

Jesuit Missions

FEBRUARY
1941

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No. II



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"Simons killed by bandits — Confirmatory cable received this morning."

So runs the terse flash which tells of the death of Father Charles D. Simons, S. J., in China. Further details of his life and death are told elsewhere in this issue.



There is fear and terror for the lambs now that their shepherd, Fr. Simons, has been killed

But we must seek to prevent further violent deaths of our—your missionaries in China. Knowledge and love of Jesus Christ must be spread throughout unhappy China. To that end schools, teachers, catechists, the missionaries must be maintained and supported.

Father Simons has given his all, his very life for Christ! What can you, what will you give in memory and in honor of Father Simons? Please send your gift for the American Jesuit missionaries in China to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to the Mission Procurator,

Rev. PIUS L. MOORE, S. J.

55 W. San Fernando Street

San Jose, Calif.

Just mark your gift—IN MEMORY OF FATHER SIMONS!

JESUIT MISSIONS

FEBRUARY

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

1 9 4 1

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

CONTRIBUTORS

FATHER JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J., returned from China last summer to become associate editor of



John A. Morrison, S.J.

JESUIT MISSIONS. He knew Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., in China. About the turn of the New Year, Father Simons met his death in Shuyang. Father O'Farrell gives us a timely description of Father Simons and his missionary work in "Sancte" *Simons Meets Death in Shuyang.*

At Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, JOHN MARTIN SCOTT, S.J., the author of *How Thunder Hawk Welcomed '41* is teach-

ing the young Sioux to become real Christians.

FATHER JOHN MORRISON, S.J., is well known to our readers as a writer, photographer, and editor. *The Rain is Coming Down* tells of some hardship and more consolation in his work among the Santals in Patna, India.

St. Anne's Parish has charge of the largest General Hospital in Kingston, Jamaica. Fathers Dwyer and Osborne care for this hospital. *Mavis Became Mary* happened in the daily round of duty.

Friends of the Philippine Mission will enjoy *Missionary Laughs That Linger* by FRANCIS X. CLARK, S.J., who has recently returned from the Philippines.

Just outside St. Louis, Missouri, in South Kinloch, stands the new retreat house of Holy Angels' Negro Mission. According to GEORGE G. BUTLER, S.J., "*This Place is a Miracle.*"

During four centuries the Society of Jesus has left memorials of great things accomplished in the spread of the Gospel. *Four Hundred Years in India* by the Bishop of Guntur, VERY REV. THOMAS POTHACAMURY, glances at the past in India.

THOMAS F. HUSSEY, S.J., has just entered St. Mary's Theologate at Kurseong, India. Last year he taught at Baghdad College, Iraq, and there wrote the interesting *Mar Behnam Renewed.*

King Island people of Alaska are familiar to our readers and so is their veteran pastor, Father Lafortune, S.J. *An Eskimo Snow White* by GEORGE BOILEAU, S.J., tells the story of their conversion.



Francis J. Welzmilller, S.J.

FATHER WELZMILLER, S.J., is a priest of the Chicago Province working among the "Untouchables" at Piru, India. He tells us of a close call with persecutors in *Human Hornets Are Nasty.*

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COVER—In the center of a group of fellow California Province missionaries is the late Charles D. "Sancte" Simons, S.J., whose death at the hands of bandits or communists is recorded in this issue. He is the little figure in black, and one can see why the Chinese of the Haichow district called him "the happy little missionary. To the reader's left, beside Father Simons, is Father Joseph I. Gatz, S.J., pastor of Kaolieu, where the picture was taken. To the right, is Father Wilfred LeSage, S.J., well known to readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. In the back row are two other frequent contributors, Morgan Curran, S.J. (left), and William Klement, S.J. This picture of Father Simons is one of the last ones taken of a man who died a saintly and heroic death for the Kingdom in China.

EDITORIALS

"SANCTE" SIMONS

ON September 28, 1940, the Society of Jesus entered the fifth century of its existence, and 25,954 Jesuits stationed in a thousand places throughout a troubled world set their faces to the future. Behind them lay four centuries of Jesuit history, spangled like a tropical sky with the deeds of great men—saints, scholars, missionaries, martyrs. Before them stretched the long and mysterious avenue of another century, down which they must now march alone, carrying forward the traditions of their giant brothers of the past. Would they be equal to the task?

On September 23, 1940, one of these 25,954 Jesuits, an American from the California Province stationed in Shuyang, China, was writing a letter home. His district had been swept by floods, famine and war, and now—"The Communist army has since come upon us and while they are civil towards us, we never know what may happen. . . . So if some of us find a lazy way to heaven, do not be surprised. Things are really looking bad. But there seems to have been such evident intervention or protection of Divine Providence so frequently in the recent past that I am more and more confident that whatever happens will be just what our Divine Lord wishes and nothing else. So why worry? And I don't, and none of the other Fathers seem to worry very much either. . . ." And again on November 3rd: "Life is frightfully jittery now. . . ."

Two months later he was dead at his post, a victim of either bandit or communist bullets. Was he a martyr? It is impossible to say definitely on the fragmentary evidence we have at present—merely a cable from Shanghai that he had been shot and killed at Shuyang around New Years. But it is the fervent prayer of all American Jesuits that subsequent information will prove that he died a martyr of Christ. For Father Charles D. (Sancte) Simons, S.J., was an American! And if he is a martyr, it will mean that the honor of giving to the Society the first martyr of its fifth century belongs to the American Jesuits.

We all know how many valiant martyrs the European Jesuits produced in the first century of the Society's existence while planting the Faith in the territory that has since become the United States of America. The blood of Jogues, of Goupil, of Martinez, of Segura, poured out on our soil has been the seed of Christians, we know. It has become also the seed of missionaries—

625 American Jesuits are at their posts in mission stations all over the world. And that it should become the seed of martyrs is to be expected.

To be a martyr in the technical sense of the word as accepted by the Church, one has to be killed out of hatred of the Faith. Did those who shot Father Simons down do so out of hatred for the Faith? We don't know. He may have been killed by bandits, either deliberately or accidentally. But this much we do know, that in the past several months his district has been overrun by communists who have committed many outrages against Chinese Christians and the Church. Father Simons himself felt that if death came, it would be at the hands of the communists.

But it is futile to speculate. We await further information, confident that "Sancte" Simons met death with the spirit of a martyr. Whether he was a martyr in the technical sense of the word or not, was a matter entirely in the hands of his executioners.

TWO FAMOUS BROTHERS

IN one of Father Simons' last letters quoted above. He speaks of the violent death he knew he was facing as "a lazy way to heaven." One does not have to be a missionary to understand what he meant. The experience which each of us has had with life has taught us that it sometimes requires more heroism to carry on courageously under trying conditions than to face the guns of executioners.

So while we celebrate the heroism of Father Simons, we must pay our tribute of respect to his brothers of the California Province who are still bravely working on in the same district where he met his death, and to many other missionaries throughout the world who live alone continually under conditions that make sudden death seem "the lazy way to heaven."

In this connection, we should make special mention of two famous brothers, Father Hubert and Father John Post, S.J., whose deaths within a month of each other are recorded in this issue. Father Hubert spent 20 years among the Indians of Wyoming, South Dakota, Montana and Washington, and another 23 years in Alaska. His brother, John, was also, as a young man, sent to Alaska, but after learning the Eskimo language and composing a grammar in the same, he was transferred to DeSmet, Idaho, where he labored among the Indians for 38 years!

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; JAMES MCGIVERN, S.J.; ERNEST LALANDE, S.J.

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

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(Left) Father Charles D. (Sancte) Simons, S.J., as he appeared after his ordination in Shanghai in 1933. (Above) At a railway station south of Shanghai, Father Simons (left) and two Jesuit companions.

“Sancte” Simons Meets

ACCORDING to an Associated Press dispatch from Shanghai, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., thirty-nine years old, a native of San Jose, California, was shot and killed at Shuyang, Kiangsu Province, around New Years, apparently by Chinese bandits.

It is hard to believe that Father Simons is gone, harder still to believe that he was killed by the bandits whom he had befriended and whose wounds he had bandaged with his own hands. A more likely explanation is contained in one of his lost letters. “The communist army has since come upon us (he wrote) . . . So if some of us find a lazy way to heaven, do not be surprised. Things are really looking bad.”

A member of the first group of California Province men to be sent to China, “Sancte” Simons was the first American Jesuit to give his life’s blood for the Kingdom of Christ in the Orient. The Chinese among whom he worked called him “the happy little missionary.” To his brother Jesuits he was known as “Sancte” (Saint). Given to him in the spirit of fun while he was still a Novice, Father Simons carried the title with him to his death—and beyond. It was prophetic.

Shuyang, situated two hundred miles from Shanghai in the north-eastern part of the Province of Kiangsu, is one of the hub mis-

sionary towns of the Haichow district which has been entrusted to the American Jesuits of the California Province for evangelization. Before the current conflict between Japan and China, this section of Haichow, one of the poorest in China, always had its band of “part-time” bandits who normally did not molest poor missionaries—the friends of the people.

SINCE hostilities began, however, a great deal of chaos and extreme poverty and misery has existed. Oriental armies, and half-starved nondescript bands with varying aims in view, since they are forced to live off the country, generally shoot their way through opposition—real or imagined—pillage and steal, and then ask questions afterwards. At the present moment in the Haichow district, where Shuyang, the scene of Father Simons’ death is located, there are to be found companies of Japanese soldiers, isolated detachments of Chinese government troops, Chinese “soldiers” in the pay of the Japanese, organized and unorganized bands of guerilla troops, bandits and now communists. All of these are fighting one another in a sort of round-robin series for that “inestimable” prize known as “a new order in East Asia.” Merely to exist in such a maelstrom requires an

extraordinary amount of diplomacy and bravery. Such has been Father Simon’s locale for the past three years.

BESIDES being a member of the first group of American Jesuit missionaries to come to China in 1928, Father Simons was the first American Jesuit to be ordained there on June 10th, 1933. He was a universal favorite among missionaries of a dozen nationalities, and above all an extremely capable and zealous “bush” missionary. Even before his ordination he fully demonstrated his missionary qualifications by promptly learning two difficult Chinese dialects, using those dialects to catechize the natives on days that should have been holidays from the study of theology. Longer vacation periods found him, now around Shanghai using that dialect to catechize the less-frequently visited natives, now along the banks of the Grand Canal giving retreats in the Mandarin tongue to those whose ancestors had been instructed by the famous pioneer Jesuit, Matteo Ricci, nearly 350 years ago.

By the time he was officially appointed to his first permanent missionary post at Shuyang, Father Simons was already a full-fledged, experienced missionary, and was ungrudgingly acknowledged to be such by all veteran missionaries who



Father Simons as he looked shortly before his death. He was a familiar figure to the people of the Haichow district.



This picture of Father Simons (center) was taken after a conference in Shuyang with Chinese officials and soldiers.

Death in Shuyang

Bullets from the guns of Chinese bandits or Communists end the brilliant missionary career of Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., pioneer California Jesuit in China.

John J. O'Farrell, S.J.

worked with him or saw the results of his work. After five years of full time missionary work, during which he converted hundreds, opened dozens of schools and founded a new mission post, he was appointed Minister of the American section of the Haichow mission on August 24, 1940.

Small in stature but great of soul in a land where great souls form an unbroken missionary tradition, we must say more of this dynamic missionary who watered with his blood the land of his heart's desire.

FATHER Charles D. Simons, S.J. was born in San Jose, California, Feb. 21, 1901. Details of his boyhood are not available at the moment, but they must have prepared him for and led him up to a vocation to the Society of Jesus which he entered on Feb. 13, 1919. After seven years of characteristic energy in his application to duty we find him in possession of his Mas-

ter's degree and prepared to teach chemistry, which he did most successfully for three years at Gonzaga College and Seattle College.

WITH his heart ever aglow with the Ignatian ideal of the expansion of the Kingdom of Christ, it was perfectly natural for him to be chosen as one of the first group of five American Jesuits to respond to the crying need for more missionaries in China. He arrived in China in the Fall of 1928 and was immediately assigned to study Mandarin, the basic and more common spoken language in China. Realizing, however, that his elementary mission training and consequent theological studies would confine him to Shanghai for six years, he was impelled by his yearning for contact with souls to study the difficult Shanghai dialect. Love, again, found the time and way to gain a knowledge of this crispy staccato dialect sufficient for many a fruit-

ful missionary journey during the years of preparation for full-time missionary work. In the midst of this constant shuttling back and forth between the lecture hall and the harvest field, Father Simons' ordination took place.

AS usual, the general fatigue of four arduous years of theology that was soon to be followed by the final and difficult tertianship year of his Jesuit preparation, could not prevent him from passing up the relative repose of a summer "vacation" in Shanghai in order to visit the Haichow district which he so passionately loved,—loved even to the shedding of his blood. Humanly speaking, he was shocked by what he saw; but he came to love it with that inexplicable love characteristic of all true missionaries. While there he wrote these trenchant lines: "Mud-wall huts and a poor peasant race . . . but it's a tip-top mission district."

From September 1934 to June 1935, at Wuhu, Anhwei, 300 miles up the Yang-tze River, Father Simons made his Tertianship, that final all-important year in the long training of a Jesuit. During the Lenten season he struck out along the Grand Canal to give retreats in Chinese. In letters to the writer he described various parts of his trip: "packed into a small boat with about 20 Chinese coolies . . . trying to sleep on bare boards with a crowd of soldiers cracking jokes about the foreigner who was not supposed to understand . . . (Turn to page 55)



How Thunder Hawk Welcomed '41

John Martin Scott, S.J.

