

Lesuit Missions

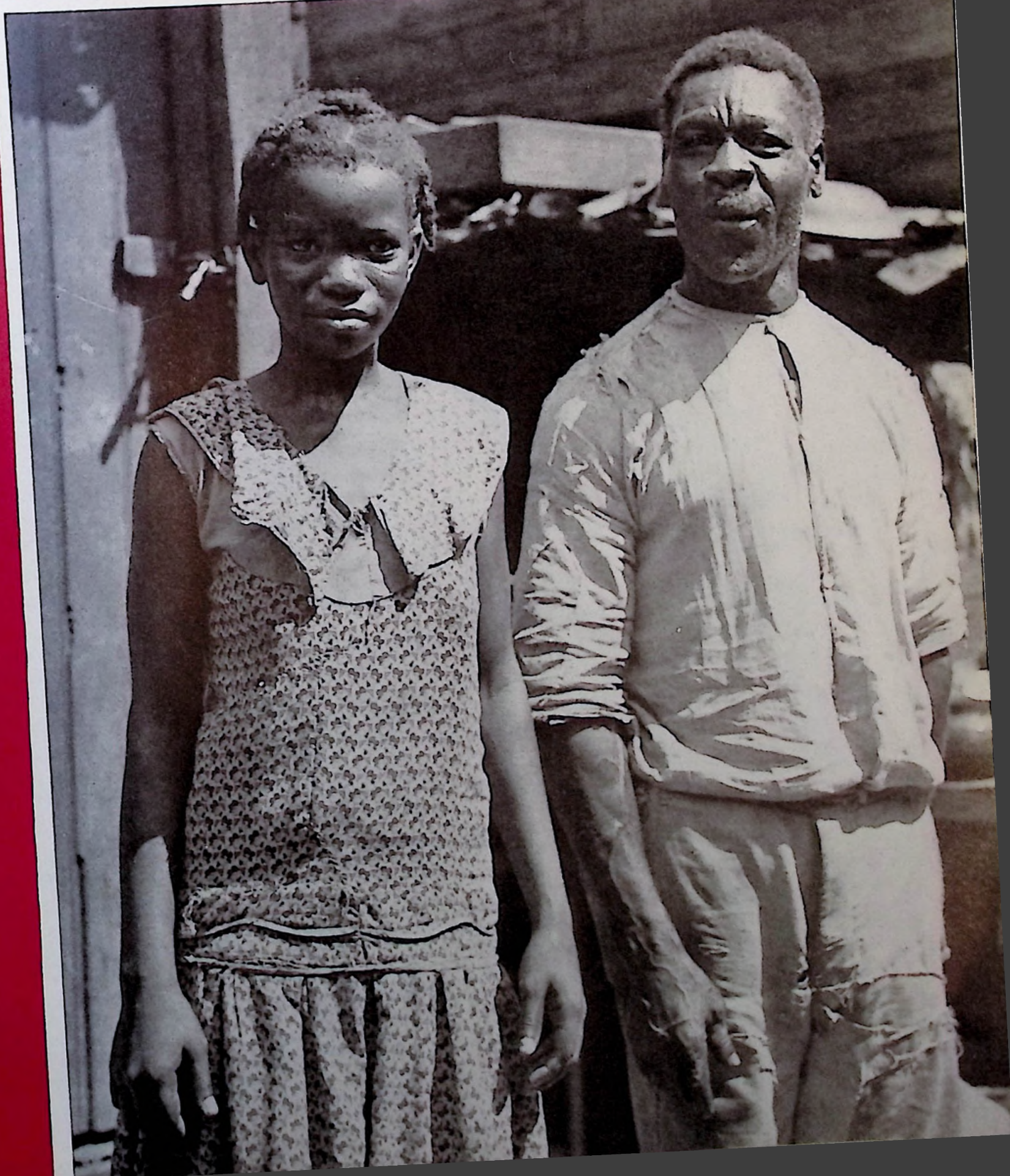
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MISSIONARY MASSES

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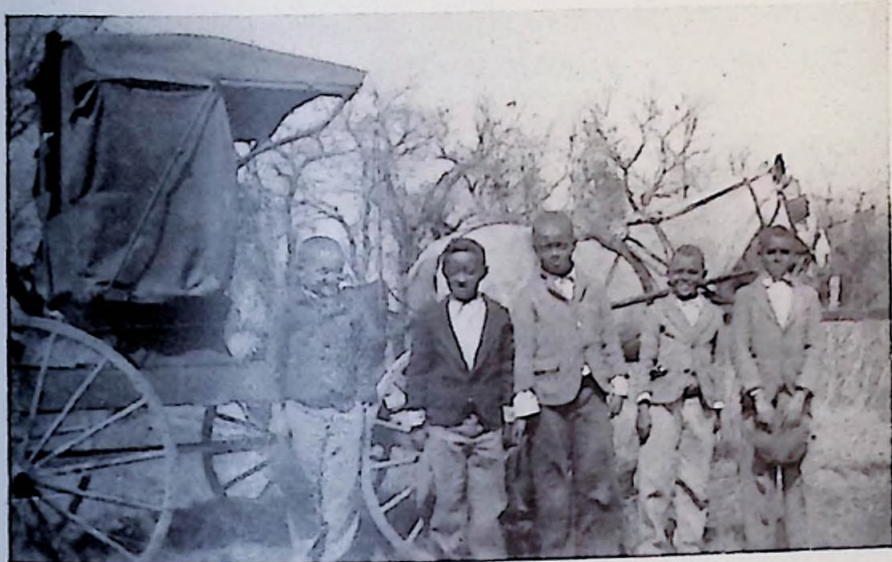
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CONTRIBUTORS

RAYMOND R. SULLIVAN, S.J., in *The National Shrine for Jamaica* turns back a page in history, revealing the perennial life of the Church. Father Sullivan is Pastor of the Brown's Town Mission. Father Sullivan's skill as a contractor and builder enabled him to add one more to his list of accomplishments. It is a talent God has given him. He has not hidden it away in the earth.



Wilfred LeSage, S.J.

with a stubborn boy should arouse interest in everyone. Find out what a boy likes and the rest is easy.

Big things sometimes come in large packages. FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., tells us as much in his story, "*The Big Brother*."

FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J., tells us of the important role of medicine in *More for the Moros*.

Even bandits respect a holy man. Read *Hobnobbing with Bandits* by WILFRED J. LESAGE, S.J.

Where there's a will, there's a way, even in raising chickens. *You Can't Eat Eagle* by LAWRENCE HELMUELLER, S.J., tells one way.

India, the land of mystery, also has much misery. *The Untouchables—After Three Years*, by FATHER PETER J. SONTAG, S.J., tells of the efforts of the Chicago Province Jesuits to bring the faith to Patna's depressed classes.

Floods break missionaries' hearts. *When the Flood Receded . . .* by EDWARD J. MOODY, S.J., tells us of the destruction a flood leaves in its wake.

The Indians become craftsmen from generation to generation. This is the lesson told us in *Sioux Craftsmen* by FATHER FRANCIS J. COFFEY, S.J.

From East to West the one perfect Sacrifice ascends to Heaven. *Dreams Come True* by JOHN BARRETT, S.J., tells of a Reality surpassing all dreams that will come to Patna's newly ordained priests.

To the Fathers and Mothers who made the sacrifice of their sons for the Spread of God's Kingdom, we join in sincere congratulation and thanksgiving. Souls of India will bless them forever.



Peter J. Sontag, S.J.

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COVER—If you walked through the streets of any of the towns of Jamaica, you would see many persons just like those who look at you from the cover page. They are of the very poor class. Descended from the African Negro, they seem quite contented and happy with little of this world's goods. Due to the infiltration of Spanish, French and even Irish elements in the history of Jamaica, you can trace the features of these nations in the Colored people. The original native, the Arawak Indian, has died out or become so blended as to be no longer distinguishable. The descendants of the African Negro compose in large part the parishioners of the various missions, scattered throughout the island.

EDITORIALS

GIANT OF CHRISTIAN ORDER

THE State of Michigan recently dedicated a monumental statue to Father Gabriel Richard in Gabriel Richard Park, Detroit, on the Detroit River at the entrance of Belle Isle.

It has been well said that every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a great man. Father Richard, a French Sulpician, came to Detroit as a young priest of thirty years, an exile under the anti-clerical laws of the French Revolution. At once he cast the shadow of his rich and powerful personality across the raw frontier settlement of Detroit.

Priests were few in the chain of trading posts which were developing along the great inland lakes in the first decade or so of the nineteenth century. Conscienceless traders had brought in among the Indians the vices of white civilization. Like the far western frontier of a later day, the trading towns in the Indian belt along the Great Lakes attracted many reckless and abandoned characters away from the restraints of older communities.

God had destined Father Richard to inform the new city of Detroit with the genius of Christian order. With the courage and imagination of a builder of cultural empire, Father Richard founded churches and schools, crusaded for Christian morality, designed a network of roads, was elected to Congress and established the University of Michigan—to mention but a few chapters in the long story of his achievements.

History's laws of dramatic balance seem served in the dedication of the Father Richard statue in the French city of Detroit in the very year that the social philosophies of the French Revolution have seemingly come to a climax in the pitiable prostration of France. The French social philosophers of the eighteenth century exiled to America this great Frenchman. Their successors attempted to exile from France her traditional Christian culture. Father Richard has arisen again in victorious stone on the bank of the Detroit River. France after her defeat seems ready for a new birth in her old Christian ways. France and Father Richard both teach Detroit, the coming industrial capital of American defense, that her industrial society must move in the orbit of Christian order if Detroit is not to explode in a blast of treachery and chaos.

JESUIT MISSIONS congratulates the men and women and children, who have made the Father Richard monu-

ment possible. JESUIT MISSIONS joins with the state of Michigan in honoring a great foreign missionary on the early American missions.

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HOLY SOULS

THAT the month dedicated to the Souls in Purgatory should begin with the Feast of All Saints is not, as it may seem to us, a liturgical blunder. There is a purpose behind it.

In that season of the declining year when raw winds rustle the leafless trees, when the seared grass and leaden skies speak to us not only of summer's end but of the fragile, death-destined character of all earthly things, it is only natural that we, who alone of all earth's creatures are destined for eternal life, should give thought to that destiny. So the Church asks us to begin by directing our attention to those who in Heaven enjoy the fulness of this sublime life—the Saints. They are where no leaves fall, where clouds no longer scud across the dull skies; the sunshine of the Beatific Vision has dried away all tears and warmed man's mortality into ineffable life. We belong where they are. That is our home.

It is the home also of many other souls who, although they have left this life in God's grace, are still detained in Purgatory. From one point of view, these souls are more blessed than we, since they are sure of entering into eternal blessedness. But from another point of view, they are more miserable since they suffer more than we and, moreover, they cannot help themselves. Delivery from their pains can only come from us, their brethren. Their future has been placed in our hands and it is the hope of the Church that in giving us first in the month of November the vision of the saints in Paradise, that this knowledge of what we are keeping them from may stimulate our apostolic generosity.

The Church as a loving mother, solicitous for the well being of all her children, will not allow us to forget these, her suffering children. One whole month each year she sets aside in her calendar for the remembrance of these poor souls. She throws wide the treasury of her graces and beseeches us who can acquire merit to help those who cannot. The Mass, the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, little ejaculations going to and from work, these, through the intercession of Jesus Christ, will smash down the prison bars, banish darkness and bring these forgotten ones into the Eternal mansions of their home in Heaven.

JESUIT MISSIONS

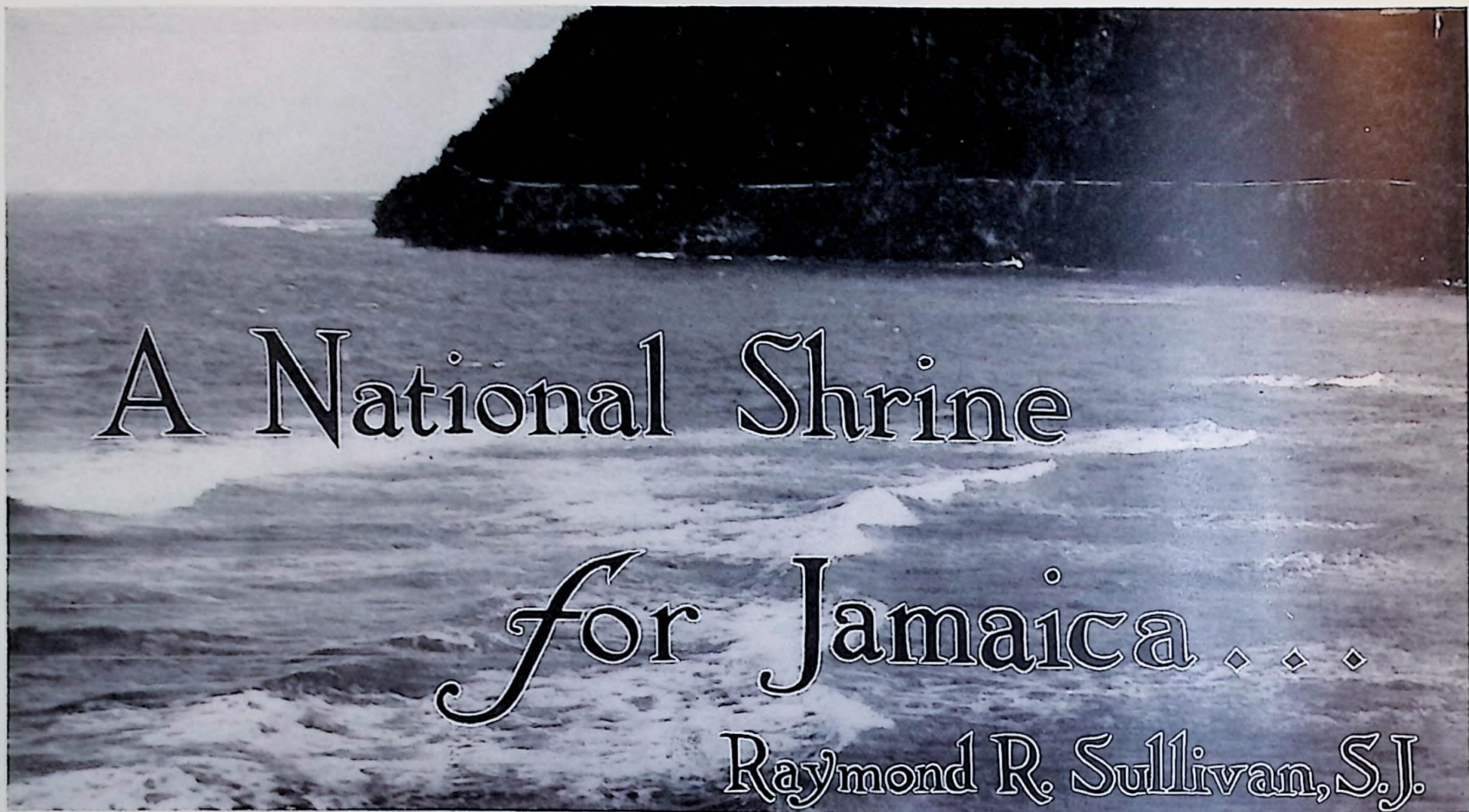
A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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A National Shrine

for Jamaica . . .

Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.

AFTER many years of hoping and planning Jamaica is to have a National Shrine, rising on land hallowed by history and sacred as the cradle of Faith on the Island. On May 3, 1494, Columbus discovered Jamaica on a trip to explore the coast of Cuba. He spent a few days on the northern shore at a port called Puerto Bueno which is said to be the site of the present town of Dry Harbour. After continuing to Cuba and exploring its shores, he returned to Jamaica.

Father F. X. Delany, S.J., in his *History of the Catholic Church in Jamaica*, says that on this second voyage "he explored the southern coast and had friendly intercourse with the caciques and other inhabitants, though there is no conclusive evidence of any kind that he ever set foot on the island. One or more of the priests from Espanola were with Columbus on this cruise, for it is on record that Mass was said for the first time in Cuba on July 7, 1494, at a place called, in commemoration, Rio de la Misa, and that Columbus went ashore to attend it. It is, therefore, possible, though very unlikely, that Mass was said for the first time in Jamaica in this year, 1494."

IT was not until 1509 that any attempt was made to colonize Jamaica. In that year Diego Colon, Columbus' son and heir, appointed Juan d'Esquivel as the first Governor of Jamaica. In the historical outline of the Parish of St. Ann, the Handbook of Jamaica tells us: "Not more than a mile to the west of St. Ann's Bay is the site of the first capital of the Island, 'Sevilla Nueva' or 'Sevilla d'Oro' as it was afterwards called. This town was founded by Juan de Esquivel, the first Spanish governor of Jamaica, he having been commissioned and sent by Diego Columbus . . . the hereditary Viceroy of the New World, to establish a colony there. Esquivel

arrived in Jamaica in November, 1509, accompanied by a number of the Viceroy's friends. Bringing with them the refinement of taste and the means of displaying it, they assisted in the foundation of Seville Nueva, whose fame long attested its superiority over every other town which has since been built here. . . . The town contained many buildings worthy of note, amongst which were a monastery, a cathedral, and a theatre."

OF the first churches built in Seville we know almost nothing but on June 13, 1525, Peter Martyr d'Anghiera, Protonotary Apostolic, Prior of the Cathedral of Granada and Abbot of Jamaica, writes from Toledo to the Archbishop of Cosenza that his friend John de Mendeguren is taking "my salutation to my spouse, the Island of Jamaica." (He never came to visit Jamaica, "his spouse . . .") He goes on to say of its towns: "They call one Seville, the other Oristiana. The churches in both these towns were built of timbers and straw and have been destroyed by fire. So I have decided to devote the revenues of my principal church, which is in the town of Seville, to rebuilding the church of stone, so that there will be at least one stone sanctuary in which the vessels of the Holy Eucharist shall be no longer subject to dangerous risks. For this purpose also, the Emperor has, on my petition given orders for further expenditures."

As far as we can learn, this stone cathedral on the site of the former churches, was never fully completed before the Spaniards transferred their capital from Seville to Spanish Town in 1534. This change was due either to a desire for a better climate or, for fear of French corsairs or, as tradition has it, on account of the destructive ants. Certainly the ants are there and are very destructive.

Although the names and histories of these first churches in Seville are unfortunately lost, the authentic records are clear in regard to the site, and throughout the years the location was known as "church pasture." The late owner of Seville Estate, upon inquiring why that particular grass piece was called "church pasture" and learning that it once gloried in the building that was the first church in our little Isle, investigated that area, verified the fact and turned over the historic site to the late Bishop Collins, who was the Catholic Bishop of Jamaica at the time, the spiritual head of the same Church, which early in the XVIth century gathered for Catholic worship on that very site.

ON this very spot where more than four hundred years ago the Spanish discoverers and pioneers built their church to worship their tabernacle King in the wilds of the New World, the walls of a new church to commemorate that event and the endurance of the same Faith are rising. The very stones of Peter Martyr d'Anghiera's old church, quarried and cut by the Indians in 1533 and still remaining scattered about the spot, will be incorporated into the new edifice.

The exact location of the old foundations will be abandoned for a much more advantageous one a few yards away and the old foundations will serve as a cemetery for the new church.

It had been decided by all parties concerned that in the building of the National Shrine we should ambition a structure that would be worthy of the God Who was to reside in it, worthy of His cause which it would promote so effectively and of the site on which it would stand. But temples of that kind cost money and money was scarce and difficult to raise. The Catholic people of my own area were enthusiastic but as poor as Lazarus. And yet they wanted to do what they could to help.

One family offered two hundred and fifty dollars. They had lived in St. Ann's Bay and had attended Mass in a large room over the store they owned for the last twenty-five years. The mountain people, who cannot



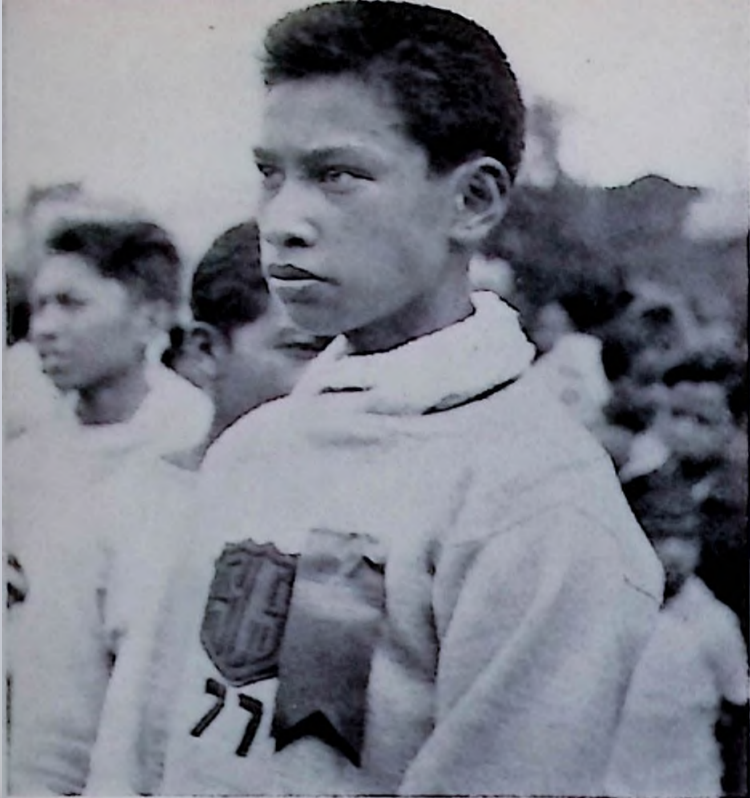
Father Harold Sullivan, S.J., surveys the site of the future Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

spare a penny and are finding it difficult to live, finally planned to make their contribution in labor. Somerton, Alva and Murray Mountain each got together and built a huge lime kiln, all three of which supplied one thousand barrels of lime. A large number of men and women volunteered to give a day or two of free labor taking down three huge buildings that dated back to slave days in order that we might secure the cut stone that was to go into the church, while skilled labor, both carpenters and masons, agreed to work for minimum wage. One Catholic young man, who owned two trucks, transported all this material practically at cost. At that, the bill for transportation was very high because gasoline costs fifty cents a gallon. The distances that were covered in handling the lime from the mountains, the stone from the hills back of the coast, the sand from the sea and the hard wood lumber that alone will resist the attacks of the ants and termites which are especially destructive in that particular area, is a tale of sacrifice, in itself worthy of any historical record.

NATURE itself seems to have contributed something directly to our effort as the November hurricane which was accompanied by torrential rains, blocked roads in the vicinity of our building site and gave us almost a thousand tons of needed earth for filling inside the foundations, which had a five foot elevation in (Turn to page 279)

Don Christopher's Cove on the North Shore of Jamaica near the proposed Shrine. Tradition has it that Columbus landed here.





Basketball Champs of Baguio

James B. Reuter, S.J.

Eighteen year old José Blanca center on St. Louis' crack basketball team.

BAGUIO is a white city, crowned with a white cathedral, high in the mountains of northern Luzon, which is the largest Island of the Philippines. All the city slopes up to the white cathedral; everything in the city is dominated by it. Even basketball in Baguio is dominated by the cathedral. Basketball is the national game.

But the Belgian Nuns, teaching two hundred girls and eight hundred boys at St. Louis Grammar and High School in Baguio, found it difficult to coach a basketball team. They could do almost everything else, but not that. They appealed to the overworked Pastor, who deputed a curate. The curate was already overburdened too, and did not know basketball. So he found the Rector of the Jesuit Scholasticate, by whom Father Rogelio la O, S.J. and the writer were officially appointed to help the curate coach basketball at St. Louis High.

THE boys at St. Louis are not wild bushmen with rings in their noses. They do not come leaping onto the court with bloody screams and a bolo. Most are gracious young striplings with four hundred years of Spanish culture behind them, speaking three languages. Because of this variety in languages, Father la O, who was

head coach, kept his tongue in a kind of universal joint. He would explain tactics in a classroom in English, using blackboard and chalk or a chess set. In action, as soon as play warms up, the boys drop into the language they speak at home. So Father la O, correcting errors on the court, would speak to individual men in Spanish, in Tagalog, in Visayan.

Once in the early days of practice our pet criss-cross attack was failing miserably. Our guards and one forward did not cross, they ran into each other. When the attack had ended three times in a row in a pile of brown arms and legs on the foul line, when we had exhausted Father la O's four languages and all the chess men, the native center stalked over, buttonholed one of the guilty guards, and

called for a council of war. We, the coaches, waited quietly while the team consulted in rapid-fire Ilocano, the language of the mountain district. The bright boys explained to the duller boys. The culprit said, "Aba!" once or twice, and their eyes grew very wide as the light dawned. The team came out of the huddle, started the play again—and the criss-cross worked smoothly ever after, solved by the fifth language.

IN the Philippines rough missionary work is done in the bush, teaching catechism to pagans and savages. At St. Louis in Baguio ours was very polished missionary work. It was like teaching advanced Greek. Jesuit Scholastics use Greek to spread the Kingdom of Christ. So did we use basketball. By coaching, I think we helped to spread the



St. Louis of Baguio in dark suits, playing St. Mary's of Bayombong. The Cathedral of Baguio in the background dominates the "white city."

Kingdom of Christ in two ways: we brought the atmosphere of religion into athletics, and we influenced boys who could not have been deeply influenced in any other way.

The first way, the atmosphere of religion carried into athletics: Religion is too often associated with long ceremonies in a crowded church, especially here in the Islands. Too often it means sermons on Sunday when you are all dressed up and your collar is tight. To boys it often means memorizing complicated answers in a catechism; it means bustling, hooded nuns; it means pious phrases at a funeral. Such connotations may be all right individually, but piled together they make religion seem soft. Now God created in boys the love of action as well as the love of contemplation and He made the love of action stronger. There is nothing unholy about a boy's exultation in his youth and speed and strength.

SO we the coaches went to St. Louis primarily as Jesuits, as assistants to the curate, secondarily as basketball players, to make basketball a religiously supervised department. About eighty candidates tried out for the squad, and about four hundred youngsters gathered on the first day and through the following weeks, to watch us cutting the eighty down to fifteen. They saw religious, "Fathers," representatives of the Catholic Church—demanding speed, energy, timing and team play. They saw us dropping those who were not fast enough, or accurate enough, or durable and strong. To many that was a revelation.

Did we lose dignity doing that? No. Never before was I, at least, confronted with so much courtesy and respect. The Filipino boys never presume, never offend, are never rude. Father la O and I are both very young, yet not a man on the squad ever forgot, even in the heat of scrimmage, to address us as "Father."

Exact observance of the ordinary ethics of basketball flowed naturally, merely from our being there: clean guarding, clean language, courtesy to opponents, very little clowning, no displays of temper, no



Captain Fernando Abubo receives the championship trophy from Bishop Sanchos while Father Rogelio la O, S.J., looks on with the pardonable pride of a successful coach.

sullenness on the bench, no bragging in victory. Probably our players would have been gracious in defeat too, but I don't know: we never lost.

IT would be ridiculous, of course, to compare basketball with Greek as an educational subject, but this I do claim: coaching at St. Louis, we found an enthusiasm and an eagerness which we would not have had in any classroom subject; and while boys are enthusiastic, eager, and doing what they like to do, they are most impressionable. All our words were gobbled up and treasured.

One time early in the season we suggested that it might be good if the squad received Communion on game days, to keep the Lord on our side. Seven weeks later—sitting on the bench while the first team warmed up for the final game of the year, the play-off for the Catholic championship of Northern Luzon—I asked a second-string guard, sitting on the bench beside me, if he had received Communion that morning. We were both nervous.

"This morning? Father, I've received every morning for the past three weeks! I've offered six Communion for this game!"

"Have many been receiving every morning?"

"Most of us, Father."

"How many received this morning?"

"Everybody. The whole squad."

We won the championship, with its attendant cup, banner, ribbons, jackets. The players, heroes of the high school now, were grateful. They said soberly to those who congratulated them: "We won because of the Jesuit Fathers." All the glamor of tourney-play and victory they have associated with the name, "Jesuit Fathers." Basket ball has become intimately bound up in their minds with the thought of white cassocked Scholastics on the bench, fervent Communion, prayer. Basketball has been brought into the atmosphere of religion.

THE second way in which, I think, coaching helped to spread the Kingdom of Christ in Baguio: we influenced boys who could not have been deeply influenced in any other way. Take an example. There is a gold mining town near Baguio. There are four within walking radius of the city. The mountains of Baguio are not only beautiful, they are all filled with gold. Well in this mining town lived a stocky, big-boned, heavily-muscled youngster named Fernando Abubo. He ran loosely, like a cat. He was springy and graceful. He worked in the mines. A gold mine in Baguio is just like a coal mine in Pennsylvania: the work is hard, poorly paid, dirty. It is poor environment. Fernando played basketball with the mining team.

Now the boy was happy in most everything. (Turn to page 279)



The Big Brother bags some Alaskan duck.

The "Big Brother"

Hunter, trapper, fisherman, chef, craftsman, artist, carpenter, missionary, and man of God.

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

THE Eskimo called him the big Brother and if you had seen and known him you would have called him the same. Brother Bartholomew Chiaudano, S.J., who died recently at Akulurak, was a big man both in body and heart. It is not so easy to hide 250 pounds. The Mission boys would laughingly remark that they could always tell which side of the boat Brother "Chio" was on. Like most big men, Brother Chiaudano took his weight good-naturedly and appreciated a joke as much on himself as on others.

