, and its contents are a valuable addition to any mental storehouse.

*Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., \$2.50.*

## New Mexico Triptych

Fray Angelico Chavez, O.F.M.

Few books of recent times would make a more charming gift than this triad of short stories by Fray Angelico Chavez, a native poet, author, artist and Padre of the Southwest. The book is a work of art, a book to be treasured. Beautifully printed, strikingly illustrated by the author, it does honor to the St. Anthony Guild Press.

In 76 pages, there are three short legends about the Nativity, the Crucifixion, and the Madonna, told by one who has seen Heaven come to earth among "Coronado's children, my people" of New Mexico. Through his eyes, Old Nabor becomes more real to us than the shepherds of Bethlehem have ever been made in literature; Lucero is made more life-like than the Good Thief; and Mana Sede, the hunch-back,—well she once served as a model for a Madonna, and

on her grave you will always find flowers.

How St. Francis of Assisi must enjoy these charming stories by a true son of his, carrying on his work in old New Mexico! You will re-read them more than once.

*St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.25.*

## One Life in Christ

Sister Mary of the Angels, R.S.M.

This well written biography of Mother McAuley, holy foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, is another example of the rich fecundity of Holy Church in the field of sanctity.

It is the purpose of the author to give a comprehensive view of Mother McAuley's life, which she succeeds in doing in four rather lengthy chapters. They are: Catharine, the Confessor, the Apostle, the Virgin and the Martyr. In the first we see Miss McAuley before her entrance into Religious life, and the multiple trials she undergoes; the second presents the apostolic foundation of now Mother McAuley; while the last two chapters give us an interior insight both into the life of the Sisters of Mercy and of their saintly foundress.

Though the story told does not present as complete a picture, perhaps, as one would want; nor expose in an entirely satisfactory manner the relations between our Lord and Mother McAuley, still it does show us a chosen soul and does tell a life's history worthy of our reading.

*P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.50.*

## Seraphic Days

Sebastian Erbacher, O.F.M.

"Seraphic Days" is dedicated to the Franciscan Family of all Three Orders but its interest and value is not restricted to them alone. The brief accounts of the lives of the Franciscan Saints are stimulating far beyond the author's intent. What a rich variety in the Communion of Saints! The author's reflections and prayers will find a rich echo in any devout soul. The book is a worthwhile addition to any spiritual library.

*St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$2.00.*

## Who Are Catholics?

Very Rev. Msgr. James H. Murphy

What the churches, orthodox and Protestant, profess, and how they differ from the Roman Catholic Church is briefly and ably treated in this pamphlet.

*St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., five cents.*

## The Missions and Higher Education

(Continued from page 201)

and the prominence or wealth of the boy's family was no obstacle to principle. On the other hand, a cordial loyalty develops in our students' hearts, and, long after they have finished their studies, they come up to us, if they meet us when traveling, or they visit our colleges or houses, and seem to be members of the same family. This loyalty is noticeable throughout the Philippines and even in America where some of the wealthier students pursue higher studies.

Some wit has remarked that "if it's extracurricular, we have it." While the compulsory military training is demanded by the government, there is still time for dramatics, oratorical contests, or scientific symposia, the selling of Catholic pamphlets on the streets of the city, catechetical work in the public high schools and in the hospitals, and for athletics on the campus and in the public stadium. Basketball, introduced during the Spanish regime by an American Scholastic (now an aged Father in New England) is most popular.

Nor are the Jesuits of the College overlooked when there is a call for priestly work; in fact, it seems the calls are all too frequent and persistent, especially when some difficulty arises and the so-called "flying squadron" of the Church, the Society, is expected to patch up matters. This emergency work was much in demand during the Eucharistic Congress here, and the demand is still intermittent. We are ready and glad to arouse ourselves to extra effort for the sake of the Kingdom.

Within the last few weeks, our tired professors, after hours of teaching, were scattered through the city, giving tridua, preaching and striving even somewhat far into the night, during the annual drive to get the students of the public high schools and universities to their Easter duty. Conferences to Catholic students and to nuns come at regular intervals. Retreats are assigned to those free at the time. Our comparatively small chapel is overcrowded on Sundays at most of our four Masses, at which a sermon is preached on a set topic. Besides, five or more Fathers say Mass and preach in chapels outside the college. During the week, three Fathers go to outside chapels. At two of these, in convent schools, the number of Communion is very large, and the priest returns, bathed in perspiration and a bit weary, yet, has to go on with his ordinary day's work. Even while writing these lines, a call has come for a conference to a Catholic high school on the outskirts of the city. With apologies for the short notice, we were asked if we could supply a Father to give the talk. I suppose I shall have to go myself, the day after tomorrow, and brood over a sermon for Sunday, likewise.

This spiritual factory-life brings more pressure to bear than the trail-life of Mindanao. While the missionary in Min-

danao has to think in broad spaces and one-man endurance contests, the Manila missionary has to cope with circumstances on which depend the future of the Church all over the Archipelago, including Mindanao; and, by helping to keep Manila right-minded and as loyal as possible to the Faith of past centuries, the Mindanao missionary is helped, at least indirectly, but often directly, through proper intervention with the government to protect the rights of those along the trails.

