

Lesuit & Missions

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No. 5



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‘Kid glove mission’! A Jesuit recently returned from Jamaica, when asked if this were a correct impression of that Island answered—“Kid glove? Nothing! It’s tough, and I don’t envy the missionaries their jobs”. Yet they could be envied for their zeal, for their succor of Christ’s poor, for their preaching the Gospel, for their saving of souls. But we’re not trying to stir up envy. Rather we’re looking for financial help for the needy missionaries and their needy missions in Jamaica. Your gift will be a great boon, but have no fear that it will turn these missionaries into the Kid Glove kind.

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JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

MAY

1 9 4 1

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

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN MARTIN SCOTT, S.J., is not unknown to readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. While teaching at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, he has steeped himself in the history of the Indians under his care. In *Sioux Warriors—(1941)* he compares the present with the past.



Francis A. Rouleau, S.J.

The interview with BROTHER GEORGE FELTES, S.J., in "*Would to God We Had More Brothers*" was written by a Scholastic of the California Province, who for reasons of his own, preferred to remain anonymous.

FATHER FRANCIS J. OSBORNE, S.J., assistant pastor at St. Anne's Parish, Kingston, Jamaica, for the past year and a half tells us of a few friends of his in *Pearls Down the Gully*. St. Anne's is spiritually fine, but very poor in material things.

Just beneath the cool snowy peaks of the Himalayas in Kurseong, India, lies St. Mary's Theologate. Though THOMAS F. HUSSEY, S.J., is a member of the New England Province he could not return from Baghdad, last year, due to the war in Europe. So while we enjoy *The Rosary in Arabic* he is no doubt preparing for his theology examinations in far away Kurseong.

The Jesuits Face the Firing Squad comes from the pen of WILLIAM J. NICHOLSON, S.J., finishing his course of Philosophy at the Jesuit Scholasticate, Baguio, Philippines. He is a member of the Maryland-New York Province.

The schedule of FRANCIS J. JANSKY, S.J., looks formidable. He is teaching Latin and English for his third year at Regis College, Denver, Colorado. He is also moderator of the musical club and the altar boys. We are glad he found time to tell us about *Our Little Firebuilder*.

The descriptive powers in *Wake Up And Be Buddha* would hardly lead one to suspect that the author, FATHER FRANCIS A. ROULEAU, S.J., is at present teaching the very factual, but very important subject of Ecclesiastical History in the Scholasticate at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China.

FATHER JOHN T. LINEHAN, S.J., is a member of the New Orleans Province. Two years ago he returned to Ceylon, India, after several years of study in Belgium and the United States. From there he sends us *Trincomalie Has Its Pascu*.

Brother Marques, The Last Jesuit in Tibet, is another fine historical study from FATHER FRANCIS J. CORLEY, S.J., who is completing his theological studies at St. Mary's, Kansas.



Francis J. Osborne, S.J.

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COVER—How valuable a Jesuit Brother is on the missions could best be told by the missionaries themselves. First of all, their companionship, both spiritual and social is a God-send in the lonely mission post. They also relieve the missionary of a thousand and one details in the material order. Here is Brother Alfred T. Murphy, S.J., of Akulurak, on the edge of the Bering Sea. It is a rare moment when you see him at play with an Eskimo Husky. More often you would find him breaking them for the trail, or mending their harness, or building sturdy sleds upon which these Huskies will carry the missionary's equipment from station to station. In the summer there are boats to be repaired and the nets to be mended for the salmon fishing. This variety of work along with his spiritual and domestic duties makes every day a busy one for the missionary Brother.

EDITORIALS

WANTED MORE BROTHERS

THE young lady was a bit confused. With all the frankness of youth she had launched immediately into her problem of conscience. This soft spoken, smiling man in the black habit, who had answered the doorbell stopped her in the middle of a sentence: "Now, now, just a minute and I'll call one of the Fathers for you." This Jesuit was not a priest! Then what was he? He was a lay Brother, a religious in the full sense of the word, a Jesuit enjoying all the privileges of the Society of Jesus. He takes care of the material needs of the Community.

Some would have chosen March as the month to speak about Brothers. We choose May and dedicate this issue to them because much as Jesuit Brothers like St. Joseph, they have a stronger devotion to Mary. Her Rosary is their Breviary. You will find them slipping the decades through their fingers as they kneel before their Sacramental King or when they are walking about the grounds or the cloister after the day's work is done. This devotion is in keeping with the traditions of the Society of Jesus which always fosters in her members a deep and tender love of Our Lady.

Through force of circumstance or early environment the Jesuit lay-brother does not acquire the years of schooling necessary for the priesthood. Some deliberately forego the joy and consolation of the priesthood to work for God in the more humble role of servant of the servants of God. Jesuit Brothers are a blessing to the Society and an inspiration to her priests. Their whole lives voice a great and necessary lesson, namely, that intellectual gifts are only accidental, that if we would be anything we must first and foremost be men of prayer, humble servants of God.

In the years of quiet service of a Brother's life, God does something to these faithful sons. He seems to reach down and touch them beforetime with the accolade and knighthood of Heaven. You sense in their presence a certain graciousness not of earth, the outgrowth of their close union with Christ and His Blessed Mother and the Angels and the Saints.

We want more Brothers, especially to work on our missions. There they are the right hand of the Jesuit Fathers. Today many are doing heroic work in the Philippines, India, China, Jamaica, Alaska, British Honduras and on our home missions. Their numbers are

all too few. Here is an opportunity for men who wish to serve God and yet who have not made the requisite studies for the priesthood. The more talents you have, the better. We need bakers, cooks, porters, gardeners, plumbers, carpenters, tailors, mechanics. All these manual trades are an asset both on the missions and at home.

Glancing through the paper the other day, these words made us mad. "Youth's banners are tattered today. Fed too much on rotten realism they have lost the vision of the Eternal. Their ideals have run down the spillways with all the slime and sexual slush that flood our theatres, book shops and magazine racks." We don't believe that statement. In the face of it we hurl our challenge to the American youth of today.

If you are at the crossroads of life and wondering what to do; here is Christ at your elbow saying, "Come follow Me." If you wish to help Christ, to possess the consciousness of a sure and exalted purpose in life, then link your life with Christ's in the vocation of a Jesuit lay-brother. Take Mary for your Queen and Christ for your King. Enter into the most sublime work on this earth, the spread of His Kingdom. Wanted—men to give themselves to God, to do any kind of work, without pay and with no limit to hours of work. Sounds foolish, doesn't it? It is foolish, with the Divine folly of Christ and His Cross.

DEATH OF FATHER JOSEPH F. FORD, S.J.

FRIENDS of the Mission in Jamaica, B.W.I., will be saddened to hear of the death of Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J. He died in the midst of parish work at St. Joseph's Rectory in Philadelphia.