Brother often referred to the time when he was a "narrow-back" but that was back in 1900 when he had first come to Alaska round by Dawson way. Thousands were then flocking to the gold fields gambling for a fortune, with scurvy, hardship and sometimes death as the odds. A few others of whom Brother Chiaudano was the last to survive, sought nuggets of rarer value. They did not gamble on dreadful odds. They were sure—sure in the promises of Him Who cannot deceive or be deceived. Of course, there were hardships, there was sickness, even hunger and scurvy, but none of these was crowned with disappointment. They were stepping stones to the better, the royal way of Christ.

IT is pretty hard to describe forty years of a Jesuit Lay Brother's life in Alaska. Those that have mushed for gold in the old days and know all those lowly, prosaic tasks that commonly fall in the care of a frontier household, can best understand and appreciate the humble lot of a Brother. His job was to help the priest, in this case the missionaries in Alaska. Brother "Chio" was cook, fisherman, dog-boy, wood-chopper, carpenter and general *factotum*. In fact, he got so that he could turn his hand to anything. He could make a dozen different types of net and fish-trap for as many varieties of fish. He could roast a goose to perfection and disguise the taste of a seal, eel or a black fish into a real delicacy.

Alaska foods are many and difficult to cook. Brother "Chio" was a master-chef in preparing any Eskimo dish and making you like it. He canned salmon, rein-

deer, goose and rabbit. His job as cook lasted until one month before his death. With his immense weight and small feet we can easily believe that Purgatory will be denied him in the next life as it was so consistently present in this.

WITH all the drudgery and detail in the management of a big Mission household, Brother was able and did set his hand to the finer arts. Practically every altar in the Mission churches up and down the Yukon were artistically carved and painted by him. But his lasting monument is the beautiful Church of St. Mary here at Akulurak. It was all designed and built by him—even down to the windows which he glazed like stained glass. The Bishop looks upon this church as the finest in Alaska, yet it is hidden away in this windswept tundra from the eyes of all except the devoted Eskimo. The work of their big Brother lives after him.

I need not add that it was not only by tasty dainties that Brother won the hearts of the Eskimo far and wide around Akulurak. It was mainly by his big heart ever open to the wants of the poor, ever ready to console, ever beating with downright and sincere affection for tiny Eskimo babies, as well as tottering old Eskimo grannies.

NO missionary priest was better known by sourdough or native alike, from Nulato down to the Bering Sea. In his younger days Brother was a regular musher. But as time went on more dogs had to be added to the team. Extra *avoirdupois* perhaps accounts for an icy bath in the Bering Sea off Point Romanof. The Brother was accompanying good old Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., when sled, mushers and all went in the chilly waters up to the neck. Clothes, bedding, all was soaked through and through by the time they finally waded to shore. Not so some matches which the Brother had thoughtfully put in a water-proof case. A blazing fire was made out of drift-wood. Brother Chio proceeded to get the supper and Father Lucchesi afterwards admitted to me, what at first

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More for the Moros

Joseph Reith, S.J.

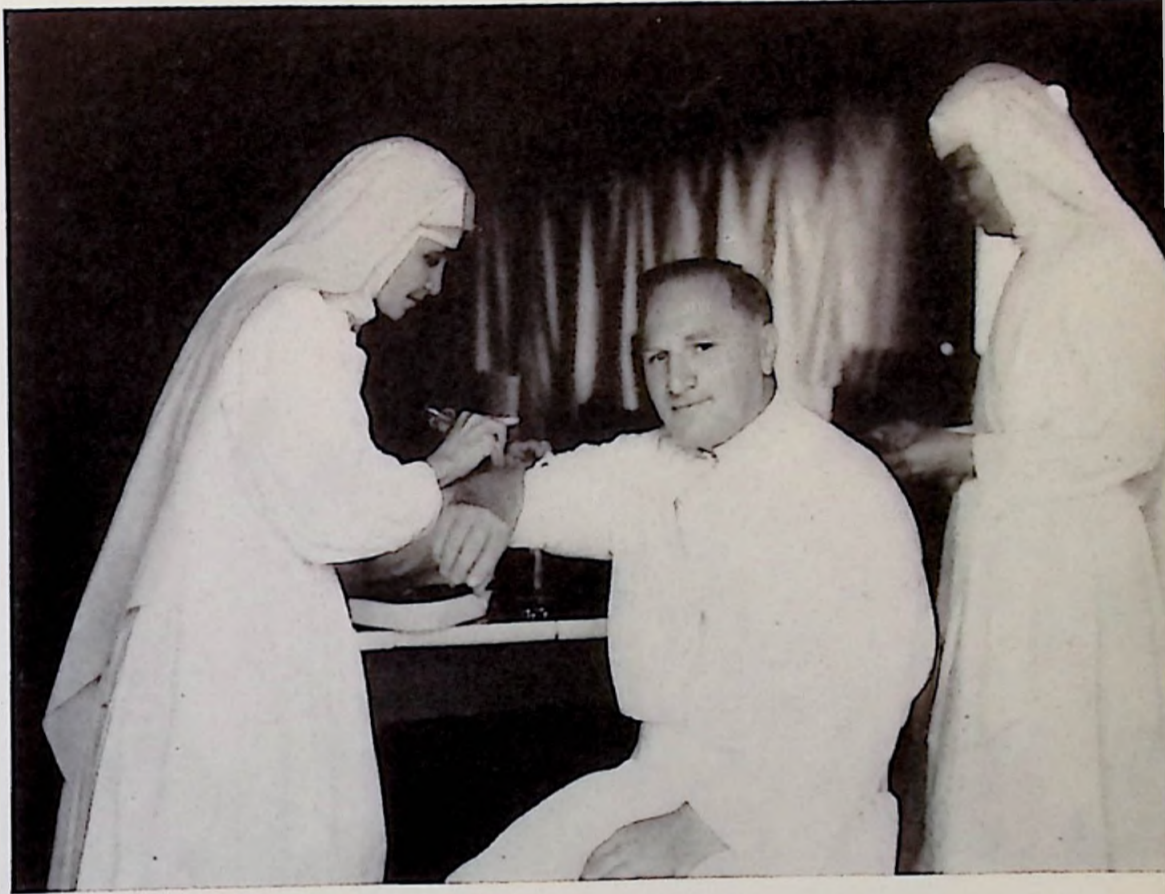
RECENTLY we welcomed the advent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary into the Maria Auxiliadora Mission. Six of them came to remain, along with a few companions, who wanted to see what Dansalan was like and to experience whether or not they would be afraid of the Moros. These are not the first Sisters to exert their zeal in Dansalan, for during the past seven years native Sisters of the Religious of the Virgin Mary have striven valiantly. Too much praise cannot be given to them; for with few resources and only two residing sisters at a time, they have accomplished wonders.

When Sister Gregoria and Sister Natividad left for their retreats, the teachers and I did not wish to believe that we were saying a final farewell to them. But it had to be. The opportunities of the Mission of Dansalan are expanding so rapidly and in so many directions that the young congregation of the Religious of the Virgin Mary, with ever-increasing demands being met in its many other successful centers of activity, generously relinquished this corner of the Vineyard to one of the largest and most experienced of all the missionary societies of nuns.

AS the new Franciscan Sisters, or, to give them their proper title, Mothers, looked about Dansalan they beheld prospects innumerable. All Moroland lay before them and it was not long before new experiences were coming to them.

Sister Rosa came back from the market the other day with her basket empty, her eyes full of tears. Of all things, while a miniature typhoon was blowing her ample robes in uncontrolled billows, a Moro had picked her pocket and relieved her of the few pesos allotted to the day's purchase of food for the dormitory. "And, worst of all," said Sister Dionisia, her companion, "we are trying to do all we can for the Moros!" "They are certainly aiding us in our efforts," suggested Mother Superior.

AND seven years of ceaseless labor in the Dansalan Mission in the Philippines, have put us in a position finally to achieve results in our Moro apostolate. The Moro is not a pagan, not a tree-dweller, not to be converted by clans and tribes. Moros are Mohammedans, and behind them lie centuries of fanaticism and hatred peculiar to the followers of Mohammed. Half-civilized, without education, grossly material, the Moro may know nothing of his religion other than that he must hate Christians,—the lesson that the *datus* and the *hadjis* have drilled into him in order that they might



The "shot heard around the world." At the inauguration of the Dispensary and Medical Service of Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Mindanao, Mother Clare, assisted by Sister Fabiana inoculates the pastor, Father Joseph Reith, S.J.

keep heavy upon him their political control. But commerce, roads, public schools and the movies are effecting a change. The eyes of the younger generation are opening and their minds too. Unfortunately, spirituality does not share in the awakening; for there is nothing spiritual in the Mohammedan make-up or tradition to arouse. Wealth, power, pleasure strongly appeal to the Mohammedan Moro; but honesty, purity and holiness are terms of a different language.

"THE body for the soul; the soul for God. Body and soul for God" is the motto of the Catholic Medical Mission Board. And the brightest prospect for bringing health to the Moro soul is by bringing it to his body. A sick body can feel charity even if a well body does not understand it. Our latest and greatest venture, therefore, is a Dispensary and Medical Service. And by Dispensary I do not mean simply a bottle of iodine and a bundle of bandages. Mother Clare more accurately expressed the nature of it when she said: "Father, if you add an operating table and a couple of beds to your plan, you'll have a hospital." But it has to be a first-class, fully-equipped dispensary.

The Government maintains a dispensary in Dansalan; the Protestants have one; but since there is nothing in either to inspire confidence in a patient, our dispensary must be far and beyond anything, they can offer. The building is in the process of construction now. It could be built in a few weeks if the wages were available for the carpenters. The speed of construction is weekly determined by the amount of in-

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Hobnobbing with Bandits



A familiar figure to the bandits of the Haichow district is Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., California Province missionary who is "all things to all men."

Wilfred J. Le Sage, S.J.

IT happens to be raining just now,—a sufficient reason to remain here at Kao-Liu and await the sunshine. Whenever it rains, the roads in China, except for those in the large cities, become so befuddled with mud that travel is impossible. The wheels of a rickshaw turn without moving forward, a donkey cart sinks to the axle, a cyclist turns acrobat trying to keep balance—an ordinary pedestrian looks like a beginner on skates . . . splashing along and trying to stay up.

This is usually what happens to the missionary on his trips, as Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., could tell you. The last time he got stuck in the mud a rather strange thing happened. A downpour had made the road absolutely impossible. Trying to plod along with his catechist toward Kao-Liu, the veteran missionary was held up by a couple of brigands. Just as they were pointing their guns at the priest and his companion—one bandit caught sight of Father Simons' beard. He shouted to the other: "*Aija, ta shih shen Fu!*"—"Gosh, it's the Father!"

As mistakes go, even on a stormy evening, this one was serious. Endeavoring to remedy the error, one of the bandits promptly invited both priest and catechist to spend the night at his nearby lodge. The missionary accepted the offer, spent the stormy night in the lowly hovel and bade his host good-bye early in the morning.

SINCE the main event of yesterday's initiation into the Haichow "bush" is still so vivid in my mind—I decided to jot down by candle light what might be considered at least a moral victory.

After six slow hours of travel Father Simons and I got off the train at some little place—which might boast of a railroad station

before the war. Under such circumstances and others to come, I considered myself very fortunate to have as guide—a veteran missionary.

Under a blazing sun, we stepped it off for five miles or so, until it was decided to call a halt. The suggestion sounded wonderful.

"We can stop in here," I heard Father say. Then looking around to see what "here" meant, I concluded he had reference to an old barn-like trap, rather extensive, without a single sign of life.

"THEY won't mind if we stop in here for a rest." I had no idea at the time who Father Simons meant by "they." Then we went around to a doorway on the opposite side. Instantly there was a quick move. An ordinary looking farmer, wearing a broad hat and overalls stood up, not with a hoe in his hand, but a gun. He recognized the priest—his brazen look melted into an actual smile. Then the fellow cast a quick glance in my direction—as if to say, "Who's this fellow?"

Father Simons was quick to give an explanation. In the meantime, the rifle was removed very gracefully to the bandit's ease . . . and mine. Now I understood who the "they" really meant. Certainly this fellow was not alone.

We passed through a rather dark, smoky room—off on either side were piles of straw—evidently this was the dormitory. Further on, we edged through a narrow doorway into a courtyard. At right angles there was another open door. Strange to say, the chief, seated in the midst of his gang, did not see us first.



This Haichow farmer waits behind a mud wall to defend his farm against robber bands.

Then the chief, seeing us, stood up quickly, a murmur of voices ran through the crowd,—guns rattled against the walls—and with a very gracious smile from the leader, we were welcomed into something different.

It was only after we got into the room, that each man's rounds of ammunition could be partially seen under his farmer's outfit. About forty were gathered around us,—a very good-natured crowd with their Chinese Robin Hood seated in the center. We were very cordially invited to have tea. In the meantime, Father Simons and the chief were having a very interesting conversation about current events in the countryside. I casually glanced over the audience. The crowd seemed to be enjoying themselves, listening to the conversation—but I noticed one pair of deep-set eyes belonging to a Mongolian, who wouldn't have needed a stroke of make-up, to be an ideal villain in any motion picture. The rest all seemed like ordinary farmers just waiting for a crop.

OF course, I wondered how Father Simons could be so friendly with such fellows as these, but, after hearing about several acts of kindness and protection on their part, it was clear enough, that they were really friends. Brigands have come to Father Simons for medical treatment and to put their children in the Catholic schools. Last year one brigand was baptized before death. Faith came just at the last moment as it did for the good thief on Calvary; Heaven was opened to another repentant soul.

A missionary must know each member of his flock. Contact with the old and young is a part of his daily life. But in order to do this he must be a good mixer. Every apostle has had this quality and surely Saint Paul did to an eminent degree making himself, "All things to all men to gain all to Christ." St. Francis of Assisi hobnobbed with a band of robbers and converted them. St. Vincent de Paul made friends with the poor galley slaves even to the extent of exchanging places with one of them. St. Peter Claver lived among the poor Negro slaves in order to win them for Christ.

TODAY others are hobnobbing for souls, missionary priests and nuns. They have a message for the poor Eskimo in his igloo, the Indian in his tepee, a Chinese in his mud hut. And each one of these missionaries, no matter where he may be, is going to hobnob around until the message of Christ's Gospel is imparted. That is his mission. But the word "hobnob" has another and still more significant meaning. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words meaning "have" . . . "not have." Rich and yet poor! Despised and loved. Having all things and possessing nothing. Forsaken by the world and loved by Christ. Is there any doubt that the saints were perfect at hobnobbing?

You may ask if there be any consolation at all to the missionary today hobnobbing around in war-torn China? War, floods, famine, bandits—aren't these too much to bear? How is it possible for a person to be happy living under those conditions of life? The missionary himself—is the answer. You will never meet a happier person on earth. God's Providence!

