

Jesuit Missions

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No. 4



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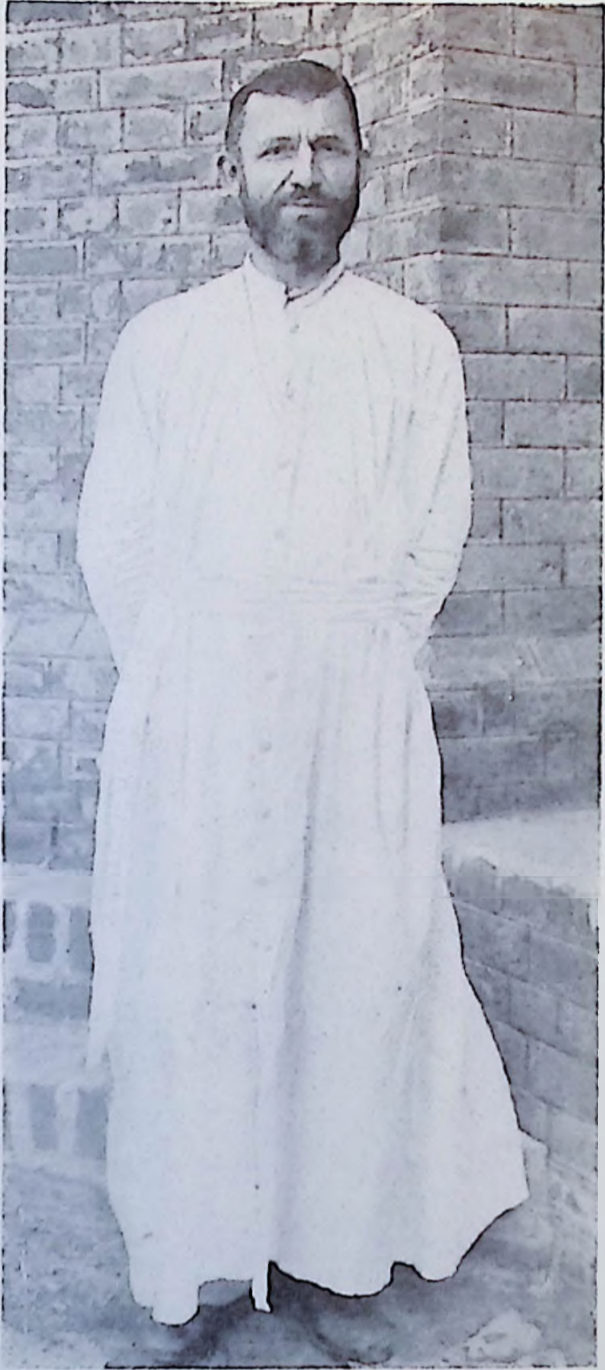
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Sympathy vs Support

Came a letter recently from Father Kilian, here pictured, formerly missionary in India, now missionary for India. As Procurator for the Missions of Patna, he wrote:

“I find it almost impossible to gather together 1,500 Mass intentions a month for our missionaries in Patna. If you can help us we will be eternally grateful to you.” And further on: *“In twenty days I must round up \$4,500 to keep Patna going just for the coming month.”*

This begging job is a tremendous task and it calls for as much courage and zeal as does actual work in the foreign missions. We offer the Procurator, Father Kilian, our sympathy. But frankly, whereas he appreciates sympathy, he needs more than sympathy to support the missions.

Won't you, dear reader, help us to send something more than sympathy to Father Kilian? Please send your Mass offerings or gifts for Patna to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to the Procurator for the missions

Rev. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.

1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

Just mark your gift—FOR SUPPORT, NOT SYMPATHY!

CONTRIBUTORS

The experience FRANCIS D. BURNS, S.J., acquired as Prefect of Studies at the Ateneo de Manila will stand him in good stead. *The Philippine Boom School, Ateneo de Naga* will call forth unknown depths of ingenuity and resourcefulness from its new Prefect of Studies.



Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J. scholasticate in China. After ordination he will take up active mission work.

FATHER JOSÉ GONCALVES, S.J., a Portuguese Jesuit, born in China and a member of the French Province, almost shared Father Simons' fate. He sends us an eye-witness account in *Straight To His Death*.

FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., Pastor at Akulurak, Alaska, takes us to his mission in the summertime in *Alaska Invites You To*—a picnic, of course.

Good Tidings to Nepal, The Land of Hope, was written by ALPHONSE GOVEAS, S.J., a native Jesuit of India. He is just on the threshold of the priesthood at the Jesuit Theologate in Kurseong, India.

A much travelled man is FATHER FRANCIS B. SARJEANT, S.J., (*Our Neighbor, Ibrahim*). He completed his classical course in New York, went to Canada for his Philosophate. His teaching years were spent in the Philippines, then back to New England for theology. He is now Superior of Baghdad College Iraq.

From the quiet of his second year in theology at St. Marys, Kansas, EDWARD J. O'DONNELL, S.J., reminiscences a little himself in *Caribbean Moonlight Reveals a Missionary's Memories*.

FATHER WILLIAM F. MCHALE, S.J., is no longer *On the Road to Tenby* but has taken over his old mission at Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I.

MR. EDWARD A. DOYLE, S.J., teaches English literature in St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La. In *They Talk in Church* he tells us of another language.

MR. THOMAS M. DOWNING, S.J., and his companions, members of the Chicago Province, have settled for a time the question: *Indiana or India?*

Zi-ka-wei, China, is a long way from California. So WILLIAM J. KLEMENT, S.J., (*Going Old Noah One Better*) is a long way from home. He is a Scholastic of the California Province, completing his first year of theology at the Zi-ka-wei

scholasticate in China. After ordination he will



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

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COVER—The foaming waves of the Caribbean Sea gently lap the palm fringed beaches of many tropical shores. Under its surface of luminous blue waters lie the shattered hulks of Spanish galleons and the broken fragments of English and French privateers that used to sail the Spanish Main. The Caribbean Sea received its name from the Carib Indian who once paddled over these waters in his war canoe. On the cover picture for this month we have a descendant of these same Carib Indians. This venerable old gentleman claims to be one hundred and fifteen years old. According to His Lordship, Bishop William Rice, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Belize, British Honduras, who is shaking hands with him, this Carib is at least one hundred and three years old. Recently he bought a pair of glasses to make himself look younger and not because his eyes were failing him.

EDITORIALS

WHO ARE MISSIONARIES?

TOO many people of our "modern enlightened era" think that a missionary is some peculiar or perhaps heroic priest or nun who sails away thousands of miles to some strange and distant land where he or she is soon forgotten by us except when their name appears occasionally in some mission magazine or in the obituary notices of our Catholic papers.

With a boldness born of years of actual foreign mission experience and, without detracting one whit from the splendid examples of generosity of missionaries in the field, hundreds of whom we know personally—we would dare to say that they are not extraordinary beings but simply ordinary mortals who fully grasp the essential apostolic element inherent in their incorporation by Baptism into the Mystical Body of Christ.

They realize that the characteristic of all life, especially of spiritual life, is harmonious growth. They realize that this body of the Catholic Church, in which they are vital cells, is still infantine in its development—four hundred million Catholics as compared with one billion five hundred million non-Catholics. They realize that the words of Christ: "Go forth and teach all nations" were addressed not simply to the Apostles but to every least vital cell in this Mystical Body, the Catholic Church.

True, they have been given special graces to go forth *physically* and to teach all nations, but at the same time, they realize that even without this special grace, they should still go forth vicariously by prayer and sacrifice, to help those physically engaged in carrying out Christ's command. They realize that this missionary activity would be utterly impossible if there were not real missionaries at home actively cooperating with them by their constant and persevering prayer and sacrifice. They realize, too, that quite frequently their work in the harmonious development of the Body of Christ is woefully hampered—even occasionally collapses, because there are relatively so few who thoroughly understand how necessary it is for every single Catholic actively and constantly to help in the harmonious development of the Body of Christ.

THE APOSTOLIC SPIRIT

YOU may have noticed that the preceding editorial, "Who are Missionaries?" did not over-emphasize foreign missions; in fact, it almost seemed to smash the high pedestal upon which most people have placed foreign

missionaries. Precisely; and the reason for doing so was to put a truer appreciation of them more within your grasp. Seeing missionaries in their proper perspective, we perceive more clearly that they, with special grace, are doing in a special way what every single Catholic should be doing in an ordinary way.

A probable reason why American Catholics in general have not responded in a big way to the appeal of Our Holy Father, made last October 19th, seems to be that they have not yet fully grasped the apostolic spirit of the Catholic Church. And how can they fully appreciate it, if it is not preached to them? Instead of supposing that the apostolic spirit of Catholicism is taken care of sufficiently by an annual statistical appeal for the Propagation of the Faith, and by one or more tearful appeals from missionaries, returned from foreign lands, people should be instructed more in detail as to what is expected of them in an apostolic way as members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

If all Catholics would learn to pray *daily* for the spread of the Church, to sacrifice *daily* (and sacrifice means not an occasional giving from a superabundance, but a giving of something from that to which they are legitimately entitled) then they would begin to have apostolic hearts. In a word, people should learn by doing. They must acquire the habit of *daily* sacrificing some of their leisure time for apostolic prayer, and of *daily* economizing a little in their standard of living in order to help in the harmonious development of the Body of Christ. In learning to be apostolic, Catholics must conquer that vincible ignorance of their inherent rights and duties as vital cells in the Mystical Body. They must rise above that shame and human respect that prevents them from going forth and teaching all nations—their nation—the people in their own little social circle.

If truly apostolic hearts are thus developed, then, not only will the shameful neglect of home missions disappear, but there will be more intelligent constancy in the support of foreign missions. There will follow, too, for the individual Catholics at home, a real interior joy, born of the realization that they are co-missionaries, missionaries in the real sense of the word. Instead of being mere inactive hero-worshippers, Catholics will thrill over their actual part in the harmonious development of the Kingdom of Christ. In fact they will even imitate the missionaries by working constantly for the conversion of their non-Catholic associates. When all do this, then the spiritual rejuvenation of America will really begin.

JESUIT MISSIONS

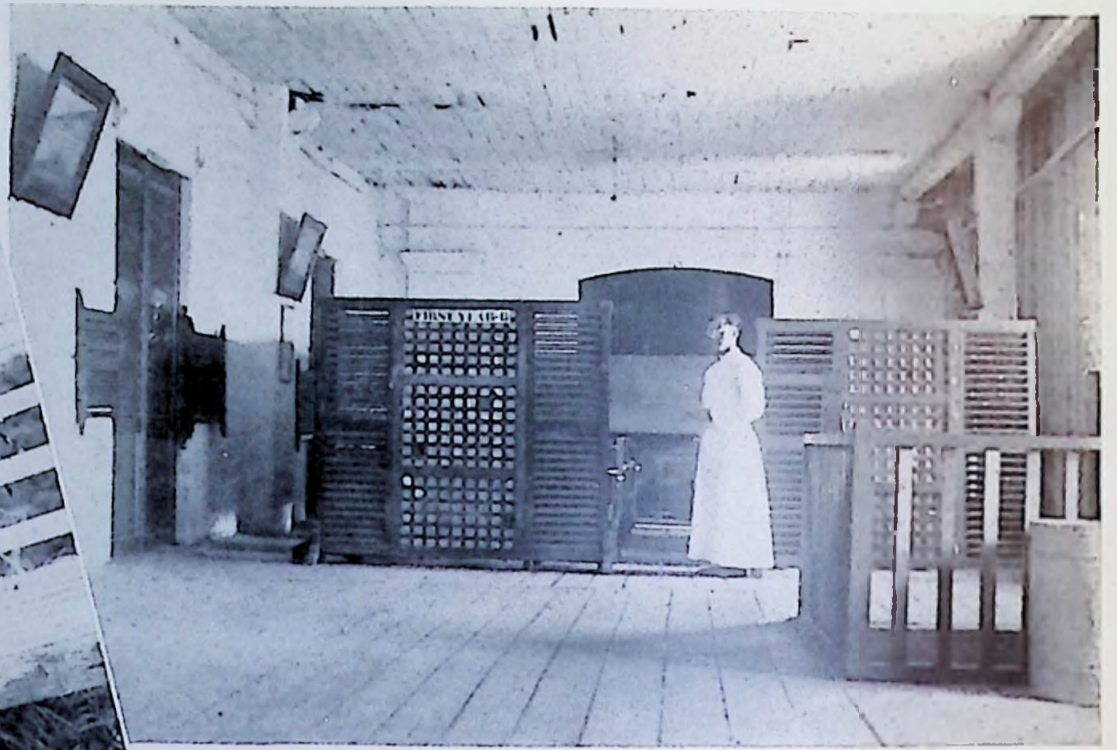
A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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(Center) "For lack of better space we had to put 1-B Classroom in the corridor. Mr. Grau, S.J., stands at the entrance."
 (Left) Rev. Francis D. Burns, S.J., Director of Ateneo de Naga. (Right) The Ateneo de Naga showing the front length.

Philippine Boom School

COOPERATION with the Hierarchy—that is how the Jesuits came to this southern tip of the Island of Luzon in the Philippines.

The zealous and holy Bishop of the Diocese, His Excellency, Pedro Santos, invited the Jesuits to take over a school already begun and managed by the diocesan clergy. Let me give you a picture of this school. First of all, a ten-hour train ride from Manila through a land dotted with palm trees, and washed by tropical waters—over hills and mountains and flat rolling country brings us to the town of Naga, the capital of the Province of Camarines Sur. The old Cathedral, built centuries ago in Spanish times, is the most imposing structure in this town inhabited by twenty-five thousand people. Telephones are unknown—there is no road to Manila, except the winding tracks stretching endlessly as it seems.