*Moses Broken Leg,
Oglala Sioux of
Holy Rosary Mis-
sion, Pine Ridge,
South Dakota.*

THUNDER HAWK swung like a monkey over the wagon wheel, perched himself on the springboard seat alongside his father, and loosened the reins from the brake handle. Lines taut, the wagon lurched, and the shaggy team turned down the long trail leading to Oglala, S. Dakota, fifteen miles to the northwest.

Though this was the last day of the Moon of Popping Trees, the winter was still open. The slight flurries of snow that had silvered the range had retreated before the warm breath of the Chinook into the shadowy recesses of the Bad Lands. This last afternoon of 1940 was so pleasantly mild the Indians at Oglala had opened tent flaps and aired the blankets.

THE jangling tugs, the creak of harness leather, and the clip clop of hoofs were music to Andy Thunder Hawk. As the red turning wheels dug up rolling clouds of dust, he broke into an ancient Lakota song. The never quiet perch jostled his memory to the first days of the Moon of Black Cherries when six wagons from Pine Ridge, his included, had journeyed northwest four days to take part in the Days of '76 at Deadwood. That was the last trip before Holy Rosary Mission opened its doors for the school term. Now after four months in the classroom, even this short trip was enough to make Andy's dark eyes dance with joy. Ever since his legs could stretch to the footboard, his father had let him drive. His two sisters had to sit on the hay and bedroll in the wagon box.

For the first few miles Thunder Hawk kept up a crossfire of Lakota and English with his sisters in relating to their father the events of the school year; the Mission float they rode at the Pine Ridge Fair, the departure of three former Rosary lads to Omaha where they passed exams for the United States Army, the ducking for apples on Hallow'een, the basketball games won by Bob Clifford's famous Blue and White warriors, and the

Christmas play ten days ago. Ten year old Margaret, with hair black as the raven's wing, delighted in telling the visit of white-whiskered Santa and the good things he gave to the hundred Indian boys and girls who remained at the Mission during Christmas week. She had just begun to recite the litany of delightful experiences which made Christmas week a never-to-be-forgotten seven days when a tall rider on a steel dust gelding swung out from a side road. Thunder Hawk raised the whip in recognition and shouted "How Kola."

The bronzed face under the Stetson flashed a smile as his powerful horse broke into a lope down the rutted trail leading to Crazy Thunder's cabin at the foot of a frowning butte capped with scrub pine and cedar.

THE cool, early shadows of winter were creeping out from the flanks of the hills when the team topped the last rise and headed down the final stretch into the sunset. Far to the west the tumbled spires of the Black Hills were etched in dreamy blue against the fading glow of evening.

Quickly the shadows deepened into night. Thunder Hawk lit the kerosene lamp and hung it from the wagon box. Dry wheels creaked forward. Oglala was dead ahead. Now they were passing the church where Father Zimmerman would come to say Mass on the morrow. Ahead, and to the left, yellow squares of light marked the windows of the trading post. Four saddle horses and two teams tethered to the hitching rail pricked ears and nickered softly as the wagon vanished in the night.

Where westbound wheel tracks met the road, Thunder Hawk turned the horses. They freshened to a trot. Down between the row of C. C. C. Indian tents pitched on the north bank of the dam the wagon rattled, water keg swaying drunkenly. The camp ground was alive with activity. Where tent flaps opened to admit visitors, dark forms made black, upright bars against the light.

On the far side of the camp Thunder Hawk drew rein

before an old agency tent. While his sister piled pine cone and cotton wood twigs in the iron stove, Thunder Hawk hobbled the Bar Circle gelding and staked out the sorrel mare. As he stumbled over the wagon tongue to fetch the tin plates stacked in the Heinz tomato box under the wagon seat, a gust of wind made him jerk down hard on his broad rimmed hat. The wind came drawing out of the night with a great draft. It hissed in the short buffalo grass, whistled through spokes and brake rigging, sang in the guy ropes of the tent, and shrouded the camp in a cloud of ochre dust. The horses turned tail to the blast, manes streaking like something wild.

Magically it stopped. Stars, silent and passionless, gleamed through rifts in low scudding clouds.

AS the pale tea in the smoke blackened syrup can began to simmer, Thunder Hawk heard heavy foot-falls on the gravel outside the tent. He pulled back the flap and in walked Moses Broken Leg. His wind-leathered features spread into a broad smile as he shook hands with his cousins. Thunder Hawk motioned him to sit on the upturned pail and handed him a cup of tea and a tin plate stacked with fried potatoes and navy beans flanked by a generous slice of bread.

"And just to celebrate," grinned Thunder Hawk, as he reached Broken Leg a six ounce can of "Carnation," "we have milk tonight."

Though the last short hours of 1940 were fast slipping into the night, kerosene lamps still flickered from the ridge poles of many tents. The Thunder Hawks squatted around the square of iron stove, rolled Bull Durham smokes, and passed on the Reservation gossip from Buffalo Gap on the eastern spur of the Black Hills to Wamblee a hundred miles across the prairie.

As Thunder Hawk took a last, long draw on the stump of a cigarette butt, Broken Leg spread his bedroll on the ground, placed his shiny Tipton Tree saddle at



John Martin Scott, S.J. (the author), pauses for a rest at an Indian cabin.

the top, and turned in, high heel boots towards the stove.

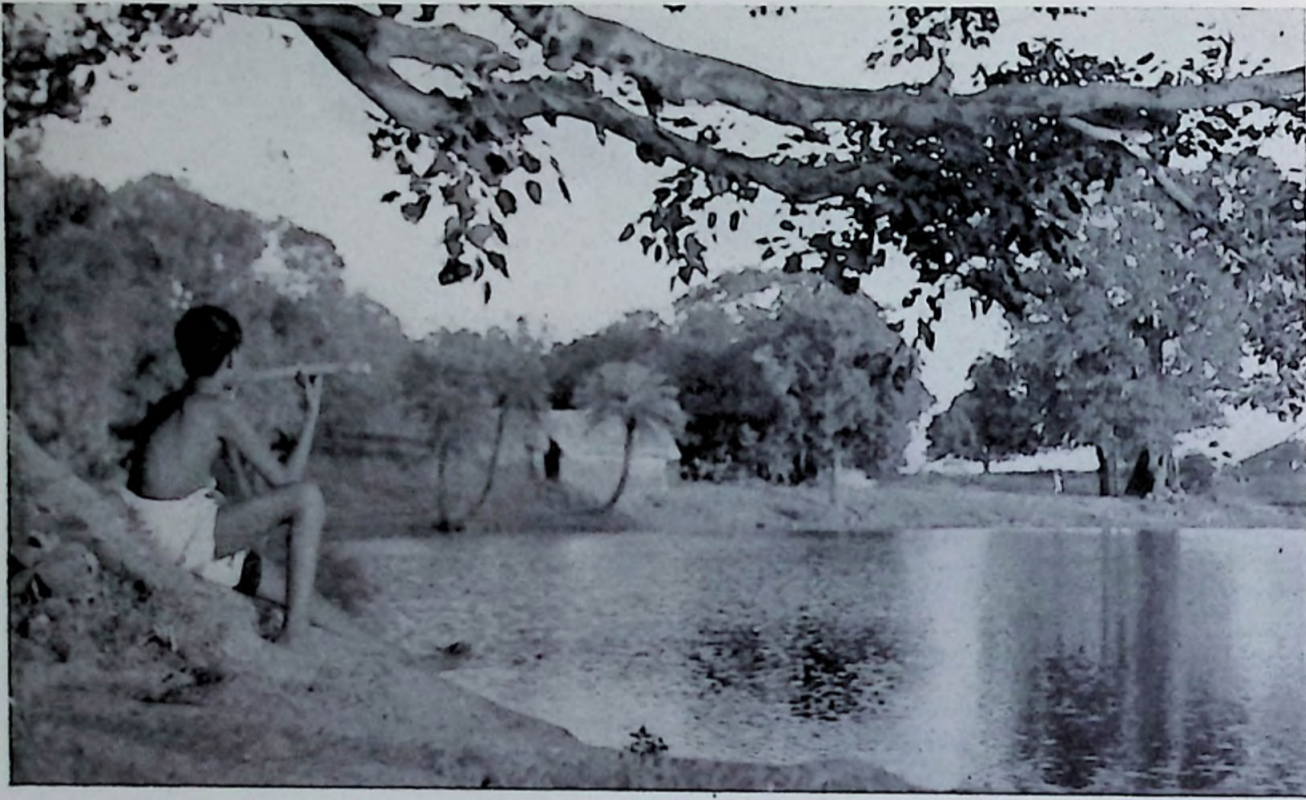
Thunder Hawk blew the flame from the kerosene wick, climbed under the crazy quilt on the squeaky cot and settled down to sleep into the New Year.

THE cold, grey dawn that broke in the East brought to light a snow-filled world. As the clear tones of the church bell beckoned on the frosty morning air, the children of the prairie assembled to offer the first day of the New Year to *Wakan Tanka*, the Great Spirit. Thunder Hawk tied the bridle reins to the barb wire fence and joined the family as they filed into the house of prayer where the Blackrobe had come to bring the King of Time and Space to the tiny frame chapel flung on the vast expanse of Dakota prairie. Bashful Sioux maidens in checkered gingham mingled with wrinkled squaws wearing shawls bright as deer's blood on fresh snow. Chubby faced papooses blinked in wonder at the rude crib. Bronzed full bloods who fought with Crazy Horse bent stiff knees and joined ancient voices in the Lakota prayers led by Fast Horse, the catechist.

As the tinkling bells of the Consecration announced the coming of the Great Spirit the Sioux bent reverent heads in prayer. Their hearts were glad. *Wakan Tanka* had come. His blessing was theirs for the New Year.



The Rain is Coming Down John A. Morrison, S.J.



This youth of Poreya Hat, Patna Mission, seems to be wooing the woodland sprites on his flute. Come rain or shine, he is ready.

RAIN! Rain! Rain! How the water did come down! It was one of those tropical downpours that made me grateful that I did not have to be on the road, but had a house to stay in, though a mud one. The river nearby had swollen, bank full; our so-called roads had blended with flooded rice fields in sweet intimacy and every living creature that did not absolutely have to be out had stayed within some kind of shelter all morning.

And then the inevitable happened. A half-drowned village watchman managed to make his way in from Mahander, far out in the district. Raska Baske was dying and calling for me.

An amphibian tank or an elephant are about the only means I know of that are sure to get you to your destination when heavy rains are dealing with this part of India. Unfortunately I had neither. About three o'clock though the rain stopped, and at six I sent out a bullock cart, thinking that it could go ahead during the night to a jumping-off place that I might reach in our Ford in the morning. But about nine o'clock that night the bullock cart came back. It couldn't make it, at least in the dark.

FORTUNATELY a wind blew during the night that dried things up somewhat and the next morning we started out in the Ford. In places the road was so bad that we made better progress across fields; in one place it simply dipped into a newly formed lake and emerged fifty yards away on the other side; but by making detours, calling villagers to push us out of holes and traveling in "low" and "second" most of the way, at about eleven o'clock we had reached a place only three miles from our destination. There a river blocked our path, but hill-rivers rise and fall rapidly. Now it was only hip high and we forded it.

Shortly before we reached the village, clouds covered the sun and a cool breeze struck us, the most grateful wind I think I have ever felt. We reached the village just as the storm broke.

Raska was dying. But he was conscious and while wind and rain tried hard to tear off his thatched roof, I heard his confession and gave him Viaticum and Extreme Unction. I did what I could for him further and then some of our Santals and I sat on the ledge of their house talking and watching it rain. The rivers had risen again and it was impossible to return, but we had done a good day's work and didn't care. We spent the night in Mahander and next morning after Mass were able to

start out for home, since the rivers had dropped again.

As we had come so far I decided to spend the night in another village half way home to give the people there a chance to hear Mass. I was having a bite to eat in the village about two in the afternoon when one of my boys came in.

"Father," he said, "a woman down the road has cholera. She is very sick. I think she is dying. Her hands and feet are getting cold."

THE young woman—she was little more than a girl—had cholera all right and was very weak. But she was conscious and able to talk to us. On entering the little courtyard I noticed several men sitting there, and my boy told me that they were "jam gurus," i.e. medicine men. Her husband also was a medicine man, but their incantations and magic had failed to cure her and now they were willing to let me try. The young woman had heard something of Christianity and when I spoke to her of serving God, following Christ and going to heaven she was willing. Baptizing the dying wife of a *jan guru* in the midst of an assembly of *jan gurus* is just a little like baptizing the wife of a Mason at a Masonic lodge meeting. But I thought we could do it without attracting much attention. We managed to get everyone out of the house and while my boys rapidly instructed her and had her make an act of contrition, I went back to the place where I was staying, got some cotton and water and came back. She was ready. And in the time that it takes to tell it I changed our dying cholera patient's name to Mary and made her a child of God and an heir of heaven. She died two days later. Now Mary is up in heaven, and she must be praying for her *jan guru* husband. For he too wants to be baptized and is anxious for his two little children to receive baptism.

Mavis Became Mary

Francis J. Osborne, S.J.

THE tropical moon is shining, covering the city house tops with a soft silvery light, a peaceful, beautiful sight that lends enchantment to the tropics. This scene from nature reminds the missionary of God's grace which also is a gentle, beautiful thing, yet so powerful that it affects the souls of these dwellers under the tropical moon, making them see that the Catholic Church is the true one and moving their wills to embrace the Faith. Frequently does the missionary experience these manifestations of God's grace; an example may prove of interest.

Mavis was her name—until on a feast of Our Blessed Mother it became, Mary. To be named after a face powder affords no protection when you are ill, so ill that you are near to death, but the name of Mary is most powerful and Our Blessed Lady showed her personal interest in this eleven year old child.