Just now there is special reason to be very happy

here at Shuyang. Out of these poor neighboring villages, God has called His future priests. The first group of candidates, obtained by Fathers Simons, S.J., and Falvey, S.J., have just returned here from Suchow Fu, where they have been studying under the direction of the Canadian Jesuits. Each one of these boys is God's choice for the extensive Mission of Haichow comprising two million souls.

How did these young boys come to know anything of the true Church? At some former time, a missionary came into each of their native villages . . . on his way . . . hobnobbing for souls. After many acts of kindness and sincere charity, the peasants realized that he had come only for them. A little school was started, the missionary lived in a mud hut, ate ordinary Chinese



Market day in a village of the Haichow district.

food—and daily became better known to the people. Then the little seeds of vocation were planted, and with God's grace ever at hand—the hearts of these young boys turned toward their Maker with a desire to serve Him.

That has all happened on this side of the Pacific and you can't imagine how grateful these boys are to the Lord Who has chosen them. Besides this, they also sincerely appreciate what is being done for them at home by our Mission Procurator, Father Pius L. Moore, S.J. For it has been through his tireless efforts that funds are collected in order to help these young seminarians through their years of preparation for the priesthood. Imagine just one who will reach the altar . . . because of your own personal help! What a glorious day for him . . . and for you!

You Can't Eat Eagle

Lawrence
Helmuller, S.J.

FIFTY years ago, before the White man's greed drove the buffaloes, antelopes, bears and other wild life, on which the Indians depended for a living, well-nigh out of existence, the Sioux were as much interested in the feathers of birds as in their meat or eggs. This is no longer true; especially since hard times have hit them as hard as any other group of people.

At the present time, they need food and clothing too badly to be interested any longer in making feathered paraphernalia. However, it is still difficult for them to understand that the most reliable way to supply the needs of the body is to settle down and grow some kind of crop or raise some kind of live-stock.

Missionaries, during the past fifty years and more, have been doing their best to make the Indians self-supporting by preparing them for some kind of occupation while they are in school, so that when they go back home, they can continue to practice the trades they have learned and thus provide for themselves and their families. Hence, the Fathers, Brothers and Sisters of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, teach each boy and girl one of the following crafts: carpentering, garage work, blacksmith work, shoemaking, dairying, farming, gardening, baking, cooking, sewing, mending, laundering and poultry management.

ALTHOUGH not neglecting any of the other trades, St. Francis Mission has put renewed emphasis, during the past few years, on the idea of training young Sioux in the poultry business. One of the reasons for this special interest in poultry is that a young man or woman with a little ambition can gradually build up a thriving business. Then, too, if the Government continues to encourage the Indians to group together into small settlements, as it has been doing during the present Administration, trained men will be needed to direct and care for the large flocks of the respective communities. With this far-sighted need in view, Father Matthew Connell, S.J., the Superior of the Mission, is doing all he can to teach young Sioux how to raise poultry. During the past year, eight boys have been taught the essentials of successful poultry management.

Under the direction of the Fathers and Brothers, a suitable house was prepared during the early winter months of 1937 and 1938. A home-made, hot-water heating system was worked out and installed almost

entirely by the Indians themselves. An old chicken house was sterilized and insulated with straw in the ceiling, back, sides and front and then, home-made radiators were erected horizontally with the floor so that the little chicks could run underneath to get warm, just as they would do if they were with an old hen. Soon everything was ready for the day-old chicks.

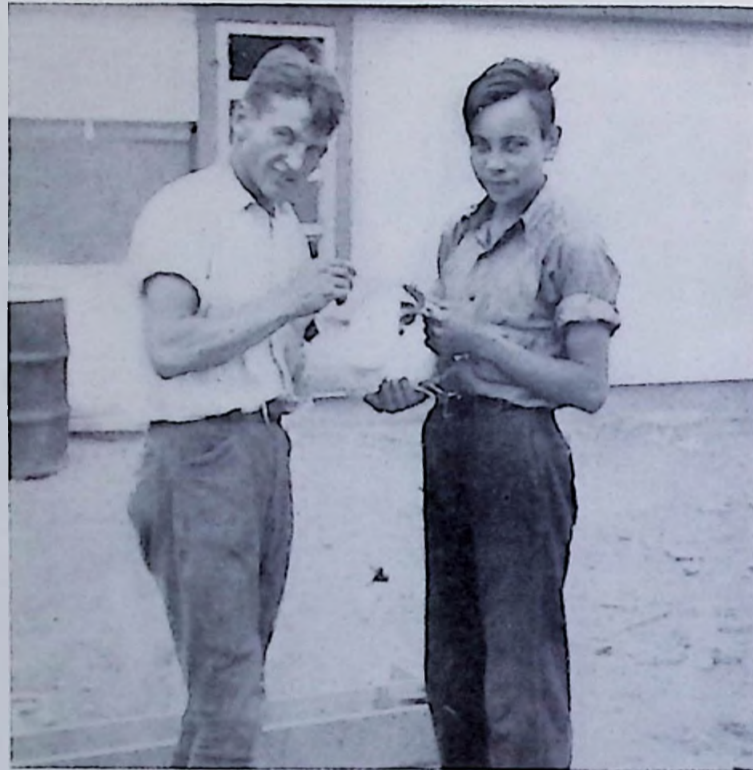
Those who know anything about chicks know that five hundred chicks on one's hands in February make a big job. The day that they arrived, about ten of the Mission boys came to the rescue by spending their free time dipping each little bird's beak in the sterilized drinking water, thus teaching the little chicks how to drink. The next biggest task was to keep the chicks from eating straw and other harmful things which they found in and about the brooders. However, this problem, too, was solved in various ways, during their free time. Only a few words of encouragement were necessary to keep the establishment in order.

Of the eight boys who helped morning, noon and night, each had his own little task and he did it very faithfully.

ABOUT a week after the first five hundred chicks had arrived, a second flock, just about as large as the first, came and had to be cared for in the same house at a temperature of about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit while the first group, at this same time, needed only about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Therefore, these young poultrymen had to manipulate things in such a way as to get the above two temperatures in the same room simultaneously; otherwise, the older birds would have been too hot or the younger ones too cold. However, where there is a will, there is a way, and since the Indians had the will they found the way. This is what they did. They placed the younger ones above the radiators and the others below. Since heat travels upwards, the smaller chicks got the most heat. Although this arrangement was unhandy, it worked out very successfully.

Even though there had been only a thousand chicks to be cared for by these eight Sioux students, yet they would have had plenty of work to keep them busy during their few free moments. But instead of that, another thousand day-old chicks arrived on Washington's Birthday. Unless each of these helpers had become used to his part of the work of caring for the baby chicks, it would have been well-nigh im-

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Two young Sioux Indian poultrymen. At St. Francis Mission the Sioux boys have taken a new interest in poultry which has nothing to do with collecting feathers for headdress.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Cheerful Asceticism

A spirituality that overlooks the human element in man verges on Jansenism. A rigid, stern, straight-laced figure results. A certain atmosphere of awful austerity envelops him. This discourages poor, ordinary mortals from approaching him. Our Lord was not like this. His was a Gospel of love, and love goes out to raise up the weary, the poor, the down-trodden. Christ mingled with sinners and the whole world followed after Him.

Follow Me

Recently a friend of mine curiously inquired: "Is it true that you Jesuits have your bag already packed and are ready to leave on a moment's notice?" I laughed at the idea, though it is figuratively true. This statement sounds harsh and heartless, a shadow of Jansenism. Not at all. The Jesuit rule is founded upon love. As a body you will find Jesuits sympathetic, understanding, human without at the same time compromising one principle of the teachings of their Master. The Jesuit takes the keynote of Our Lord's life, that of Obedience and Conformity of will to the will of God. Upon that he cheerfully moulds his life.

Preach and Practise

The chance suddenly came to me to practise what I preach in a small way. In my case, my friend's inquiry came true only I didn't have my bag packed. Instead of a moment, I had a week to prepare. Anyhow here I am on the Staff of JESUIT MISSIONS magazine, after absorbing all Summer numerous hints from my solicitous brothers

on how to become an ideal Dean of men. My friend even now is not aware that I sadly pulled up stakes and departed to this strange country.

A Home in New York

New York is indeed a strange city and confusing with nothing homelike about it. That is on the surface. A home was waiting for me there. Arriving with that "down in the mouth" feeling at leaving home, etc., I found a group of new friends receiving me with open arms. One week now and I fit right into the scheme of things so much so that I am appointed to write this column.

No Jansenism Here

A spirit far from the Jansenistic severity of old prevails here. Even the cold formality of an ordinary business office is absent. It is, I think, the expression of Jesuit tradition. There is ease but no laxity, familiarity blended with respect, laughter without offense and over all a seriousness that springs from the purpose of the office, namely, the support and publicizing of the world-wide Missions of the American Jesuits.

A Visitor

Just when I was beginning to feel initiated as a member of the Staff, Father Fred Donovan, S.J., paid us a visit. He is enjoying a well earned vacation from his Mission of St. Mary's at Above Rocks, Jamaica.

Father Donovan, like every other member of the foreign legion of Christ, possesses a pronounced phobia against the personal pronoun. He

refused to talk about himself. At the request for stories he shied. None the less he kept us in spasms of laughter. His is a rich humor that picks out the foibles and weaknesses of human nature without descending to personalities. It is refreshing and productive of a sane outlook on the world of men.

Not Stories But Facts

Here was a missionary who had spent ten hard years on a tough Mission. He leaves the stories to the recording of the Angels. Now he comes back just his cheerful self, spreading sunshine and laughter in his wake. Nothing Jansenistic, nothing austere, nothing repelling, a priest of God who is a man's man attracting and winning friends at every turn. Though the office staff was deprived of a few stories, they must appreciate a man who meets hardships with a joke and finds a laugh in everything. As a priest inspired by supernatural motives, Father Donovan must be a man after Christ's own Sacred Heart.

Smug

One of the office staff just interrupted my thoughts with the remark: "Why are you looking so smug?" Maybe it's because I'm taking Father Mears' place here on the Staff. He inducted me into my new work and then left JESUIT MISSIONS to take up editorial work on "America." He's the one who should feel smug since he's moving "uptown." May they be good to him. The old adage, "Our loss, etc.," should come in here but it isn't quite as bad as that. He'll still come in, off and on, to see us.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



The author and a group of Patna's typical Chamar converts. The Chamars are leather workers.

The Untouchables After

Peter J.

In Patna, India, the C. M. made over 5,000 converts among Chamars. Difficulties

SOME three years ago mission reports from India were heavy with news about possible "mass conversions" among the sixty millions or so of Indians known as Untouchables. These, often referred to as the Depressed Classes, are those "lower" castes whose members, though professing adherence to the Hindu religion, are nevertheless treated as outcasts and denied many of the social privileges of the upper castes.

In 1935, a prominent leader among the Untouchables, Dr. Am-

bedkar, had issued a stirring appeal for a nation-wide revolt of his fellow Untouchables against the economic, social and religious tyranny of the caste Hindus. This appeal, though not so much a cause, but rather a forceful expression of the growing resentment of the oppressed masses, urged that all the Untouchables should *en masse* sever their connection with Hinduism and embrace a faith which promised them redress of the evils inflicted upon them by Hinduism.

At once Hinduism was roused to action. Since in India religious and political adherence for the most part go hand in hand, such a mass conversion would have been a major political catastrophe which had to be prevented at any cost. The battle was on. Now, after the lapse of three years since the movement took on a nation-wide aspect, home missionaries will undoubtedly be wondering what has become of the sixty million Untouchables.

I regret that I am not able to give an all-India report on the movement beyond stating that the results in the various mission fields have varied from a goodly number of tens of thousands to practically nil, and this for various reasons. I shall here refer in a general way to Patna Mission as a whole, and more specifically to the relatively small sector in which I have been personally working.

At the beginning of 1936 there was not a single convert in this area,

neither Catholic nor Protestant. For reasons which need not be considered here, the work had to be carried on against tremendous handicaps. There were ups and downs. There were times when the anti-Christian forces threatened to overwhelm and completely crush the newly sprouted mustard seed. Again there were seasons when, with adequate equipment and a determined forward thrust, most probably about ninety per cent of the Chamar or leather-worker caste, among whom we were making a special effort, could have been won to the Faith. There are over a million of this caste in Patna Mission.

We selected them as being the most promising among the various groups of Untouchables. To date we have not succeeded in winning even a respectable slice of the Chamar caste. For the five thousand odd converts of Patna, Gaya and Shahabad districts during the past three years, consoling as they are in themselves, are only a mere fringe of a possible million. We shall not here discuss the reasons for this relatively small number of converts. Nor do we wish to create the impression that conversions have come to a halt. But the difficulties of conversion, in the area under consideration, have been vastly increased.

It might be interesting to speculate on what would have happened had an identical situation among the people presented itself to St. Francis Xavier *in his day*. But it would hardly prove a profitable speculation. For the missionary, even



Chamar boys with their American friend, Father Sontag.

Untouchables — Three Years

Tag, S.J.

Province Jesuits have
among the low-caste
mass-conversion are great.



Father Sontag instructs some Untouchable neophytes. More catechists is a pressing need.

though he might be a person of more than ordinary holiness of life, as undoubtedly there are in our own day as well as formerly, has to work within the framework of his own times and circumstances.

We have thus far spoken only of the first phase of conversion work, the winning of souls from paganism to the Faith. But there is the second phase which is equally important for the firm establishment of the Church, which is the necessary objective of all true missionary endeavor. For it is one thing to gather souls and prepare them, according to their capacity, for the worthy reception of Baptism, and quite another to nurture the newly found faith by further instruction and practice in Christian living, until you have, not only a register of converts, but a community fully weaned from pagan superstitions and thoroughly imbued with genuinely Catholic belief and practice.

Both the initial winning of further converts and the grounding of those already won in the fuller understanding and practice of Catholic life, are made increasingly difficult the smaller the proportion of converts to the total number of caste members. For if, in addition to the grave opposition from anti-Christian forces outside the caste, great numbers of his own non-converted caste-fellows boycott him, the social and economic position of the converts becomes difficult to a degree that is, to the ordinary man, insupportable or at least dangerously near it.