THE Jesuits have no home of their own, but for the present, are living with the Bishop. The school is "air-conditioned"—practically just one big window and a roof. Downstairs, there is, or rather

was, a large pig pen. Here, for years, the pigs were exposed to all sorts of knowledge as they could not help hearing the teachers in the classrooms above and around the pen. There was not an electric light in the school, and the library was so sparsely filled, that the Government was seriously thinking of taking away the "recognition" permit so necessary for Philippine schools.

Into this poverty, the Jesuits came. But so far I have described to you only the material aspects of the place—and discouraging as these items were, the spiritual outlook—the spirit of the boys, their kindness, their docility and simplicity and friendliness, their eagerness to learn—all this more than made up for the lack of a "streamlined" school building.

CHRIST always loved the poor. Poverty, certainly no disgrace—is, to say, the least, inconvenient and brings with it much suffering. The boys of Naga are poor, very poor. Many of them come barefooted to school. The tuition is only twenty American dollars a year—yet many of the students find difficulty in paying even though pay-

ment is on a monthly installment basis. The reason for this poverty is due to the fact that most of the income of the neighborhood is derived from Copra—the dried meat of coconut from which oil is extracted for machinery. Due to economic conditions the price of Copra is very low, and consequently, the people suffer financially. The other source of income is from the famous Abaca plant from which Manila hemp-rope is made.

OUR new school, dedicated to the great Missionary of the East, Francis Xavier, is called the Ateneo de Naga. In the Philippines, the school year begins in early June and ends in March. Last June, after months of preparation, the day for registration arrived. To our surprise, consternation and eventually, joy—eight hundred prospective students stormed the doors. Where to put them was the question. The pig pen?—yes, that had to be commandeered. Finally, with an intellectual shoe-horn, we managed to squeeze in six hundred and fifty pupils. Over one half of the students come from distant sections of the region. They are able to



Ateneo de Naga

Francis D. Burns, S.J.

In Ateneo de Naga students receive a Jesuit education under conditions more primitive than those of the early days here in America.

board in Naga for a price ranging from two to five American dollars *monthly*. This includes three meals a day and floor space in the night for sleeping. Some of the poorer boys just rent floor space for fifty cents a month. Then they bring from their hometown a large sack of rice which is to be their sustenance for a month. Of course, they do their own cooking.

INTO these nipa huts (grass huts) ten, fifteen and sometimes twenty boys are crowded. In the evenings, there is just one oil lamp around which, in turn, the students are able to study for a time. Filipinos are early risers and it is no strange sight to see boys walking to school at six o'clock in the morning. Many boys have to walk several miles. Some come so early in order to study in our classrooms, others to enjoy the benefits of our library—and still others just to play bas-

ketball before the rays of the sun become too hot.

Text-books are considered a luxury rather than a necessity. Though we bought many books for the purpose of renting them to the students we have found from our short experience here that many students are without books. Next year we hope to put into effect the regulation that all books must be rented.

THROUGH the generosity of friends in the States and in Manila, we have been able to give the boys excellent recreation facilities. Upstairs we have a large reception room, open from 6:15 a.m., until 6:00 p.m.—and from 7:00 p.m. to 9:30 p.m., on the evenings when there is no class the next day. Here the boys congregate—happy to have a place to play—since their own home quarters are small and crowded. A radio, checkers, ping-pong, chess and four small pool

tables together with many beautiful and interesting pictures on the wall—help to make the place a real clubroom.

Here it is that the Jesuits are able to exert much influence. The Jesuits prefect in the recreation room and are able to have many conversations with the students. Aside from the recreation room, we have five basketball courts, a boxing ring and one volleyball court. Leagues are formed from among the different classes and the intramural rivalry is keen.

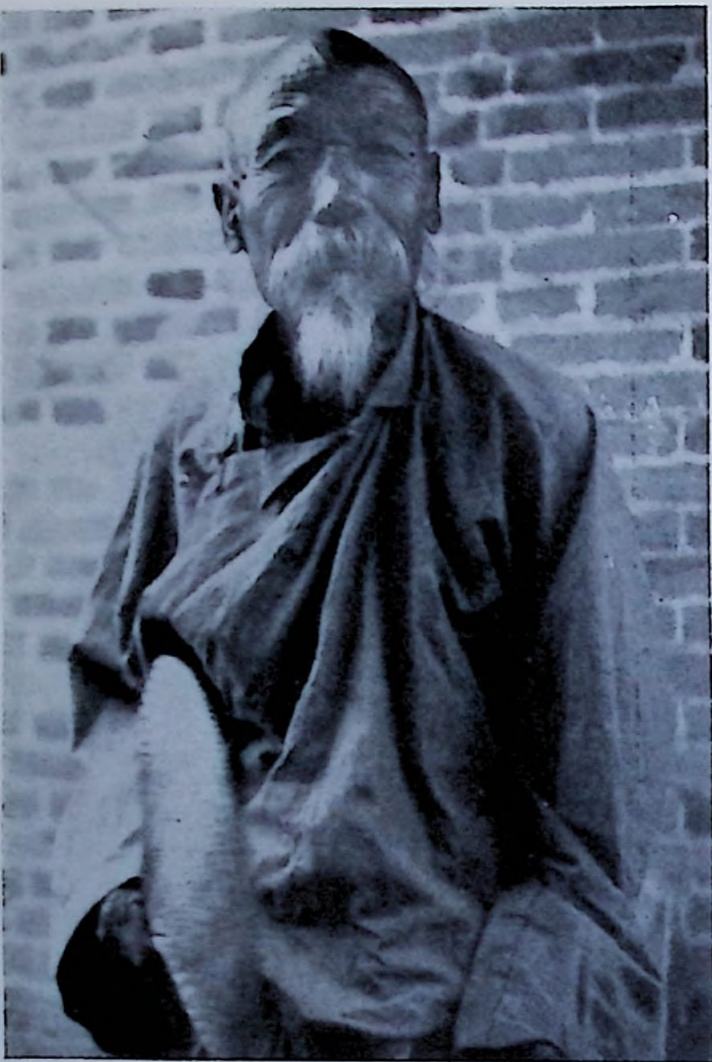
A FEW months ago, our school created a sensation by installing electric lights above one of the basketball courts—thus allowing the students to play in the cool of the evening. In all this region—for hundreds of miles, there is no school possessing such a modern miracle as a night basketball court. The cost was negligible but the amount of publicity obtained by such an innovation is extremely valuable. In this school of ours, emphasis is placed on the spiritual formation—athletics, debates, etc., are but a means to an end—to aid in the formation of a Catholic gentleman.

Last week, for the first time since our arrival in Naga, our boys paraded in public. The occasion was the Feast of Christ the King. As the shades of evening fell, and amidst the glow of thousands of lighted candles, a procession slowly started from the massive Cathedral. Christ the King, from His Monstrance Throne—was borne aloft through the streets of Naga accompanied by thousands of people. The students of the Ateneo de Naga sang hymns and, led by their Jesuit teachers, recited the rosary. In this far-off corner of the earth, in a land of people with light hearts, smiling eyes and a deep religious spirit, Christ, the King, was solemnly adored, and Jesuit boys—just as in other Jesuit schools throughout the world, whether at Fordham, in New York, at Loyola in Chicago—or Santa Clara in California, made their manifestation of Faith, pledging themselves to live as Catholic leaders in the service of God and country. Our school motto is "*Primum*— (Turn to page 111)

Going Old Noah

In this dramatic story Chinese kept the Machang Bowl empty. American Jesuits hope to fill it, not with sugar, cotton or roses, but with God's grace and eternal Life.

William J. Klement, S.J.



Like Noah, this patriarchal old Chinaman of the Haichow District, has to face every year the prospect of devastating flood waters.

OLD Noah took a hundred years to build an ark for but one flood. But out here in China, it is not revelation, but the experience of almost as many years as date back to Admiral Noah's day, that has taught these people to prepare for minor repetitions of that deluge from year to year.

For two score and more of centuries, these slant-eyed sons and daughters of Han have built thousands of miles of serpentine earthen dykes to tame the writhing courses of that fierce Yellow Dragon, the Yellow River and her sisters, which have devoured their children, their crops and their homes, perhaps a dozen hundred times with its furious onslaught.

The territory of the Haichow Sub-Vicariate, which transports so much of the storm drainage from the mountainous slopes of Shantung on through its many shallow roadways to the sea, is in some sector or other, almost an annual victim of its snarling yellow fury.

WHY, many will say, are not these waterways, once and for all, made ample and sturdy enough to put a permanent end to this great wastage and suffering? It is true that with the subsiding waters, the breaks in the dykes are repaired; but the fact remains that the work is too stupendous a task for the small groups of individual farmers immediately concerned. A great united effort is the only remedy, and not until a united Chinese government has a period of peace long enough to apply itself to such problems, will any permanent solution be projected that will be satisfactory.

The expanse of water over which these Chinese scows are about to sail was a few days before a field of ripening corn. The city of Machang is in the distance.

Sometimes those of larger towns have protected their homes and properties by raising a great and sturdy dyke all around the village, a secondary defense during those times when the countryside is flooded. Thus it is, at Machang-Horse Market, (though not a horse within miles!)—where the California Jesuits have just established a new mission station in a pagan wilderness.

Last year it was the north bank of the river that burst out, sending its surging tide sweeping over the countryside. This year when the hungry dragon again rose to



One Better

such threatening heights and the poor peasants in stupefied fear were praying their devil-gods that its devouring maw would not open up upon them, it crashed out of its south bank in the dark of night, and yesterday's sun which had cast its dying rays over rich and fattening harvests, rose next morn upon a vast sea, which buried in its depths an irrecoverable treasure of golden grain, whose loss will mean suffering and starvation for hundred of thousands through the coming long winter.

Rumor has it, that a group of wealthy landowners on the north side, had bribed some soldiers to break out the opposite bank, thus removing the threat to their own lands at the cost of complete loss to others.

Such is but one of a thousand such like acts of selfishness which the missionary of Christ must constantly witness and expect in the midst of paganism. During this summer spent in some "bush" stations, I, a tenderfoot and still a student, began to get my first glimpse and idea of just exactly what paganism is, and what sacrifices the missionaries must make in patience and charity in their combat against it.

AND so it was that this flood tide surged around the well-dyked town of Machang, and tried to swallow it in its hungry gulping. Up to the town's elevated entrances it creeps. Hurriedly these are filled in. Higher and higher these plugs are made, as the lapping tongues licked their ridges; till, now the high stone archways of the city gates are so filled-in, that a man by crouching could scarcely pass beneath them. The dyke standing guard around the town, which never in the memory of Machang's granddads had been seriously threatened, now found its equal. Its sagging saddles are mounded higher when a rivulet begins to trickle over its back.

But higher, higher still, the water rises. Stoic waiting! It can't go yet higher. Yet, higher it climbs. Anxiety, and then frantic labor. Will that ceaseless stream of frenzied workers shouldering their baskets of earth be able to keep ahead of that slow, but relentless rise of the flood? Finally, the rise becomes imperceptible—it has reached its peak. At last, a respite from fatigue and from worry, but not for long.

For now the heavens release their pent-up tide. A torrential rain begins to pour into this great man-made geographical bowl of ten thousand people. Since there is no outlet, the water accumulates in the low drains and pools lining the inner walls. Its bases, soaked now on both sides, become soggy, leaks appear. Before repairs can be made, a bulge of slithering mud slides out here and there.



Poor peasants of the Haichow District in a procession in honor of their many gods whose aid is being invoked to ward off the floods.

A more serious threat now goads-on the tiring men, who are commandeering all available straw-sacks, to fill with dirt and hurl against the relentless enemy. Every tree, whose trunk is straight enough, is cut, and driven into these blistering sides to form a bulwark against their coming to a head. Boys form an endless chain, and, with buckets and cans passing from hand to hand, drain the pools and pour them, almost one would say, by spoonfuls, over the rim of this metropolitan Diogenean tub.

At last, success crowns their labors. Each setting sun finds an inch more height between the ridge and the water's level.

MACHANG "floats" a community Noah in its ark. A two hour's sail in one of the high masted sanpans, with its keel scraping corn stalk tops, and bow occasionally cutting through the sorghum which just thrust their tall heads above the surface, will carry us high above the melted walls of thousands of mud built homes, to the nearest dry section of land on the river's north bank. Nature has no end of surprises, not even a "city in a tub," a 1940 model Noah's ark.

But another ark is being built out there. It is one, built not to save the grain, the animals, or even the babies and lives of the people from the perils of water; but to save their very souls from the flames of Hell, and to carry them safely to the shores of the Everlasting City. It is the indestructible Ark of Peter.

If we speak of human causes cooperating with the Divine Missionary in producing a spiritual effect, we can say that Father "Sancte" Simons laid the keel for this Ark and then cemented with his blood the beams and planking put in place by himself and other missionaries. Pray that this Ark may safely ride out the storm of Communism that is now buffeting it on every side.

Straight To His Death

José
Goncalves, S.J.

The following is a translation of Father Goncalves' letter to the Reverend Father Superior of the Mission of Shanghai. It is an eye-witness account of the tragedy in Shuyang where Father Charles Simons, an American Jesuit, was shot to death by bandits on New Year's eve. The February and March issues of JESUIT MISSIONS carried accounts of his boyhood background and missionary career. The "Afield" section of our May issue will contain a deep-souled appreciation of Father Simons by one of his brother missionaries who knew him intimately.—Editor.