Mavis was a student at a well known school in Jamaica, B. W. I., but typhoid fever forced her to seek admittance into the Kingston General Public Hospital where competent doctors render excellent medical attention. Nor was Mavis forgotten by the Sisters who would often pay a visit to their young charge and watch over the sick child with all the attentive care of a mother.

IT was here at the hospital that I met two of the Sisters on one of those beautiful Jamaican mornings, at that season of the year when the people of northern climes are buttoning their overcoats and speculating whether or not they are to have a white Thanksgiving. The serenity of the morning was in contrast to the look of worry on the Sisters' countenances—they were thinking of Mavis whom they had just seen and whose condition they considered serious.

I seldom visit the hospital before 11:00 a.m., because this is the most convenient hour to see the patients. On this particular morning I began much earlier and the events of the morning proved that Divine Providence was watching carefully over little Mavis.

The Sisters were not only interested in the child's bodily health but were far more interested in bringing Mavis the precious jewel of Faith. Down the stairs, across the yard we went, another flight of stairs to climb and we were in the hospital ward and at the bedside of Mavis.

The doctor confirmed the Sisters' suspicions—yes, Mavis was ill, very seriously ill. With loving care the Sisters began to console the fever-wasted child and to speak to her of our holy religion, of the necessity of Baptism if she were to enter Heaven.

There was no doubt, Mavis desired to die a Catholic so I instructed her in the chief doctrines of our Faith. In truth, Mavis did not need instruction because for several years she had attended catechism class at school and



Father Francis J. Osborne, S.J., in his best Ripleyan manner, points at the address of St. Anne's Rectory. It is 53¼ Percy St., Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

knew our religion as well as any well-instructed Catholic child of her age.

Since it was a feast of Our Blessed Mother, I suggested that she take the name of Mary in Baptism; to this Mavis readily consented. As I poured the waters of Baptism upon her head, a new life vivified that soul—a supernatural life—the life of sanctifying grace, and a loving Mother looked down from heaven upon this child who now possessed her own sweet name—Mary.

Mavis Mary was so well instructed that I decided to return to St. Anne's Church, secure the Blessed Sacrament and allow her to receive her First Holy Communion as Viaticum.

THE church is only a few minutes walk from the hospital, you walk up North Street, turn into Oxford and there you are. It took me less than fifteen minutes to make the round trip. At the hospital once more, I found that the Sisters had left for their convent, confident that Mavis Mary would last for some time. Within the time I had left her and returned, she had grown steadily worse—clearly I could see that it would be impossible to give her Viaticum—so I began at once to anoint the dying child—the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, then the Apostolic Blessing and as I finished, the very last word, Mavis Mary (Turn to page 55)

Missionary Laughs That Linger

Francis X. Clark, S.J.



IN JESUIT MISSIONS you read often of our missionary privations and hardships;—wouldn't you like to hear a few missionary laughs? Through these pages you often share our sorrows; why not, too, our smiles?

So follow along, if you will, and I will narrate a few strange experiences here in the Philippines which really made me laugh. Maybe they will you too.

I was sailing from Zamboanga to Manila for our annual eight-day retreat. The inter-island boat was small, the passengers few, the steward a tall, very polite Hollander, who spoke an English not too grammatically correct, but who redeemed himself by speaking it with a delightful Dutch accent. Wishing to imitate the big ocean liners by posting a "Passenger List" he came to inquire my name. Simply I gave it to him: "Father Clark from Zamboanga."

NOW evidently he had never formally learned all the rules of English abbreviation, especially that "Father" is usually abbreviated to "Fr." But working on the general principle experience had taught him of adopting only the first few letters—like Gov. for Governor and Pres. for President and Col. for Colonel and Rev. for Reverend—he wrote out my name and added it to the others posted on the board. A few hours later I, who am fairly tall and thin, happened to see it there, and did I laugh!

For there it read—"Fat Clark from Zamboanga."

A Moro girl and boy snapped in a moment of recreation. They seem to take even their native dances seriously.

From Zamboanga, down here at the tip of Mindanao, I had to make the trip to Jolo, a little island off the coast some nine or ten hours by boat. Now Jolo, just as Zamboanga and all this region around it, is filled with Moros, that strange, warlike Mohammedan tribe found in this corner of the Philippines. Although we live among them day after day and grow more or less used to them, they remain always a most unpredictable people, capable of anything from lopping off heads in a wild "Juramentado" to relieving you of your last trinket. We learn to expect the unexpected.

ON this short journey to Jolo, I brought a pocket kodak to snap a picture or two for readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. Strangely enough, I found that the little Moro children seemed to love picture taking. They crowded around in great numbers. Motioning to them to line up in the shadow of the old wooden Mohammedan mosque, I planned to include both mosque and youngsters in the picture, with the encircling coconut trees for background.

It was not an easy task. The day was cloudy, a light rain began to fall, the youngsters kept pushing and elbowing one another for a coveted place in front. Consequently, for several moments, my eyes were cast downward into the "finder" to determine what would be included in the focus. In the manner of amateur photographers, my eyes were wandering from left to right and back again when suddenly I caught just a glance of a puzzling and paralyzing phenomenon in front of me. It was the tip of a spear. And the tip was pointed straight at me!



Of course, in such situations, one should keep nonchalant. I don't know if I had much success. But still pretending to have my eyes in the camera, I slowly, gradually widened my arc of vision. Next I saw a pair of bare feet, gripping the ground. Then a pair of sturdy, bare legs.

Ready for the worst, but resolving to face it, I looked up directly. There in front of me was a dusky and muscular Moro warrior, naked save for a white cloth about his loins and a woven Moro "helmet" on his head. In his hands was a giant bamboo bow, one end of which was resting on the ground, the other stretching up over his head. The "arrow" was the spear cocked for flight toward me.

WHAT should one do in a case like that? I felt no little like the son of William Tell waiting for his father's arrow! But standing fully erect, I looked at him. I waited. Nothing happened. I kept waiting. Still nothing happened. So on some queer impulse, I tried a smile. Strange, he tried one too. And then the whole thing dawned on me. He only wanted to get in the picture!

For having seen the children scrambling for a place before the lens, and desiring to "show-off" the warlike costume and weapons of which he was so proud, he had come over quickly from his straw hut by the sea and had forced his way into the center of the group while my gaze was fixed downward to the camera. So he was really "dressed to kill"—but only in the Moro fashion sense of the word.

Once assured that he wanted to put his face into the photo and not his spear into the photographer, I found the picture-taking easier. Because of the rain and a little motion, my snapshot came out somewhat hazy but one can still discern in it the children, the coconut trees, the mosque, and my friend, the warrior.

SOME one was getting into our rooms at night. We could doubt it no longer. The intruder was skillful, for we neither saw nor heard him enter our rooms while we slept. But in the morning proof was evident; my clothing had been searched and little things had disappeared.

So the next night, an amateur Hawkshaw now, I decided to solve the mystery. Leaving on the desk and in my pockets nothing that could be taken, and noting to the last minute detail the exact arrangement of my clothes on the chair, I went to bed with the resolution to sleep lightly.

Somehow the resolution was in vain, for my eyes never opened till 4:30 A.M. Immediately, I jumped out of bed, stared through the darkness and reached for the chair to see if anything had been moved. Yes, some things had been; only now the situation was worse. For though all the clothes were disarranged as usual, the pants weren't there at all!

"He came again and I've missed



Night along the coast of Zamboanga. him," I murmured as I reached for my old bathrobe behind the door. But it too was gone! This was too much. Stumbling back to the desk, I picked up my flashlight and wheeled rapidly around the room. What a strange sight! For there on the floor in the corner lay a young boy about ten, wrapped contentedly in my bathrobe and fast asleep.

AFTERWARDS we learned his sad story. Little love from parents, wrong companions, the chance for theft, silent feet and skillful hands, success the first few nights. But this night, disappointed at finding nothing and feeling cold and tired, he did the unbelievable thing—he just borrowed the bathrobe and went to sleep.

But where were the "missing pants"? I began another search about the room. Finally I found them, lying under the desk on the opposite side of the chair. There he had just dropped them in a heap, when after examining all the pockets, he discovered not even the few little coins which he had found on previous nights.

The gentleman on the carrier's shoulders is expecting the worst. The absence of piers makes landing difficult on these shores.



"This Place Is a Miracle!"

George G. Butler, S.J.



The entrance to the Cave of Manresa at the New Retreat House of the Holy Angels' Negro Mission.

"THIS place is a miracle!" That was the awed comment of a visitor as he surveyed the grounds of the new Retreat House for Negroes at Holy Angels' Mission. Following his gaze and considering not only the Retreat House but the chapel and school as well, you would be more than inclined to agree that there was good reason for his statement.

Eleven years ago, when Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J., arrived at South Kinloch, a community of 10,000 Negroes just north and west of St. Louis, Missouri, there was a small chapel and thirteen Catholics to greet him. Sunday, October 20, 1940, a few days short of eleven years later, saw the Negro Drum and Bugle Corps of St. Nicholas' Roman Catholic Church in St. Louis on hand to add a further touch to the ceremonies at the blessing of the new Retreat House. It is today the only establishment devoted exclusively to closed retreats for Negroes in the United States.

THE Retreat House is not the only result of eleven years' toil in this mission field. To one side of the chapel, which has been enlarged to provide living quarters for the resident pastor, is a bright, clean, eight-grade parochial school; bright and clean, but poor. It boasts a student body of 170, of whom 70 are Catholics. Three Sisters of Notre Dame, who travel back and forth daily through want of a convent at the school, devote their energies to the education of these youngsters, ably assisted by Miss Marie Gordon, a young lady of the Mission who also acts as church organist. The younger of the would-be scholars formed the choir which assisted at the services on October 20th. Some of them had experienced the good effects of the Holy Angels' Baby Clinic which has been established in the Mission, operat-

ing in the basement of the school building. On an average of 240 children—God's cherubs—receive regular medical care from a Negro doctor and three nurses. A similarly conducted dental clinic is still in the realm of the possible.

In caring for the younger members of the Mission, the elders are by no means neglected. A pavilion has been erected to foster social life. This makes for community of spirit while providing good opportunity for wholesome and worthwhile amusement.

Those of our readers who have made a closed retreat know from experience the advantages it has over any other kind. There are more than a few retreat houses in the United States devoted to the service of white

people, but until Father Moorman succeeded in carrying out his plans for a Retreat House at South Kinloch there was no building given over to the Negro exclusively for retreat purposes. There were means of making closed retreats, all right; but accompanying conditions were not very favorable. At St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Church in St. Louis, for example, loyal and heroic souls set aside three days of their annual vacation to make a closed retreat, without the facilities of garden or room. Cots have been set up in the church's basement which serves as living quarters for the three days. A small area has been providing the only means of outdoor relaxation. It calls for real sacrifice to make a retreat under such conditions, and even when the sacrifice is cheerfully made—as has been the case—the disadvantages still remain.

BUT now all that is changed. The new Retreat House at South Kinloch will care for sixteen retreatants comfortably. The grounds are by no means spacious, but surrounding the house is a small plot containing a set of Stations of the Cross along with shrines in honor of Our Lady and St. Joseph. The retreat chapel is distinct from the house and rightly holds the center of attention.

Another mighty step has been taken in the apostolate of the Negro in the United States. The signs are encouraging. Since 1929 some 295 souls have embraced the faith and at present there is a congregation of 186 Catholics. But the work is only begun. There are 10,000 immortal souls in South Kinloch. Much has been done but Father Moorman and his unselfish helpers are aware that much remains yet to be done before this whole field of 10,000 Negro souls become white for the harvest.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc

Bon Voyage

The deep bellow of the fog horn discouraged conversation. And there were so many things to say. Thank God he had persuaded mother and dad to say good-bye at home. It was bad enough there. "All ashore that's going ashore" the steward's voice jangled his nerves. "Last call. Will all non-passengers please leave immediately." The noise and laughter outside upset him, like laughing at a wake. And now he is laughing, too, though his heart is jumping round inside. The orchestra strikes up "Anchors Aweigh" in the salon. The mocking notes float up to him. He doesn't want to go away and yet he does, queer isn't it?

Things Left Unsaid

Can't go off like this. Must say something. What's the use. You can't express the life story of a heart in ten minutes or in so many words. "Good-bye, Jack. Don't forget to let me know all that's happening in the school. Hope you improve your game a little before I return. It's no fun beating you all the time. Can't tell you how much I appreciate your bringing Sis right to the last ditch to see me off. Remember me to all the gang, won't you?" "My, Sis, you look swell in that dress. Never noticed it before." "You wouldn't. That's the dress I got for your first Mass and reception." "No? That's rich. That's a man every time, isn't it. Must have been pretty well off the ground that day not to notice how sweet you looked. What's this? Tears? Do you want to spoil your make-up? Come, come, Sis, be a soldier.

You know I'm relying on you. Remember, take good care of Ma and Pa. I'll write as soon as I get there and send you some pictures of the place first thing. Here, let me get a look at you. There, that's it, smile. Give that to Ma and that to Pa and this for yourself. Hurry up, now, there's Jack waiting for you at the gangplank. God bless you, Sis. Hurry or you'll become a stow-away."

Into the Stream

The gangplank down, the last piece of luggage stowed away, the hawsers loosened, the tugboats nose the liner away from the wharf like terriers worrying an elephant. He must get up on deck. This leaving-taking was terrible. It took the starch right out of you. Well, no matter. He mustn't let Jack and Sis see the hurt. Here on the upper deck would be a good place. A crowd of handkerchiefs wave up at him, from the double tiered platform. Where are they? Sis's red hat. Ah, there she is on the lower platform. No, that's not Sis! That woman must think I'm her long lost cousin or something. There's Sis now just coming in on the upper platform and Jack's grey hat beside her. Yes, that's they. Wave, you fool, wave. They spot you now. Keeping waving.