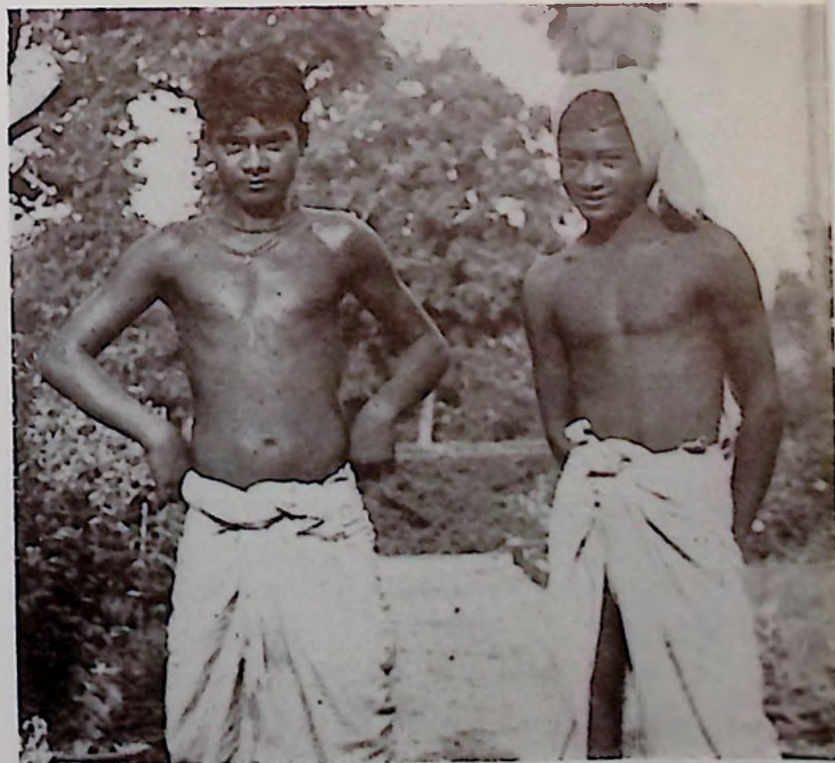
To illustrate, let us consider only

one item, marriage. Of supreme social importance in all ranks of society, marriage assumes in the minds of these primitive people an all-absorbing dominancy, that to us is simply amazing. Never did the most irritating thorn so persistently prick the tender side of its victim, as the thought of a still unmarried child of eight to ten years (and even much younger!) plagues the minds of our Chamars. Ask what sacrifice you will, but oh! do not ask the fond mother or the even more obsessed old granny to forego the supreme satisfaction of negotiating and enjoying the one thing that makes her all too drab life worth-while.

When the present conversion movement among the Chamars of Patna Mission began, at least ninety per cent of their boys and girls of ten years and over were already married. Had we immediately made a rapid sweep of even one major sector of the Mission, say of an area fifty miles square, increasing our converts to say one hundred thousand, marriage would scarcely have become a problem at all. Likewise, if now someone were able to discover an adjustment, which would satisfy the requirements of ecclesiastical discipline and yet leave the marrying and giving in marriage a transaction, which would seem to these multitudes a humanly-practicable

Mussabars are members of the field laboring caste, part of India's huge Depressed Class, or Untouchables.

affair, how it would transform the whole mission situation! If, to give our neophytes the joy of marrying and giving in marriage, we had to ask of them not the extraordinary supernatural heroism which God requires of His specially chosen saints, but only such Christian heroism as He ordinarily demands from His born and bred in the Faith, children I believe our catechumenates would tomorrow be filled with hundreds of thousands of these poor children of God, among whom there seems to be so much good-will, but to all of whom there is not vouchsafed the high heroism of sanctity. It surely is a thought-provoking problem. Christ, the Savior, promised His Peace to all of "good-will." Yet here are millions—and who will count the generations to come?—for whom this good-will must be proved in extraordinary heroism, the heroism of God's favored (Turn to page 280)



When the Flood Receded

Edward
Moody, S.J.



flooded street in America's largest Negro parish, Christ the King Mission, Grand Coteau, Louisiana.

THE raging hurricane, storm, wind and rain, tearing along the Gulf Coast and plunging inland through the Terrebonne up into the midst of the Louisiana Negro Mission, unleashed its final fury upon the farmers of the surrounding lowlands.

Terror clung to the savage wind; dismay fell with the pelting rain; but more appalling was the helpless distress left, tangled with the debris of the storm's destructive wake.

The many share-croppers and the few land owners who till the low bayou-webbed Parish of St. Landry were routed from bed on the morning of August 8th, to find nearly 6,000 of their neighbors left wet, hungry and homeless as the 30,000 in Louisiana's "Rice Bowl."

It was painful to see the roily surges of flood water sweeping over their fields of corn, cotton and potatoes, and lapping at the sills of their ramshackle dwellings. It was heart-rending to watch the bloated bodies of their stock float past the rescue boats. It was pitiful to behold the mute appreciation of the several hundred scantily clad men, women and children crowded into the cramped schools and parish halls and fed by the Fathers and Brothers at Grand Coteau.

But as they waited for the water to recede, the Negroes who compose the largest Colored Catholic parish in the country were consoled by the opportunity of daily Mass. On the Feast of the Assumption, they proved their Catholicity by going, almost *en masse*, to Confession and Communion.

Nor was their sense of humor dead. They could laugh

with the Negro man, who, when asked how the mosquitoes were, drawled: "Wal suh, dey's doin' putty porely—ain't anuff uv us Niggers ter go roun'!"

But they almost wept, when they began drifting back to the dilapidated shacks, which they once called "home." Mud was caked on the floors, the unpainted walls were warped, the few furnishings were still damp or soaked, if not totally ruined by the rains.

WHEN they looked at their fields, perhaps they did weep. Twice this year they planted, twice they plowed and hoed the sprouting seed, twice they saw their crops wiped out: first by the long rainy spell in the Spring, then by the flood. Now their share, along with the proprietors' share, lay mildewed and rotten.

They who are always so poor, now have nothing. Their barns are empty, there is no corn in the crib, no potatoes in the pit. They have sold no cotton.

The hogs which might have formed part of a meager diet have, for the most part, perished. Little splotches of lime strewn over newly-turned soil mark the last resting places of family milch cows. In many cases, there is neither mule nor horse to break the ground for next year's crop. Even the surviving live stock is underfed and sickly, for there is no silage, nor fresh hay. Owning little themselves, their average income seldom exceeding three hundred dollars, they find it impossible to obtain more credit. And, after looking on all sides for the means of subsistence and failing to secure help from the neighboring communities, they finally besieged the Mission.

DAY after day in almost continuous stream, they come to Father Cornelius J. Themsted, S.J., Superior of Christ the King Mission, asking for food, clothing and money.

One man, who, for several years, has been paying insurance for himself and six children, is about to lose his policy because he cannot pay the premiums. A newly married couple, who have bought a bit of furniture on the "easy-payment" plan, find it well nigh impossible to meet the payments.

They had depended on the Mission, even when crops were good. Now they are almost desperate. The frequent visits of fathers of families asking for clothing, the little bare-footed pickaninnies with buckets asking "do yuh got iny grub fur me?" are indicative of the present plight of the neighboring folk.

And as the Winter becomes more severe, poverty more pinching, discomforts in carelessly constructed buildings more unbearable, the Negroes will turn more and more towards the Mission. (Turn to page 280)

For Sacred Congregation of Propagation of Faith

The Mission Intention for November

THE "Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith" is that department of Papal administration charged with the spread of Catholicism and with the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs in non-Catholic countries. This "Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith" is not to be confused with "The Society for the Propagation of the Faith"—an international organization founded in 1822 for the spiritual and financial assistance of Catholic missions and missionaries in pagan and non-Catholic countries. At the present time, however, The Society for the Propagation of the Faith functions under the Sacred Congregation.

The work of this Sacred Congregation is practically co-extensive with that of the Church, since the propagation of the Faith was the primary reason for Her existence. Though it remained in a formative stage till 1622, this undesignated phase of Church administration motivated and financed, through the help of the laity, the apostolic enterprises of Augustine, Patrick, Boniface, Cyril, Methodius and countless others in Christ's army of missionaries.

Following the great era of explorers and the discovery or opening up of entire continents the Church realized that a new and specialized department of ecclesiastical administration had to be erected to study and care for the complex needs of these missionary countries. Accordingly on June 22, 1622, after long preparation and careful analysis, His Holiness, Gregory XV, substantially organized the Sacred Congregation as we know it today.

WITH but few exceptions the territorial jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation was co-terminus with those countries that were non-Catholic in government. In 1908, in the Constitution "Sapienti Consilio" of Pius X, it was determined to entrust to the Sacred Congregation those countries where the ecclesiastical hierarchy was not fully established. In a certain sense, a restriction of the powers of the Congregation effected by this new legislation was, that all matters pertaining to Faith, the Sacraments (particularly matrimony, rites and religious congregations—as such, even though they were exclusively devoted to the work of the missions) were assigned to the care of the respective congregations: those of the Holy Office, the Sacraments, Rites and Regulars.

That does not mean, however, that the authority of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith is not extensive. To the other pontifical congregations are assigned quite specific matters: the only restriction on the Sacred Congregation is that of territory, that is, while one congregation is concerned with Rites, a second with bishops, a third with marriage, etc., the Sacred Congregation deals with all such matters, in a practical way, for all the countries subject to it.

The external organization of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith is carried out by means of delegations, dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, simple missions and colleges.

APOSTOLIC delegations are established to maintain immediate representatives of the Holy See in places, where they seem to be needed, by reason of the growth of the Church in organization and numbers. At the present trying moment, as the world struggles in the throes of the revolution and counter-revolution of ideologies, the importance and responsibilities of these delegations from the Sacred Congregation cannot be minimized.

One false diplomatic step, the allowing of the universal character of the Church to be made secondary to national politics, and such like grave issues might seriously impede for decades the progress of Catholicism in a certain country.

As for dioceses, vicariates and prefectures Apostolic, it is for the Sacred Congregation to determine the territorial limits of ecclesiastical divisions in countries where the Church is not yet on a self-sustaining basis. It appoints, subject to Papal approval, the bishops and prefects for these divisions. It grants permissions and exemptions, examines conditions in the missions, studies and approves the constitutions of religious congregations, dedicated to the Apostolate, sifts and appraises the findings of councils and synods in missionary lands and considers the various acts in the processes of those saintly individuals, whose names are proposed for the lists of martyrology.

COLLEGES of the Sacred Congregation are institutions for the education of the clergy, intended either to supply clergy for missions that have no native clergy or to give a better education to the native clergy for the Apostolate in their own country. The main seminary of the Sacred Congregation is the Urban College established in the palace of the Congregation at Rome. In this college are to be found students from all the territories subject to the Sacred Congregation. Besides preparatory training the students of this and other colleges are given courses in philosophy and theology leading to the licentiate and doctorate degrees. The religious orders and regular congregations of men and women, to which foreign missions are entrusted, must be mentioned as auxiliaries of this vast organization.

From such a variety of activities it does not require a great deal of reflection to realize the gravity of the obligations imposed upon and the accuracy of judgment expected from this Sacred Congregation. Undoubtedly, the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit is abundantly necessary if this Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith is properly to fulfill its God-given task. It is for a continuance of, yes, even an increase in this light and guidance of the Holy Spirit for the Sacred Congregation that you are asked to pray for in this month's Mission Intention. You pray to Him Whom you love, for what He loves and for what you love. As regular readers of JESUIT MISSIONS you have shown your love for the missions by supporting and praying for what the missions most need. Continue to do so by praying more fervently than ever for the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

Meet Ambrose

Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., of Mokameh Junction, Patna District, refreshes us with the following account from his Mission:

"You have not been introduced to Ambrose, have you? Allow me to present Ambrose Lucki Narayain Singh, the man who was 'born' again and who now functions in his own right as a village schoolmaster. The first time I met him he was seated by the side of the road in the slight shade of a toothbrush (*neem*) tree, the essence of desolation personified. He was contemplating suicide, because, so he said: 'Everything in this life is finished and I am dead in everything but my useless body.' I sat down beside him and, after a bit of coaxing, heard his story. He was in Calcutta on business about six years ago and, as he was passing along the street, he got mixed up in a mob, was clouted on the head, and woke up in jail. He was in jail for over five years and when he did gain his release (crime unknown to him) he returned to his village only to find that nobody recognized him, not even his wife and family. 'You are dead and buried,' they shouted, 'your ashes have been cast on the waters of the holy Ganges . . . go away, you are not wanted here; you are dead!' It seems that when he did not return for so long the villagers decided that he had died and so made a statue of him out of clay, placed it on a palanquin, cremated it, and threw the remains in the Ganges. His reappearance embarrassed them indeed; the only solution was for him to *stay* dead as far as his relatives and friends were concerned. So they drove him away and tried to forget about him.

Very Much Alive

When I told him of the chance he could have to begin life all

over again and to accomplish much good in life as a Christian, he couldn't at first realize what I meant. However, he came along with me to the Mission; regained his health; studied all the books available and then went off into the jungle to think it over. Some months ago he returned and



Father James Vallés, S.J., veteran Philippine missionary, who celebrated his Golden Jubilee this year, is shown here assisting at the marriage of two of his parishioners at Caraga, Davao.

asked Father Remy for Baptism. Faith had come to him. After a few weeks of further instruction, he was baptized and took up a job as schoolmaster that was offered to him. Ambrose is quite a man now. A *Rajput* (warrior) by caste and a most zealous Catholic. He says it is good to be alive again and up and doing.

"Another Moslem family is under instruction and thousands and thousands of Hindus of all castes are searching for the truth. It is up to us to help them find it.

Don't forget: prayer, sacrifice, ideals, backed up by *deeds* is an unbeatable combination, the only combination that will help establish the Kingdom of God in India and in our distraught world. May our Lord continue to bless you, for all you have done."

A Santal Halloween

Father John A. Morrison, S.J., sends a tingle up our spines with the following account from his Mission at Poreya Hat P.O., Santal Parganas:

"One evening the cook told me that he heard strange noises in the house, but at the time I didn't think much of it. A week later, just after dark, the catechist's wife came up to our house and she was trembling all over. She said that stones were falling on the roof and that she was afraid to stay in the house. I went down to their house which is about two hundred yards from our own, and everything was quiet. They told me that there had been banging on the roof as though stones had fallen, but there were no stones to be seen. It also seemed as though someone had tried to bang open their door, which had been tightly shut. Some of the stones had fallen on a part of the roof which is tin and, therefore, hard to break, but some had fallen on a part of the roof that was covered with tiles and no tiles had been broken.

"What caused these noises? I don't know. If our neighbors were trying to disturb us, I don't see how they could have done what they did with stones that remained invisible. Perhaps Old Nick did have a finger in it. Such stories are not uncommon here in India and things like this have happened in our own Poreya Hat sector only a few years ago. At any rate, the Old Boy seems to have quieted down again. But, though the Devil may be banging

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

on our roofs and squealing like a pig, our Lord's work is going ahead in Poreya Hat sector. Some day when the spirit blows just a little harder than it is blowing now, we are going to make a scoop. There are people of three castes in our sector who have known about our religion for some time and a number of them are very friendly."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Fire! Fire!