Last Summer, after almost a quarter of a century spent in Jamaica, Father returned to the States because of ill health. During his years on the Mission he worked quietly and efficiently. Thanks to generous friends and benefactors (his own words), he will go down in the history of the Jamaican Missions as "The Chapel Builder." He spent twenty-one years in the lonely life of a rural missionary, and built in that time fourteen chapels. That achievement alone speaks volumes for his courage and perseverance. In his last years he had charge of Mandeville. There we knew him as a genial Pastor with a kindly gleam in his eye, who still loved poverty and the hard way of life. When he came home his heart was still in Jamaica. May he rest in peace.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Representatives of a proud race of warriors are these smiling Sioux Indians, volunteers all, who are undergoing recruit training at the army air base, Hamilton Field, California. From left to right they are Theodore W. Twiss, Vandall Fast Horse, Acorn A. Adams, Jerome Brown Bull, Moses Ladeaux, Patrick Fast Horse, Bert Bergin, Leonard White Bull and Leo Red Hair.

Sioux Warriors — 1941

J. Martin
Scott, S.J.

DOWN over Teapot Dome cascaded a paint smeared cavalry, pinioned lances sparkling in the sun. As the mad cry, "Corral" rose brazen from the parched throats of bearded teamsters, blue and white Conestoga wagons spooned in fighting formation.

The Seven Council Fires were on the march. Like a prairie blaze they swept the Oregon Trail, leaving it black and smouldering with the charred embers of ranch houses and prairie schooners. Grass grew in ruts where once rocked and swayed the Overland Stage. John Bozeman, great mountain man and trapper, who slashed the buffalo country with his short cut to Virginia City and the gold mines of the Bitter Root, was found slumped over the pink and white ashes of his campfire, a feathered shaft pointing through his heart. From the deep canyons of the Big Horns to the gold flecked gullies of the Black Hills came the steady throb of war drums and the rising crescendo of rattles.

With the suddenness of sheet lightning the Sioux struck, leaving on the blood soaked banks of the Little Big Horn, the broken glory of the 7th U. S. Cavalry. Two hundred and sixty-four troopers from the most famous regiment of the United States Army had gone down under the unshod hoofs of painted pintos.

Over sixty-five winters have passed since Long Hair

Custer roaring laughter and defiance emptied his revolvers and flung the empty guns in the face of charging Sioux. The medicine charms of Tatanka Yotanka have vanished with the teepee of Sitting Bull. For over half a century Sioux have been marching forth from the classrooms of Holy Rosary Mission to take their places in American life.

Once again the Indian country vibrates with echoes of war. This time it is not the drums of Crazy Horse summoning the Teton Sioux to ride down over Bridger Pass. It is the voice of the great White Father in Washington requesting volunteers to serve under the Stars and Stripes. Here is a new generation of warriors.

WHEN the Sioux were lords of the vast butte-broken territory stretching from the Platte to the Yellowstone, the young men of the tribe needed only the word to swing astride their war ponies and ride into the dawn.

No sooner had word drifted around the Reservation that Uncle Sam was looking for volunteers than six Rosary lads and three of their friends who were working for the CCC ID (Indian Division) made their way to Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, and presented themselves to the recruiting officer. Through country where Phillips the Portugee once struggled through the blackness and fury of a mountain blizzard to bring aid

to Carrington and his men trapped by Red Cloud at Fort Phil Kearny, the young Sioux educated in the hall named after that famous Chief now journeyed to aid the white man in defense of our country. The ghosts of the 6th United States Infantry that haunt old Fort Laramie must have turned questioning faces as the nine Oglala youths crossed the valley of the North Platte and rode across the plains that once rang with fierce war cries as Lakota warriors raced like cloud shadows across the face of the messa.

AT Fort Warren the recruiting officer consulted the records of the Indian boys. Here at Rosary the Mission boys had received vocational training in ranching, farming, tin work, shoe repair, baking, and carpentry. During the summer they had been employed as carpenters on a Government rehabilitation building project.

Asked what they would like to do, they replied their willingness to tackle any kind of work for Uncle Sam. The recruiting officer consulted his records and learned that the medical department needed men. In a few days the boys found themselves on the Iron Horse speeding westward to the tune of "California Here I Come." At Oakland they took a ferry which carried them under the Golden Gate and gave them their first glimpse of Treasure Island and Alcatraz. On their arrival at Hamilton Field they were pleasantly surprised to find they had been preceded by Wilbur Black Feather, Frank Morrison, and John Bear Nose, their former school pals who had enlisted many months before.

Lieutenant Wier C. Stevens, hospital detachment commander at Hamilton Field, was pleased to find his strength increased by the squad of nine Pine Ridge Indians. As for the Sioux, they found themselves in a new world, totally different from the sage and cactus distances of the Reservation. The weird cry of coyotes serenading summer moons faded into the thunder of P40 Pursuit Planes practicing maneuvers for the protection of the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay area. The dry, high air of Dakota was gone. Instead there blew the salt breezes from San Pablo Bay. Brass buttons, snappy uniforms, and polished shoes were a marked contrast to the blue denim overalls and cowboy boots of the Panhandle.

And how did the Sioux, some of whom had never seen a street car nor set foot in a train until their enlistment, take to life in the First Wing of GHQ Air Force?

VANDALL FAST HORSE, last year a Junior in Rosary High and Assistant Scoutmaster for Rosary's Troop No. 36 of the Black Hills area, writes, "We belong to the Medical Division. Before we go on duty at the hospital we have to go to the recruit detachment for training which will take from four to six weeks of drilling. The discipline isn't hard for the Rosary Grads because we learn most of that at Rosary. So far we have learned about First Aid, Army Regulations, Pistol Drills, and other things that concern life in the Army Corps."

When shadows creep out of the hangars and amphi-

bian observation planes taxi across the runways at the end of their day's maneuvers, the lads from the lonely stretches of Dakota prairie help provide Uncle Sam's boys with evenings of entertainment. They show their paleface brothers 'red magic'—a different brand, of course, from that their great grandfathers exhibited on the alkali banks of the Powder. Teddy Twiss, Bert Bergin, Leo Red Hair, and Acorn J. Adams all played basketball here at Rosary, while Vandall Fast Horse and Pat Fast Horse were on the first string of Coach Bob Clifford's snappy Blue and White Cagers. Under Coach Clifford the boys set a record on the basketball court that is still working on the coast. A Lieutenant of the 77th Pursuit Squadron says, "The Indians seem to be winning all the basketball games here. Just carrying on an old tradition, I suppose."

AS newcomers from the arid wastes of the Bad Lands and the sun-parched stretches of the Reservation, the boys were eager to get their first real 'look' at the Pacific. On one of their first free days they seized the opportunity. Vandall Fast Horse writes: "We took a trolley to the west end of San Francisco to take a look at the beach and the Pacific Ocean. Boy! That's some water in that ocean!" From here they went to the zoo for their first look at an elephant! (*Turn to page 139*)



A Valiant Sioux Warrior of the Past.



A group of Jesuit lay Brothers formerly stationed at the Indian Residential School in Spanish, Ontario.