FATHER DE FLAUZON'S telegram has undoubtedly informed you of the tragic death of Father Simons.

I came here on Tuesday, December 31, with the intention of enjoying an intimate little New Year's celebration with my Minister, Father Simons. We expected Father Joseph I. Gatz, S.J., also; but because of the unsettled conditions, he could not make it . . . unhappily for me!

After supper the two of us went into the *k'eh-t'ing* (parlor) in order to continue our conversation. Around nine-thirty the tread of heavy footsteps was heard in the corridor.

(The main door of the house had not yet been locked.)

All of a sudden the parlor door swings open. Two men stand there, each armed with a Mauser. In an insolent tone, they announce themselves:

"Do you know who we are? We are . . ." (here unfortunately, I couldn't catch the name. *Father Simons certainly understood.*) "Are you armed?"

THEY run their hands over us and make us unbutton our overcoats.

"Have you any money? We're looking for money."

One of them turns on me: "Who are you?"

"I am the missionary at Machang."

"Have you got any money?"

"No, I haven't any. I just arrived here this evening."

I show him my empty bill-folder. Then he turns to Father Simons.

"Money . . . how much have you got?"

"I have between twenty and thirty dollars."

"*Pu-hsing! Pu-hsing!* (Won't do) You've got more

than that. The key to the big gate! The key to the big gate!"

"What big gate?"

"The big door!"

"Do you mean the main outside gate?"

"No, the big door here!"

"Oh, you mean the door of my office!"

"That's right! The key! The key!"

"Here's the key. Now, look here, my men, if I am here in China, it is solely to work for the good of the Chinese, to help you."

"Get moving and cut out the humbug!"

AT this a bandit, taking his gun, strikes Father over the head with the barrel. Father tries to ward off the blow. The four of us then enter Father's office, and he pulls open the drawer of his desk.

"There you are; here's the place I keep my money. You can have it."

Father must have handed over around fifty dollars. We didn't count the money, but I am giving an approximate estimate.

"You've got more money than this,

haven't you?"

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have. *Pu-hsing! Pu-hsing!* Make it snappy!"

"I'm telling you the truth, I haven't any more! Do you want *'tung-pei?* (Copper cash?) Here's a whole box full of it."

"No, we don't want that stuff! What's this you've got here?" And a brigand opens Father's wardrobe and takes out a pair of gloves. They then take my wristwatch and my overcoat.

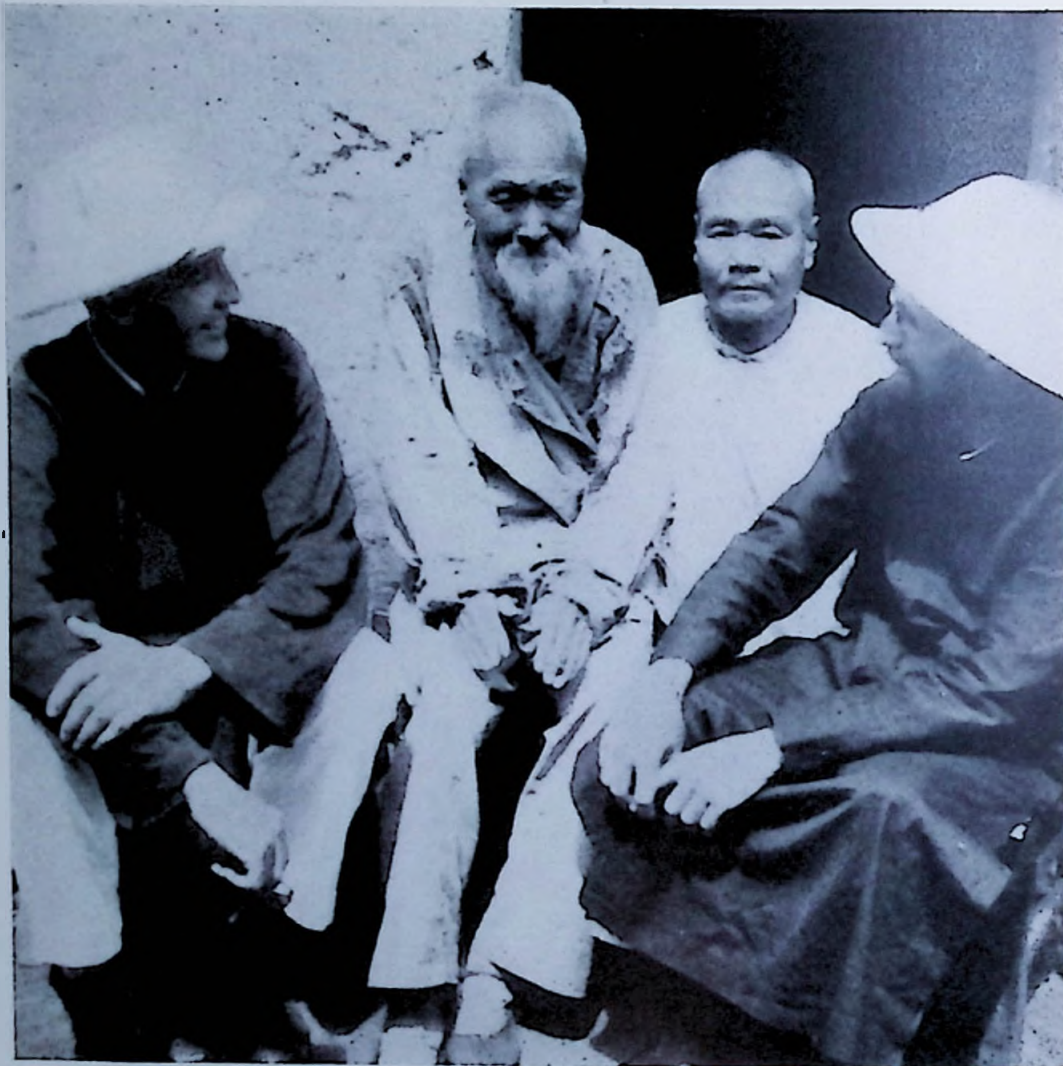
"Have you any watches?" they ask Father Simons.

"Yes, upstairs."

"Come on up!"

THE four of us trot upstairs. They expropriate Father's two watches, and one of the bandits tells me to hold his flashlight while he wraps up a bundle of our money and watches. And in spite of myself, my hand trembled. Just then

(Turn to page 111)



A typical sample of Father Simons (right), being "all things to all men." Father LeSage (left), is enjoyably absorbing some helpful hints for his future missionary life.

Alaska Invites You To---

Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.



It's the berries in Alaska that make Cecilia and Leota so happy on their picnic.

BOYS and girls in the States may be interested to know that Eskimo lads and lassies enjoy a picnic as much as they. The older folks, too, are not to be left behind. A picnic, though, is not circumscribed to a day's outing. It may last a week. Papa does not have to report to a boss for scheduled work—he is his own boss, and free to do what he wants. Mama, too, is not hampered by necessary housework or a social register. She can pick up a few cooking utensils and rough it with the best of them.

With the fishing season slacking up and berries ripening, a picnic is in order. Off, therefore, the family goes in a home-made rowboat. Things are piled high and wide—tent, a little dry fish and seal oil, buckets for berries, etc. Youngsters are tucked in with the rest of the belongings while the father and mother take turns at the oars.

SHOULD you desire to accompany them, prepare yourself beforehand that no one is in a hurry. Everything is done in a leisurely manner. Mosquitoes will assail you sometimes by the hundreds, sometimes by the thousands, depending on the wind. There is no use getting impatient with them. They will be with you off and on during the entire trip. You will most likely wear a mosquito net. The tundra Eskimo take the mosquito as a matter of course. Very few bother with a net, either during the day or night.

Down the river you go—during this time of the year it may rain solidly for days on end. Weather also hardly bothers the Eskimo. He will pull out from nowhere a whale-gut rain parka placidly remarking that the rain is wet. Birds of all descriptions are flying around. We pick out sea gulls, marsh-hawks, ducks with their ducklings, several varieties of snipe with their young, loons, owls, and a host of small darting birds that I will not presume to classify because they are too numerous.

Finally, after several hours—six or eight doesn't matter, time does not render an Eskimo impatient—high ground is reached, a likely place for berries. As you draw up to the bank a group of long-legged cranes slowly take wing. They have been feasting on berries and now yield the field to you.

The children scamper about chasing small ducks, eating berries, perfectly at home in the wide open spaces of the tundra. A tent is pitched, water carried, wood gathered, and then commences the carefree task of picking berries.

Salmon berries are red and almost as big as a strawberry. Blueberries are about the size

of a gooseberry and have the tart taste of a wild grape. Blackberries are about the same size of a blueberry but hard and almost tasteless. Cranberries are like our own cranberry in the States. It often happens that every type of berry will grow in close proximity to the other.

TIME flows gently and smoothly along. Hunting ducks will be a pleasant diversion. A net can be set in the river with a surety of catching some kind of fish—generally at this time of year—pink or silver salmon. You are alone with a single family, and the large silent tundra. You marvel how easily both children and grown-ups are amused. The toys for the youngsters will be a baby gull or a duckling. Mice will be shot with bow and arrow. No financial worries here, none about food—it is had for the taking. The Eskimo are not land-grabby—there is too much of it. Prayers will be simply and regularly said. Often the clear voices of the children can be heard singing a native Catholic hymn. You are enjoying the company of a simple people living close to Nature and perhaps closer to God than his White war-minded brother.

After a hearty meal, the music maker brings out his accordion. A circle of brown, smiling faces forms and the dance commences. The Eskimo women and girls in their bright calico and cotton slips, which they wear to protect their other garments, lend color to the scene. Their dances take the form of pantomime. The walrus or the seal hunt is portrayed so vividly with gestures that words are unnecessary. Half a dozen men-folk might engage in blanket tossing to the huge amusement of the whole company. This is a hardy sport for a hardy people. Of course there is the danger of breaking a neck or an arm, but this rarely happens. Like the ball carrier on the gridiron their judgment is sure and they know how to break the fall. So my people enjoy a picnic, making much of little, grateful to God for His blessings.

Good Tidings To Nepal, The



A monk from the Buddhist monastery in the hills near Kurseong, India, seems weighed down by the woes of the world. The object he holds in his hand is a prayer wheel.

THE blessing of God came right to our door when early one morning a group of eight or ten Nepali Buddhists trotted into our mission compound at Bettiah, Champaran District, intent on some new experience which a strange place had in store for them. I had already heard of this special type of Mongolian mountaineers who inhabit the Himalayan slopes of Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan and Tibet. But I had never imagined that one day I would be privileged to meet a group of live Nepalese and verify every line of information I had of them.

It was indeed a blessing that came right to our door, because the land of Nepal has been closed to all missionaries and to any kind of conversion work for many years. Nepal is a forbidden country even now. Since the great persecution of 1769, which expelled the Capuchin missionaries and their new converts, no Christian missionary has been allowed to set foot within its boundaries.

WITH its five or six million inhabitants, this native state of Nepal is a part of the large Patna

Mission entrusted to the American Jesuit Fathers of the Chicago Province. The main religions of the people are Hinduism and Buddhism. Katmandu, the capital, has large temples dedicated both to the Hindu deities and to Buddha. Nepal is a romantic, picturesque country with valleys watered by the melting Himalayan snow, and with mountain slopes that are covered with thick, dank jungles of the wildest type. Wild in its natural beauty, this mysterious land produced the famous Gurkha warriors, who were noted for their exceptional prowess in the Great War of 1914, and who still form the nucleus of the Indian standing army.

THE Hindu Maharaja (King) of Nepal is a noble, munificent person. At Darjeeling—a town outside the eastern frontiers of Nepal, he recently presented a *lakh* of rupees towards the erection of a magnificent temple in honor of Shiva, one of the Hindu gods. Nor has he forgotten the missionaries of Patna; for, he sent a donation to them to repair an ancient bell of the Old Cathedral at Patna. This bell, originally installed in the Cathedral

by the Maharaja, was damaged during the great Bihar earthquake of 1934, and it has not been used since that time.

Our guests, the Buddhist mountaineers, brought with them all the freshness of the snowy peaks. Yet, something was wanting to them in their mountain homes. It was the warmth of the plains of Bihar and Patna which the Himalayas in winter could not give them. In mid-winter, when the mighty winds of the snow-capped Himalayan peaks whistle through or moan around their poor huts, they bethink themselves of the warm plains below. Group after group of them can then be seen picking their way down the mountain paths with their camping tents and Nepalese ponies. They bring along with them the products of the jungles—wild honey, wax and wool to trade for sweet spices and oils of the plains.

EYES, they say, can tell a story; and the oriental almond eyes of our eight or ten Nepalese told us that they were of Mongolian descent. As for their broad innocent grin, it is typical of their race. It seems to make their yellow cheeks bulge and to flatten out still more their broad noses. You cannot resist that guileless smile and demeanor. How you wish they were not pagans! Perhaps that mild doctrine of Buddhism, termed *ahimsa*—a combination of universal charity and restraint from harming any living being, is the cause of their gentle behavior.

Though blessed with such a splendid disposition, they are still outside the fold of Christ. "We can do something for these wandering pagans," so we thought, "and send them back to that land of promise, as a blessing of God, a light of Christ. This is our opportunity." Yet we did not know their tongue. They spoke Nepali which is much different from Hindi, the vernacular of the inhabitants of the northern part of India. Providence made up for our deficiencies by giving us a fairly good interpreter.