Fire destroyed the school-church and teacher's house at Santana, according to a letter from Very Rev. Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the British Honduras Mission:

"Santana is one of Father Michael A. Schaefer's stations about thirty-two miles from Belize and was opened about three years ago, when the first building was erected. It is a new settlement, which has been developing rather rapidly during the past few years. In the area there are members of many different sects, including Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses and the like. There is a fair number of Catholics. There are sixty children on the roll of the school which receives no aid from the Government, as other schools do. Not all these children are Catholics and it is hoped that, through the school's influence, many converts may be made. As this is one of the important stations in this District, it was deemed necessary to rebuild at once, though practically no help towards the rebuilding is to be expected from the people of the neighborhood. Work on the new building is already well advanced. It means an unexpected outlay of about one thousand dollars, no small matter in such times as these with dwindling resources. The fire took place at midday on Saturday when no one was near the school. Its origin is a mystery with some suspicion of incendiaryism.

Spadework

Father Henry Delaney, S.J., has entered upon his new work as traveling missionary in the Orange Walk District. He will have lots of opportunity for horseback riding and some experience with river boats.

"There are ninety-seven boys in our High School including ten boarders of whom seven are from the Republic of Honduras and one from Guatemala.

"In practically all the primary schools of the Mission, enrollment has been steadily increasing with approximately six thousand children in the forty-three Government-aided schools and eight hundred and fifty in twenty-five private schools of the Mission, that is, schools maintained by the Mission without any aid of any kind from the Government. These latter schools are all located in small villages and rural places. Among these the Santana school is the largest. They constitute our heaviest financial burden at present."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Hungry Picknics

Father Francis J. Osborne, S.J., writing from that intriguing ad-

dress: St. Anne's Rectory, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ Percy Street, Kingston, tells of his hungry pupils:

"I gave the money you sent me to one of our schools, St. Anthony's, to buy lunches for the poor children. We supply dinner at noon to as many as we can. It is the only real meal that some of them get all day. Sister Terence Marie was most grateful and she will write to the kind benefactress and tell her how the money was used.

"It hurts me to see these children go hungry and I know, that many of them do, unless we feed them. One day, after a child from St. Anne's School had come to ask us for something to eat, I in turn, asked him what he had for breakfast and learned that it had consisted of sugar and water. You can see for yourself what I mean, when I say that if some do not get the school dinner, they will go hungry all day.

"The Sisters at St. Anthony's School have very little money on which to feed the children and these were most grateful for your gift.

Heroic Sisters

"I recently met the Marist Sisters who are going to take care of



Three Scholastics of the Missouri Province who after completing their studies in science and philosophy at St. Louis University have been assigned to St. Francis Mission, South Dakota. (Left to right), Albert H. Schulz, S.J., Richard T. Jones, S.J., Joseph N. Sibenaller, S.J.

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Father William J. Fitzgerald, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has taken up his duties as a missionary among the Indians at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota.

the lepers at the enlarged and remodeled government leprosarium, and find that they are enthusiastic about their work. I took them through the Public Hospital and everyone was most pleased to meet them. They make a marvelous impression wherever they go as people realize, that these Sisters are making an heroic sacrifice—and everyone loves a hero."

ALASKA

The Empty Cupboard

It was berry picking season at Akulurak when Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., wrote the following letters, telling some of the news of his Mission:

"During the past week we have had nothing else but rain. Berries dot the tundra and I am waiting for a few clear days so as to take the youngsters out for a berry picking picnic.

"In the meantime, we are waiting patiently for our yearly supplies, which never seem to come. I am just wondering whether last year's miseries are going to be repeated. Well, across the waves they are much worse off than we are. Our run of fish was exceptionally good. And we have a lot of seal oil on hand.

"I hope that some bright Winter's day I may see you gliding in to Akulurak by plane. I shall give you a thrill with my dogs that you shall not soon forget. In fact, I might steal you for the Alaskan missions. Father Edmond Anable, S.J., is well as usual and, just now is assembling a boat, that will be used for mail. He is an all-around man and a fine companion for Yours Truly."

Superstition Galore

Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, has collected a number of ancient Eskimo superstitions. Although they are not afraid of black cats crossing their path or walking under a ladder as some of us are, they have many other taboos, most of which, however, according to Father Fox, are happily defunct. We give a partial list of the practices followed:

"Before the ice breaks in the Spring they hang fish or fish bones in the kazga for four or five days. The entering, during this time, without knocking the snow off one's boots, is a serious breach of etiquette. To cut one's fish with a knife during this same period would expose one to sudden death. After five days the pieces of fish or bones are borne with Eskimo pomp to the frozen river, and through a hole in the ice, are cast into the water. The Chief then thrusts one end of the pole into the river, and putting his lips to the other end, thus addresses the fish: 'Fishes: I extol your delicate kindness in coming this year in such abundance. Receive our greetings and tokens of appreciation, and let's catch you.'

How About a Black One?

"After shooting a white whale, the hunter is forbidden during four days to chop wood or gather grass, under penalty of serious sickness.

"Parents must not eat of the

first successful hunt of their oldest son. To do so is to spoil his luck for the future. His booty is divided among his friends, relatives and neighbors.

"After the death of her child, a mother will not cut off the head of a fish, nor eat anything fresh for one day. She will not sew or do any other work for at least four days. She will wear her hair dishevelled.

"A dying Eskimo is often abandoned by all the family. When dead, he is at times taken out of the igloo by the sky-light, as the door is only for use of the living. For four days the members of the family must abstain from all hunting, fishing, chopping wood and other work, lest they, too, die.

—And Don't Come Back!

"There has been a great variety of similar superstitions in other parts of Alaska. These are the main ones we found here, and that can be put briefly. With a funeral, for instance, there is connected a host of superstitions. Their main object is contained in a final sentence of a wife, the funeral of whose husband the writer attended (merely in the capacity of the curious spectator). 'Now don't you come back,' she said, addressing her husband's spirit at the grave, after having taken off her belt and thrown it on the box containing his remains (a Folger's tea box about three feet square, as he had been rolled up into a perfect ball): 'Now don't you come back to bother your wife and children. We want you no longer.' A stone or other heavy object is laid on the coffin to hold in the spirit. To procure this same happy result, ashes were thrown across the trail leading to the grave and with a big knife the wife slashed the air between her and the coffin as she followed it to the place of burial." Lucky a spirit can't feel the edge of a knife!

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Plenty of Nothing

From his former parish of Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Father Francis D. Doino, S.J., tells of the difficulties of making something out of nothing:

"Please pardon my delay in this acknowledgment, as I have had my hands more than full building a new church and new house in what will be a new parish in the near future. The fact that I was entirely changed from Malaybalay parish and was given an entirely new parish-to-be instead of an assistant, as I had hoped and prayed to get, makes my lot no easier now and gives me no relief. In fact, I find it even harder because I have to begin from the bottom. When I took possession in this parish-to-be, I had not even a crucifix on the Altar. I begged one from Father John Gaerlan, S.J., in Malaybalay, which he gladly gave me. I have no Altar, only a temporary table top. I have no Holy Water vessel, no sprinkler, no bells, no Altar cards—nothing. I simply use my Mass kit and this is the home church—the headquarters and over fifty years old! But how dilapidated! We hope soon to have the new church and also a *convento* finished and a headquarters established here, so we can go out to the *barrios* from this as a center.

"Keep up your interest in us. We can do nothing without your help.

"The former Malaybalay parish has been split in two parts. The parish proper and four nearby *barrios* fall under the care and jurisdiction of Father Gaerlan. All the other *barrios*, and they are included in four municipal districts, fall to my lot.

Roving Commission

"Something like half the area of the whole Bukidnon province comes under the joint jurisdiction of Father Gaerlan and my-

self. The population of the whole province is 57,561 with 33,969 Catholics, many of whom hardly see a priest except at fiesta time. That is, once a year. One district did not even see their priest, since his appointment, as their fiesta fell on a day when he could not go to them. I am hoping to visit them soon.

"My present work is quite unique, at least it is certainly a distinct departure from that, which I used to do at Malaybalay, and as a matter of fact quite distinct from what we ordinarily engage in. I am always on the go on the roads. I have no fixed residence yet, but am hoping to establish headquarters of some kind in a centrally located place. This is to avoid the expense and annoyance of going back and forth continually from Malaybalay, and also to guard against a breakdown physically. For the roads here, except the provincial road at Cotabato, are pretty muddy yet, because Bukidnon is a rainy place most of the year and, when it does make up its mind, it can rain hard and steadily for months. We have had a couple of good breaks in the way of sunny and dry weather and that is the time I try to get around to all the *barrios* that I can make, as I know that a better chance may not be given me again for a long, long time.

Jitney Trouble

"Of late, I have had lots of hard luck with my jitney, an old Ford. It broke down twice far away from Malaybalay at one place seventy-two kilometers from home, at another forty-three. In each case, I had to get a Chinaman to haul my jitney home with his truck. I stayed behind in the broken down jitney, drinking in the dust of a real hot spell that Sunday, until I could stand it no more and, when I heard a bus come chugging behind us, I got off the jitney,

threw my bag and my dusty self into the bus and continued home that way, where Father Gaerlan gave me a good shower and a glass of warm beer. The jitney is still in repair in Cagayan, where I suffered the same trouble on a similar blistering day in that jitney. This time the trip was to Cagayan, a distance of 106 kilometers, and, when the dust began to get me, I got off the jitney and took a seat next to the Chino driver on the truck. As it has been very difficult to get a broken spare part, the jitney has been kept in the repair shop for over three months now. And my only means of travel have been the hard-seated busses, the muddy roads, and in dry weather, the dusty highways by foot. This has often prevented me from binating. Without a machine it is impossible to make the next town, as the busses are not yet so numerous. The poor Faithful wait and wait and, when it is late, and no priest appears, they go home without the Sunday Mass, some of them to very distant *barrios*. So that is my story.

The Silver Lining

"But all is not so gloomy as that. It seems that the Lord wants just that price for the



Brother Leonard E. White, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who was appointed this year for work among the Indians at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

blessing of the work, for I am very much encouraged already and I have great hopes for the future. The children are especially responsive. In five out of about fifteen *barrios*, we already have, after a long struggle, succeeded in getting the whole congregation to join in at the singing and it helps things immensely. But I am more than anything interested in the organization of catechism classes. It is very difficult (because of the past lack of priests in many of these parts) to find someone from the *barrio* itself, who can take up the work of organizing catechism. So the priest has to do all the rough work, even go to the private houses in the beginning to gather together the children for a class. So far I can only report two *barrios* successfully organized for this work and by resident teachers. These are the places where many first Communion and after that regular Communion are reaped. So pray the Lord of the Harvest that He send us at least more laborers into the catechism vineyard.

"This job gets you right into the heart of the *barrio* life and you begin to understand lots of things now, that used to puzzle and annoy the struggling missionary. But, when you consider the hard life that has fallen to the lot of many of these good people, the hundred and one necessities of life that they are deprived of, their struggle to eke out a daily existence, you marvel that they give the response they do give the priest. I am quite happy over the prospects with such backgrounds and I hope you good folks behind the lines join us with the unfailing ammunition, your constant prayers."

Golden Jubilee

Father Joseph M. Rosauero, S.J., of Zamboanga, Zamboanga, sends in the following account of the Golden Jubilee of Father James Vallés, S.J.:

"The celebration of Father Vallés' Golden Jubilee was held not in Margosatubig which is his mission station, but in the Zamboanga Residence where, on this occasion, all the Jesuits of the southern part of Mindanao, who could, assembled together. The Jesuits of the northern part were represented by Brother Ignatius Valero, S.J., and from Manila came Reverend Father John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Philippine Mission. The feast was celebrated on St. James' day, July 25, 1940.

"At 5:30 a.m., in the Cathedral of Zamboanga, Father Vallés celebrated a Solemn High Mass, the Deacon being Reverend Father Hurley and the Sub-Deacon, Father Eusebio Salvador, S.J., Superior of Zamboanga. Father Ralph Gehring, S.J., was Master of Ceremonies. The music of the Mass was composed by Father Joseph Reyes, S.J., who directed the singing, and the singers were, alternately, the Pilar Institution girls and the choir of the Cathedral. Father Vallés himself preached from the sanctuary a most beautiful and touching sermon on St. James.

His Excellency, Bishop Aloysius del Rosario, S.J., was also present. Twenty-nine Jesuits gathered for this occasion.

"The newly painted refectory was beautifully decorated with the Spanish colors and a picture of St. James presiding. During dinner a program was held consisting of poems, songs, a playlet in Visayan by the Scholastics and a speech in Spanish by Reverend Father Hurley. At the end Father Vallés also said a few words.

"Jesuits from outside of Zamboanga who came for this celebration were: Father Joseph Reyes, S.J., of Pagadian, Father Raymond Vila, S.J., Father John Rebull, S.J., of Lamitan, Father Benignus Dagani, S.J., Brother Salvador Aixalá, S.J., of Margosatubig: Father Marianus Ferrer,



Father Francis J. Osborne, S.J., of Kingston, Jamaica, snapped this little boy of St. Anne's Infant School in the act of taking a drink from the school hydrant.

S.J., Brother Michael Garmendia, S.J., of Ayala, Father Edward Rodes, S.J., Brother Joseph Lluch, S.J., of Bolong; Father Lawrence Contin, S.J., Brother Andrew Lloret, S.J., of Mercedes and Brother Ignatius Valero, S.J., of Cagayan."

New Dispensary

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., of Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, P.I., gives us more news of the Moro and his new dispensary:

"My activities here have never been as great as they are now, but so little help is coming from America that I will very soon have to curtail. The new dispensary will be first-class, but it is costing a lot. In order to keep the work going, I have cut the workmen down to seven, trusting I can keep apace of the pay roll. I do hope that the Catholic Medical Mission Board will supply me with many other things besides those I ordered.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Encouragement and Harmony

To the Editor:

As an English Catholic may I express my appreciation of the editorial entitled "If the British Empire Falls" (JESUIT MISSIONS, July-August). Catholic missionaries whom I have met are unanimous in praising the practical and sympathetic encouragement which they receive from British authorities throughout the world. This is particularly striking in India where the Church owes much of its strength to the harmonious relations existing between the Government and the Hierarchy.

Apropos of Catholic missions, it is interesting to note that until 1932 the Archbishop of New York's jurisdiction extended to British territory, the Bahamas, where the late Cardinal Hayes was always sure of a warm welcome when he visited the islands as Archbishop.

Robert Wilberforce.

The British Library of Information
New York, N. Y.

A Generous Heart

To the Editor:

Last week I received my first copy of JESUIT MISSIONS and I have read every word from cover to cover at least three times. It is a temptation to let my work go for a while and find a quiet spot and read JESUIT MISSIONS. I have had many lovely trips while reading through the pages of this lovely magazine. My one disappointment is, however, I wish it might be published weekly but then if that were so, I would never get my work done.