We are proud of the record of this famous College. God has blessed this Alma Mater with a numerous family of sons who are a credit to her, to their families, their nation and to Almighty God. Our efforts have not been in vain. We feel we can depend on our students of the past and of the present,—with some exceptions, of course, as in everything merely human,—to live up to the ideals they have been taught in this Catholic college. Through such leaders we are able to influence thousands of souls. With the advance of two similar colleges still in their childhood, at Zamboanga and Cagayan, in Mindanao, and the prospect of a new Ateneo on the Island of Luzon, to the south of Manila, the Society of Jesus has increased still further the hope of advancing the Faith.

### The Devil Won and Lost

(Continued from page 204)

used to the more sophisticated plays of our modern civilization, but the old missionaries who cared for the Indians found that when dealing with a simple people, a realistic presentation of ideas was by far the more effective. And while I probably shall never go so far as the famous missionary who hung an effigy by the neck to a long pole and then informed his wondering and fearful congregation that he would do the same to any of them who indulged a little too freely of the bottle, yet we feel it is only the part of prudence to make use of the things they found helpful in bringing Christ to these people who are so close to the Heart of Christ.

### Aquinas in the Jamaica Bush

(Continued from page 205)

gent, devout, with an unfathomable trust in God's mercy, knows what Thomas Aquinas meant when he wrote the words of "Tantum Ergo." Mr. Mothersill taught her, and Mr. Mothersill puzzled out the Latin for himself, with the aid of a little pocket lexicon.

A far cry from the Ages of Faith to twenty or thirty blacks singing the "Tantum Ergo" in the Jamaican bush? Our Creed links age with age, West with East, New World with Old, black with white. St. Thomas Aquinas would kneel today with profound humility among the blacks of Gordon Town, and, together they would bow their heads at the "Veneremur cernui" before the Reality that makes us all One in the Unity of the Mystical Body.

## To Monkey River and Beyond

(Continued from page 211)

us down the stream to our next station which was at Barrancos, on the sea. Leaving early in the morning (we said Mass at three a.m. and all the Indians of the village were at Mass!) we had eleven hours of open canoe and tropical sun before us. A few hours after starting we had shot about five rapids, dragged the canoe over two or three others, and were paddling along serenely. The Indians were interested in the scenery and were not watching where they were going. A big half-submerged boulder blocked their way and right into it they went (the current helping them along). Before they knew what was up, the canoe had overturned, sent them and the *patakees* sprawling into the water. The *patakees* started to sail down-stream, the rooster, which had been added to our baggage just before starting, made strange noises as it came up for air, and the Indians were shouting at the top of their voices. All our belongings were fortunately rescued. Our first care was to open the *patakees* to see if they had taken in water. Instead of floating gracefully upright, the *patakees* just leaned over on their sides and, of course, the water did come in. Almost everything got pretty wet. But it wasn't till five or six hours later that we could unpack everything and put them out into the sun to dry.

### Chin Mi?

(Continued from page 220)

their cloth parkas till they got rich enough to buy cloth to make a new one. This done they passed the new one over the top of the old one. And as time wore on and the lower one began to fall off in pieces, the layers of new ones that had been put on within the past year or so were enough to allow the lower one to slough off without much inconvenience from inclement weather.

But at least the skin would not wear off excessively, if they would wash their dirty faces! Perhaps it wouldn't. But it would lose, like my teeth did, a protection against the cold. The pores would be opened up. And whatever ultimate good that might do to their shivering body, the immediate effect was nothing desirable. So they not unreasonably went about with plenty of dirt on their anatomy. And their philosophy of life has not yet entirely changed either.

### Jerusalem to Jericho

(Continued from page 221)

brought death to Urias the Hethite whom David had so grievously wronged; a sin so touchingly repented of in the great Penitential Psalms. In this land are the ruined skeletons of the Decapolis where flourished for centuries the Greek culture that was Alexander the Great's testament of conquest. In the mountain stronghold of Machaerus on the hills of Moab,

Salome danced and claimed the head of John the Baptist from a reluctant Herod. And Christ often ministered in the cities "beyond the Jordan." For in His time there were many Jewish settlements here, founded by the tribes of Ruben and Gad who settled here when their brethren crossed into the new land flowing with milk and honey. It was, in fact, from this "land beyond the Jordan" that Christ was summoned by Mary and Martha with that message so full of confidence: "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick." Out of Transjordan, then, came Christ to perform the last great public miracle of His ministry.

The Church once flourished vigorously here. But from the seventh century until our own, migration, schism and the course of political events had sapped its vitality. It is springing into new life, of which I hope to give an account at some later date. For it is the happy privilege of the writer to have been sent to labor for an indefinite period into the "land beyond the Jordan." And it is his prayer as he begins his task (the sole

American Jesuit on the scene) that it may be written again as Matthew wrote that "Much people followed Him . . . from Decapolis and from . . . beyond the Jordan."

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