A last wave to two barely discernible specks.

The ship was pulling down the river fast now, sailing away to a new world.

Soliloquy

Him a missionary! Well, he felt none of the exaltation the mission-

aries of old felt. No, he was not of their mould or stuff. They went forth rejoicing, singing psalms and kissed the new shores, their hearts aflame with zeal. Would he measure up? No, he was too soft. Well, it was not his choice. Whatever lay in store for him he would meet it sincerely and as bravely as possible. God would be there, as well as here. He could fall back on God always. Ah, there's the link, God with him in his work, God with his dear ones at home. God in the bush hut, God softening every heart he would meet. Going with God. Going for God.

Peace

A peace stole into his soul. His heart beat a little more quickly with affection for his friends at home. He even smiled as he hears again the indignant voice of his chum's sister scolding him. "What did you ever join the Jesuits for? Why didn't you become a priest who wouldn't be sent on the missions and we could have you near us." Her heart is speaking. Silence is the only answer.

A King

How tell her of a King he had come to know. With the years, their friendship had ripened into a real, intimate, personal love. This King was so fair, so noble, so attractive. His very Heart burst with love for men. Just to be near Him, to live with Him, made you want to be noble. He, too, had a mission and a bitter chalice and a Mother. The young missionary gazes out beyond the horizon, and a divine and human lovelight mingle in his eyes.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



Fr. James R. Gibbons, S.J., Chicago Province missionary in Patna, India, looks satisfied with his kill. The leopard was six feet five inches in length. (By Very Rev. Ferdinand Bornell, S.J. of Ceylon and Father E. T. Cassidy, S.J., of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus.)



THOUGH bereft of the pomp and pageantry that would have characterized the celebrations under normal conditions, the fourth centenary of the Society of Jesus was observed in the various dioceses entrusted to the Jesuits in India. It was proper that such a notable event should be an occasion of great rejoicing and fervent thanksgiving among Catholics of Hindustan, for the labors of the Jesuits in our country synchronized almost with the establishment of that Order. No sphere of religious activity was held in greater esteem than that of the foreign missions by the nucleus of that mighty army designed by Ignatius of Loyola for the conquest of the world by the fire and sword of Christ's love and faith. And the first battle field chosen for the spoils of war was the distant country of India to which men of the highest talents were sent from the beginning.

Few fields possess such a record of devotedness, on the part of the Society of Jesus, and fewer still can point to a succession of Jesuit missionaries of such boundless zeal and scholarly ability as the vast and ancient land of Hindustan. It was in India, too, that the first martyr of the Society of Jesus, Father Anthony Criminali, bore witness to the faith and sealed it with his blood.

THE Jesuits today in their 400th year constitute the largest single missionary group in India with 1,309 members, including Scholastics and Lay Brothers. They represent almost every European nation, while an ever-increasing percentage is Indian. They are working in eleven missions—Ahmedabad, Batticaloa (Ceylon), Bombay, Calcutta, Calicut, Galle (Ceylon), Goa (with Cochin), Madura, Patna, Poona and Ranchi. There are two Jesuit Archbishops, nine Bishops and one Ecclesiastical Superior. Two of the Bishops are Indians and are in charge of dioceses entrusted to the diocesan clergy. Three of the Jesuit mission territories have within the last seventeen years been handed over to the secular clergy. The Jesuit Fathers conduct five seminaries for the training of diocesan ecclesiastical students; Pontifical

Four Hundred in

Rt. Rev. THE
Bishop

Seminary, Kandy, which is empowered to confer degrees and has students from most dioceses of India and Ceylon; and a seminary in each of the dioceses of Bombay, Mangalore, Ranchi and Trichinopoly.

At present the area embracing the mission territories of the Society of Jesus covers 350,000 square miles with a general population of approximately 100,000,000, of whom 800,000 are Catholics. Patna, entrusted to the American Jesuits, is the most extensive diocese with an area of 90,000 square miles and a population of twenty-eight millions, of whom twenty-two thousand are Catholics.

THE conversion of the Orient was one of the foremost objects for which the Society of Jesus was established. It was this purpose that inspired St. Ignatius to select such distinguished companions, as Peter Faber, Francis Xavier, Rodriguez and Salmeron. Father Polanco, the Secretary of St. Ignatius, wrote: "Amongst the reasons which influenced the first companions of the little band to remain united together, without joining any other Order or Congregation, was the hope of preaching the Gospel to the infidels, or of dying among them for the faith of Jesus Christ." The first missionary of the Society of Jesus was one of her most brilliant and cherished sons, Francis Xavier. Already six months before written approbation was secured for the Constitutions of the Society, Xavier was commissioned to spread the light of the Gospel in India and he left Rome for Lisbon on March 16, 1540. His career was short but glorious. He evangelized and reformed Goa, founded a new mis-

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sion in Travancore where his arm became weary with the happy task of baptizing ten thousand people in the course of a single month and organized another mission on the pearl fishery coast of South India. Xavier also established missions in Ceylon, Malacca and Japan. The flourishing Christian communities in Goa and on the fishery coast of Tuticorin are largely descendants of the converts he made and we in India know what esteem, affection and enthusiasm the name of Xavier rouses in the hearts of these devout Catholics.

THE country Xavier evangelized witnessed in successive years the heroic labors of some of the most eminent and saintly Jesuits in the history of the missionary world, as Anthony Criminali, Rudolph Aquaviva, Robert de Nobili, Constantine Beschi and Francis Laynez. The Jesuits took charge of the Seminary of Santa Fe in Goa and baptized in four years (1558-61) more than 20,000 persons at Goa and its suburbs. Their next scene of labors was the southern province of Salsette, where by the end of the 16th century they could count 16,500 Christians. In 1610, they built a new college, the first one being transformed into a novitiate; they next built the church of Bom Jesu, as the resting place of the body of St. Francis Xavier.

In the south, Cochin became another center of Jesuit activity and influence from 1547. Rapid progress was made on the coast of Travancore with Quilon as the center. The Jesuits played a notable part in winning back the St. Thomas Christians of Malabar to allegiance to Rome in the Synod of Diamper in 1599. In 1602, the Mission of

Malabar with headquarters at Cochin was made a Jesuit Province to which were attached the missions of South India, Ceylon, Bengal, Pegu and Malacca, while the Province of Goa kept Ethiopia and the great Mogul's court in Delhi.

THE conversion of central and north India was not neglected. In 1580, a band of adventurous Jesuits, led by Rudolph Aquaviva, tried to carry the light of the Gospel to the court of Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul (Mohammedan) Emperors. Monserrat had the privilege of accompanying Akbar on his Kabul expedition in 1581. It was with great regret that Akbar allowed Aquaviva to leave his court in 1583, and with deep sorrow he heard of his martyrdom at Salsette a few months later. Two other expeditions followed before the end of the 16th century without, however, any permanent result. In view of our comparative ill-success among Mohammedans, it is interesting to recall that in 1604, there were forty converts of the Jesuits from Islam in Agra. The plan of St. Ignatius originally was the conversion of the Mohammedans and the idea made a powerful impression on this chivalrous Spaniard a few decades after the triumph of the Christians over the Moors in Spain.

The Jesuits established mission centers at Agra, Lahore, Delhi, Patna, Jaipur and Nagpur and even Kabul, which is now closed to Christian missionary endeavor. A mission was also established in Tibet in which twenty-three Jesuits worked till 1623 when a political revolution brought their labors to an abrupt end. Under the rule of Jehangir, some Mohammedan princes were baptized and also a daughter of Akbar. For nearly two centuries, eighty Jesuit missionaries labored in the Mogul Empire, excluding Bengal. During about the same period, seventy-nine Portuguese Jesuits and thirty-six French Jesuits preached the Gospel in Bengal.

A turning point in the history of the missions was the arrival of Robert de Nobili, a nephew of Cardinal Bellarmine. The converts of Xavier and his imme- (Turn to page 55)



(Jesuit martyrs of Ceylon)—(Top) Father Louis Pagnotti and John Metalla, beheaded by pagan priests. (Below) Father Bernadine Pecci, who had won fifty thousand people to the Faith, was also decapitated.



Mar Behnam Renewed

Thomas F.
Hussey, S.J.

BAGHDAD COLLEGE boasts of a new building, of a great mission and hopes for a bright future. Her mission is nothing more than to continue the past, the ancient Christian tradition planted in Mesopotamia in the early ages of the Church. Some idea of that ancient tradition may be gathered from a visit to the monastery of Mar Behnam, an old building with a glorious history.

Mar Behnam lies in an historic setting. It is but a short ride south of Nineveh; Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian power that for two centuries dominated the Near East; Nineveh that sent Sennacharib down "like a wolf on the fold" of God's chosen people; Nineveh that heard Jonas' call to penance; Nineveh whose ruins were visited by Alexander the Great; Nineveh whose ruins looked down on the final defeat of the Persians by the Greeks just as the Moslem power was dawning in the south, that power which was to swallow both Persian and Greek and hold the land down to our own day. It is in the wheat plains that once saw these historic armies that the monastery of Mar Behnam lies.

MAR BEHNAM has its own history. Mar Behnam means Saint Behnam and Saint Behnam was a young Persian prince of the fourth century. When hunting one day on the plains he saw and pursued a gazelle without success until nightfall. Being too far from home to return he laid himself down to sleep and in that sleep was bidden to betake himself to Sheikh Metti, a Christian recluse, who spent his days of prayer in a neighboring mountain. The young pagan obeyed the dream and his conversion followed shortly when Sheikh Metti cured Behnam's leporous sister, Sarah.

Thus did the Lord put enmity between these two children and their father, an enmity which led to their martyrdom when they refused to offer sacrifice to their parent's idols. The earth is said to have swallowed up the holy bodies when soldiers returned to burn them just as it gave the sacred remains to their converted mother when she went out to give them a proper burial. Such, at least, is the story that the Fathers of the monastery will tell you. Through an underground passage they will bring you to the tomb of the saint and will show you manacles chained to the wall beside the tomb. Some have it that the insane were brought here and were left there chained to the holy spot all night in the hope of a cure. Others will tell you that petitioners have voluntarily bound themselves here as a sign of the sincerity of their petition. In any case, the place has long had the reputation of a holy spot. The foundations of the present monastery are said to go back to the twelfth century, some three hundred years before Columbus sighted the West Indies!



The little seminarians of Mar Behnam carry out the surplus wheat from the underground granaries.

Much of the rest of the history of the ancient edifice must be guessed at. But a visit to the monastery will tell you a great deal. From a distance across the plains the building resembles a fortress. This tells you that the monks, living as they did on one of the great highways of the world, must have been frequently subject to the attacks of foraging troops. It tells you that they had to fight for their existence under the hand of many a hostile government. You read the same story as you drive up to the great gate which is opened by a key as long as your forearm. The chapel is dark, for it is like all the churches of the old type in this country. There are no windows near the ground to give easy entrance to marauders. But once your eyes become accustomed to the dark you see marble votive tablets in the walls to publish some favor of God upon his house. One tells of how certain church goods were stolen from the monks and how the monks got back their sacred vessels after remonstrating with the commander of the troops.

The whitewash on the walls covering even some of the ancient carvings recalls the days of the last war when the Turks took over the building to use it for a hospital. The grain pits, large enough to hold two years' supply of grain speak of years of famine that taught the holy men never to sell their surplus until they were sure of the coming crop. And the monastery gives its commentary on present conditions also. The new wing with its windows near the ground has abandoned the fortress-like construction of the past and places a vote of confidence in the stability and order of the new Iraq.

BUT we must suspend our hopes for a revived Mar Behnam. The present war like so many others has cast its shadow across the plains of Nineveh. In recent years the monastery has been little more than a petite seminaire and plans were going forward to form the little seminarians into a group of Oblates. Mar Behnam and Baghdad College are some two hundred miles apart. The one is eight centuries old and the other eight years. They have the same mission, to give life and give it more abundantly. Amid darkening skies they have the same hope in Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life.

For Those Who Still Embrace Primitive Religions

The Mission Intention for February

IN the story of the "Thief of Baghdad" a striking scene occurs. It manifests the hope and universal yearning of mankind as it sits upon the earth a beggar wrapped up in his miserable rags. The scene is a crowded Oriental market place. An elder of the people climbs upon the fountain gleaming white in the hot sunlight. He tells his people of a King who is to come. He was to be as no other king. He would not stand aloof, haughty and overbearing, but would mingle with them and give ear to their complaints. To whisper would no longer be treason. The lash would no longer crack over weary backs, nor would their stomachs groan with hunger. The hard bitter lines on the seamed leathery faces before him relaxed. The dawn of hope arose in their eyes. Here was the King their human hearts cried out for.

Again in the fourth Eclogue of Virgil the bard of Rome, strange as it seems, amidst all the hard beauty of his pagan songs, this same theme rings out. This King will come as a little child. He will usher in the reign of Justice. The whole world will flower into a beautiful garden and the lamb and the lion will frolic together.

Whence did this same idea come to two nations so diverse in culture and customs and otherwise completely pagan? Perhaps it came to Rome and to Baghdad carried thither by wandering Jews. Perhaps it is an echo, a fragment of the prophecy of Isaias uttered about seven hundred years before the coming of Christ. Perhaps the first is only a story and the Eclogue, an odd coincidence but at least they voice the common need of the nations of a Savior.