There is something I would like to ask, Father, but hardly know how to go about it, so I will do a little explaining first. I have hoped and dreamed that I might be a missionary Nun and I pray constantly it might soon be God's Holy Will that I enter a missionary order. It just seems there is no end of obstacles which stand in my way and at times I am bewildered and think that my long cherished dream may never come true.

As it is impossible, or at least seems to be, for me to enter right away and my heart is in the missions, I would like to do something right here at home in my little way for the missions.

Is there any sewing or anything I could make, Father, that might help some struggling missionary somewhere in the world? I have no idea just what might be needed and if I would be able to make those things needed, but I would most certainly be willing to learn and I would do all in my power to help. Perhaps you would not care to have me do any-

thing like this but I didn't think there would be any harm in asking. I will be most happy if I can do something to help. I will not promise it will be great, but it will be done from my heart.

I realize, Father, that you are very busy and I do hope that I have not annoyed you and if this has happened please forgive me as I only want to do my part as some token of thanksgiving for all the graces and benefits which our dear Lord has bestowed upon both my family and me.

Brownville, N. Y. I. M. House

Thank You! Thank You!

To the Editor:

This is to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter of the 13th inst. and to assure you that I do heartily appreciate JESUIT MISSIONS. Thinking possibly that it would be overtaxing you to write and tell you, I hesitated. But I shouldn't have for it's a little bundle of joy at all times, and I love to go a-journeing with it and its grand company of actors.

"If you hear a song that thrills you
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it, do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?"
And it thrills my heart.

And now, out of your department but just keep it in mind, please, that we'd be glad to send a Victrola to one of your missionaries. Just sent two to Gesu Church, Miami, Fla., and two to the Carolinas. So if you want to make some missionary happy in a small way, please let me know and we'll be glad to help out.

Olyphant, Pa. O. S.

Scene Shifting

To the Editor:

As a subscriber for some years to JESUIT MISSIONS, I would like to suggest that the arrangement of your monthly magazine is confusing in arousing interest. Take for instance this month's magazine, Sept. '40. The front page shows two men in arctic clothes; one can almost feel the cold discomfort. The next picture is of a Military Academy in the Philippines. Cold is forgotten and one adjusts oneself to a tropical climate, but of a civilized aspect. Then comes a leper colony, change of sentiment again; next page back to the cold country; next Jamaica Bush, then Chinese, next Pearls—Monkey River and Beyond, then Russia Missionary, then a general mixture.

There are various concerns, schools, artist schools, etc., etc., that gather and

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THE CATHOLIC HERALD

67 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4., England

keep a lot of information about various countries, customs, scenery, etc., etc. The studios, especially and Public Libraries, file such information, pictures, etc. for reference. It would appear to me, if it could be so arranged, that each issue should deal with one particular country or district. A magazine that would sandwich in besides or along with the religious topics, some interesting data, description, customs or living conditions, pictures of native craft, etc., would hold the reader's attention and interest, and might more readily be kept or passed on. It would have a longer life.

I guess I am somewhat influenced by my surroundings. The movies here are constantly building sets and trying to portray actual conditions of the countries they "shoot." So it occurred to me as a waste to see magazines like yours find their way too soon to the scrap heap.

It is just a suggestion offered in no mood of criticism but in a helpful spirit.

N. Hollywood, Cal. Wm. Lingenbrink

Uplifting!

To the Editor:

I just finished reading this month's number of the JESUIT MISSIONS. As I was closing it, I glanced at the picture of a "soldier" in China that looks very much like a venerable old French missionary, so I read the page. The way you put it is very appealing. To think that our small offering is really multiplied in China. I am enclosing here \$2.00 for the missions over there.

I greatly enjoy reading your fine magazine. It always has a cheering, soul uplifting effect on me. My sincere wish is that it will do good to every reader.

Houston, Texas Mrs. M. Williams

Sioux Craftsmen

Francis J.
Coffey, S.J.



Brother Peter Gross, S.J., (center), gives Sioux lads some lessons in carpentry.

WHEN the days begin to shorten noticeably and the nights get cooler and cooler, the Catholic children on the Pine Ridge Reservation, a Sioux Indian Reservation, begin to think of school. Like their forefathers, they have enjoyed spending the warm Summer days in the open prairies and the nights under the shining stars. But vacation can last only as long as the Summer and when Summer is ended, the vacation is over. So when the Mission school opened its doors this year and the fifty-third consecutive school year began, some four hundred Sioux boys and girls, almost all of whom are Catholics, came to Holy Rosary Mission school.

Many of the children came because their parents and even their grandparents attended the Mission school when they were young. It is not uncommon by any means to hear one of the older Indians say: "When I attended the Mission school back in the '90s, we had only four grades." Or hear another say: "I remember when the first Fathers came out here in the '80s and chose this location for the Mission."

IN addition to the studies taken as the usual course in the grade school and junior high, the boys and girls at Holy Rosary Mission school enjoy many of the advantages offered in city schools. The boys who like music can join the band. Their teacher will be Joe Blue Horse who learned music when he was a boy in the Mission school. He will be furnished with an instrument that belongs to the school. The band always plays at all athletic games and important school functions. The Indian boys are by nature athletically inclined. Track and indoor are popular but basketball is their best sport, perhaps because of the long winters.

But that is only half of their day, for the boys spend

half of the day in the classroom and the other half in the shops, learning a trade. Each boy must learn a trade and the ambition of all is to become a cabinet maker like Brother Peter Gross, S.J. In his field, Brother Gross is an expert. If they work for and with Brother Gross, the boys learn how to become a cabinet-maker, architect, contractor and builder, all in one. Whenever one of the missionary priests wants a chapel built, he tells Brother Gross what he has in mind. Presently he finds the plans completely drawn according to his specifications by Brother Gross and submitted to him for approval. The pews, communion rail, even the altar itself, can be made in the carpenter shop with the help of the boys. The many fine mis-

sion chapels on the Reservation are so many monuments to the labor of Brother Gross during the past thirty years.

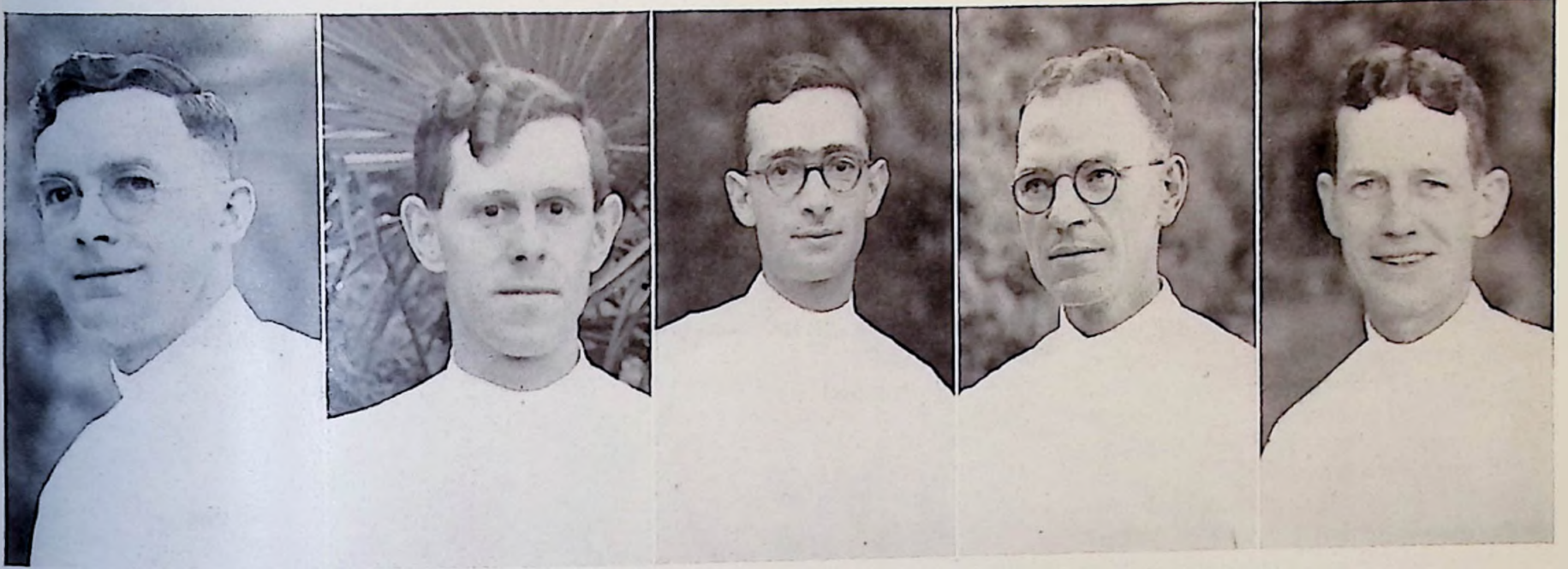
Brother Gross has some plans which he hopes to see finished some day and one of these is for a new carpenter shop with modern equipment. That will come when the boys now in school are grown up and as parents will be bringing their children to the Mission school. Then, as their parents have told them, they in turn will be telling their children about the great advantages which the Mission offers, and which they did not enjoy when they attended the Mission school.

RECENTLY the interior of the church has been beautifully painted. All the credit of doing this extraordinarily fine work goes to a former Mission boy of unusual talents as an artist. His name is Felix Walking. Felix is without doubt the best artist the tribe has produced thus far and he is rapidly getting the recognition he deserves. Felix was phenomenally successful in blending Indian art, color and design with the Gothic interior of the church.

The church after forty-two Dakota winters and windy seasons is in excellent condition. The bricks are still as good as new. The four hundred children, that now attend the Mission school, almost tax the church to its capacity, when they attend Mass daily. It is more than filled to its capacity for the midnight Mass at Christmas. The solemn services of the Church have a great appeal to the Indian character. The Indians like music, color and splendor as much as any other race. Regardless of the poor roads and the cold weather, many Indians come miles to attend the solemn midnight Mass at Christmas. Indeed, custom has made this such an event, that Catholics living in the little towns off the Reservation, come to the Mission for the midnight Mass at Christmas.

Dreams Come True

John Barrett, S.J.



Five young Jesuits whose hands will this month be anointed and consecrated to keep open the channels of Grace to Patna Mission in India. (Left to right) William R. Hussey, S.J., Charles J. Sedlack, S.J., Harold P. Watling, S.J., John M. Cosgrove, S.J., James Jerome McFarland, S.J.

WE dream. And on those dreams ambition lifts us above the brute world nearer to heaven. When you were only four you wanted to be a fireman, at eight your choice had turned to aviation, or you played at being a nurse. By the time you were twelve your hopes rested on some day being the middle-weight champion of the world, or the grandest actress of all time.

However much ambition can do, the grace of God does more. It has held five young men to their supreme purpose through nearly fifteen years of hard work. Years ago they dreamed,—yes, they would be priests and do God's work. Grace fashioned their aim to make them Jesuits. And dreaming still they saw far-off lands where Xavier had sweated, and pagan masses calling them still. So they volunteered for Patna Mission and were sent over the seas. The oppression of a difficult climate, the strange food, the daily struggle with a puzzling language, rising at five each morning to pray, then to throw one's whole energy into the arduous work of teaching, or the more painful process of learning, until night brings rest, that is the path they have climbed to reach their dream,—the priesthood.

ON the twenty-first of November, His Grace the Archbishop of Calcutta will ordain five young Jesuits of Patna Mission at St. Mary's College, high in the Himalaya foothills of Kurseong. The young priests will be Fathers William Hussey, S.J., James Jerome McFarland, S.J., John Cosgrove, S.J., Charles Sedlack, S.J., and Harold Watling, S.J. They are members of a class of twenty-one, including Jesuits from Italy, Belgium, Spain, Yugoslavia, the United States and India, representing seven Jesuit Missions in India.

They have achieved their goal. And still they dream. For the priesthood the gateway to a fuller life and ambition takes wing to a yet higher plane. Another year

of study, a year of retirement to replenish their spiritual resources and at length these five will plunge into the life work of forming the Kingdom of Christ in Patna Mission. The Gospel must be preached in village streets, there are chapels to be built, little mud school houses raised from the earth, orphans to be cared for, classes to be taught at Khrist Raja High School and at the new St. Xavier's High School in Patna. There is an end to a man's dreams only when fancy gives way to the Great Reality and man soars into eternity.

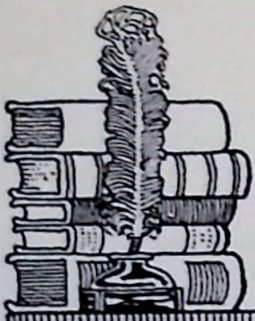
The Society of Jesus, with the wisdom of experience, is sending her young sons to the mission fields in their formative years. Thus they more readily adapt themselves to difficulties of language, climate and social customs. With the enthusiasm of youth they overcome obstacles, which to an older man might well seem insuperable, without the intervention of God.

FATHER William Hussey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Hussey, who reside at 10330 Linnet Avenue, Cleveland. His brother, Father James Hussey, S.J., will celebrate a Mass commemorating the ordination of St. Ignatius Church, on Sunday, November 24th. He will be assisted by a third brother, Father Martin Hussey, S.J.

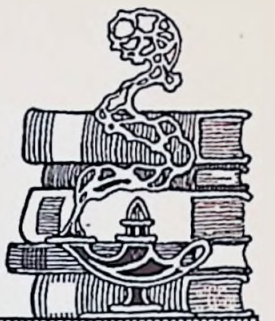
Mrs. Joseph McFarland, the mother of Father James McFarland, resides at 965 Brice Avenue, Lima, Ohio. A Mass commemorating the ordination will be celebrated on Sunday, the 24th, at St. Rose Church, Lima, by Father John McFarland, S.J., a brother.

The father of Father John Cosgrove is a resident of Utica, Illinois, where a commemorative Mass will be said at St. Mary's Church on the 24th.

Father Sedlack is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedlack, Chicago. Their home is 7802 South May Street. The parents of Father Watling are Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Watling, of 36 Clifford Way, London, England.



NEW BOOKS



Who Walk Alone

Perry Burgess

Those who are interested in the missions of the Philippines and in particular, the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu will find their impressions sharpened and their sympathies stirred by this, out of the ordinary, human document.

It is the story of an American Spanish War veteran who returned from the Philippines, and years afterward, on the threshold of business success and marriage, found himself a victim of leprosy. He returned to the Islands and imprisoned himself at Culion and there, out of the wreckage, he rebuilt a life of courage and service to his fellow sufferers.

The unfolding of the tragic steps in this strange struggle against disease and fear and loneliness is a rare study in human heroism, unaided apparently by any strong religious convictions or consolations.

The author, who is not a Catholic, treats of the work of the priest at Culion, Father Marelo (Rello, S.J.?) and the Sisters, with sympathy and respect—and aloofness.