“Would to God Some Mor

The Society of Jesus would not be the same without her Brothers. They impart a wholesome leaven of humility and sanctity throughout the whole body.

OVER a desk he hunched. I knocked—from the warm “Come in!” to the glow in his eyes, you’d feel right away that Brother George Feltes could never once be distant and cold like that amazing land of his—that land of the setting sun.

Sure enough, there he was measuring distances on the map. You know how dreadfully hard it is to get people started—sometimes; but here was a Jesuit Brother that loved his work, and thought that everyone ought to know the facts about his grand mission at Holy Cross, Alaska. So he promised to tell everything. It was first-hand information: naturally, I listened eagerly.

“It’s really hard to say what people think of Alaska. Some think it’s a bleak waste; some think it’s a big vacation land; others think it’s full of mines and that every few miles you’ll likely as not run into a prosperous mining town—something like the ones in the movies. (Oh, yes, we have movies in Alaska—we’ll come to that later.)

“**I**N reality, it’s quite different. Holy Cross, for instance, is 350 miles from the Bering Sea; in the interior; on the Yukon River. The thing that strikes you first is the completeness of the settlement. We have a church, a convent, Fathers’ residence, a school, boys’

dormitory, sawmill, laundry, warehouse, carpenter shop, machine shop, and a big hot-house. Then, you’ll see lots of space for gardens. They run right down to the river; of course, they’re vegetable, not flower gardens.”

“**A**ND to run all this?” He had me wondering. “We have two priests, two Jesuit seminarians, four Brothers, and nine Sisters of St. Anne. Yes, this small group cares, clothes, feeds, and teaches the largest mission in all Alaska. We have over a hundred and thirty boys and girls—most of them destitute orphans.”

“That would be a good job even in the States,” I suggested. “Yes, but here, in a country like this—it’s quite a problem. That’s where the good Sisters come in; to run the mission without them would be impossible. They take the girls; teach them to sew, cook, bake, do housework—everything that will make them good wives and mothers after they leave the mission. It’s heroic work and very little known by outsiders. One Sister has been there thirty years, cooking most of the time. Think how many Eskimo girls she must have trained in all those years!

“The rest of the work is divided among the Jesuits. The priests care for the spiritual needs of all; visit the neighboring communities; go on

the sick calls which sometimes in winter take from three to four days—even more. If the trails are in poor condition, any journey is arduous. The priest will brave the cold and the snow just the same. Usually, though, that’s not the regular thing and the calls do not take more than a single day. With sick calls, administering the Sacraments, teaching Catechism, visiting surrounding villages, caring for the smaller children’s spiritual needs, etc., . . . there’s plenty of work for only two—don’t you think so?

“Next come the Scholastics, or seminarians—only two—but they’re a blessing. They relieve the work of the Brothers; teach classes; study the language; prefect the boys; and lend a hand with the work in the Government post office which we have right on the mission property.”

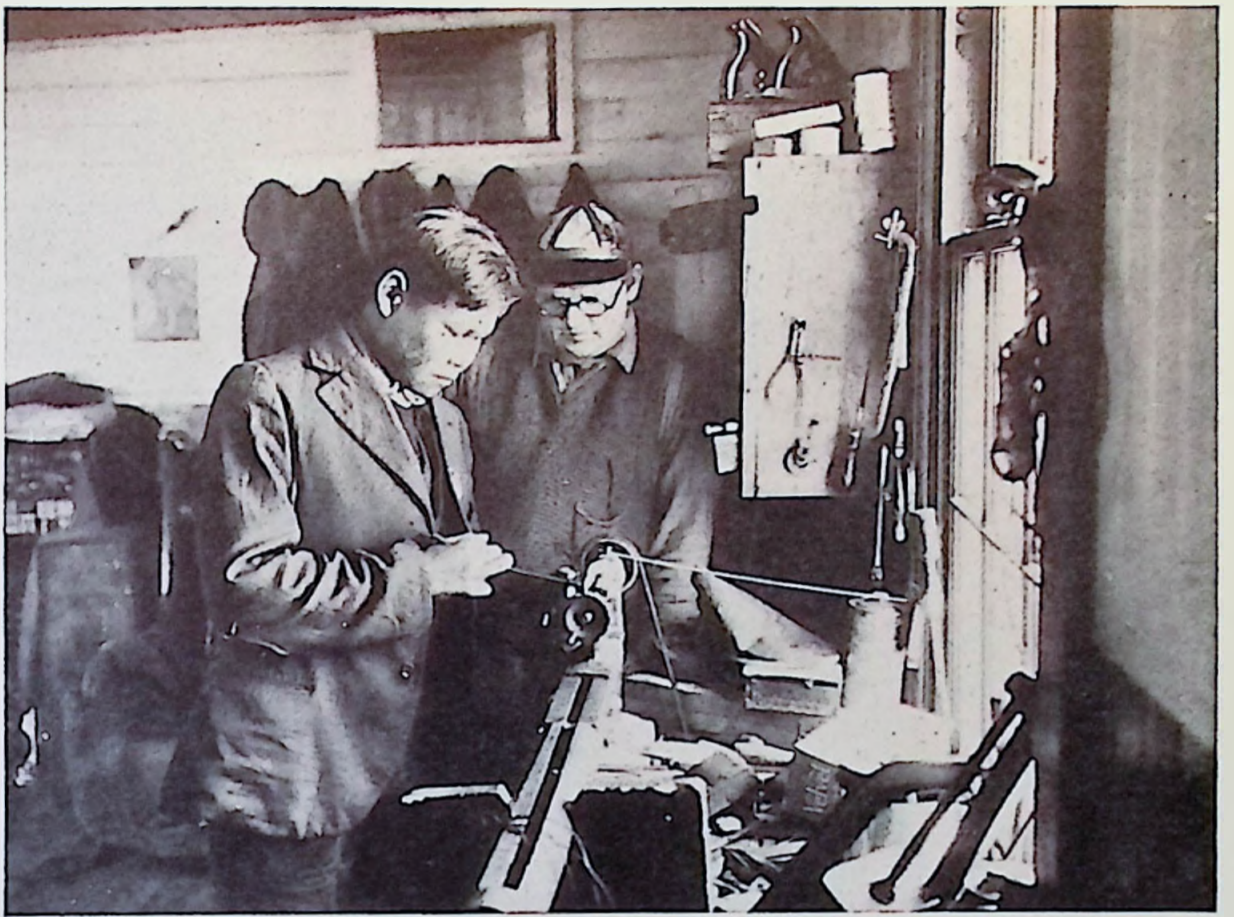
I COULD see that Brother Feltes wanted to tell more about the work of the Jesuit Brothers—so I asked about each of them individually. “Well, the Brothers have charge of all the general work around the Mission. Brother Laird cares for the senior (larger) boys—runs the wood camp in winter and the sawmill in summer. These boys are through school. They do the heavier work; camp away from Holy Cross during the winter and chop down trees which are then cut into six-foot lengths and hauled by

We Had "Brothers"

An Interview
with
Brother George Feltes, S.J.

tractor to the sawmill seven or eight miles away. That's quite a haul."