THE Jews were the chosen people of God. Through the centuries before the coming of Christ they were set aside as custodians of the primitive revelation. Time and again because of their stubborn and perverse hearts, they were chastised by God, pining away in captivity and exile. Scattered to the four winds, the Jew carried with him his belief in the one, true God and the truths revealed to his fathers.

It was not so with the other nations. Left to themselves, they walked farther and farther away from God. Their hearts became hardened. "And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of corruptible man and of birds and of four-footed beasts and of creeping things." Their idolatry took all shapes and forms. They adored the sun, the moon, the trees, the streams, the animals. Their religion ascended to the weird mysticism of the yogis of India and descended to the orgies of the cannibals of Africa. Here was the devil's playground. We gain a faint notion of their misery from the witchcraft and superstitious rites and incantations of the medicine men of our own North American Indian.

WHAT we must realize is that among many nations, that sort of thing exists today. In Africa, China,

India, Japan and other lands many peoples are still sitting in darkness serving in fear and offering sacrifices to an Unknown God. They believe in the Great Spirit and the spiritual world but as yet they do not know that the Son of God came down to earth, was made flesh and dwelt amongst us. It is for these lost sheep who have never heard the voice of the Good Shepherd that Our Holy Mother the Church beseeches you, her children, to pray during the coming month.

Science has stepped up modes of travel, and barriers which were before impenetrable open before her majestic progress. Amid the almost universal upheaval and cataclysm of war and destruction, caste and social impediments are levelled and pushed aside. Among these people through the heroic lives of her missionary priests and sisters, the Church is obtaining a hearing. In some places there is hope and expectation of mass conversions. Where thousands have already been won to the faith in these many nations, there are still millions who need an impulse of grace to bring them to the feet of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. This impulse may come through your prayer and intercession.

ON reading these paragraphs the startling truth must come home to you that the Church is still young, is still branching out and growing, until it becomes a mighty tree that will give shade to the whole earth. Just as in the time of the Reformation, many branches found to be dead and fruitless were lopped off, so today it may be that nations who have heard of the King of Bethlehem and are rejecting Him, being bloated with self indulgence and corruption and indifference, will be cast off in their turn as unworthy.

And as in the days of the Reformation the missionary activity of the Church reached a glorious and new peak of success, so it may be that Christ's numerous ambassadors today among the primitive peoples of the world, where the soil is virgin and not cluttered up with heresy and materialism, will make still more glorious conquests in the salvation of souls.

GOD has been very good to us. From our infancy, we have received the gift of faith. The story of Christ's life from Bethlehem to Calvary we have learned at our mother's knee. His Tabernacle is at our very doorstep. As our love prompts us we may approach to receive His Body and Blood to strengthen and nourish our souls. We have enjoyed the benefits of Catholic education and training. Our whole life is rooted in Christ. In gratitude let us not turn aside from these primitive beggars who stare at us with blind empty sockets of eyes, holding out their cups for the pearl of great price. Pray God to lengthen and strengthen the arms of His missionaries that these fields white for the harvest may be gathered into the granaries of Heaven. Pray that they too may receive Him, and that He may give them the power to be made the sons of God, and, if sons, heirs also of the Kingdom of Heaven.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Two Famous Brothers

The last days of 1940 witnessed the death of two famous Jesuit missionaries, both brothers. Father Hubert Post, S.J., veteran Indian and Alaskan missionary, died at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, on December 18th, and on December 27th, his brother, Father John Post, S.J., died at the same place.

Father John Post, would have been eighty-six years old on January 1st and had been a Jesuit for fifty-eight years. He spent almost four decades of rugged missionary work among the Indians of Idaho, being stationed at Desmet for the past thirty-eight years.

As Father John Post was identified with the Indian missions, so his brother, Hubert, was associated principally with the Mission of Alaska, although he spent twenty years on the Indian missions also. His years in Alaska numbered twenty-three. Just as his brother, he had been active in missionary work up to the last few years when ill health and old age forced him to retire to Spokane. One of his last thoughts was that American Catholics might more fully realize the dire financial straits of his thirty-one Jesuit brothers in frozen Alaska.

More Bad News

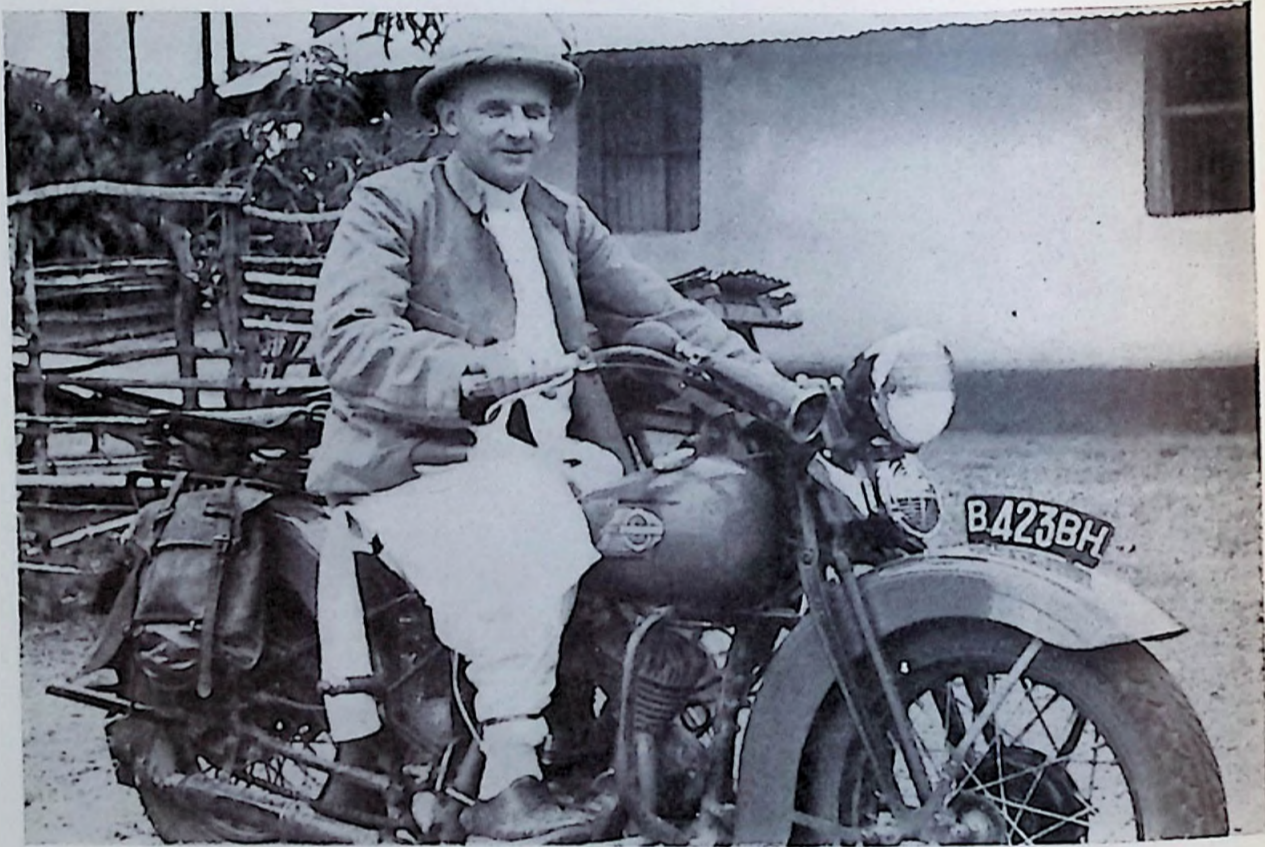
The death of Father Sifton on October 20th, and Father Post on December 18th, was bad enough news from Alaska, but now comes word from Father John P. Fox at Hooper Bay, that Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of Akulurak is seriously ill:

"I just heard that Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., has just been rushed outside by plane. He had an operation for hernia in early October and it seems that complications set in. The work was done at Fairbanks and from there they just rushed him to Seattle. That's just one more young missionary off the roll for the present, perhaps for good, as the experience, if it ends successfully,

may leave him too weak for Alaskan hardships.

"I did get some supplies. But no coal, nor a number of other items we are missing sorely. We have had to make a number of drastic changes here in order to get by somehow for the winter. We moved the Sisters' kitchen to the basement; and that turns out a real convenience in a number of ways, besides saving lots of

him to Nulato. Here is Alaska for you. I have no radio and no time to go around and listen to the one of the trader. I had in this mail letters from Father Superior written as late as the sixth of this month and not a word about sicknesses. All must have happened suddenly. Father Superior mentioned in a letter that our busy Father Fox had also been obliged to see a doctor for his eyes and



As Superior of Patna, India, largest pagan mission in the world, Very Rev. Frank N. Loesch, S.J., of the Chicago Province, has to keep moving to cover his numerous mission stations.

fuel. Then we condensed our Community to one half of the ground floor, in fact, a little less. But being close together generally is a help to keep both body and soul warmer. So we are not lamenting that too much either. But the heating of our church is a problem.

And Still More

A letter from Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., of St. Michael, adds the further information of the sickness of Father Tom Cunningham, S.J.:

"The boy who brought me the mail told me that he heard Father Superior was in Nome and our good Father Tom Cunningham was very sick on Diomed Island, also that a Father in Akulurak was calling for a plane to rush

teeth. As you can see, everything is not very rosy in this great land, even for missionaries.

"Yesterday when the mail came, I was just getting ready to visit for a day or two my people in Hamilton. Now this weather forced me to change my plans again. This was the third time I was prepared to pay a short visit to those people and had to put it off on account of the funny weather we are having. The ice is still very dangerous in places on the Yukon, especially where there is a very strong current."

CHINA

They Won't Go Home

"The evacuation of Americans from the Orient is turning out to be a sensational flop," writes

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai. "The *Monterey* was to have taken 450 Americans from Japan; it pulled into Shanghai from there with 58 on board. The *Marposo* came across empty in order to evacuate a thousand: it left Shanghai yesterday for North China with less than 80 evacuees. Most people here think that this latest diplomatic crisis eventually will be amicably arranged. They may be mistaken. However, the general attitude here is wait-and-see . . . *man-man-ti*. On the other hand many business men are getting nervous and sending their funds home."

The Reds Again

"From the Haichow district as well as from the whole north of China comes disturbing news about the activity of the Reds," writes Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., of Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai. "The local government center at Machang, and Father Gonzalves has two guards at the gate of his mission day and night, posted there by the Communists. In almost every place in the north they have forbidden all external manifestation of worship. They do not as yet (ordinarily) harm the missionaries—but if they cannot visit their stations, preach, say Mass, and if all the external signs of religion—pictures, crucifixes, etc., are taken away, it is small comfort indeed that they are not personally molested. And the war is the whole cause of it. Had peace been preserved the communists most likely would have been held in check."

If England Falls . . .

Father Mark Falvey, S.J., is already back at his mission, but this letter from him was written in Shanghai before his return:

"I'm rested after nearly a month in Shanghai. I needed the relaxation more than I realized when I first arrived. I have proof from experience that a three-year stretch in the bush, at least during war time, is too much without a vacation and the companionship of English-speaking friends. Now I am on the eve of returning to

the mission and God knows what else. It will be all right if England doesn't collapse and if they do, the rest under God, will depend on Uncle Sam. I hope he has 'guts' or (a weak substitute these days)—astute diplomacy.

"My trip down was very peaceful, free from too much searching of baggage. My journeys to Haichow from my station by train, were not accompanied with searching, but were annoyed by much questioning, watching and signs of suspicion, so much so, that I found it better to travel alone, my Chinese companion always having been subjected to extra questioning and sometimes to insult. My mission town is frequently visited by bands of soldiers who search about for small change and what have you or 'what have' the poor people after many searches?"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS *Episcopal Itinerary*

Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., hastily pens a few grateful lines from Cagayan:

"Pardon my haste as I just returned from Surigao where we installed the new Bishop in a very colorful ceremony. Needless to say, I am very happy that the big responsibility for that territory is no longer on my shoulders. It is a great missionary field but together with the present Diocese of Cagayan, impossible for one man to rule with justice. As it is in my present diocese I have over 700,000 souls to worry about—one half Catholic and the other half Moros, Aglipayans and other heretics.

"Now I am due for a trip to Occidental Misamis where the Columban Fathers are doing such splendid work. Father John Hurlley, S.J., is coming here this month for the opening of the new building at the Ateneo and the installation of Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., as the first Rector. We are expecting four of the recent arrivals to come to Cagayan Diocese and help in the work by their priestly ministrations.

False Rumors

"I cannot imagine where such



Two famous missionary brothers who died recently. (Top) Father Hubert Post, S.J., who spent 20 years among the Indians and 23 years in Alaska. (Bottom) His brother, Father John Post, S.J., who spent 38 years among the Indians of the Northwest.

a rumor—about the possibility of the Jesuits returning to the States in the case of war—could come from. Certainly there has been no talk of this here, save in the usual joking way that we might all pack up and go back. But even if the war should come here, I feel we all will stay at our posts and carry on as we are duty bound unless Superiors should decree otherwise. We are proceeding

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Fathers Sargeant, Mahan and Sheehan pause to watch construction work in Baghdad. Black habits tell us the weather is cool.

with our work just as if life was to be normal for the indefinite future. Our only worry is that if war should come to the States we would suffer from lack of help, etc. But God is watching over us and we must trust to His loving Sacred Heart to take care of us. So you can spike any such rumors that may be afloat. Christmas wishes and deepest thanks for all you have done for me and the Mission during the past year."