Land of Hope

Alphonse
Goveas, S.J.

AN Indian priest who knew a bit of Nepali, and we, with our broken Hindi and many signs to supply the needed words, instructed them in the main tenets of salvation. After the talks we invited them to visit our church and to greet the Eucharistic Lord. They were not strangers to temples, statues or ceremonies. Hence, hardly had they stepped into the church, when they prostrated themselves on the ground. After rising, they untied a small bundle of "sacred" rice and sprinkled it on the ground in front of the tabernacle, muttering in the meantime strange prayers and incantations. Then followed repeated prostrations and prayers. At this spectacle, I bethought myself of the homage of the Magi before our Lord.

HAVING instructed them again, we let them go with a gentle reminder to come back. Days followed, yet they did not return. It was natural that they longed to be back again in their snow-huts surrounded by mountain brooks and jungles. They were the messengers of the tidings of Christ to their own brethren within the land forbidden to missionaries for many centuries.



The Nepalese women adorn themselves not only with earrings but also with nose rings. Even the child is sporting an anklet and a bracelet.

They departed, reaching Nepal within a week. I could not rest till I had a peek at that mysterious land. Such an occasion presented itself when I went to the Himalayas for my theological studies at St. Mary's College, Kurseong.

ST. MARY'S theological seminary is situated at a height of 5,454 feet on the slopes of the Himalayas. Here, most of the young Jesuits in India finish their theological studies and are ordained missionary priests for the conversion of their respective parts of India. Here, too, one can see the undulating ranges of hills, just a few miles to the west, that mark the boundary of Nepal. The highest of the peaks visible from here is Mt. Tongloo, that rises to a height of about 10,000 feet. This mountain, we resolved to climb, and view Nepal stretching out beneath it.

The way to the foot of the hill was easy enough, as it could be done by motor bus. The most difficult part was the steep climb on foot to the summit, 4,000 feet high. Along the way, outside the frontier of Nepal, we came across several small villages where hard-working Nepalese had established themselves to eke out their livelihood. Here and there could be seen long lines of coolies, with large baskets slung from their heads and strapped on their backs, trooping off to work on the famous Darjeeling tea plantations. Often we would meet mothers marching to work carrying tender babes in their tiny baskets slung from their heads. At times, too, we would pass wayside shrines and temples of Buddha or meet a Buddhist Lama (priest) turning a prayer-wheel or fingering his large-beaded rosary.

In one of the temples we visited, there was a huge statue of Buddha, painted yellow. There was an equally large prayer-wheel at the entrance of the temple, which was whirled round



These Nepalese children would win the heart of any missionary. They are not laughing at those false faces on the opposite page but are enjoying themselves at a native bazaar.

incessantly by an old, dumb lady devotee. She entreated us with many signs and demonstrations to prostrate before the statue of Buddha and pay our homage to him while she kept turning the prayer-wheel. Each revolution of the wheel, according to the belief of the Buddhists, is equivalent to a prayer said.

LEAVING the temple, we proceeded on our upward climb, accompanied by a few Nepalese. Half-way up the peak we found long lines of prayer-flags, marking the boundary of Nepal. At certain points we could see houses for guards who kept a continual watch at the boundary lines. We asked some of them the meaning of the long flags, nailed lengthwise along wooden posts. They told us that those "sacred" flags had various prayers printed on them. Their ceaseless flapping in the wind was supposed to have the efficacious effect of a continuous stream of prayers offered to God. Hence, it was not necessary for them to pray as the flags performed this holy duty for them.

We spent some time trying to convince them (Turn to page 111)

Our Neighbor Ibrahim

Francis B.
Sarjeant, S.J.

IBRAHIM is our neighbor. We live in a big house and he lives in a tent. We lead a monastic life and he leads a nomadic life. Books are our tools, while he works with sheep. We are "civilized" and he is not. We all have our university degrees and he could not read one if he had it. Yet I think that we can learn a lot from Ibrahim.

Ibrahim is more than a little Arab boy. He is a poet, a philosopher and a preacher. He is an evangelical bird of the air and lily of the field. There is a bit of Aristotle, Kempis and Saint Francis of Assisi mixed with the Bedouin in him. And the brew is not bad. When the snake of materialism spits its poison at us, Ibrahim is a stimulant. You are not fooling him. He knows that this world is only a bridge. Then why should he build a house on it? And so he goes over it like a wandering minstrel with a song of gratitude on his lips to its Maker. Are you as wise as Ibrahim? I must confess that at times I am not. And yet I should be wiser.

THIS morning he went by my window at seven. He will go by again tomorrow at the same time . . . though how he is so regular without the slightest idea of a watch still mystifies me. Each morning he toot-toots—in direct defiance of the old challenge, "How can you toot a toot-toot, if you haven't got a toot-toot to toot?" For Ibrahim does not need the machine age to manufacture happiness for him. He is a son of the desert, a dry, barren, empty desert that yields only gravel and dust. The bulge in the picture is not glands nor a rice-belly. It is Ibrahim's treasure—a rubber ball and a slingshot. The oversize shoes he is wearing are only a concession to the holiday spirit of the people around him. To him they are both unnecessary and undesirable. When the sheep are properly distributed in the few green patches around us, out comes the rubber ball. This is a one-man ball team, for whether by necessity or choice, Ibrahim works on the principle of Seneca that as often as he is amongst men he becomes less a man. So he uses the garden wall to return his ball.

About eleven o'clock when it becomes real warm, he peels off his "dishdasher"—a very simple process—and plunges into the muddy water of our garden ditch. He does not reach for a river—the mighty Tigris only two minutes away—when a simple irrigation ditch will do. Isn't Ibrahim wise?

For a while Ibrahim was a problem. Our local gravel contains stones ranging in size from a pea to a pineapple. When we covered the walks of our unwallied garden with it, Ibrahim became emotionally unbalanced. There is only one reaction that can be expected from a real, live healthy boy let loose in a wide open space with a heap of loose stones. He had it. Piece by piece, our gravel



This is Ibrahim, the child of nature who stands before the portals of Baghdad College. He has no desire to enter its halls of learning though he is a friend of the Jesuit Fathers within.

was being hurled into the surrounding gardens until it threatened to disappear entirely. We solved the problem by removing the pineapple pieces ourselves; nobody wants to throw a pea.

WE were troubled, too, at first, by his never-failing begging of a holy picture as we passed him several times daily on the way to and from school. It took us a little time to realize that he did not really want one, but was only bidding us the time of day in the local manner. In fact, there is the secret of Ibrahim—whatever he may ask, he wants nothing; he is content with his rubber ball and his slingshot. Now I wonder if men are any wiser with their magistrates and kings, their gold and their manors and their machines. How many of them can greet each day with a joyous toot-toot as does Ibrahim?

We need a little more than a slingshot and a rubber-ball to make us happy. But here in Iraq we learn to get along without much we thought so necessary at home. Thus we imitate our little Arab friend.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Falrehold Aerial Surveys, Inc.

A Fireside

It was winter. An old man still strong and hale from his years of hard work in the open sits in a well-worn morris-chair and gazes into the flames dancing up and down in the fire place. There is a letter on the table. The fire is cozy tonight. A storm is scratching at the window panes. The old man draws closer to the fire, lights his black scarred pipe, puffs away contentedly, picks up the letter and reads it through again. It is from his boy.

The Letter Ends

"The roads were rough, the place was far up in the hills. Part of the trip I had to make on a mule, but it was worth it. I just got word this morning that the baby I baptized died two days afterwards. The mother pulled through all right. Chalk up one more to my account with the Angels. The rugged constitution I inherited from you, thrives on opposition. I remember you daily at the altar. Then I am very near to you and I know God blesses you for me.

"As ever, your affectionate son,
"Jim."

Jim, named after himself, and so like himself he was. The neighbors called him a chip off the old block. Ah, but he had his mother's eyes, God rest her. She had not lived until his ordination but sure she must be gazing down proudly upon him from Heaven now. Her son, his son. Yes, their own flesh and blood, the consummation of their love. Think of it, his son whom he had dandled in his arms; now he was off in the tropics working for God and doing well at it too.

Herself

The years vanish in the flames and out of them rise the vision of a woman with a child in her arms. They were a happy couple. Together they had walked down the years. He recalled how they walked in the park on Sunday afternoons when the sun was warm and spring was in the air, how she stood in the doorway of a night and took away his dinner pail and helped him off with his coat, how she looked at early morning Mass by his side, how at the close of evening she knelt on the kitchen floor and all recited the Rosary together. Yes, she was an angel sent to himself and his son to bring out the goodness in them. Thank God for her and the years spent with her by his side.

"Not Lonely But Proud"

They would say he was a lonely old man now. They would say how it was a shame that his son had gone out from him and left him to go far away among savages. Nonsense. It was begrudging to God they were. Look at Tom Murphy's son away down in Brazil on a coffee plantation. He never came home at all now and little Billie Corcoran off with the Army in China . . . and pretty Katie Connors married and living in Hawaii. No, they didn't mind that, did they? He was proud, yes, proud to let his son go in the service of God. And wasn't the happiest day of his life the day he saw his other self stand at the same altar at which he was married and offer up the Holy Sacrifice. The shame be on them that they forget the meaning of Sacrifice. But they mean no harm. They were only thinking of him and the greying years.

His Own Youth

He remembered how he stole the golden guineas from under the setting hens at home in the Old Country and off and away he flew to the land of promise here in America with never a good-bye. Lighthearted and young he was. Many a time the silent tear stole to his eye for his thoughtlessness. They forgave him all that when they heard he had a son a priest. From his first wages here in America he had repaid the sum tenfold. Now he had nothing but fragrant memories of the old sod and the dear faces of long ago.

The Neighbors

When God called, it was different. His son came to him one day and told his secret. Gladly he gave consent. With the years he had gained honor in the eyes of his friends. He could not walk down the street but old neighbors would greet him. "How is Father Jim getting on?" That gave him the opening and he was off. Yes, Jim was a grand son. Wasn't that why God called him to His service?

Lives Renewed

The flames dance a little higher and brighter and the glow in his own eyes reflects the light. Did he see the souls gathered one by one by his son's anointed hands and sent home to Heaven from some far off corner of the world? Did he see his spirit and her spirit, moulded into one in the life of their priest-son? Their lives were renewed in him. The whole story of their lives would not be told till his, too, was run out. For they would be perfected and glorified in the work of their child. JOHN P. DEEVEY, S.J.



Caribbean A Mission

Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J.

A meaningful moon, climbing the crystal walls of heaven over Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, that "helped to fasten my thoughts on things that really matter."

IT was one of those black nights out in the squally Caribbean when the traveller half wishes he had not answered the call of the sea and set his course to foreign strands, which have for centuries withstood the relentless pounding of the surf beating up on them. Out of this sea, hurricanes were known to sweep with such lightning speed that the spars of coast-wise vessels snapped like matchwood. There was no telling how often violent winds had blown in from this treacherous expanse of blue to smash thatched huts to bits along the low swampy coast. But tonight darkness brooded upon a calm, adamant sea.

We were sitting in arm chairs, the old missionary and I, our eyes fixed on the deck between our feet. We did not hope to see anything new upon this lane of the sea. American tourists aboard had been lured to these tropic waters by such inviting advertisements as: "Your one earthly glimpse of Heaven"; but for us this conjuring up of coral-bejeweled islands and colorful ports and glorious, templed cities, where old Spain still lives, held little attraction. All this travel-magic was lost on us, for we had known it all at first hand and were now homeward bound, the old missionary for a well-won rest and I to complete my studies.

I had been on these coasts for the

last three years and the missionary for thirty. From Belize to Puerto Barrios the distance was one hundred miles, eight hours' steady steaming for the *Santa Marta* out past English Caye, a little coral isle standing like a sentry box guarding the main channel, and then into the reef-bound sea.

IN the morning we would lose our fellow-passengers at the next place of call. From there some would entrain for Guatemala City, loveliest, most thriving metropolis of Central America. Others would journey to ancient, monolithic Quirigua. But we would remain aboard, with the prow of our ship turned stateswards and the prospect of renewing old acquaintances beckoning us home. It was a circuitous route we were following, and one that might have proved tedious in the extreme were it not for the presence of the missionary who, with a little coaxing, could be induced to narrate a saga of stories that deserved to be told. Happily, he was in the mood for one of his tales tonight.

The beacon lights on shore were stabbing the night as he began casually to unravel his yarn. Pointing to the mere smudge of darkness where the lights were blinking, he said:

"That's Stann Creek, or I miss my guess. I spent four years in the

mission there among the Caribs. They are a sturdy race, these descendants of St. Vincent's slaves who found their way to these shores when the Americas were young. The Gospel of Christ came to them since, a torchlight of faith in the hands of intrepid missionaries.

"They were men enough to face the trials, native and missionary alike, who by honest toil made a go of things in those early times. A shirker had no business here. It was a country full of sickness and insects of every kind, a land that would try the patience even of strong men. Yet the missionaries stayed on. Were it not for their undaunted courage and humble reliance on God, this fertile vineyard of the Lord might have been lost to us. All the story of their quest of souls would have gone untold, and this Christian settlement would have come down to us a different thing.

"STEER straight for that harbor light, and you will find the place I'm talking about. There are coconut trees along the shore and behind them some dark mangroves. In daylight it's easy to find your way up to the pier, but don't every try to find it after dark. You might as well try to find a needle in a bundle of hay.