THE story was picking up, so I let him lead the way. "We run our own sawmill, naturally, and make all the lumber for Holy Cross and also supply some of the other missions along the Yukon and at Hooper Bay. Another thing the boys do: run the boats and work in the fish camp. The fish camp is very important because fish is our best food. At the camp we smoke and dry about five or six tons of that



Brother Alfred Murphy, S.J., (right), of Akulurak, Alaska, showing an Eskimo boy how to use a lathe.

famous Alaskan salmon, besides canning a large amount and putting up about thirty barrels in brine. What do we do with all the fish? Oh, yes,—eat it! and feed the dog teams on it the year round. Ever know that cows eat fish? Anything that has a bit of oil in it will please them. Strange enough, I've never seen a horse that would touch fish. Eskimo girls know from the Sisters how to cook it in dozens of different ways. It melts in your mouth."

There was a pause while he showed me some pictures. "Would to God we had some more Brothers," he continued again, "we're all so terribly busy—and there's so much to be done. Brother Horan is out in the snow most of the time, feeding the cattle, caring for the dog teams, and keeping the fences in constant repair. Last year, we lost the entire reindeer herd. Of course, that'll mean a shortage in meat. Twelve wolves started a killing streak that simply couldn't be stopped—they killed just for the sport of it—before you can trap or shoot them, the herd is lost.

"BROTHER HESS has been at Holy Cross twenty years. He cares for the gardens, and has charge of the water system and the stoves. With fifty stoves firing over four hundred cords of wood yearly—he has to inspect each chimney once a week. Though he's fifty-seven now, and on the mission twenty years, he can say that not once in all that time did they have a serious fire—a wonderful record! May God grant that we never have one, for it would surely be a real calamity, (Turn to page 139)



At Holy Cross Mission, one of the many good Sisters of St. Ann who have for years done heroic work with the children of Alaska.

Pearls Down the Gully

Francis J.
Osborne, S. J.



Still patience works wonders. The sympathetic understanding and love of the Sisters of St. Francis compensate in some measure for the noise and poor equipment of the school.

Joyce became my friend due to a sick call I received at her house. Her cousin only one month old was sick. I rushed down the narrow lane and rounded a delapidated fence. There was Joyce playing in the yard. Her grandmother waited anxiously at the door. The little tot lay in the only bed in the house. Here was a pearl far dearer to Christ than all the natural beauty of the Pearl of the Antilles. He gathered it to Himself for the baby only lingered a few days after Baptism. For a short space this child, like Joyce, lived in a hovel. Today he possesses a heavenly mansion.

Young and old live down the Gully. Quite a stretch beyond Joyce's house lived another friend of mine, named Ada. She was very old. My hope is that Joyce may learn to grow old like Ada. Her's was a deep faith. Until two years ago Ada's was a familiar face at St. Ann's. Old age at length confined her to her "yard."

To get to her house you have to twist your way down a lane flanked by small houses that crowd the narrow sidewalks into the street. The corrugated tin fences try to hide the poverty behind them. Even the lane gradually disappears as you approach the lower end of the Gully. Should traffic be heavy you must jump back and forth across the feeble stream trickling down the Gully. In the middle of a jump you will most likely hear someone shout "Parson." The venom and hatred contained in that word almost freezes you in your tracks. You never forget it.

ADA'S house was no different from the others. It was a shed more than a house. Pots and pans cluttered up the yard. The only consolation Ada possessed in all this poverty was her faith. God stooped down and came to her even in these sordid surroundings.

A few days after my last visit a young man knocked at my door. He handed me a well-worn book. It was Ada's. I opened and read "Ada Isaacs is entitled to a grave, heading and cash to the sum of five dollars." This Catholic Burial Association Book told me I had lost another friend down the Gully. It is consoling to know that she too passed from the poverty of this earth to the riches in Heaven. It must be quite a contrast to the misery and poverty of the Gully. No doubt Ada has one of those mansions God promised his faithful ones. Please God I shall one day pay her a visit in her new Home.

This is called a "yard" in Jamaica. As many as a half dozen one-room houses like these will have a common yard and a common faucet. In the neighborhood of St. Anne's Parish and the nearby Gully you will find many homes like these.

JAMAICA is a land of strong contrasts. From our window you see the two sides of the picture. In the distance you see a Treasure Island, swaying palm trees, white sands, mountains mantled in green, an ocean bed that reflects all the colors of a shattered rainbow from its depths.

Down the Gully we gaze upon the other side of the picture. One-room shacks, made of odd pieces of board and battered tins slapped together, speak eloquently of poverty and ugliness and suffering. Here you will find souls. These are the missionary's first concern. There is far greater beauty here but it is hidden from the eyes of men.

A LITTLE distance from us lives Joyce in a home hardly the size of a garage. She is bright for her five years and attends St. Anne's Infant School. Her school house blends well with the neighboring shacks. Like them it is weatherbeaten and worn and boasts of only one room. Here Joyce sandwiched in amongst two hundred and five other pupils meets for the first time Sister Marié Jean, O.S.F. On a broken piece of slate Sister guides her chubby little fingers through the intricacies of c-a-t and d-o-g.

Joyce shakes her little head. She can't concentrate. The children across the aisle in the upper classes are doing arithmetic. Three classes all in one room! Impossible for the children, impossible for the poor Sisters.

The Rosary in Arabic

Thomas F. Hussey, S.J.

“**E***S-SALAAMU LEKI YA MARIAM . . .*” Each evening during the month of May this was the chant that resounded in the chapel of our new boarding school and residence. But it was not the chant of the boarders for they were in the study hall nor of the Fathers for they were at the dinner table. It was the song of a Catholic family who took over our empty chapel and there before the blue and white, flower-covered shrine of Our Lady honored the Queen of Heaven by chanting her rosary.

The family of five boys, three girls, mother and father divided themselves into two groups, each singing half of the “*Es-salaamu leki ya Mariam*” which, of course, is the Arabic for “Hail Mary.” Each of the mysteries was announced by the father with a short explanation and the services were not concluded until he had also read a meditation for the day.