Rough and Hilly

From Kolambugan, Lanao, P.I., Father Merlin A. Thibault, S.J., says, "Thanks, many thanks. Money always seems to come 'just at the right time.' But this is really and especially true with me just now. The land of the Bureau of Forestry which we had in mind for our new church, we know now cannot be obtained. We already have another site in mind; and this piece will be purchased before the end of this month—we hope. A piece of about two acres in extent—will cost us only about four hundred pesos; but it is rough and hilly, hence, proper grading and building of a private road is estimated to cost nearly a thousand pesos. Hope we have something left with which to start the new

church—and house 'for the Father.'

Feeding the Flock

"Besides being busy with many details regarding the new church, we are also busy introducing our catechists in the public schools. We have been very successful here in Kolambugan; out of a thousand children in the public school, nearly nine hundred have enrolled in our classes of religious instruction; we have twenty classes, taught at different times, —half-hour period twice a week, all managed by seven catechists, who receive (from the Church) twenty *centavos* a period. Next week we shall inaugurate the same in the public schools of six of my largest *barrios*. We shall soon be giving religious instruction twice a week, to some twenty-five hundred children. But all these catechists must be paid twenty *centavos* a period—and we are trying to build a new church!"

IRAQ

Eighty-one Days!

"Since the entrance of Italy into the war," writes Father Francis B. Sargeant, S.J., Superior of the New England Jesuits in Iraq,

"we have received practically no mail. Some air mail letters have come via Hongkong—some in forty or more days, the fastest to Father John Devenny, S.J., in nineteen days! The only ordinary mail we received was the other day when a few letters post-marked May 31st arrived—having taken *eighty-one days* to come. Pre-war time was about twenty-one days for ordinary mail; from eight to fifteen air mail. That means that even if our friends sit down the day they receive our letters to answer them, it will be about six months before we have a reply! We are back in the days of St. Francis Xavier—only we depend more upon what our letters contain than he did.

Graduation

"Since I last wrote, we have sent out another graduating class—our fifth. They number about twenty and are representative. The graduating exercises took place on June 23rd on the grounds before the school. Presided over by the Apostolic Delegate, they were this year for the first time graced by the presence of some of the Government officials. The Director General of Education was the speaker; and the Director General of Public Instruction was on the platform. Now the boys are trying to obtain admission into the higher schools—which are limited enough for the number of the applicants. We have several now in the Medical School, some in the Law School, and a few in the Engineering School.

"Iraq is no place to try to tell the future. But we expect to have several applications this coming year—especially since the schools at Beirut, Haifa, and Alexandria are now considered danger spots. Our graduates have been making a favorable impression, too, and people are beginning to know more about us. This year we had fine success in the Intermediate Exams of the Government—being second out of fourteen schools in the Baghdad Liwa. We had only two failure out of nineteen boys. Although our results in the

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

Secondary Exams do not look so brilliant they are better than they appear. We had four pass, seven conditions, and seven failures. The exams are said to have taken tremendous toll everywhere and the reason why we cannot give you our relative standing is that it is very difficult to obtain the results of the Government and other schools which were not published in such a way as to be able to figure the relative standings.

Baghdad No Summer Resort

"This summer we were obliged to remain in Baghdad because of the war. We have thereby established as certain a few points, v.g., that it is no summer resort; that the money heretofore spent to send Fathers to the Lebanon was a wise investment. If we always write of the heat at this time of the year, it is because it is the subject of the day. It is ninety-two all day in your dark room and the bricks in the sun get too hot to handle, the weather is a worthy subject of conversation. This summer was also remarkable for the absence of breezes with the consequence that one perspired much more than usual. This may have been the cause of another characteristic of the present year, that is, the abundance of sand-flies. They are vicious little animals that you can hardly see, they hop around like rabbits, can penetrate a solid wall (so it seems) and they bite like wolves. There is very little one can offer men here in the way of recreation during the summer since it is too hot to go out from about eight in the morning until seven or eight at night. All you can do, is keep busy and try to forget about the heat."

PATNA, INDIA

Rain Maker

How they make rain at Poreya Hat, Santal Parganas, is told by Father John A. Morrison, S.J.:

"Our monsoon rains were not heavy enough and there was danger that the rice, which needs plenty of water, would die, so we

prayed for rain. We prayed on Saturday and on Sunday, all of our people, a heaven piercing cry for help that reached the celestial dump valves and knocked them wide open as I shall presently narrate. On Monday, Bruno, one of our Christians, told the pagans of his village: 'It is going to rain today because we Christians have prayed for rain.' That sentence is a simple declaration of a fact that is going to happen. There are no conditions attached to it. Bruno didn't say—'It may rain.' And did it rain? That afternoon our clouds that had been without water suddenly bulged and their bottoms dropped out, cascading down tumbling torrents of the precious stuff we needed, filling our rice fields to overflowing and booming our rivers. And I guess the Lord wanted me to pay for that rain. In the midst of things I got two sick calls, one to an old woman sick with dysentery in a village about one mile away, and

another to a lad who fell out of a palm tree four miles away.

Oscar Again

"When I was in America, the words 'rainy season' were just words and little more. Now in tropical India I've learned to appreciate their wetness and to tell the truth I like the rainy season, though it does make it more difficult to get about to our Santals, scattered as they are in very many villages in our territory. But Oscar, my Bhutia pony, is an effective answer to that difficulty.

"A few days ago I was visiting some villages on Oscar and had to ford a sunken road between rice fields. The water and mud were belly deep and the water felt so good Oscar couldn't resist the temptation. He likes to roll. Before he rolls, he paws the ground to warn me, but this time the water was so muddy and deep I couldn't see what he was doing



Reunions mean something to missionaries. Here reading left to right: Fathers Con-sunji, Carasig, Reyes and Brother Pascua enjoy the sea breeze along the Tagnipa shore in the Philippine Islands.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

and thought he was feeling his way across a log or stone. And then down went Oscar before I could stop him, and so did I, Oscar grunting luxuriously the while. He rolled three times before I got him out of there. The water was almost up to my hips. When we finally emerged, my white trousers were no longer white trousers. But I was able to visit my villages, and my Santals and I had something to laugh about."

Look Out for Leopards

"We nearly encountered a leopard at Jiojuri, Sunday night," writes Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Godda P.O., Santal Parganas. "James Haasadak said he saw Paul and Cyril sitting humped up in fright on the *pinda* (wall running around the outside of a Santal house) with a lantern in the night. They had been sleeping there with a lantern. The next morning we saw the tracks of a leopard who had started to come up the village street, but seeing the lantern, he turned back and went back to Simlong where I heard later that he killed a goat. The beasts seldom touch a human being, but naturally one does not feel very comfortable with one prowling around in such proximity. He might be particularly hungry and try human flesh for a change. Once they do, they are terrors.

"I had more deaths to record than Baptisms when I returned. When I arrived at Sundarmur on Monday, James' father hastened to tell me that the Tisobathan Chaukidar had died on Sunday.

He was the father of Susanna, who does my cooking and takes care of the place when I am away."

Snake Breath

"Here is the story of an odd death. Denis was sleeping on his bed just outside the house last Thursday night. About midnight he felt something cold crawling on his abdomen and chest. Gathering up his clothing with a sud-

den motion, he threw off the snake and killed it without being bitten. He finally went back to bed, but in the morning he said that his throat did not feel right. The Santals believe that the breath of a snake or even a touch from it will poison a man. So as near as I can learn, they dosed him with wild medicine from every source. They finally called Sam and his wife from here and, as I was not home, they got some medicine from the C. M. S. Mission at Pathra. But all in vain. The father died Sunday morning, from what cause no one I suppose will ever know. It might have been from snake bite. Some of the symptoms were present: lots of fever, swelling and drowsiness. Was it snake bite medicine or was it some other disease that happened to seize him suddenly at about the same time? No one will ever know. However, according to his daughter's story, Denis died a very beautiful death."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

As a Matter of Fact

Now stationed at Holy Cross, Half Way Tree, Jamaica, B. W. I., with Fathers Eberle and Kilkoynne, the former Pastor of Spanish Town, Father Frederick J. Owens, S.J., looks back for a moment to the consolation of his friends:

"The change from Spanish Town was brought about without much show of tears. It will be as consoling to you as to me to look back and see what you have done. You have repainted inside and out a fine old red brick edifice that was slowly sinking. You have refurnished with new vestments the sacristy, altar cloths and benediction copes for the altar, cruifixes and candelabra and with those new things you have made His throne a very bright spot in an otherwise dismal though well populated town. A new zinc roof on a leaky old mansion, coats of paint here likewise, inside and out, new beams in the church school at Port Henderson (and we just got them in time), new accessories here necessary for the Catholic education of

these children, teachers paid, and poor helped. Taken singly these things were small, but I know they must have cost sacrifice for many and I'm sure the good God watching over that spot is much more pleased. Taken all together now, added up over three years, they are tremendous. Why shouldn't I be grateful to you?

Rose Slips

Holy Rosary Parish, Kingston, Jamaica, is flourishing under the care of Fathers Brannon and Colman. Father Brannon writes:

"Our young ladies and men are forming Sodalties; although small they are promising. The older element was better organized. The Little Flower and Xavier Novenas have two services daily instead of one; each Sunday we have three Masses whereas before we had only two.

"We have a children's choir of thirty girls and twenty boys (still in embryo). Several talented parishioners are giving generously of time and talent in forming the children's choir of which we hope and pray to be very proud before our next letter.

"Our Club has done well; membership. Our hard court has enjoyed the activities of many exhibitionists as well as of amateurs and beginners. Two ping-pong tables keep the younger set lively every afternoon and evening. The tennis court has been a fine open-air auditorium.

"The last few months we have planted one hundred rose slips, bell-flowers, petunias, pinks, geraniums, marigolds, areola and morning glory hedges, etc. We hope to have nice Bougainvillaea arches over our three gates, and a series of similar arches along the fence on two street fronts. The Bougainvillaea vine has leaves of pink and purple and creeps up the branches of the tallest trees. The tree itself takes on the appearance of a gigantic bouquet. The tourist coming to the tropics is amazed at the sight. Just imagine how this series of arches will add to our property here and delight the eye of every one who comes to visit us."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

In Memoriam

To the Editor:

Father, I am getting this off to you in the fastest way possible as I can't tell you what a horrible shock it was to me to learn from the newspapers of the death of dear Father Simons in China.

From his letters to me I know how heart and soul he was devoted to his missions. Now that God has suddenly taken him from our midst as a martyr of charity, his letters take on a new meaning.

One of them dated October 14, 1938, which I fortunately saved and now highly treasure, seems to me to have particular significance. After telling me all about the importance of catechists and that he was writing hundreds of letters to friends in the States, he says: "The safest system for the support of catechists is by burses. A burse of \$500.00 American money would insure a catechist in perpetuum in some Chinese training school. The donor would know that he or she was maintaining one of these sub-posts on the frontiers of the Church where slow but sure progress is made against paganism. These donors would by their charity be transforming pagan souls into living temples of the true God."

Enclosed is all I can spare that Father Simons may live on in his catechists. But, perhaps, Father, you could suggest to your readers that they try to form several Father Simons' Memorial Burses for Catechists.

Any more news about the death of good Father Simons will be appreciated. May God rest his soul and reward him for his faithful service.

San Francisco, Calif. M. A. G.

A Child's Fortune

To the Editor:

I am enclosing some of my Christmas money for the children of the Jesuit missions. I wish it was more, but as I am only eleven years old, I haven't much to give.

We get the book every month in our house and I wish prayers would be said for continued health of both my mother and father.

West Roxbury, Mass. Ann M.

Further Protest

To the Editor:

Thank goodness at least two decent Catholic people protested against J. M. O'N's letter in JESUIT MISSIONS for October. I have never read a more spiteful and disgusting letter from any so-called Catholic, but I'm afraid there are, unfortunately, a few such. I was so mad when I read it that, had this been any other but a Catholic magazine, I'm afraid I would have stopped subscribing. But now that I have read these two letters in January I feel better and anyhow I'm sure JESUIT MISSIONS does not agree with such nonsense as J. M. O'N's wild outburst.

I think your magazine is wonderful and I enjoy every issue and although I can't afford very much, I subscribe to quite a few Catholic magazines including the "Catholic Digest" and I feel I'm at least doing a little something to help the wonderful missionaries. Of course I do hope America can keep out of the war.

Santa Barbara, Calif. B. M.

For Answered Prayers

To the Editor:

Thank you for your kind expression of gratitude which I have received. I know how really busy you must be and fully appreciate your taking the time to write to me as you have done.

As you are aware, my renewal order did not arrive as quickly as it should have but I should like you to know that the cause was not in any sense a fault of JESUIT MISSIONS but more of a personal nature. In better English, Father, the problem has ironed itself out since you received the renewal order, and another problem has been solved before assistance has been asked. The inference is quite obvious.

Please know that JESUIT MISSIONS is a very important part of my day from now on, and that the expressions of gratitude are to you and yours rather than from you.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Donald Cameron.