My first trip down from Belize was a nightmare. Imagine my feelings as the old sailing sloop in which I took passage ploughed her way

Moonlight Reveals Missionary's Memories

A young missionary, returning to the States for his theological studies, snares in words, one of those rare outpourings of an old missionary's heart.

south along the coast in the face of a stiff wind. There was nothing to do but watch the coast. Watching a coast slip by you over the side of a boat is better than watching a tempestuous sea all around you, especially if you're not a sailor. I wasn't. I was only a missionary, and the coast off there to the right gave me more to think about than the rising swells. There were souls off there.

“FUNNY how your thoughts fasten on things that really matter when you're at sea. Here I was on rough waters, not giving a thought to the ship's plight in the angry waves as I strained for a clearer view of the land of my future apostolate. There it was before me—dark green through the midst, the edge of a vast jungle where people lived and toiled under a fierce tropical sun. It was to this land and to these people that I had been sent to labor in the cause of Christ. How successful my work would be I was only to find out several months later.

“Meantime, there was a little matter of flying spray, a howling wind, and a tumultuous sea to be coped with. There was little danger of disaster, though, with a captain like ours at the helm. He knew the road well and could be depended

(Above) Toys for a hurricane riding at anchor in the harbor of Belize, British Honduras. (Below) A last outpost on the edge of riotous jungle growth "riding through which a missionary feels the loneliness and mystery of life."

upon in any emergency. The fact that there was not a dry spot on the boat was none of his doing. Besides, he had piloted his little sloop safely into port every week, in season and out of season, long before I had ever dreamed of becoming a missionary. There was no reason why he couldn't do so this time.

“IT was hours later that Stann Creek came into view. Then our troubles began. Knocking about dangerously in the harbor, the sea too rough to permit a safe anchorage near the pier, we were reduced to calling for help from shore. Our appeal went out through a conch shell, which one of the sailors blew so lustily that the whole town must have heard it. In a few minutes several doreys put *(Turn to page 111)*



On the Road to Tenby

William F.
McHale, S.J.

ST. MARY'S Above Rocks, is well named. It is hard to get to and harder to cultivate. It is only about nineteen miles out of Kingston, Jamaica but after the first two, you hit the rough roads and the hills. Hugging the side of the cliffs, you turn blind corners, one after another, with your finger playing taps on the horn. If you are nervous, you'll gasp as you round a curve and look down over a drop of a thousand feet. If you are sensible, you'll commend yourself to God by a brief Act of Contrition and hope that all banana trucks are well on their way to Kingston and the boat.

Above Rocks was a change after the routine work at the Cathedral in Kingston. Once again I was on the road. Father Donovan had gone on a well earned vacation and I was the pastor of Above Rocks for a few months. When I got used to the place itself, we decided to forage around the neighborhood.

TENBY is a little hamlet adjacent to Above Rocks. We set out in that direction. Michael, the good-as-gold general helper around the church and Monica, who by the way, is interested in Michael and any ecclesiastical work that includes a car ride, accompanied me.

Fortunately for us, we met Mr. Thompson along the winding tracks that led to Tenby. He is the walking Catholic Directory of this village. He not only knows his way around but can also put his finger on every Catholic family along the way. In two hours I accomplished some good and learned much about the patient and cheerful Father Donovan and his work among these people.

They crowded me with questions. Did he arrive safe? How was he? When would he come back to them? They told me how the children cried when he left because they feared that something might happen to the sweet Father away off in the States. Then he could not return to them. "Fadder, you don't favor (look like) Fadder Donovan." No, I am not like Father Donovan, but for these few weeks I will try to do some of the things he used to do for his people.

The few magazines we had in the car we distributed as we went. They may not read them but they like the pictures. They come in handy for wall paper too. One home I visited had



William F. McHale, S.J., (author) who, with the return of Father Donovan, was reappointed to Morant Bay.



There the coconuts hang in a cluster high up in the top of the tree. Their milk is like sweetened water.

all the rotogravure sections for weeks or maybe years back pasted on the walls. Much better to have good pictures of the Sacred Heart or Our Lady or some of the Saints gazing down on the family with a silent blessing than these other nondescript pictures.

NOT a few persons needed spiritual attention. Out here much is to be excused. Usually there is a plausible explanation for not living up to the letter of the Catholic rule of life. The amazing thing was to find so many staunch members who travel long distances over difficult tracks to be present at Mass and to receive Holy Communion.

At the far end of Tenby we visited a sick person. Her daughter offered us a glass of coconut water. It tasted like the nectar of the gods. This is the way Nature provides pure drinking water in the tropics. There it hangs in a little cluster at the top of the tree. When you are ready, send up a boy for it.

Rain clouds were gathering. It was time for us to leave Tenby. We swung around and headed back to the main road.

Above Rocks Parish, though very poor in material things, is rich spiritually. The efforts of the splendid priests who worked this territory and of the present pastor are enduring. It is a pleasure despite the poverty and want, to live in a real Catholic atmosphere. Their faith is as strong as the rocks after which the mission is named. Still, it requires constant effort to keep one's good humor. You must be buoyant and smile like Father Donovan, get what results you can, and leave the rest to God.

Conversion of Buddhists

The Mission Intention for April

NO doubt you've often seen a squat little green Buddha perched on a mantelpiece next to the electric clock or the picture of Uncle Alex. That dumpy little figure is an object of veneration to more than one hundred and fifty million Asiatics.

In Nepal, India, five centuries before the coming of Our Lord, Buddha, son of a petty Raja, taught that the answer to the great question: "What will make man completely happy?" is "Nothing!" So the way to find perfect peace is to achieve nothing. Nothingness or self-extinction, the highest good of the Buddhist is called "Nirvana." If you do not overcome every possible desire, even of the most innocent pleasures, you will have to go on existing. After you finish this life, your next may be as a dog, after that a cat, then a mouse and so on and on. This reincarnation or chain of existence is known as "*karina*."

BUDDHA began to preach his gospel in Benares in India. His winning personality and eloquence soon won him some influential converts. For fifty years this famous contemporary of Confucius, another great religious philosopher, labored to establish his cult. When he died in 480 B.C., he left behind him a large group of monks who vowed themselves to lives of strict asceticism and contemplation to arrive at the complete suppression of every kind of desire so that they could gradually get rid of the greatest evil in the world—existence!

Of course, this was too much for common folk so for them were devised various heavens of sensually pleasant existences for which they could strive, but they would never acquire perfect happiness because they would still *be*. Nirvana means a "blowing out." One is not completely blown out until one has given up even the desire of being happy forever!

As a result of the concessions to the common man and lack of any central teaching authority, the followers of Buddha soon went off on various doctrinal banquets. Each school had its own set of sacred books and some of them adopted the most degrading superstitions of the Hindus.

Buddha himself was from all accounts a man of excellent character. His natural gifts and virtues were such that, had he lived to know Him Who came to give us life and not death, he might have been a fervent apostle of Christianity.

AT first there were no religious rites in the sect of Buddha. Personal devotion to him sufficed. However, he was not long dead before this very devotion to him turned into formal worship. His reputed relics were enclosed in shrines and venerated by the people. A difficulty arose from the fact that since Buddha himself had, of course, achieved Nirvana or self-extinction, his clients could not pray to him! The monks remedied that vexing situation by explaining that there was a person called "Metteyga" a divine being, to whom the faithful could pray. This person now in heaven was destined to become another Buddha on this earth.

Today the purest Buddhism as outlined above is known as Southern Buddhism and is professed in Ceylon, Burma and Siam. In Northern India, China and Japan, the primitive form underwent many fantastic changes. In India the sect grew rapidly and the history of Asoka, a royal convert to it in 300 B.C., shows that it spread over most of India in his day largely because of his favor. Under that ruler, missionaries were sent to Ceylon in the south, and in the north to Kashmer, Kandahar and the Yavanna country. In all those places it quickly took root and flourished.

China began to embrace Buddhism in the first century after the coming of Our Lord. Pagan missionaries from the north of India brought the corrupted form of the religion to the Chinese and they in turn passed it on to Japan and Korea.

A SHORT time ago the secular press had a field day in covering the elevation of a little peasant boy to the dignity of Dalai Lama in Tibet and readers of Hilton's "Lost Horizons" will remember the elaborate ceremonial with which the Buddhist inhabitants of Tibet have surrounded their high priest. Because the Dalai Lama claims infallibility and is assisted in ruling his people by a hierarchy of bishops and priests with mitres, copes, dalmatics, holy water, incense, etc., some third-rate historians immediately concluded that Catholic ritual and doctrine stemmed from the Buddhism of Tibet. This, however, is impossible since we know that Buddhism did not penetrate Tibet until 700 A.D. Moreover, the wide propagation of Nestorianism through Central and Eastern Asia as early as 640 A.D. offers a natural explanation of the similarity. It also explains why many incidents related in the Buddhist sacred books resemble closely incidents taken from our Gospel narratives. But what a contrast there is between the dull lifeless tone of Buddhism and the joyous song of the follower of Jesus Christ singing in his heart because he possesses Him Who is the very source of all life!

TODAY, Buddhism is moribund. One can hardly expect more of a religion whose aim is self-extinction! In its huge organization, the pulse of life is now only faintly discernible. For the most part, its power of activity is gone and many of the educated Buddhists recognize the fact clearly. They are looking for the religion which will give them what we all crave—life, and a life of perfect happiness.

Only the Catholic Church can satisfy that craving fully. Only the hundreds of zealous Catholic missionaries who are laboring valiantly among the 150 million Buddhists of Asia can give them Him who *is* Life. Whether or not their efforts are successful depends in great measure on the spiritual and material support which they receive from us at home. By helping them we are Christ-bearers and life-bringers to millions who are looking away from dead Buddha to Him Who is The Way, The Truth and The Life for all men.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Down in Mindanao

"It is easy to see," writes Father Thomas A. Shanahan, S.J., from the Ateneo de Manila, P. I., "that I am not one of your dependents down in Mindanao. I would then be more careful in my correspondence. While I was down there during vacation, I had a

and I'll tell you about it. It's a real leaping Lena, a Ford of the vintage of 1931, color—green, wheels—yellow, passengers—five-up, class—sedan, top—not turret, horn—weak, lights—out, breaks—relined and also the clutch, general condition—rapidly improving; it could hardly grow worse without a head-on wreck. Really, though, I believe that I

body reinforced, an ignition switch installed, the doors tightened, and a pair of keys made for the door. Before I bought the car the old Spanish Padre who formerly owned it had a new battery, carbureter and distributor installed.

Brand New Lizzie!

"My rejuvenated Lizzie is expected to make her debut next Saturday morning in a sparkling gown of Simonize and I hope that for the next five years she will be the sweetest lady in the auto parade. The experts say that she will, but I am wondering if it would not have been more satisfactory to jack up the St. Christopher Medal and run in a new Ford.

"Time will tell and I hope that she is a good sailor because I expect shortly to load her onto a inter-island steamer for Mindanao. If she rolls down the skids off the boat at Cagayan on her own power it will be just one more victory for Henry. After that no more long rests in the shop but just food and drink and plenty of rough roads and heavy loads for five years."



Family of Fidelis, an Indian catechist, whom Father J. G. Mann, S.J., calls the backbone of the Dom mission. He gave up drinking tea and thus donated one-thirteenth of his monthly salary to help the missions.

chance to get around. As I was teaching in the Cagayan Summer School I could not see all. But what I did see, convinced me that the men were using their funds to carry on their various ventures for the Church to the neglect of their own personal needs. Depend upon it, your ice boxes were a most thoughtful and necessary gift to them. I am sure that they would not have bought one for themselves. So anything you do for those men out on the missions is a thousand times blessed."

What a Car!

In a recent letter to his family, Father J. Edward Wasil, S.J., describes the various parts of his newly acquired Ford:

"I have a new car! Don't laugh

have the ideal car for the rough roads of Mindanao. The car cost me eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents to buy, about one hundred and five dollars to repair and twenty-six dollars for tires.

"Repairs included a new top and seat covers, three tires and tubes, two bulbs and a pane of glass, not to mention a windshield wiper, new wiring and a pair of pistons. Incidentally, it was necessary to replace the second gear and bearing, the timing gear, rings, speedometer cable and the spuds on one of the rear wheels. I had the horn tuned, the valves ground, the paint touched up and a bundle of minor dents removed. Since the shock-absorbers no longer worked, I had an extra leaf inserted in each spring and the

IRAQ

Father Anderson

Again we are indebted to Mr. Francis Cronin, S.J., for keeping us posted on events at Baghdad College:

"Father Francis Sarjeant, S.J., went over to the Holy Land at the end of last month to kill two birds with one stone. He had to make a retreat. It is not very easy for him to make it here in this house, for there are always arriving in our parlor people who want to see him. So if he wants the required peace, he has got to get away from the house. He chose Palestine because he wanted to see Father Francis W. Anderson, S.J., and see how he is fareing in the mountain-climbing and other difficulties of Trans-Jordan. We thought that Father Anderson would get a chance to

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

come over here for a much needed break, but since Father Rector returned alone, I guess we will have to wait a while for a visit from our one-time classmate.

Our Little Friend Su'ad

Before Father Anderson took himself off to his new job, he was studying Arabic with Mr. George Hoyt, S.J., and myself. We were doing a little story about a polite, neat, studious little girl named Su'ad. We just about learned all her good qualities when Father Anderson got his call. One of the visits he made to a school in his new province found him in a primary class in Arabic. And what were the tots reading? Nothing else but the life story of our little friend, Su'ad. Did Father Anderson make hay while *that* sun shone?