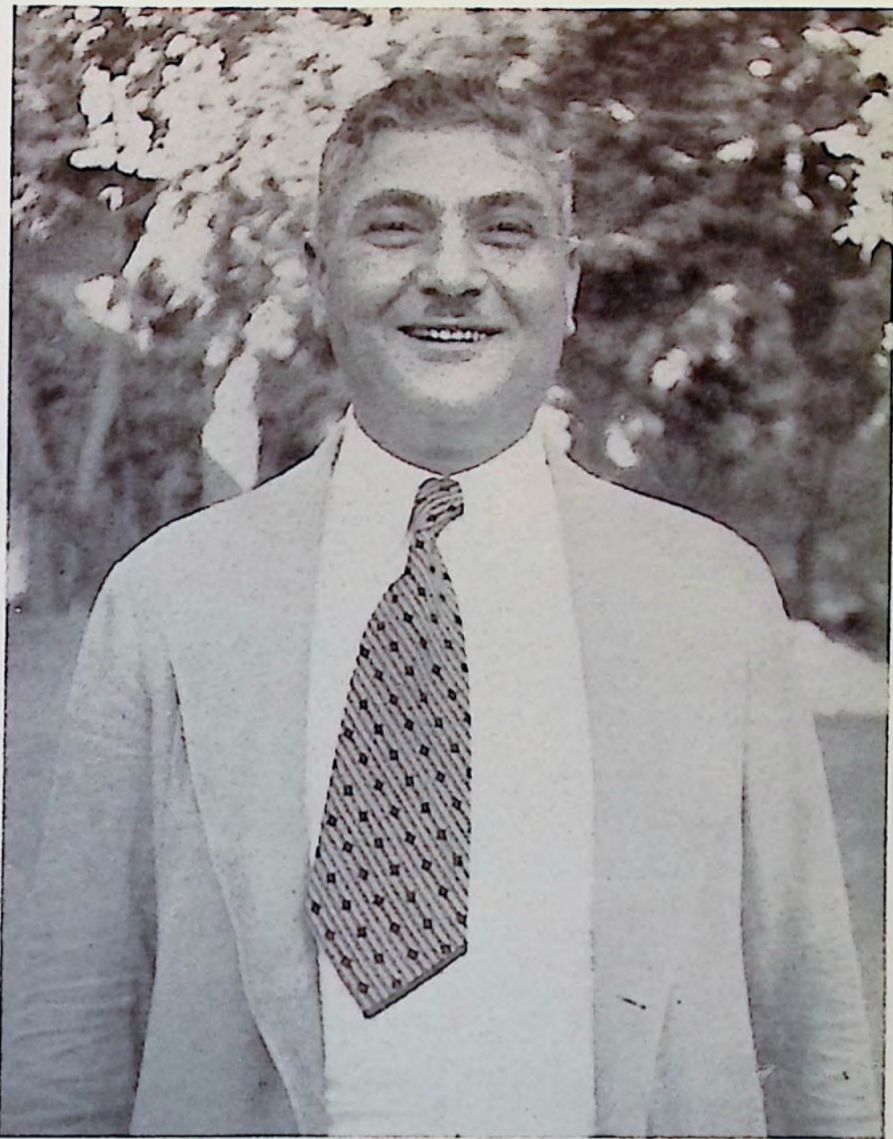
At four o'clock in the afternoon you could find that father in his downtown office dispatching sheafs of reports, dictating, conversing in Arabic, English or French. At seven-thirty he was a simple son of Mary with his children gathered around him at her feet.

May evenings in Baghdad are warm and our chapel retains much of the heat of the day but that was no excuse for rushing their devotions to the Mother of God. One of the boys of the family jokingly remarked that the Fathers spent only ten minutes at their litanies while he was forced to endure a half hour of devotions.

THE comforting fact is that these special May prayers are not peculiar to our neighbors. The boys tell us that many another Catholic Baghdad family has its own May shrine and May devotions, or, lacking the shrine, retire to the nearest church. When our graduating class had its closed retreat here during the Easter vacation they showed that they had a similar home training by chanting the rosary in the same manner. This deep-seated devotion to Our Lady must surely be one of the reasons why Catholicity has endured in this Land of the Two Rivers despite centuries of non-Catholic governments.

Manifestations of this deep current of Catholicity are interesting to note. If you go to the villages in the north of Iraq, you will see the farmers in June bringing in the tithe, or tenth part of their grain, to the village monastery. You will see new churches arising by the free labor of the villagers who cut the stone and carry it on their backs to the site of the church. Their movie is the drama of the Mass celebrated in the brightest of vestments, with clouds of incense, and even the clash of cymbals to add to the awe of the Consecration.

Even the city-bred Iraqi Catholic often looks to the monastery out on the plain for relief from the daily



Mr. Serkis Bakose, the head of the family who spends his days in his downtown office as a competent businessman, and his evenings with his family, chanting the Rosary to Our Lady.

round of care. When the wheat is still a sea of waving green and the dirt roads are freed from the winter's mud the whole family will drive out to spend a spring vacation in the monastery's hostel. There is Mass each morning, Divine Office in the afternoon, and special devotions to Our Lady and the Sacred Heart in their months, a vacation much less exciting but also much less to be regretted than many their brother and sister Catholics spend in Europe and America.

YET anyone reading between these lines can see where the danger lies. These manifestations of Catholicity are remains of the old days. Evening prayers before Our Lady's shrine—will they succumb to the radio program? Will the monasteries still be vacation centers when Iraq's new vacation centers are finished? It is the fight we know so well in the United States, the preservation of the good of the old ways and the readjustment of the student's life to the evils of the new. It is the fight that lies so clearly before Baghdad College.

When one looks at a world where not one in ten is a Christian and lives near places that are pagan, the beautiful customs of the old days have a fresh attraction and appeal. Hearing Our Lady's praises sung in an ancient tongue in this setting is a very pleasant experience. I'm sure Christ blessed that family as they knelt in our Chapel and honored His mother. We boast that in Baghdad College the boys receive an education as modern as any in the East yet we guard jealously and cling tenaciously to the beautiful customs of the past.



Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., is one of the Jesuit Chaplains for the military camp at Zamboanga.

The Jesuits Face the Firing Squad

The threat of war gives a new impetus to military training in the Philippines. It also offers Missionaries an opportunity to contact souls they would not otherwise reach in the daily round of duty.

William J. Nicholson, S.J.

CAME the dawn . . . the sun rose in all its glory on that glorious day . . . dawn was passed . . . the early morning hours dragged on . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . . one . . . one-thirty and four black-robed figures stood silhouetted against the wall. They were not blindfolded, their eyes sparkled, and their arms hung loosely at their sides. Their actions betrayed no fear, rather calm and confidence . . . you see they did not know what to expect. They had come to be targets, not for bullets, but for the questions which the men wished to shoot at them. Who were the men? They were the Trainees at the *Cadre* or training camp.

Throughout the Philippine Islands are many *Cadres* for the young men in their early twenties. Those who attend these camps have a short enlistment of about five and one half months, during which time the Army officers train them to some knowledge of Army life and

discipline; during the same period the Army Chaplain trains the men to a better knowledge of the Catholic Faith and of the consolations and helps it affords its children. Five and one half months is not a long time, so the Chaplain must work fast and hard and long.

I N a little town near Baguio, in the Mountain Province of the Philippines, is such a *Cadre* or training camp, Camp Holmes by name. Fortunately, for the Scholastics, Father Guerzon, the Army Chaplain, has to care for the spiritual needs of the men at Camp Allen and at the Military Academy, both in Baguio, as well as for the trainees at Camp Holmes. As Father cannot be at all three places at once, he has the Scholastics help him in his training of the trainees.