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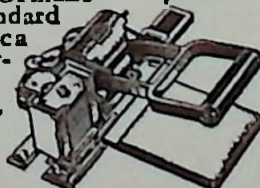
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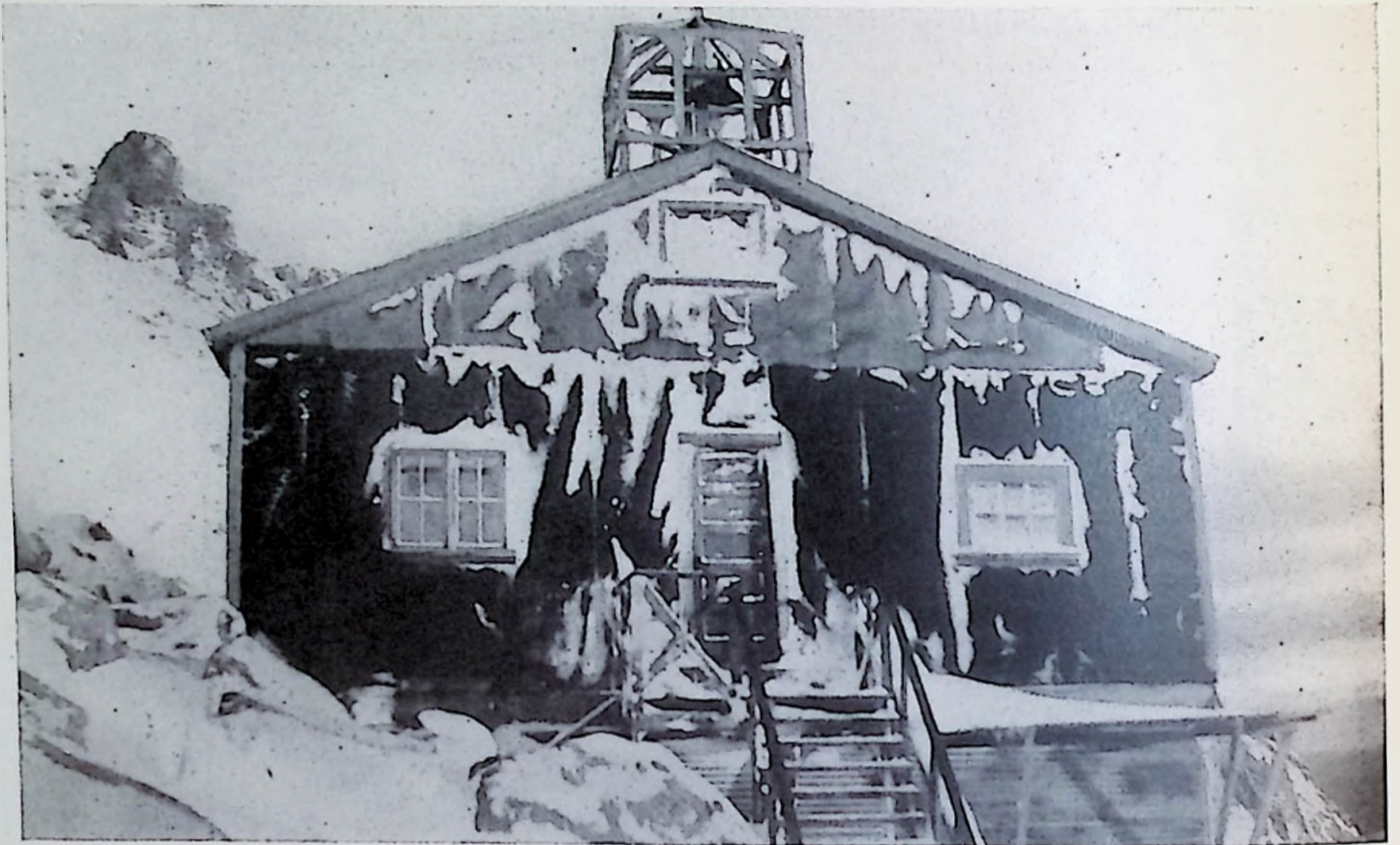
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WINES AND LIQUORS

An Eskimo "Snow White" George Boileau S. J.

I'LL tell you a story . . . Year after year the Eskimos came from King Island to trade their ivory for winter supplies and to work on the wharves at Nome. In the fall they returned to their rocky home before the ice covered the sea. And that was about all the citizens of Nome knew about them. But these simple natives had interested a kindly priest who watched them. He admired the purity and innocence of their lives. In spite of contact with the lower class of whites and their evils, the Eskimos had retained a high level of morality. The good Father yearned to know them and tell



On King Island Christ is the only King. Here in this small chapel He lives with His people.

them of Jesus Christ because he saw that their simple hearts were fertile ground for the sowing of the word.

So, in the year 1903, he began to mingle with them and gain their respect and admiration, first by mastering their difficult language and then by nursing them when they were sick. He knew medicine. He knew hearts. But strange to say, although they listened attentively and respectfully to him, they would not deign to accept the gospel. Something held them back from embracing the faith which they admitted was the only true one.

THIS state of affairs continued for four summers.

Then one day a little girl of nine years approached him and begged to be baptized. Of course he would, but he must have the permission of her parents. After much persuasion they gave a grudging consent and the girl received the name of Mary. But she was not permitted to remain with the Sisters at Nome as the Father wished.

The rest of Mary's biography is a true Christian romance. Back on the island she prayed to the God of her heart for her people. She became very sick and was going to die. Having asked for the chief of the King-Islanders, she told him that God wished them all to become Catholics. He made no reply and stalked out of the hut. Then she made the Sign of the Cross and closed her eyes. . . . They buried her out there in the snow and all that winter no accident or evil befell her people.

Spring soon came and the kaiaks set out for Nome and summer camp. And there on the shore, ready to greet them as they bobbed in from the Bering Sea, stood the Father. The chief advanced to him and said abruptly, "Me and my people wish to be baptized."

Of course this surprised and delighted the missionary very much. Then he asked for little Mary.

"She out there with Great Spirit. She go to Him in cold time. She tell us Great Spirit want us to be baptized."

Then the Father understood: "Unless the seed fall- ing, dieth, itself remaineth alone. . . ."

The Father, of course, was the famous Father Bellar- mine Lafortune, S.J., great apostle of the "King-Island- ers." Few have heard of this story but many have read of the thirty-seven years of patient toil undergone by Father Lafortune in his arduous mission. All will be glad to know that he has, after years of planning and directing, achieved a notable step in the perfecting of the Islanders.

For some years after Mary's death he baptized groups of the Eskimos when they came to Nome each summer. Then in 1917 he went out to their island to remain per- manently with them. Before his arrival the natives had built a small chapel and a house for him, so desirous were they of having their Father with them all the time. There, in order to win their complete esteem and con- fidence, he lived the same life as they, sharing their pov- erty, exile and hardships on a barren rock-island where life is maintained only at the cost of heroic sacrifice.

AND this past summer he undertook the delicate step of removing his Eskimos from all contact with the whites because, good as the natives are, they were gradu- ally being influenced by the white man's evils. All three hundred of the islanders are Catholics. He told them that this year he was not going to Nome with them, and they, rather than be without him, said that they would not go either.

Human Hornets are Nasty

Francis J.
Welzmilller, S.J.

ST. PAUL'S "Through many tribulations" was coming true with a vengeance for the newly baptized at a village in my Patna, India, district. There had been occasional tiffs with the landlords all along, but now that the Chamars had turned Catholic, Old Nick himself seemed to be prodding them on. If they had stopped at abuse, it wouldn't have been too bad, but—

One fine morning, the lusty shouting of 2 x 2, and K, kh, g, gh (Hindi A B Cs) came to an abrupt stop as several of the upper caste strode into the school of the Christians. After showering abuse on Master and pupils, they smashed the latter's slates. "We'll see if you're going to have a school here."

Father was called. There was no listening to reason. Finally, the police had to come. The school continued, and there was hope that the storm was over.

A month later, Balgobind burst into the bungalow all in tears.

"Father, they've uprooted more than an acre of my rice. What shall I live on this year? It is all I have."

There was little doubt as to who were the culprits but with only the stars as witnesses, we could hardly make out a case. I consoled the old man as best I could.

TWO days later he was in again. This time a lighted torch made of a cloth soaked in kerosene fell on Balgobind's roof in the dead of night. It burned quite a hole in the straw beneath the tiles before those sleeping awoke. It isn't hard to picture what would have happened had there been only a thatched roof.

Again no witnesses, but all the facts were given to the authorities. Then came a warning to both parties to keep the peace and not interfere with the other's rights.

There followed peace, on the surface, at least, for quite a long time. It looked as though the hatchet were buried when Father Bernard nearly fell foul of a trap laid for him. Here's the account from his recent letter.

"The Rajputs and Bhunihars nearly finished me on Monday, the fifth of February. Shiutahal Isai came to call me at 9:30 a.m., to see his eldest son who was very ill. After finishing the first meditation of the catechist's retreat which I was giving, I set off by cycle on my six mile trip.

"As the path along the railroad track was littered with crushed rock from the ballast, I neared the village at 10:30. Upon reaching the *devasthan* (idol) near the big peepul tree, I was met by three or four boys, who began to call me names and mock me. Ignoring them, I rode on with my thoughts on the sick man.

"Now here is what happened. Just as I came to the end of the bazaar at the nim tree in front of Balu's house,



Father Welzmilller, S.J., (the author) must have the gift with youngsters. Note the rapt attention of all four.

another group of rowdies began to cat-call and shout abusive names. Then, when they saw that they were not getting a rise out of me, they took to throwing bricks.

"This was too much. I hopped quickly from my cycle and made for them as they took to their heels. I managed to catch one of them and promptly gave him a cuff on the ear, together with the scolding he deserved. This sent him bawling on his way.

"I had scarcely remounted the cycle and come to Shiutahal's house, some hundred feet away, when there was an indescribable hue and cry at my heels. The whole *zemindar* outfit was up in arms with clubs and spears in less than a minute. I saw too late that the whole affair was planned.

"It didn't take me long to get inside the house, for there was no arguing with these nasty hornets. Luckily for me, they did not make bold to enter. They milled around in front of the house, sending up a chorus of revilings.

"Send out that *padaria*. If we get a hold of him, we'll finish him and pitch him into the well."

AS time went on the horizon didn't seem to clear. Perhaps the mob would sit it out and keep me there all night, or worse. I succeeded in sending a boy out through the cane fields at the back of the Christian quarters to get word through to the police.

"At last, at 2:00 p.m., the *daroya* came. Under his escort, I got away from the village amid the growls and threats of the crowd. They will answer to the Subdivisional Officer for their conduct. As for me, it needed no further preparation to give the meditation on death to the waiting catechists, and it was easy to see that they in turn didn't find it dry. It isn't hard to picture myself being pitched to death in that well."



NEW BOOKS



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chosen as our Mother. She was full of grace and grace is the life of the soul. This grace she increased daily from her Immaculate Conception. So through her life she passes from one sublime degree of perfection to another still more sublime which, according to the words of St. Thomas: "Attingit fines divinitatis." The third part of this book brings out Mary's attitude towards us. We are her children. She paid a terrible price for our souls. Therefore, she will comfort us. She will be our Mediatrix and all this with a Mother's heart and a Mother's compassion even for her wayward children. However, worthless I may be I have a Mother. The more destitute we are, the more indulgent she is. The less we deserve her help, the more merciful she proves herself. The book concludes with some striking examples of Mary's intercession for men. As we believe, so we pray. Many of us say the rosary mechanically. That is because we do not appreciate how really and truly Mary is our Mother. In this little book you will have sufficient leaven to raise and animate and give substances to your devotion for Our Lady.

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"SANCTE" SIMONS MEETS DEATH AT SHUYANG

(Continued from page 33)

meals aboard a la chopsticks from a common bowl . . . crouched in a sampan for 15 hours in a single stretch while my boatman made about one mile an hour during a continuous downpour. . . ." All this was described as an amusing and interesting trip! Such trials bore fruit, for all the pagan boys who heard him followed his instructions to the Christians by fasting every Friday in Lent and saying three "Hail Mary's" before they retired!

One of the happiest days in Father Simons' life was August 24, 1935 when he was officially appointed a full-time missionary to Shuyang, 200 miles north of Shanghai. The walls of Shuyang built in the ninth century were old, but the ramparts of paganism were older. Before those walls were torn down in the foolish hope that Shuyang would be spared as an open and defenseless town, Father Simons had already made a decided breach in the ramparts of paganism. The only tinge of real sadness in his letters was that there were so few priests to help expand the Kingdom. Though his mission was just recovering from the ruinous flood of November 1935, he wrote in a letter dated April 19, 1936, not about the effects of the flood but as follows: "A missionary feels sad when the walls of paganism remain adamant to repeated pounding. The sadness, however, is deepened when the wall gives way only to find the men and means insufficient to rush to the conquest. In our Haichow mission the pagan walls are crumbling. The Haichow district is holding out its arms to the people and the Jesuits of America. Our Lord foresaw Haichow and foretold that the harvest is ripe but the laborers are few."

On August 15, 1936, Father Simons made his solemn profession of vows in the Zikiwei Cathedral. Only then did the writer realize how deeply he was esteemed by the peasants whom he had catechized several years before. With the news of the great event humming along the "bamboo wireless," many people borrowed money to buy silver plaques and other testimonials of their esteem for their "happy little missionary" as they called him.

This familiar yet delicate term of endearment recalls the enthusiastic pen picture of one who visited Father Simons and shared the physically hard lot of "bush" missionaries:

"He's a great little missionary, that young Jesuit from San Jose, California. Big things for Christ—that's his driving genius. If only a mass movement of conversions can be initiated among these simple-hearted farmers, why, God be praised. It looks like he's doing it, too. With unflagging zeal he pushes his projects of evangelization. New village schools and Christian centers, catechumenates and baptisms, far-distant sick calls and paternal scoldings against su-

perstitious practices (for his numerous converts are still young in the Faith)—from early morning until late at night he preaches, travels, teaches. Always on the go. There isn't a village in the entire 800 square miles of his territory that doesn't see the American Shen-fu (made 20 years more venerable by a sizeable beard) periodically swinging along on his bicycle on his way to visit schools, settle family squabbles, round up his catechumens, doctor the sick and dying. All those services of a hard-working missionary you read about in the mission magazines. A half-million pagan souls to save. Tremendous job for one man."

Testimonials such as these could be multiplied, but even the more intimate ones from Superiors would be inadequate. Only the Divine Missionary will fully know how much "Sancte" Simons suffered and achieved for the development of the mystical Body of Christ in far-away Shuyang.