Taffy from Our Lady

"We five Scholastics, together with Father John A. Devenny, S.J., renewed the inner man in a triduum given by Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., and we renewed our vows on the eighth. As a little taffy for the holy day, Our Lady engineered the arrival of some mail—some of it dated September. Yet there was some later than that which told us the good news of B. C.'s doings in football. Now we are waiting for that B. C.-H. C. game. We should have the results by Easter.

"The young Irish chaplain of the British camp out in Habbiniyah was pretty close to death's door after a hernia operation about three weeks ago, so our Fathers went out there week-ends to say Mass for the men. Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., gave them a triduum last week.

Speaking of Sports

"The school is humming along with its full routine of classes, sports and jug. Father Joseph Fennell, S.J., is working very hard with sports and has put together good teams in basketball and volley-ball, and is now making remote preparation for the Spring track meets. Speaking of sports, we use handballs made by Seamless Rubber Company of

New Haven. Now I don't know anybody who works there, or I would do a little begging. With the grace of your new state, do you see any way of perhaps getting some balls *gratis*? There might be some advertising value in it for them. You know: scene, hot afternoon in Baghdad—kids playing handball and what is the ball?—Seamless Rubber. Made in New Haven, the home of Mr. Cronin and Seamless Rubber and Yale."

PATNA

"Gaya Needs Everything"

"Santal Jim" now we suppose it will be "Gaya James" sent us in a splendid letter that was several months in reaching us. Our reaction to this letter of Father James A. Creane, S.J., was—maybe our readers could partially imitate the Gayawals so that it would be spiritually gayer in Gaya:

"It is the belief of Hindus that by performing certain religious rites here, by giving generous alms, and by having a sentence of absolution pronounced by a special caste of Hindus known as Gayawals, their dead may be released from suffering. The Gayawals here make their living off the visiting pilgrims. Pilgrim hunting has become a livelihood for them. The whole of India has been divided up into districts by them, each district belongs to certain family groups. Paid messengers are sent out to these districts to search for and bring in pilgrims, especially the wealthy classes. Rich landlords and Rajas have been known to give immense sums to the Gayawals. Sometimes, most precious jewels are given, sometimes large pieces of land are donated.

"Buddhists come from even more remote countries, Tibet, China and Japan to Gaya to visit the temples and sacred spot at Bodh Gaya where their founder Gotama Buddha was supposed to have gotten his 'Enlightenment.' For Buddhists, Bodh Gaya is one of the most sacred spots in the world.

"The task before us here at



Father Sydney Judah, S.J., is pastor of Savannah La Mar and a native Jamaican. There are now eight Jamaican Jesuits either actually in the field or in their course of studies.

Gaya is tremendous. His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., in sending me here told me to do what I could toward establishing the Church. At present, Catholics are an utterly insignificant minority here, being not more than about one in ten thousand. Apart from one small school for the better classes of Gaya City, opened last year by the Sisters of the I. B. V. M., we have no religious institutions in the district. We are in need of almost everything required for the opening of a new station.

We need funds to purchase sites and erect buildings for mission institutions here in Gaya City and throughout the district. We need funds for teachers and catechists. We need funds for schools and chapels, we need funds for tons of literature to reach and teach the intelligentsia. We need funds for medicines to

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

heal the sick and carry on a medical apostolate. We need funds for conveyances to get around without too much loss of time on the road to visit this vast territory of over four thousand square miles—yes, a motor car of some kind. Everything in church supplies is needed!

"Our appeal for the saving of millions of souls in this district of Gaya goes out to a war-stricken world that is giving O so generously to the work of death and destruction."

Those Lovable Santals

Just one of nine paragraphs from a very cheerful letter of Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.:

"The following day I passed my sixth Christmas in Godda mission. That is almost a record and Father Edward Scott, S.J., is back this year to help celebrate in his old camping ground where he baptized about half of the Christians. Brother Maurice Buckley, T.O.R., a New York product and a protege of Father John Corbett, S.J., was with us to act as sub-deacon at the midnight Mass. It was our first celebration since our new combination house and chapel was completed and the first time that many of the people had seen it as some of them live twenty-five miles away. They seemed to be delighted and proud of their new mission and the children had a great day. They visited every corner, but Santal children are wonderful and though we have a garden of flowers and vegetables, including tomatoes, not a child would touch a fruit. I have never seen others just like them."

Finance a Mud Hut

About the welfare of these well-behaved Santal children, Father Ernst writes in another letter:

"Our school children are indeed the hope of the mission, but the sad part about it is that we have been able to get only one boarding school started to date and that is a mud structure. Until the mission is able to finance others, our good Catholic boys and girls are growing up pretty

much like their pagan ancestors. If we could get a few hundred (he means dollars) together to get a boarding school going in these sectors, it would be a godsend to the missions."

A Missionary's Vacation!

Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., writes on how he spent "vacation" at Darjeeling:

"I was very busy at Villa, cutting stencils for a booklet in Hindi and English 'Confessional Helps.' The vocabularies in this booklet aid those itinerant missionaries who, though knowing something of the nature of the



Father James A. Creane, S.J., examines wares at a Hindu mela. Perhaps what he holds are drumsticks to be used "figuratively" to drum up trade for his new and very needy mission at Gaya.

language need an extra help in this specialized field. This edition was gotten out to pass around to different localities for checking. Since Hindi differs in different places, I made this collection during the past five or six years while traveling on the road. Study of, speaking and hearing confessions in Hindi, Urdu, Santali and Uraon, the central group for these parts, has helped much in the preparation of this book. When this booklet has been fully revised, it should be a decided help to our missionaries.

CHINA

Names Make the News

In a letter dated January 29th, Father John K. Lipman, S.J., sends in a brief report on the mission sector of Shuyang:

"Fathers José Goncalves, S.J., J. J. Gatz, S.J., and Mark Falvey, S.J., have written me, and their letters give plenty of indication of the unsettled conditions there in the district. One of them says that the missionaries are not much, if any, safer while at home in their residence than while making trips in the country. Father Gatz was prevented from getting to Shuyang on New Year's Eve by the dangerous travel conditions."

Father John Magner, S.J., arrived in S'hai around the New Year for his radio talks, left soon afterwards for Kaifeng to give a retreat to the Sisters, then back to Nanking and his refugee work. He and Father Albert O'Hara, S.J., are to preach a Mission at Christ the King Church in Shanghai.

Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., paused long enough from his absorbing professorial duties in Ecclesiastical History to say that "militant Communism is ravaging a good portion of China and the Church is suffering terribly."

BRITISH HONDURAS

"Charm" in a Letter

Not wanting to wait a week to acknowledge a letter from JESUIT MISSIONS, because he just couldn't tell where he would be the following week, Father H. A. Delaney, S.J., dashed off the following:

"Your enclosed check didn't detract any from the "charm" of your letter. I can apply it very well to my little churches and schools in the pueblos. The population averages about one per two square miles in my territory, perhaps less. I have something over 2,000 all together, in 16 villages. Ten of them are easy to reach, and I take them in on a ninety-mile horseback ride. The others are tough, and I don't get around there much. They have the

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

faith bred right into their bones . . . But keep on remembering me and those poverty-stricken people who look to me for some spiritual succor."

Cooperation

A generous donor, JESUIT MISSIONS, local and imported material, some native Indians and a few missionaries equal a church in San Antonio, B. H. At least we gather as much from Father M. M. O'Connor, S.J. He

plantations or other necessary works. The building, therefore, will not be put up in a hurry; I trust that Miss Kircher and yourself will have patience with us for these reasons.

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Accidents Will Happen

The following account of an accident on the road comes from Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., Pastor of Mandeville mission:

accident. It was all rotten luck, but with the help of God I shall scrape together enough money to pay for it. I am annoyed, however, because this money could be used for the church and it will mean a set-back of some months just when we were enjoying such splendid progress.

"Meanwhile, I am without the use of my car and have not been able to do much field work. I ordinarily travel a thousand miles a month. I suppose that with so much travel on these twisting roads, an accident sooner or later was inevitable. I hope I have had my share."

We Walked Into It

Father Richard Drea, S.J., after six months, says that Spanish Town is no easy mission. We agree heartily with him. He writes:

"You know what Jamaica is, and you know what Spanish Town is . . . now add to your impressions the fact that the Empire is at war, that Jamaica's part so far is reflected in taxes, in gifts, in loss of trade with Europe (especially harmful since trade with the United States has been practically non-existent in the last few years . . . in bananas at least). We certainly walked into it . . . the missions, the missions of a country at war, and Spanish Town, one of the most difficult missions on the Island! But we seem to be getting along. Since September we have not been getting stipends from Winchester Park, for the simple reason that they have none. Accordingly, we have had to pound out the old keys and get in touch with friends back home; they have come through in grand style—God bless them, for the stipends of Father Frank Gilday, S.J., and myself are one-half of the income that is necessary to just run this place in a most economical way; a third quarter comes from collections, etc., in the parish and missions, and the final quarter comes from gifts. So you see, what an important part your stipends and gifts to us have played in our first six months here on the missions."



His Excellency, Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., at Chaniak, Alaska, with some of his faithful catechists—(left), Maggie and Ivan Sippary (right), John and Margaret Koka. Devoted catechists such as these are generally the hidden pillars of the Church not only in Alaska but also in other mission lands.

writes in a recent letter.

"We are indeed most grateful to Miss Kircher and also to yourself, since without your intervention this money would not have come this way.

"The Indians have already collected some stones for the proposed building and Father John Krizek, S.J., expects to get them working more systematically during these coming months. A great deal will have to be done by the Indians, because the village is twenty-five miles from Punta Gorda and some materials will have to be hauled from Punta Gorda, which makes building there rather expensive unless one makes use of stone and sand which are nearby. The Indians will also have to be called upon to do practically all the work and they have to be made use of when they are not busy in their

"Last Thursday I was involved in an automobile accident. While returning from Munro which is thirty-five miles from here and where I had said Mass that morning, I had a head-on collision with another car on a blind curve. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but both cars were badly damaged. I thought I had been careful enough and had blown my horn, but heard no response, but as I went around the curve I came head-on into the other car. It was completely unavoidable.

Those Narrow Roads

"Unfortunately, for me, though the road was narrow, the measurements were against me. We haven't had any settlement yet, but I am afraid that I shall have to pay for a considerable part of the damages. My insurance is not sufficient to cover this type of

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

ALASKA

Bad and Good News

On January 29th Father Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., wrote:

"Your letter of January 6th caught up with me here where I am 'subbing' for Father Aloysius S. Eline, S.J., the venerable and revered Pastor of this church. He has been confined to his bed for six weeks now with a bad heart.

"But here is a bit of good news for you. A letter reached me yesterday from Little Diomedé. A plane went over to the island with a load of food, and Father Tom Cunningham, S.J., wrote me a fat letter. Here are some excerpts:

"My recent sickness is now something that is hardly a memory. It was really not so very serious. I was not worried about it. The winter so far is moderately severe, a typical Diomedé winter season. The Christmas season passed off nicely. Mass was attended by the whole village. However, one can notice quite easily that a year's absence of the priest does harm to the new Catholics."

"The rest of the letter speaks of the ordinary routine of a missionary. Every day from five in the morning to ten at night is taken up with teaching, study of the language, etc. 'Nothing exciting to write about,' and, naturally, a missionary does not create 'incidents.'

"Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., is expected back early in February fully recovered and anxious to be at his work once more."

Death in Alaska

His Excellency, Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., recently forwarded to us an account of the death of Father Edward Cunningham, S.J., written by Brother Peter Wilhalm, S.J.:

"Father left here for Teller on the fifth of January, and while going around looking at the church there, he got a severe pain in his chest, near his heart, and had to sit down. After a



Messrs McCarthy, Fennell and Cronin, three Jesuit Scholastics, teaching in Baghdad College, Iraq, shake a few Arabic symbols out of tired brain cells with a fast game of paddle ball. This game is in high favor at Weston College, Mass., where they studied philosophy, and needed a similar outlet for their energies.

short time the pain left him. From Teller, Father went to Nome. While there he saw the doctor who warned him about staying up too late, and said he was putting on too much weight. Father returned to Pilgrim Springs on the 14th of January, and told me he did not know if he would stay home or go to the hospital, as he had five attacks during the night of the 13th. After Father arrived home he seemed to be the same as usual, and did not complain of any more pains, but had more trouble with keeping awake. Sometimes he fell asleep at table.

"About six, on the morning of the 23rd, he called me to get Brother Charles Wickart, S.J., and said he had a severe pain in the chest around his heart. The pain would come in spells, and he would sigh and groan and try every position, sitting and lying, but could not get any relief. His left arm was getting numb. Most of the time he was sitting in the arm chair near his door, but twice he lay down only to ask us to help him up again. In all this

time he was making aspirations. He said he never had so much pain in his life and felt as if he were being crushed in a vice. A little before seven he told us to go as we could not do anything for him. Brother Wickart went to his room to look after the boys, while I sat by Father, for I was afraid he would fall. He was getting more quiet and I noticed him relaxing. I called Brother Wickart. Brother spoke to Father, tried to rouse him, but he gave no answer. In a few minutes he was dead.

"I tried to get a wire through to Nome, though without success. I then sent Martin with a letter to Igloo. At nine-fifteen Sig Wien arrived from Nome, and I gave him a note for Father John McHugh, S.J. During the day we made a coffin, and towards evening we placed him in it. The funeral will take place Monday. Father will be buried close to Father Ruppert, as he desired.