The history of the Scholastics work at Camp Holmes is short, but the results, by the grace of God, have been gratifying. The thirty first of last August saw the beginning of the work at the *Cadre*. Eighty trainees were present at the first instruction; of these seventy-six were Catholics, two were Aglipayans, and two were Protestants. "Little work there," you say, "for almost all are already Catholics." Baptized Catholics, yes, but a very small number of them, nine to be exact, had ever been to confession and Communion. Therefore, the object of the Scholastics work was to prepare for Confession and Holy Communion those men, who for perhaps twenty years or more had never had the opportunity of receiving these two Sacraments of peace and strength.

The method of conducting the classes was simple: first, there was the opening prayer, followed by a hymn; then the men



The Trainees attend a Field Mass at Camp Holmes, Trinidad Valley, Philippine Islands.

were separated into groups with a Scholastic at the head of each group, under Father Guerzon's direction. During the instruction the catechism was explained in the simplest manner and at the end a bombardment of questions started: first the teacher and then the pupil took the offensive. We need never fear any enemy if the trainees learn to shoot bullets as fast as they shoot questions.

THESSE men have their difficulties, of course, which though simple in their solution, may cause trouble to the unknowing. Concerning confession, for example, there are the usual questions: "Why is confession necessary?" or "Why should one man confess his sins to another man, who like himself is subject to sin?" These and like questions are asked, not by proud, intellectuals, but by earnest and simple men, desiring and willing to accept simple, straightforward answers.

Using this simple method of instruction the Scholastics conducted their classes for many weeks; one class followed another and the prospects were bright. But the good work was not to be unhampered. Soon a Protestant Minister began to overshadow the work of the Scholastics with the cockle of his doctrine. However, the good work thrived despite the opposition. After several weeks a miniature war was staged with one class pitted against another. The result was encouraging, for it showed that the trainees had acquired at least a knowledge of the essentials of their religion. They knew what sin was, why it was wrong and how to avoid it and its occasions. Some of them acquired a fuller appreciation of their Faith.



The future Philippine Army on parade.

IN October two priests from the Scholasticate went to the *Cadre* with the Army Chaplain and three Scholastics. The two priests and the Chaplain heard the confessions of the men who had been prepared by the Scholastics. The latter were there to urge on those who needed encouragement and moral support. On the following Sunday, Father Joseph Kerr, S.J., celebrated Mass at which some fifty trainees received Holy Communion, about forty of them for the first time. After Mass the recent converts were baptized.

Instructions continued even after this glorious First Communion Day, until the (Turn to page 139)



The Most Reverend Mariano Madriaga, D.D., a Jesuit alumnus, with his attendant and some army friends. Bishop Madriaga says three Masses every Sunday. He said the field Mass at Camp on this particular Sunday.

Our Little Firebuilder

Francis J. Jansky, S.J.

“**W**HERE there’s smoke, there’s fire,” and when there is smoke in the corridor of the Fathers’ residence at St. Francis Indian Mission, South Dakota, you know that our “Little Firebuilder” is preparing the new Easter fire. Yes, it’s Brother Bernard Hinderhoefer, S.J., or “Brother Shoemaker” as the Sioux like to call him, who is kindling this liturgical fire just as Brother Figel taught him forty years ago.

On this particular Holy Saturday morning our “Little Firebuilder” rose at 3:30 a.m., because he wanted all his pre-tested plans to function in a flawless manner. Everything in Brother’s life has a definite place, and this morning everything necessary for the Easter fire was in its place.

FROM the porch of the Fathers’ residence where Brother began his procedure, I noted the vice and stone—I could not escape the latter as I was promptly asked to turn it. Brother came up close to the stone, and with a screw driver in one hand began making sparks large enough to be taken for fire flies. With his other hand he brought in a piece of tinder to catch several inviting sparks. I was then ordered to stop turning the wheel, while Brother commenced blowing on the tinder and spinning it around in the air much in the same fashion as one of the Sioux Boy Scouts would do attempting fire by friction.

When the tinder caught fire, our Little Brother—only five feet tall—dropped the burning tinder into a lamp-like tin container and took it into the vestibule of the Fathers’ building. After the fury of smoke caused by heaps of wood and shavings, a flame finally broke through. Not until a few pieces of coal were added did Brother feel that the fire was going in earnest. It was then his part to wait for the priest in the vestibule of the church, where he would bless the new fire. All this care and exactness to fulfill the rubrics of the Church on Holy Saturday, but made plain to me his

wonderful spirit of faith and devotion. Never in all of the forty years of firebuilding has Brother failed to light the fire, or even to keep the priest waiting.

LAST year Brother became seriously ill and was taken to the hospital at Alliance, Nebraska. Unused to city life in general, and to hospital life in particular, Brother found confinement there unbearable. Though given excellent care by the doctors and Franciscan Sisters, he asked to be permitted to leave, saying that if God wanted to take him to His heavenly home, he wanted to be taken from his Jesuit home among the Sioux Indians. Half seriously he later told me: “All those pills they gave me almost killed me. They may be all right for you young men, but not for me!” Gradually, the uremic poisoning passed out of his system and our Little Brother was again at his post.

At the Mission his work has been prodigious. For forty-one years he has served as shoemaker, fitting out and repairing shoes for the “cinnamon rolls,” old and young. He passes out shoe strings with the kindness of a Father Minister, at the same time censuring the little lads for using the last pair he gave them to patch a broken bow string.

ABOUT the Mission, the twenty-three gardens of trees and flowers are living testaments to Brother Shoemaker’s patient labor and experience in horticulture—and this on a prairie where sand abounds and rain is the rare exception. Indian pines from the canyons, spruce from the Black Hills, Russian olive, Honey locust, and Black locust are but some of the various trees growing about the Mission property. Back in 1934, when Brother planted some three thousand cottonwood trees, he also used some of them as fence posts. A line of these, feeling that their time of growth was not at an end, began to sprout. Brother tells the story how one day one of his Sioux workers came to him with the sad message



Brother Bernard Hinderhoefer, S.J., about to prepare the Easter fire.

that all of his fence posts were now dead. They had ceased to sprout.

SINCE Brother is now eighty-one he is assisted in his work by John No Belly and Joe Red Tomahawk. Joe towers over Brother in size, but not in enormity of work. Our Little Brother fairly runs about from one task to the next. He still rings the Angelus bell, calling the Indians to prayer, still mends their shoes, feeds their visitors, and sees to it that the various gardens still gladden the hearts of those who come to the Mission. He loves his work because it is done for Him for Whom he kindled the Easter fire.

Before this generation of veterans go Home for good we should strive to catch the flame of inspiration from their lives. They have something we need badly. It is a persevering devotion to duty, a deep reverence for the things of God’s House, an impeturbable sanctity that increases with age. With these qualities in our make-up, everything necessary for the Easter fire of Eternity will be in its place.