Just as soon as his assistant, Father Falvey, was able to carry on by himself at Shuyang, Father Simons immediately began to push forward the frontiers of his mission. After overcoming a great deal of opposition from the natives, Father Simons finally bought a five room one story brick house for a church and a mud hut as his residence in which he lived for ten months. The Sino-Japanese "incident" finally caught up with poor old Shuyang and Machang, but the stories of isolation, physical privation and spiritual conquests are too many and interesting to be compressed here. They will provide abundant material for a hoped for biography.

Father Simons is dead, yes, but his spirit lives on in his co-missionaries, in his devoted Christians who mourn his loss, in his four Chinese seminarians who years from now will carry on in his place. And his spirit will live on in spite of the Communists because his blood will be the seed of Christians.

MAVIS BECAME MARY

(Continued from page 37)

bowed her head—she was dead.

The nurse glanced at her watch; it was 12:10 p.m. If I had not started early that morning, I would now be at least three wards distant from the place where the child died. The Sisters would have left the hospital, little suspecting that she was to die so soon and the child may have died without the Faith. Instead, Mavis Mary, with her new name, with the gift of Faith and fortified by the last rites of the Church, went home to enjoy the feast of Our Blessed Mother in Heaven.

A few days later I had another sick call from the hospital. Arriving there, I found that the dying girl was a non-Catholic and more remarkable, her name was Mavis! Perhaps it was a mere coincidence, but I like to think that my first Mavis was watching over this second one since her non-Catholic relatives had tried to get a Protestant minister and had failed, then one of the very few Catholic

nurses had just been assigned to this ward and she knowing the serious condition of the girl, asked these non-Catholic relatives if there would be any objection if she called the Catholic priest they readily gave her this permission.

I instructed the dying girl, baptized and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Two hours later she was dead.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS IN INDIA

(Continued from page 43)

diat successors were mostly along the coast and in parts where Portuguese dominion and influence were established. The converts were given Portuguese names and Christianity was gradually identified with a foreign power and foreign habits of life. The break with past customs and traditions and the partial denationalization of the converts had roused the contempt of the higher castes against Christianity and the converts looked upon as outcastes or pariahs. The interior of the vast peninsula had not been touched. De Nobili arrived in Madura in 1606 and was the first to realize the need for a change of policy and for inaugurating a new method of appeal, treating caste as a social system. St. Francis Xavier himself had recognized the insuperable opposition of the "Brahmins and other noble castes inhabiting the interior" to the preaching of the Gospel. Father Gonzalo Fernandes, a Portuguese Jesuit, had resided in Madura for a period of fourteen years to look after the converts from the coast, and though a pious and zealous missionary, had not converted a single soul. De Nobili realizing the painful state of things, paid a visit to Father Fernandes along with his Superior, the Provincial of Malabar. His keen eye at once perceived the cause and the remedy.

Father de Nobili realized the importance of dissociating Catholicism from the trammels of foreign elements if he would remove the prejudices of the Brahmins. He must become a Hindu to convert the Hindus. He built a church and a house in the Brahmin quarters of Madura and spent the day in study and prayer. He acquired a close knowledge of the sacred writings of the Hindus, of Sanskrit, the classical language of India, and of Tamil and Telugu, the languages spoken by the people. His attendants belonged to the highest caste—Brahmins. He ate neither meat nor fish nor eggs, which are taboo to the Brahmin, but only rice and vegetables and milk and these once a day, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The fame of the new *Sanyasi* (penitent) spread far and wide and crowds came to see him. Those who conversed with him were surprised at the ease with which he spoke their language and the knowledge he had of their scriptures and their classical authors. Having thus won their attention and commanded their respect, he instilled into them the truths of religion. He thus laid siege to the very citadel of Hinduism in one of its celebrated centers, Madura, re-

sorting to the Vedas for his arguments. He made unceasing efforts to prove the supernatural and universal character of Christianity in a manner admirably suited to the mental dispositions and outlook of his hearers. He possessed in a remarkable degree a wonderful power of sympathy and the apostolic faculty of being all things to all men, without, however, compromising the essential principles of the Christian religion.

The new experiment which demanded of him and of his successors heroic sacrifices resulted in the conversion of a large number of middle classes and also of some Brahmins. Caste which was such a formidable barrier for the acceptance of Christianity by the Hindus was broken through, thanks to de Nobili's experiment in adaptation. It proved eminently successful and had far reaching results. In 1644, his converts in Madura, Trichinopoly and other centers numbered 4,150. Twenty-five years after his death, that is in 1681, there were in the mission some 80,000 Christians, whereas before his arrival the field appeared barren with not a single Christian.

The methods of de Nobili were followed by the Jesuit Fathers, notably Constantine Beschi, the scholar, and John de Britto, the saint, with marvelous success till their suppression. Mysore, the French settlement of Pondicherry and the Carnatic or the Telugu country, south of the river Kistna, were fruitful fields of their evangelical labors.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal and the Portuguese colonies in 1759 and the entire suppression of the Society by the Holy See in 1773, were a disastrous blow to the Indian missions, from which they never sufficiently recovered. The number of Catholics at the time of the suppression in South India is variously estimated at between 300,000 and 385,000.

The Society of Jesus was restored in 1814, and after a long interval, four French Jesuits landed in Pondicherry in October, 1837. The old Madura mission was revived and a great step forward taken for the evangelization of the land and for the educational advancement of the Christians. It is not possible to recount within the compass of a brief article the achievements of the Society during the last one hundred years. Special attention should be drawn to the phenomenal success of the Jesuits in Chota Nagpur, Central India. The mass conversion movement inaugurated by Constantine Lievens, a Belgian Jesuit, forms a glorious chapter in the history of modern missionary endeavor. Thanks to his unremitting labors and those of his successors, the number of converts increased from 2,500 in 1885 to 70,000 in 1889. At the commencement of the Great War in 1914, the number of Christians was 215,000 and at present the diocese of Ranchi counts 300,000 Catholics.

No less eminent have been the services of the Jesuits for the cause of higher education. The Jesuit missionaries have been the pioneers of higher education.

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E.K.D., St. Louis, Mo.....	5.00
L.J.G., San Francisco, Cal....	5.00
V.D.F., Boston, Mass.....	5.00
N.M., New York, N. Y.....	5.00
M.R., Amityville, N. Y.....	5.00
G.W.C., Lakewood, O.....	5.00
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Mrs. E.R., San Francisco, Cal..	5.00
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Anonymous, Cincinnati, O....	5.00
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E.M.M., Cambridge, Mass.....	5.00
H.L.N., San Mateo, Cal.....	5.00
H.M.M., Waltham, Mass.....	5.00
H.J.S., Olyphant, Pa.....	5.00
D.W. McA., Portland, Me....	5.00
N.B., New York, N. Y.....	4.00
J.P.G., Chicago, Ill.....	4.00
G.C., Lee, Mass.....	4.00
C.G., Boston, Mass.....	4.00
R.P.T., Corona, N. Y.....	4.00
M.W., Cincinnati, O.....	4.00
J. J. McC., Boston, Mass.....	4.00
T.M.K., San Francisco, Cal....	4.00
F.NdeP., New York, N. Y....	4.00
A.N., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	3.00
J.P.G., Jersey City, N. J....	3.00
C.I.W., Los Angeles, Cal....	3.00
J.M. McC., Somerville, Mass...	3.00
Mrs. W.W., St. Louis, Mo....	3.00
E.F.L., Newton Highlands, Mass.	3.00
M.M. O'B., Brooklyn, N. Y...	3.00
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F.D., Jersey City, N. J.....	3.00
Mrs. A.J.C., Hackensack, N. J.	3.00
E. McL., New York, N. Y....	3.00
M.L., Long Island City, N. Y..	3.00
E.S., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
P.B., Jersey City, N. J.....	2.00
F.J.V., Louisville, Ky.....	2.00
R.G., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2.00
Mrs. M.D., St. Louis, Mo....	2.00
Rev. W.J.C., Jersey City, N. J.	2.00
C.V.J., Webster Groves, Mo...	2.00
F.K., Cincinnati, O.....	2.00
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W.B., Cleveland, O.....	2.00
M.G.L., Cincinnati, O.....	2.00
O.C.M., E. Cleveland, O.....	2.00
E.J.D., Dorchester, Mass.....	2.00
F.M.P., Los Angeles, Cal.....	2.00
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R.D., Cleveland, O.....	2.00
Mrs. W.C., St. Albans, N. Y.....	2.00
G.C.S., Cincinnati, O.....	2.00
T.F., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
A.K., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
R.M., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
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L.J.Z., Cambridge, Mass.....	2.00
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H.B., Boston, Mass.....	2.00
M.D., Cincinnati, O.....	2.00
E.C.M., So. Boston, Mass.....	2.00
J.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs.C.A.D., San Francisco, Cal.....	1.00
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A.K., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
M.McC., Indianapolis, Ind.....	1.00
J.L., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
A.J.L., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
C.N., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
F.J.McK., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
W.B.R., Milwaukee, Wis.....	1.00
N.deC., Hollywood, Cal.....	1.00
A.O'B., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs. P.J.M., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
N.McH., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
Mrs. A.S.B., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
J.A.K., Paterson, N. J.....	1.00
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Mrs. W.W., Milwaukee, Wis.....	1.00
Mrs. G.H., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
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B. F., Elmhurst, N. Y.....	1.00
E. S., Dorchester, Mass.....	1.00
R. R. G., Washington, D. C.....	1.00
N. O'C., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
M. M., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs. F. E. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
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SAVE STAMPS—SAVE SOULS

The question is often asked—what possible use can there be for canceled postage stamps? Are they sold to the Chinese for papering the walls of their homes? Are they boiled down for the dye that is in them? What is done with them to save souls?

In the various mission stamp bureaus canceled stamps, tons of them, are received every year, carefully sorted by young Jesuits preparing for the priesthood, and sold either wholesale or retail to stamp dealers and to some of the more than ten million stamp collectors.

The mission stamp bureaus depend for their supplies on zealous friends who save stamps from their personal mail, collect them from friends and in their places of employment such as banks, department stores, mail order houses, etc.

If you are not a "stamper" for Christ will you become one? Save and collect canceled stamps and send them to the mission stamp bureau nearest to you. Below are addresses for your shipments of canceled stamps.

Mission Stamp Exchange,
Woodstock College,
Woodstock, Maryland

Mission Stamp Exchange,
Weston College,
Weston, Mass.

Mission Stamp Exchange,
St. Louis University,
St. Louis, Missouri

Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto, Canada

Patna Mission Stamp Mart,
West Baden College,
West Baden, Ind.

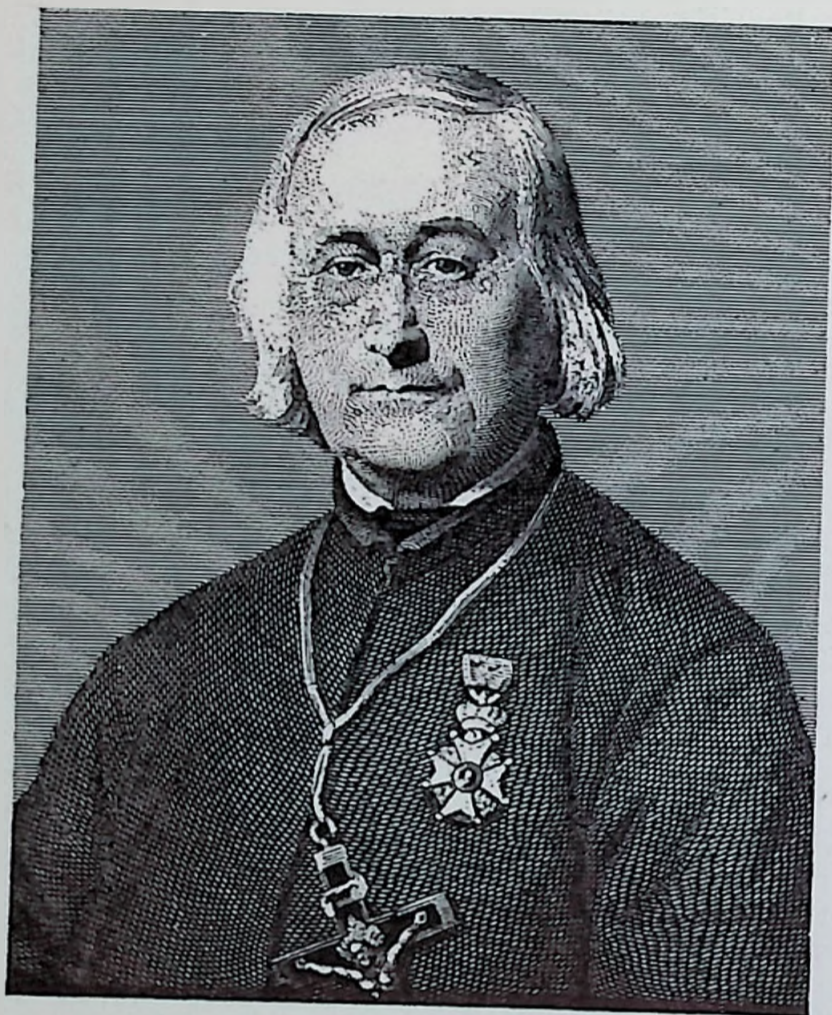
The Missionary Society,
Mt. Saint Michaels,
Spokane, Wash.

The Ceylon Stamp Bureau,
4133 Banks Street,
New Orleans, La.

Mission Stamp Bureau
1855 est, rue Rachel,
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