"Father McHugh arrived in Pilgrim Springs, conducted the funeral, and took charge of the Mission until further orders."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

"Save Stamps to Save Souls"

To the Editor:

Last year a Catholic friend handed me two JESUIT MISSIONS magazines, along with other Catholic papers. These magazines were for June and July-August 1940.

I enjoyed reading them very much, and as I am unemployed I do not subscribe to any magazines, and I appreciated my friends generosity to save their papers and magazines for me.

I am a non-Catholic, baptized in a Protestant Church and brought up in Sunday schools from the cradle roll department to when I was past 25 (Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal, Congregational, and Reformed Churches).

I am single and reside with my non-Catholic parents and brother, but I attend services now and then at the St. Ignatius of Loyola Church here in Los Angeles, and sometimes I go with friends, and once in a while alone.

Of 75 relatives there is not one cousin, aunt, uncle or in-law that is a Catholic; and previous to November 1938 I had never been inside a Catholic Church. And yet in my life-time (I am 37) I have never had any hatred or ill-feeling for the Catholic Faith, the priests, Nuns or the Pope. In fact our family was very sorry when Pope Pius XI passed away, and we rejoiced with the Catholics when the present Pope Pius XII was elected.

I always wear a sterling silver ring with a blue set, and a miniature silver statue of the Holy Mother on it. I also wear a miraculous medal (over my heart), and I have great faith in her guidance and protection. On my wall, beside my bed I have a framed picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, and beside my bed I also have a picture of Jesus Christ (the Sacred Heart). On another wall I have a Catholic Art Calendar given to me by a Catholic neighbor.

When these two JESUIT MISSIONS magazines were given to me I found an appeal in one that I could answer, and I was very happy to have an opportunity to do my small bit in this great missionary work. They asked for canceled stamps, giving the addresses of various stamp bureaus, and when I saw that appeal for something I had, and was able

to give, I felt that God had shown me a way to help Him, and so I did not let the seed fall on hard ground and become unproductive.

For ten years I had made a collection of canceled stamps—just a stamp saved now and then from personal letters and business letters—but I had quite a few accumulated. So I began to send them in, and chose the Mission Stamp Bureau, at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington. And every now and then as more stamps accumulate I send them in, and will continue to do so. So far I have sent in 408 stamps of undetermined value; and have ready now 76 more.

It has made me very happy to realize that what I send in is going towards the education of Jesuit priests, and that I can in a small way do my bit to help in this wonderful work.

Los Angeles, Calif. G. E. K.

Have You a Vocation?

To the Editor:

Perhaps you may be surprised to receive a letter from a Pallottine Missionary Sister. I am greatly interested in reading JESUIT MISSIONS as I, myself, have been working with Jesuits for more than fifteen years in British Honduras.

Since I read that letter, "A Generous Heart" in the November issue, I could not get rid of the thought, 'Why don't we ask the Jesuits to help us by sending us candidates? I am sure there are opportunities to do so, as that letter shows. If we would have had Sisters, we would be working with Jesuits now in the Philippine Islands, in the Indian Missions in South Dakota and in Alaska.'

So may I ask you, dear Reverend Father, if possible, to do something for us in this respect? I am sending you some booklets of our activities, and when you wish to have some more, we gladly will furnish them.

Inquiries about our community and our work could be answered by you with our literature, or by us directly if such inquiries were addressed to the undersigned.

Sr. M. DOMINICA, C.M.P.
Huntington, W. Va.

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WILLIAM FROUDE
Managing Director

African Cousins?

To the Editor:

I am sorry that my contribution is so small but I also contribute to Maryknoll and do what I can for a poor missioner in Africa with whom I came in contact over two years ago through a letter of his in JESUIT MISSIONS. His name is Father John Devalle, an Italian. He was in charge of a negro orphanage in Kenya and now is in a British concentration camp. At the moment I forget the name of his Order. An amusing thing in connection with it all is that about a year ago the Reverend Father, in gratitude for the little we had done for him, christened one of his Negro orphans in my name, Thomas Wickham. If the child lives, there now will be a colored branch of the Wickham family.

Cincinnati, Ohio. T. F. WICKHAM.

For God's Little Ones

To the Editor:

I should like to tell you that I received a letter from one of the Jesuits in India recently and he stresses the fact that they would like to receive canceled stamps, pictures and magazines for the children and orphans. I thought you might mention this in JESUIT MISSIONS. His name and address are as follows: Father Basil Corera, S.J., St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D.H. Ry., India. I sent him three large packages several months ago containing prayer books, Catholic magazines and holy pictures. He was very grateful. Melrose, Mass. MARGARET I. LUCEY.

**Mission
Garden
Tea**
FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES

They Talk In Church

Edward A. Doyle, S.J.

THERE is a hub-bub of activity this Sunday morning at the Church of Christ the King, the unpretentious Negro Mission in Belleview, Louisiana. It is this way every Sunday morning. Now a jogging mare, now an antiquated gig, now a farm wagon passes through the rickety gateway to discharge its passengers for Mass. A cheery "Mo'nin, Miss" and "Mo'nin, suh," break the chorus of lusty "whoahs" filling the morning air as the Colored parishioners steer their mules and horses to the hitching post.

Let us venture a peep at a lively scene of genuine Catholic action sparkling with the radiance of vibrant Faith. Here is the "close-up."

A RIOT of color blazes under the rising sun. Women, bedecked in their finest "Sunday-go-to-Mass clothes," line the "gossip circles" in shifting rainbows of dazzling hues. Fathers and brothers depart into a more sombre gathering for a serious caucus involving the discussion of the crops, the weather, the latest events. Small tots look up wistfully to catch shreds of the unintelligible clatter. The more impatient youngsters rush about playfully to explode their pent-up energy. A steady file of men, women and children wends its way into the church for confession.

The rude chapel receives the guests under the low cross-arched beams of cypress. The rustic benches accommodate more weary souls with a modicum of comfort. Yes, the church is modest; it is crude and untouched with the fineries of taste. It is simple but it takes on a magnificent and dignified glow under the softening benediction of the sanctuary lamp.

TIME for Beads. A full-throated chorus of love rises in the cramped assembly as the dusky congregation answers the prayers led by one of the "elect." Old men on one knee, shiny-faced youngsters kneeling bolt-upright, young "misses" perched daintily, mothers revolving the beads in one hand and fondling a "little one" with the other—all send up their humble praise to God in this unimposing yet holy palace of devotion.

You can see that they have come to pray. They are not concerned about conveniences. They do not complain of the uncomfortable setting for their worship. They seem to be conscious of a Presence which forbids their thinking of inconvenience or discomfort. Indeed, they are happy to be in church, happy to be in the presence of Christ their King, happy in the company in which they find themselves. Yes, they are at home. Why should they not revel in spirit? They are the royal servants blessed by a smile of love from Him who enables them to forget petty personal inconveniences in the immediate enjoyment of special favors from "on high."



A typical group of the two hundred and fifty parishioners who crowd into the unpretentious Negro Mission Church in Belleview, Louisiana, on Sunday morning.

The priest (usually Father Cornelius Thensted, S.J.) comes out of the confessional as the Rosary is completed. The choir takes its place proudly on the rostrum outside the sanctuary on the Epistle side of the altar. With the entrance of the priest into the sanctuary there is a shuffle to attention and a decided strain for Sunday decorum. Mass is about to begin.

"*In nomine Patris, et Filii . . .*" begins the priest and the congregation takes its cue for the *Missa Recitata*. With calculating precision they proceed in unison with the priest to the *Kyrie*. At the *Offertory* comes the appropriate dedication of the family, its interests, problems, hopes, to the Father of Heaven and earth.

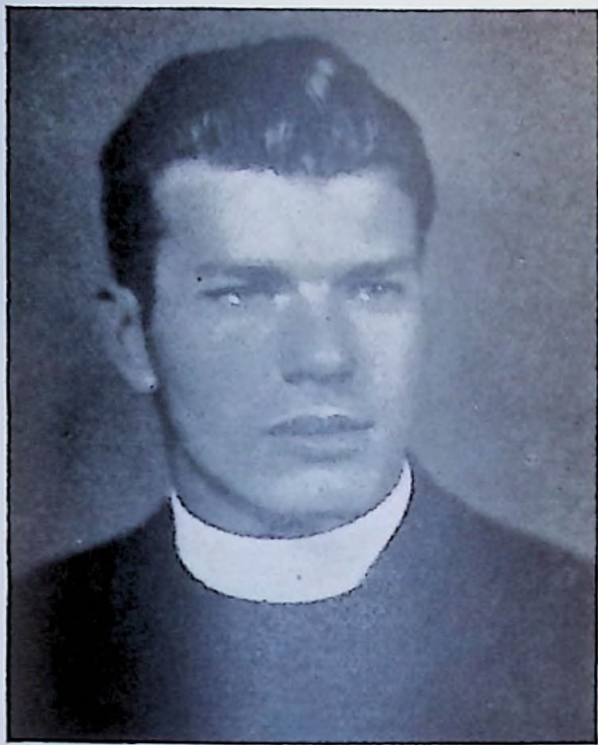
Periodically, the choir supplements the prayers with apt selections. Eagerly and attentively, the congregation takes up the *Sanctus*, the *Pater Noster*, the *Domine non sum dignus*. En Masse, preparation is made for Communion followed by the prayers of thanksgiving when the faithful have communicated.

THEN comes Benediction. Rendition of "*O Salutaris*" and "*Tantum Ergo*" would grate upon liturgical ears. They think it is grand. The enviable sincerity and fervor of their efforts more than compensates, however, for the evident ignorance of accepted Church convention in music. For they sing these hymns in the manner that they would sing any theme that is deeply personal and deeply felt. Surely, their heart is in their praises. Truly, do they sing from an abundant heart. They sing with the sympathy of the saints. For all their original turns of Latin pronunciation, made more impressive by their interpretation of ecclesiastical chant, these simple people must be all the more pleasing to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The inconsistencies are glorious. Perhaps, you would not have recognized the familiar hymns, if you had been there. I bet Our Lord did. I know He was pleased.

ELEVEN o'clock. The activity ends with the exodus of the two hundred and fifty parishioners from the crowded church. Services had begun at nine. Yet some remain to continue their worship and praise. Are these people tired? On the contrary, they give every evidence of being refreshed, heartened, relaxed, encouraged. They seem to have taken on new life. (Turn to page 112)

Indiana or India?

Thomas M. Downing, S.J.



(Left to right), Mr. Alfred E. Schwind, S.J., Father John E. Mahoney, S.J., and Mr. Thomas M. Downing, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who are making their fifth attempt to reach the land of their desires, Patna, India.

SIX times, Bruce, King of Scotland, watched the game spider attempt in vain the weaving of his web. The seventh time he made it. The spider had successfully swung from one far rafter to the other. The story goes that the leader of the Scots, who had also made six futile war efforts, took the hint, again attempted a battle for his kingdom, and like his teacher, the spider, was successful in the seventh engagement.

This year's group of missionaries to Patna now making their fifth attempt to jump from Indiana to India are following in the wake of the story-book spider. We hope we beat the legend record by two.

With our trunks packed and our hopes high we expected our first departure in October. At the time we sought to buy our boat ticket Japan formed the alliance with the axis powers and demanded the exportation of all missionaries. Because of this, there developed a heavy traffic in boat riding, and we were unable to procure passage. Our first attempt had been frustrated.

AFTER much dickering and bickering we finally obtained a conditional ticket for sailing on the sixth of December. However, for a foreigner to work in India it is necessary to obtain a Military Permit from the British Government. This we had to receive from London. Perhaps it was a bomb that delayed our Military Permits; at any rate, they did not arrive in time for us to catch our boat.

As invariably happens the Military Permits came after there was no possibility of our sailing. With these necessary documents in our hands, however, with new enthusiasm we again roped and clamped our trunks and set about to hop to India. This time, feeling sure of ourselves, we ventured to apply for passports from the United States Government. We did not do this before because a passport costs ten dollars and seventy-five cents, and we did not want to risk losing the money.

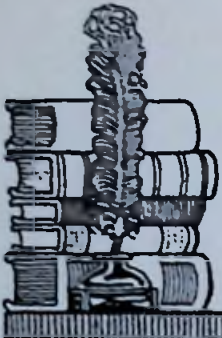
The government demanded testimonials from our Reverend Father Provincial stating why we wanted to leave the country in such troublesome times. But for ten dollars and seventy-five cents they were willing, after a little urging, to give us our passports. Now we were set. Passage had been obtained on the *SS. President Cleveland*; we were to have cabins Nos. 37 and 38. This good ship was to weigh anchor January 3rd in Golden Gate Harbor, San Francisco. We were to sail two weeks before reaching Manila and the Philippine Islands. Here we would transfer to the *SS. President Taylor*, which would take us to Columbo, Ceylon. After a short trip on the water we would be clicking along in a South Indian Railway Train for the plains of Patna; beating the record of that famous spider by four.

BUT you can see that all this is written in the past conditional. Our dream bubble was again pricked. The President Lines had been ordered to postpone the sailing another week. Another week! What did that mean to men who had waited four months!

In the meantime, there were many things to do, and only three and a half weeks to do them; visiting schools, gathering presents for men already in India, begging money, and saying last goodbyes. It was quite a mad rush, but the thrill of at last going, made it easier. Until—one day we visited the British Consul. This officer asked if we had our permits to work in India. We replied that we surely did, and showed him our Military Permits.