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Joseph Helped Too

From the time little Jesus was a helpless infant in Mary's arms until He was a vigorous full grown man, dear St. Joseph co-operated in the work of our salvation, the greatest task ever accomplished in this world of ours. Day and night he worked for and watched over his dear wife and the Little One whom he knew would one day save mankind. Thus the calloused hands of Joseph the Carpenter played a large part in our Redemption!

Our Josephs

Many read and hear about Jesus; comparatively few know St. Joseph. Many admire the self-sacrifice of the Jesuit Fathers in the foreign missions all over the world; few even know of the existence of the good lay brothers on the missions and at home who, like St. Joseph, are co-operating in their apostolic work. Their calloused hands play no small part in the work of the Society.

Stay-at-Homes

Every Jesuit lay brother looks on St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S.J. as his special patron and model. Forty years performing the humble duties of porter and sacristan of the Jesuit college at Palma in the island of Majorca were forty years well spent in saving souls. For it was the humble Alphonsus, telling his beads as he trudged through the corridors of the big college, sweeping the chapel and polishing doorknobs, who by word and example inspired a young Scholastic studying there, Peter Claver by name, to offer himself for the South American mission

field. His offer was accepted and fifty years later after a life of heroic missionary work in the slave marts of Cartagena, opening the gates of Heaven for thousands of outcast negroes, St. Peter Claver, S.J., the priest, was consoled on his death-bed by a small picture of the saintly porter, Brother Alphonsus Rodriguez, whose advice he had followed many years before.

Pills and Potions

Old Brother Cummings, S.J. has been Infirmarian for more than thirty years at the Jesuit Novitiate in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. When he is not helping to build sturdy young future missionaries out of bone and muscle he makes them out of plaster for purely decorative purposes! Dear old Brother Cummings never sailed away to foreign mission lands himself but there is many a staunch padre in the Philippines and Jamaica who owes his good health, if not his life, to the pills and potions of the faithful old infirmarian at St. Andrew.

Do and Die

God alone knows how many Japanese were saved by the heroic labors of Blessed Leonard Kimura, S.J. This Christian son of Japan worked for the Fathers for thirteen years as a lay-catechist. He sprang from a pioneer Catholic family, his father having played host to Xavier himself. After Leonard entered the Society as a lay-brother he stayed on in Japan when all his fellow Jesuits had been exiled. By the sacrament of baptism and his fervent preaching, he did untold good among his own people. The story of how he was finally arrested is

interesting. Apprehended in lay garb on some trifling charge not connected with religion, one of his examiners asked him if he knew any of the Jesuits.

"Indeed I do," Leonard replied, "and I can turn one of them over to you at any time."

"Where is he now?" said the judge excitedly, as he sent for some soldiers.

"There's no need for hurry, or for any rushing about," Brother Kimura said, "you have already captured him. I am a Jesuit."

A Tower of Strength

For years Brother Edward Bauerlein, S.J., worked day and night in kitchen and tailor shop at St. Andrew-on-Hudson to keep two hundred young Jesuits well covered and well fed. Some of them were future missionaries in Jamaica and the Philippines. Brother saw them go one by one but could not go himself. But one day fourteen years ago the call did come. More Brothers were needed to help the Fathers in the front lines. Off went Brother Bauerlein to the Philippines and ever since his arrival there he has been a tower of strength to the mission.

Had we space and a fuller knowledge of our far flung missions we might mention a whole litany of Brothers who are today working side by side with our Fathers in the salvation of souls. Unfortunately we haven't. So we will conclude with a brief word of tribute and praise to all of them and especially to smiling "Brother Joe," as his friends call him, who has labored for more than twenty-five years in Belize, British Honduras.

Philip V. Sullivan, S.J.

Wake Up

Francis A. Rouleau, S.J.

How can we "wake up and be Buddha" when Buddha himself is asleep?

"YOU yourself are Buddha, Master Hu!"

In cherubic tunefulness, Brother Meng Lo, the *bonse*, croons the magic oracle square into my blinking eyes, while over my shoulder Tang's fat, sweaty face grins fluorescent as a street lamp on a wet night.

That introduces the set-up in this weird plot. Here we are, ensconced at nightfall in a tight, little incense-soaked gable of the monastery, just off the Chamber of Ten Thousand Mirrors, where the enchanted miracle-bone of Gotama exerts the witchery of forgotten centuries over the warm, oriental imagination.

Three of us, I say: My friend, Tang, big and bluff Buddhist layman, constantly swabbing his sleek face with a towel; "Master Hu," cracking dried watermelon seeds between his teeth and washing them down with bubbling tea and sesame biscuits; and across the black lacquered table from us, the professed monk and teacher of the Law, expounding in lullaby cadence the strange occult things of his pantheistic creed.

AND for an extra splash of local color: sprawling old Shanghai in midsummer, if you have ever lived in it—muggy and yellowish and swathed woolen-hot in a fleecy blanket of mist. Now, let's go.

"Wang-erh, fetch us more tea!"

Tang's hoarse bluster, half muffled in the sweat towel, stirs up the bats in the cobwebby blackness above us.

Quick as an electric switch, in bounces a startling apparition of sky-blue pajamas, shaking all over with animated importance. Wang-erh the servant, whose gnomish brown visage is half teeth laughing open, pours up the hot tea in a gurgling cascade, whirls around like a dervish and dances out again with noiseless footfall. Steaming tea, after the habit of the race, is indeed a refreshing pickup in the heat. Balanced on the edge of our stools, we wheeze it up in deliberate gulps and then briskly fan away the

Buddhist monks move solemnly along to meditate upon nothingness. Here, as well as in China, they are slowly moving out of the picture.

new perspiration trickling down our necks and wrists.

Hot tea, by the way, is also a heady bracer to Brother Meng Lo's eloquence. Frankly, one can hardly help falling under the spell of this soft-spoken mystic, all aglow to the fingertips as he is with ancient lore. Not old in years, though. Still boyishly young and radiating the infectious exuberance of a born propagandist, Meng Lo the monk combines, in addition, smart ascetic grace of features with a flute-like tongue that blows out every metaphysical thought in persuasive melody. Take my word for it. How often have I listened to his facile glibness as he conjured up before my mind's eye the unearthly glamor of Nirvana and, with nimble pickings, unraveled the skein of my infinity! Liting it out now in a lively, philosophical minuet, his voice rises and falls in all the rich, musical modulations of Mandarin tones, while the slim, grey-robed body sways to and fro in steady rhythm to the swing of his silken fan of peacock hue.

NEAR the end Meng Lo's face becomes suffused with a queer intensity of emotion and the score swells all of a sudden to a dramatic fortissimo.

"Look at this lotus flower!" he sings at me, taking up the rose-colored blossom and holding it reverently above the table. "This is Buddha . . . that's what I am trying to teach you! Buddha is indeed in this flower . . . in this teacup . . . in you, in me, in everything! We are

And Be Buddha

Seemingly a purely imaginative, but in reality, an accurate and colorful description of a personal experience.

A "purifying" meditation upon nothing.

all bubbles on the infinite ocean of the one reality. We are all Buddha the Divine!"