The book is very enlightening on the problems and misunderstandings, connected with leprosy, but most of all, it emphasizes unconsciously the need of bringing spiritual as well as physical help to these poor outcasts, whose sufferings are far more than the merely bodily affliction on this beautiful island in Culion harbor of gentian blue off the China Sea.

Henry Holt & Co., New York and San Francisco, \$2.75.

The Seven Virtues

Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen

With his wonted felicity Monsignor Sheen combines in this little book incisive utterance of truths, half suspected, with striking applications to modern life, of truths long idle. It is written for our times, though the truths explained belong to all times. "The Seven Last Words" serve as a basis for reflection and application of the three theological virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, and the four cardinal virtues of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude and Justice.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

The Mother of Jesus

Henri Morice

Translated by Clara Meigs Sands, R.S.C.J.

Regardless of how many books have been written about Our Lady, no child

of hers ever stops seeking new praise of her beauty. And yet, what is there new about her who has been to poets, artists, princes and paupers, for 2,000 years, a Queen and a Mother?

There is always the newness of discovery. No matter how ancient a beautiful object may be, no matter how familiar it may have become, each time it is discovered, it brings a new thrill of pleasure, as does the endless roll of the sea on the shore, a mountain peak in the morning sun, the flowing pageantry of sunset, the first quiet snow of winter. Young people, fallen in love only yesterday, find it as incredibly wonderful as though no one else had ever known love since Adam first smiled on Eve. Each new generation is able to thrill to this life as though it had never been lived before, because God made us so, forever susceptible to revelation, forever thrilled by discovery. It is personal discovery, which each one must make for himself, that keeps eternal beauty from ever growing old.

This is not only true of the first discovery; it is true also of each subsequent revelation. For what do we mean by "getting more closely acquainted" save learning more through a succession of discoveries? God, for some mysterious purpose has left us to discover Our Mother for ourselves—almost completely by ourselves, so little has He revealed about her. And yet, she has appeared somehow in our souls as fresh as the day she bloomed in Israel, as kindly to us as to Augustine, as noble to us as to the Crusaders, as simple to us as to Bernadette.

Father Morice's book on Our Lady is one of personal discovery, the fruit of insight into the essential revelation which God has given us about her divine maternity. By that prerogative, she gave human life and her own human likeness to her Son; by it, too, He gave her a unique share in His own divine Life. It is the author's discoveries of the likeness between Mother and Son which give us the stimulation, for which the book was designed,—to know her better, who is the Mirror of Justice, Christ's Mother and our own. Madame Clara Meigs Sands, R.S.C.J., has given us an excellent translation of a valuable book. "The Mother of Jesus" has been selected by the Spiritual Book Associates.

The Gospels tell us so little of Mary that we must go to scholarly works like Father Morice's to know her better.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

Mary of Nazareth

Vincent McNabb, O.P.

If Father Morice's book is valuable, "Mary of Nazareth" by Reverend Vincent McNabb, O.P., is priceless. Each page is startling with observations by one of the grandest figures of modern English Catholicism. Composed mostly of short paragraphs, the book is a collection of notes made by the author over a long, busy life. Some of his "gleams" are pure poetry, e.g., page 74: "We can think of the promptings of her heart; the secret throbbings in her soul, as those the Cornish peasant hears in his toil, when the caves are filled with the weeping of the waves." Some are points for meditation, so filled with meaning, that the mind leaps onward, leaving the sentence unfinished; many would serve a preacher in search of a forceful ending, for a polished paragraph. Father McNabb is a troubadour of Our Lady, and this book, the jottings for his songs.

Kennedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.35.

MAN OF SPAIN

Francis Suarez

By Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

THE career of Spain's great teacher—Francis Suarez—left a rich heritage to modern Catholic philosophy. In this fascinating biography, we see him not only as a great thinker and writer, but also as an intensely human being. \$2.50

So Falls the Elm Tree

By John Louis Bonn, S.J.

"An extraordinary book. . . . The skillful blending of poetry, of drama and of fiction, makes the book exceptional."—*Jesuit Missions.* \$2.50

MACMILLAN

60 Fifth Ave.

New York

A NATIONAL SHRINE FOR JAMAICA

(Continued from page 257)

front down to a two foot elevation for the sanctuary to the rear.

It was hoped that the church, which is seventy feet long, forty feet wide and twenty feet high to the plates, flanked on either side by a sacristy and priests' room, might be dedicated on Columbus Day and the following Sunday, October 12th and 13th respectively. But that cannot be this year.

The National Shrine of Jamaica, which is being erected under the patronage of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, re-enacts the building of the medieval cathedrals of Europe, even though done in miniature. And just as these cathedrals represent a labor of love, in which rich and poor alike gave of their time, energy, wealth and devotion, that combined down through the ages to raise a house of God in all the countries of the Old World that challenges down to our own day the admiration of men gazing on the handicraft of the past generations, so, too, do we, resurrecting the early glories of the New World, hope to build in stone the same faith in the God, Who made us all, the same hope in the God, Who redeemed us and the same charity, that has sanctified us, and to do it through the power and might of our One God, Who tells us, as He assured them, that, although man can do nothing of himself, he can and will do all things in Him, Who strengthens them.

That is the story that we hope the Shrine in Jamaica will tell for the years to come, how men and women of the twentieth century, during a period of world destruction, raised a temple of people to the Prince of Peace to prove to their warring world, which had drifted from the principles of Christ and His peace, that God is still in His heaven above and His Church below.

It is the undying spirit of our people, as universal as the Church, that gives them that glorious urge from the dawn of Christianity down to our twentieth century, that will raise our historic church once again, on the site of a New Seville, a Seville that will not rise again because it lacks, as all merely material things must lack, that spirit that not only enlivens the centuries, as they roll into the seas of past time, but which can revivify, what it touches, when the need arises. That spirit we have here and now in Jamaica, in the States that have helped Jamaica, and that has given us our *Second Spring in Jamaica*.

BASKETBALL CHAMPS OF BAGUIO

(Continued from page 259)

save in his dealings with authorities. With them he was always in the doghouse. He did the wrong thing no more often than the normal boy in a mining town—perhaps less often—but he always got caught. Eventually he gave

up trying to defend himself against officials, accepted all authorities as necessary evils in life, and maintained a deep and deadly silence whenever he was hauled upon the carpet to be reprimanded. This was often.

Two years ago Fernando came to St. Louis High School, aged fifteen. There he was immensely popular with the boys, and a headache to those in charge of discipline. When the school had plays, Fernando was not in them. When medals were given out, Fernando never got any. When we called for basketball candidates at St. Louis, he did not try out. He stayed away. Father la O and I rated as "authorities" and Fernando's policy was: "avoid all authorities, always." But when we published a deadline, stating that no boy would be eligible for the squad unless he appeared on this day—Fernando's love of basketball conquered. He came on the court with his head hanging, in dogged silence, as though he were walking into the principal's office. He spoke very little at practice for the first four days.

But his passing, dribbling, long shots and floor-work were beautiful! He had bound and bounce like a rubber ball, limitless vitality, love of speed, the ability to organize and to lead. When we held elections, the squad voted Fernando captain, unanimously. Everyone voted for bad-boy, brooding Fernando, except himself.

And as the days of practice rolled by, he came to resent the coaches less and less. Whenever we introduced a new play, he was first to recognize the value of it. Whenever, we correct an error, his own or another's, he saw the reason why immediately and never did that thing wrong again. He soaked up team strategy like a sponge. On the court, playing fast and clever basketball, Fernando was in his element; and gradually he came to accept us as part of that element.

In no other activity I think did he have a real friend among the directors put over him to "influence" him. Fernando came to admire Father la O, to like him. Father la O liked Fernando. They would consult together after practice. Fernando would make special trips to the Jesuit Scholasticate, to consult with Father la O. The captain trusted the coach's judgment, and during the tournament he followed instructions religiously, to the last syllable, in a high gear of enthusiastic confidence.

After the trophy-play, Bishop Sancho presented the cup to Fernando. A thousand school children cheered for him. The nuns patted him on the head. Now he is not a brooder any more, nor a resenter of authorities. He began receiving daily Communion during the basketball season, and has not yet broken the habit.

At present St. Louis is on vacation. The last word I heard of Fernando came from the curate, who visits his little mining town. The curate said: "The boy is fine! He's a shining example in Balatoc! He received Communion every day this week."

THE "BIG BROTHER"

(Continued from page 260)

looked like a tragedy, afterwards became almost a lark.

For the past six years I have been living just across the hall from Brother "Chio." Promptly at five o'clock every morning—Winter and Summer—I was awakened by his heavy tread as he tried to sneak past my room unnoticed. His sixty-eight years did not prevent him from his regular Lenten fast. A deep spirituality that has hidden behind an easy and joking exterior came prominently to the fore during his last sickness. Every breath became an ejaculation. These thin walls of our rickety Mission building do not yield much privacy. For hours at a time I would hear him repeat unceasingly with every respiration, "Jesus mercy, Jesus come. Come Jesus come." I marvelled how he could keep it up. Perhaps some day in Heaven, I may be permitted to look up at him and marvel more.

MORE FOR THE MOROS

(Continued from page 261)

come in the weekly mail from America. Equipment has been ordered through the Catholic Medical Mission Board and medical supplies are being purchased in Manila or being donated by friends in America. Two Franciscan Missionaries of Mary and a Moro nurse daily make their round of visits among the Moros and Christians, taking along a kit of medicines and the inevitable umbrella. Mother Clare has already earned the title of "The American Specialist," and the Moros prefer her ministrations to those even of the Moro nurse.

"Father, I secretly baptized a sick Moro baby, and it died this morning!" This was the first fruit of the Medical Service; and the second and similar third followed soon after. Even to baptize the dying infants would be reward enough for the work of the Service but the effects will go far beyond this. The daily visits of the Sisters among the Moros is breaking down that greatest barrier—fear and hatred of Christianity. Already, Moro men of influence have approached our Mission who never before came within sight of it. Even the Moro politicians of the town are courting the favor of the embryo dispensary, because they see the influence it will exert and the profit for them to be on the friendly side.

But this is only a small portion of the work of our Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. Weekly visits are made to the local leprosarium, where the lepers are taught cutting, sewing and embroidery, encouraged to agriculture and to study,—all according to their capacity. Christian and Moro lepers are under treatment in the leprosarium; and as surely as there are a hundred patients, so surely will there be a hundred requests for charity. "Mother, bring me a blanket; shoes; dresses; soap; coats. I need seeds for my plot; prayer books; medals. Have

you a graphophone for me? cloth; cigarettes? Give us a subscription to the newspaper; the magazines." The demands are continuous.

Mass is regularly said for the lepers and the percentage of Communion is higher even than in the parish. When the Mothers visit the patients in the local public hospital, that institution, too, acquires a brilliance greater than that given to it by the new coat of paint, which has been put on it.

You might rightly ask, "Father, how do you manage to support all these activities?" and I give you the only answer I know: "Through the goodness of God and the wonderful charity of the people of America." Oh! I have been ceaselessly begging—letter after letter—the church, the school, the girls' dormitory, the library, myself; and now the dispensary and Medical Service. But I have not begged in vain; and the grand progress that through the past years has come to Dansalan is the measure of the generosity of my friends in America. Hundreds of appeals must be coming now to build up the destruction and heal the wounds that hatred and hostility have inflicted upon the world. Let this little account be an inspiration for the continuation of a great constructive work of love; to bring to the East the charity, the sympathy, the mercy that the West seems to prize so little. Only through medicine will the Moro come to know the Great Physician; only through charity will he know Christ.

YOU CAN'T EAT EAGLE

(Continued from page 264)

possible to handle two thousand chicks with so little equipment. However, sufficient sterilized water, and plenty of clean food were supplied throughout the entire day. Almost every recess, or other free period, was spent among the fast growing chicks; either a feeder needed refilling or a water fountain had to be washed out. These Teton lads marvelled at the boundless appetite of the chicks for Purina, just as we missionaries marvelled at their own appetites for buns. To see, either the chicks in their feeders, or the boys with buns, was surely a tonic for weak stomachs. The more those chicks ate the faster they grew, and the faster they grew the more they ate, until it became a contest of endurance between the Indians who supplied the food and the birds that ate it.

Thus, with a home-made heating system, with little of the equipment of modern poultry farms, these few Indian boys during their free time raised eighteen hundred pullets and capons, about nine hundred of each. At the present writing, few of the latter have not found their way to some oven or kettle. The pullets are busy laying eggs for the five hundred Fathers, Brothers, Sisters and students of St. Francis Mission. However, we hope that meat and eggs will not be the only result of the hard work of

the eight boys, but that, when they graduate and go home, they will either start small poultry farms for themselves, or that they will get jobs as managers of the Government poultry farms on the Reservation.

THE UNTOUCHABLES— AFTER THREE YEARS

(Continued from page 267)

saints, or they must remain in the clutches of Satan.

Do you see now why missionaries among the Untouchables are appealing so earnestly for catechists and for prayer? They plead for more catechists, because it is the catechist who can and must do so much of the human part, which enters into God's beautiful plan for saving those of good-will. . . . And they plead for prayer, and yet more prayer, because where there is so much good-will, God's grace can move mountains. And grace is given in answer to prayer.

WHEN THE FLOOD RECEDED

(Continued from page 268)

Their physical needs will not diminish, nor their spiritual needs grow less. They expect to send their children to the Mission school, where, aside from instruction, meals and warmth are provided. And when the shivering little Negro boy rings the bell at St. Charles College, wistfully requesting, "Kin I see Fader T'insted?" he expects to walk away warmed by a newly-acquired coat, as well as weighed down by a peck of corn meal.

The people have taken their blow philosophically. Like Job they could say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." They want no more than to praise God. Confidently, they wait and hope that Christ, the King of their hearts and their Mission, will assuage the throbbing helplessness of distress visited upon them by the destructive hurricane.

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The salvation of all mankind.

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Strive to carry out God's Will.

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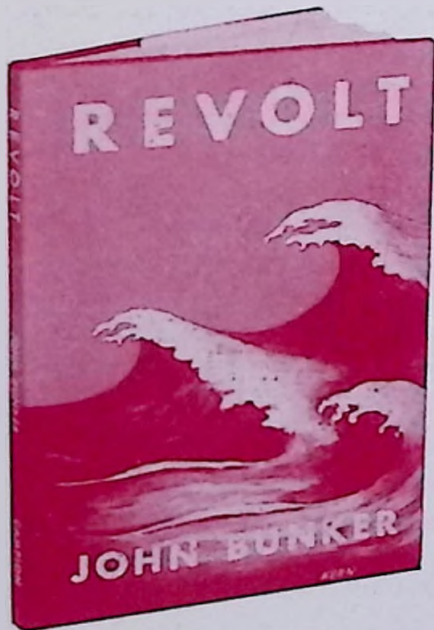
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