"These will never do during war times," said the Consul. "You'll have to fill out these application blanks, get character testimonials, and give us about five photos of yourselves. These applications must then be sent to the home office in London."

We dashed, and rushed, and mailed—air mail, special delivery; special delivery air (Turn to page 112)



NEW BOOKS



Father DeSmet, Pioneer Priest of the Rockies Helene Margaret

This is the story of a Christian Odysseus, who wandered not without purpose far from the beaten paths of men. His journeys match those of Captain Rogers and his rangers searching for the Northwest Passage across our continent. His dream was to fashion another Christian Utopia among the Indians in the Rocky Mountains much along the same lines as that which his brothers fashioned in Paraguay to the south. His journeys took him out from the Potawatomi Mission, which was like the barren fig tree, to the land of the Flatheads deep in the Rocky Mountains. The field was ripe for the harvest though it would take vigorous spading and hoeing to weed out the gross ignorance of the Flatheads. Back to St. Louis went Father DeSmet for reinforcements. This was but the beginning of his travels which carried him to Vancouver on the West Coast, then back to St. Louis and away to Rome to seek financial help. He returned to the United States not only with funds but with priests and Sisters.

After so much work for his Indians Father DeSmet was called back to St. Louis and away from his Indian missions. His successor had not the patience of Father DeSmet and later the Flathead mission was abandoned. In the Fort Laramie Peace Council, Father DeSmet was spokesman for the Indians.

The book is written in a vigorous style. It reveals many interesting sidelights in American history, the curse of drink among the Indians, the many injustices of the White man towards the Red, the back-breaking journeys of pioneer days. Above all, it is a fine portrayal of the "Big Blackrobe" as he was called by the Indians. Father DeSmet was big physically and spiritually. He was big meeting opposition within and without with equanimity, yet he was gentle and humble, "a real man as hail and hearty as the fisherman Peter." He could laugh when rebuked for putting his faith in a bunch of good-for-nothing savages and say, "It all depends upon one's sense of values." And so it does.

Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

Survival Till Seventeen Leonard J. Feeney, S.J.

There are some books you would like to have written. This is one of them. In almost every page you can find a parallel

in your own life, that is, if you came upon the American scene a little before or after nineteen hundred. Of course, you may not have been born in a little New England town like Lynn, Mass., or of Irish parents, but you will enjoy immensely Mr. Wigglesworth and his grudge, the Sunday evenings with Mary's Joe, Alicia and the ink bottle, Wing Lee who laundered the linen of Lynn, the Imagination Guy and his rhapsodies, the shy romance on the stairway. The sturdy faith of the Irish people who came to America, envelops the whole book. It is neither stressed nor dragged in but simply reveals itself in the telling of the story. Everyone will enjoy this book because it brings out sharply, almost paints a phase of American life that has passed. And when you put the book down, you will smile at its delicious humor and say to yourself, "That's what I would have said could I have said it." Somewhere about two-thirds through the book the author for a chapter or two becomes the philosopher instead of the young boy growing up. This section, though profoundly interesting and pertinent, is speculative and may prove a bit fatiguing to the ordinary reader.

Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Kindly Light

Compiled by Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J.

Anyone who likes Newman will love this little book. If perchance you have not had the leisure or opportunity to read Newman at length, this is your chance. Here is a bouquet of choice passages culled with care by a real Newman scholar. Newman's sermons, though in a simple and sublime style, are at times terribly long. That might have been an excuse in the past. It is no longer so. "Kindly Light" gives us the gems and kernel we might say of those sermons. This is a Newman Digest, interspersed with appropriate titles and captions which add much to the passages selected. It is arranged according to the seasons of the Ecclesiastical year. This is a fine hand book for the busy commuter with brief periods of time on his or her hands or for anyone else who wishes to meditate briefly on profound spiritual truths.

America Press, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

Our Playmate

A Sister of Charity of Nazareth,
Kentucky

A child's earliest recollections will stay with him and guide him through life's dangers and temptations. The purpose

of the author of this book is to introduce Christ into the lives of children as their playmate. The imagination of children will find no difficulty hurtling the barriers of time and playing with Christ in St. Joseph's carpenter shop or enjoying a swing or seesaw made by Joseph's rough hands. Neither will they find it hard to skip across the top of the world with Jesus and watch the days of Creation, how the water came into clouds, how the sun shone in the heavens and the flowers clothed the earth, and the fishes swam in the sea, and the birds flew in the sky. All this and more they imagine in their own little games. With Christ as a playmate, all these take a proper focus and point directly back to God, the Creator of Heaven and earth.

Character Building Publication, Wellesley Hills, Mass. \$1.00.

Their Hearts Are His Garden. Stories for Children

Sister Mary Marguerite, C.S.J.

This is another book for children. The author of this little book has the faculty of telling a story. The stories are built around the essential doctrines of our faith. Such a book is invaluable to parents who must set their children's footsteps straight on the path to God.

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PHILIPPINE BOOM SCHOOL
ATENEO DE NAGA
(Continued from page 89)

Regnum Dei—"First—the Kingdom of God."

Lest some might think that we were not inculcating in the students a true spirit of patriotism, we have placed on our circular advertising the school the following paragraph:

"The Ateneo de Naga carries out the precept of the late Pius XI namely—not to separate their pupils from the body of the nation or its spirit, but to educate them in a perfect manner, most conducive to the prosperity of the nation . . . and to make them better citizens attached to their country and loyally submissive to constituted civil authority in every legitimate form of government."

And what of the future! Plans? Money—If we had the room—literally thousands of students—poor students would flock to our school. With God's help we hope to establish a college where—in Catholic Action will flourish—where—in vocations to the native priesthood will grow—a college from which a religious minded body of men will go out in the world—to be the helpers of the Bishop in his work and thus promote and strengthen Catholicism in the only Catholic nation in the Orient. Seven of us are carrying on the work,—six American Jesuits and one Filipino Jesuit. There is Father Bernard Lochboehler from Baltimore—a recent arrival, who is Minister of the Community and Student Counsellor in the school. Our teaching Scholastics include two from New York—Father Gregory Horgan of the Bronx and Father John Nicholson of Syracuse. Philadelphia has sent us Father Richard McSorley and Baltimore, not to be outdone by New York, has given Father Albert Grau. Father Saturnino Monzon—a graduate of our school in Manila, hails from the Island of Mindoro—while Long Island, New York—to be explicit, Far Rockaway, was once the home of the author. Subways, sky-scrappers, snow, the ads "in Times Square"—yes, and relatives, too—are all far—very far away—from this little town of Naga—yet in spite of that—we are all busy and happy, because you know, if you are doing it for God,—it's lots of fun . . .

STRAIGHT TO HIS DEATH

(Continued from page 92)

I cast a glance in Father Simons' direction. His face was pale. Mine certainly was also.

The brigands ransacked Father's wardrobe and hauled out two overcoats and a pair of shoes. One of them snatches off my spectacles. I tell him:

"Without my glasses, I won't be able to see!"

"What's the difference?" he snaps back. And he also hooks off Father Simons' glasses. "Now, let's go down!"

I enter the *k'eh-t'ing* first, with one of the bandits at my heels. Father Simons stays out in the hallway and, at

the command of the bandits, does up a large bundle of everything they have stolen. The fellow with me begins eating a bit of our cake.

"Help yourself!" I tell him.

"No, we're after money!"

After this he goes out, and Father Simons comes into the *k'eh-t'ing*. The two brigands are whispering with their heads together in the hallway. Which prompts me to say to myself: "I don't like the looks of that! It's turning bad . . . there's some mischief afoot."

One of the bandits then enters and says to Father Simons:

"Come out, you!" And Father goes out. Smelling danger, I make a movement forward to follow him.

"No, you there, you stay inside!"

The two bandits go out and address Father Simons:

"Come outside with us!"

"You want me to follow you out? Okay, I'm coming."

Several seconds of silence . . . and then . . . pang! pang! pang! . . . three shots outside in the night.

I wait for about ten seconds and then I rush out into the hallway. From the outside doorway I can see nothing. All at once I hear groaning, and I find Father stretched out on the ground, one hand pressing his head.

"Father Simons!" I call.

"Yes."

After an instant:

"Father Simons! Father Simons!"

No answer. I give him absolution; but just as for Father Le Bayon, at the time of Father Hermand's murder, the set formula of absolution wouldn't come.

With the help of a servant I carry Father Simons indoors; and seeing that he was still in his agony, I gave him Extreme Unction and the Plenary Indulgence. One bullet entered under the right eye and came out behind the left eye. Blood was gushing out in streams from his mouth and also from the wound. Near the end of the Extreme Unction the Father was already dead.

Not once during the entire holdup did Father speak a single word to me. It is very possible that he thus saved my life. He went straight to his death, calmly and without a whimper.

GOOD TIDINGS TO NEPAL,
LAND OF HOPE

(Continued from page 95)

that the living God demands prayers from our living hearts, and not the flapping of mute flags, which being inanimate, cannot intercede for us. Before continuing our journey we taught them a short prayer to God for light and help, to be recited daily.

Three hours of steep climbing brought us at long length to the summit of Mt. Tongloo. It was the experience of a life time to have come so far, at least to view the land of the labor of our saintly predecessors, and to pray for the conversion of that vast number of people whom we long to bring within the fold of Christ.

On one side we could see the snow-covered range of the majestic Kanchenjanga (28,150 feet), Kabru, Jannu, Pandim and Narasing. The eternal snows never seem to have melted from their crest since the dawn of creation. Far in the distance, as if lost on the horizon as a tiny cloud, stood lordly Everest, the highest peak in the whole world (29,141 feet).

On the other side, stretching out in hills and dales, and mountain heights, one could see Nepal, the land of romance and bravery. The rugged, green slopes were dotted with huts and shrines, and prayer flags. The foamy snow-fed torrents rushed down with lightning speed over crags and precipices in order to join the mighty Ganges, the river sacred to the Hindus. We could single out in the distance villages, half-buried in forests, and slow-moving flocks of sheep tended by the hillmen. At this sight I thought of another flock, the flock of Christ, the sheep and the lambs of the Good Shepherd, Who wants all men to join His fold. Then I thought of our ten mountaineers, the messengers of the good tidings of Christ to Nepal. And now I am thinking of how our readers will help us to bring Patna and Nepal within the fold of Christ.

CARRIBEAN MOONLIGHT
REVEALS A MISSIONARY'S
MEMORIES

(Continued from page 99)

out from shore. The one I drew was a dilapidated shell with an ample hole in its bottom. I need not tell you what a job it was baling for dear life in that open boat and paddling with aching arms through the inky night towards shore.

"You would hardly expect a welcoming committee to be on hand at that hour of the night to present me with the keys of the town. It wasn't keys I wanted; it was some dry clothes. Well, I didn't get either, and was forced to spend a wretched night on the porch of an abandoned shack. It was the beginning of my missionary career, my Bethlehem, if you will.

"The next day I shook hands with my job. I don't want to bore you with the commonplace experiences of mission routine. You know the story: set off for a mission station, ride through riotous jungle growth, feel the loneliness and mystery of life in a vast wilderness. There is no other way to reach your people, no other way of bringing the saving doctrine of Christ to souls isolated on the fringes of civilization. You must live in the midst of it all to understand its effect on you. The physical hardships—fever, insects, climate—are only part of it. In the long run they do not matter at all. What really matters, is a realization of the fact that you are doing your part in the glorious work of conquering the world for Christ."

The missionary broke off, leaving me to meditate on the strong stuff of which Christ's missionaries are made.

THEY TALK IN CHURCH

(Continued from page 108)

Why? They live for Sunday. Sunday for them is an active day, an auspicious day, a day of celebration as well as a day of "rest."

Sunday Mass means something to these people. It is more than just "going to church." They have something to do at Mass. They participate in the Sacrifice, articulately, actively, wholeheartedly. Yes, these simple people have a great deal to say when "they talk in church."

INDIANA OR INDIA?

(Continued from page 109)

mail. At last the applications were sent. Would the war-time permits arrive in the United States in time? Each day that followed we expected a letter from bomb-shelled London, but it did not come. On January 7th, we sadly trugged to the Boat Company and cancelled our passage, while we pretended that our waving goodbye was only an attempt to swat flies.

Apparently our applications never reached war-torn Europe. Our chances for breaking Bruce's spider's record have become slimmer.

We have reached try No. 5, for we again sent for war-time permit applications. This time they winged their way by air mail with a prayer for happy landings for the *Yankee Clipper*. We have again made a tentative date for sailing with the Presidential Lines Company for February 21st. If our permits arrive in time we will make our fifth effort to board a boat at San Francisco. If not, we will have for sale, cheap, three good United States passports.

With all the delays we must believe that it is God's Will. As He looks upon this upset world, seeing our chances for a safe journey, He might be saying "Son, if you want to *get* to India, be patient and wait."

Just as we had gone to press the sequel of this story was mailed to the editor of JESUIT MISSIONS. It runs as follows:

"Dear Father:—The sequel to my story is this: by February 19, we had not heard from the British Government so we cancelled our boat for February 21. On the twentieth, we received the following communication from the British Consulate: 'Rev. Downing may proceed to India; Rev. Schwind's case must be referred to Delhi; Rev. Mahoney, though mentioned in the first part of the dispatch, was neither approved nor rejected by His Britannic Majesty's Government.' So that left me as the only one able to go. Father Provincial has decided to postpone our departure until next Autumn.

Your sincerely in Christ,

THOMAS DOWNING, S.J."

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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