Like luminous amber globes, his eyes are flashed direct on mine as if their impassioned fire were meant to burn the dogma of Buddhahood deep into the spiritual teakwood of the soul.

WE stare at each other in awed silence. Against the pale oil-lamp hanging from a rafter overhead, a bat flaps awkwardly, swings twice about the room and swerves back into the musty eaves. The monk scrutinizes my reaction to the mystery he has just revealed. But what in the world is there to say? It is the old, old story all over again. Shrugging my shoulders, I reach over for a rice cake and munch bland unconviction. Our discussions usually wind up in this way. Pensive but undismayed, Meng Lo closes his eyes, crackles long and meditatively on a single melon pit and fans away the sticky summer gnats with a listless circular motion. Pious Tang stands there transfixed, dreamily picking his nose.

Out through the latticed casement of the room I look down on the flagstone courtyard and into the hall beyond, vast and shadowy in the twilight. It is the Hall of the Saints. Buddha is enthroned there, squatting serenely cross-legged in a huge gold-gilded lotus and half buried under a baldachin of frowsy drapes . . . a massive, bare-bellied old creature in metal, chubby and benign as some giant kewpie doll, but

blackened by unnumbered years of incense smoke. At measured intervals comes up the drowsy cadence of the *bonzes* droning out their vesper office, every choral antiphon gonged off with metronomic precision by the striking of a bell.

Up and then down . . . gong! The chanting swells quickly to a sepulchral intoning of glory and then as metrically descends to a low nasal whine of repentance. *Gong!* Like a receding echo, it simpers off into a dragon-fly hum in summer cattails, save for a boy's shrill voice still sobbing brokenly over the notes. *Gong!* Then a hushed silence. The monks, wrapped in their yellow prayer-capes, fall prostrate to the floor and bump their heads lightly on the kneeling mats. *Gong!*

"Wang-erh, more tea!"

My friend, Tang, whacks the table with a thud that sets all the Chinaware clinking in brittle disharmony; but his staccato croak instantly brings forth a fresh vision of the blue pajamas and a spouting geyser of tea, just off the fire.

LANGUIDLY we sip the steaming ch'a and increase the mechanical tempo of our fanning. When that gnarled old sprite of a Wang-erh hobbles on a bench and turns up the wick of the greasy bronze lamp, Brother Meng Lo starts up as out of a dream, and his velvety face, now reddened by the sputtering light and good health, becomes all smiles and music again.

Two Buddhist divinities—one seems to be concentrating, the other relaxing.



"THE Pearl of Buddha . . . the great miracle-bone of Gotama!" he whispers excitedly into my ear, waving the folds of his sleeve down the dark corridor. The ebullient Tang spills over a half-empty cup as he springs abruptly to his feet, sponges his damp, shaven head and stutters out in catching eagerness:

"Ah, yes, come and see the holy miracle-bone!"

Both shuffle off to the Chamber of Ten Thousand Mirrors; both stand back, with a classic curve of the body, to let me pass first into the mystic (Turn to page 139)



Trincomalie has its Pascu

John T.
Linehan, S.J.

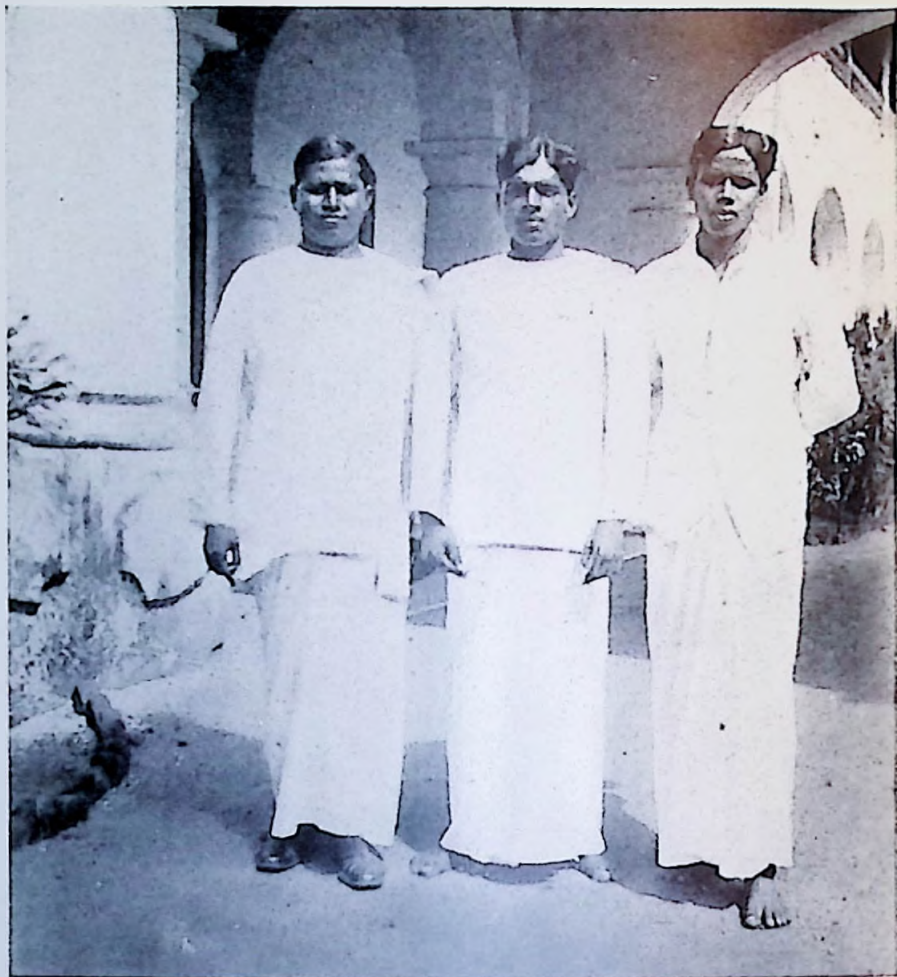
OBERAMMERGAU had its Passion Play, but Trincomalie, city of Ceylon, has its Pascu. As they are poles apart geographically, so they are likewise dramatically. The Pascu is a Portuguese importation to Ceylon; the like of it is not likely to be seen anywhere in the Occident. The Passion of Our Lord is the central representation, but other Biblical subjects may have a part. Sometimes, the pageant begins with the Creation and ends with the Ascension of Our Lord. The text is based on the Bible with additions to make the subject clear to the audience.

IN the Pascu, the actors, generally, are not human beings, but mechanical figures moved by a system of cords. Sometimes, men are used to represent the soldiers and the mob. A reader standing above the heads of the spectators, reads the narrative and the figures move in accordance with the action required by the text.

Preparations are begun weeks before the opening night. A stage is erected and the necessary arrangements are made for the proper movement of the figures. Local color has a place in the side-walls and back of the stage by the use of coconut palm branches in place of boards.

Palm Sunday is the opening night. The scenes of Good Friday and Holy Saturday are the striking features. No doubt, the most impressive scene is the meeting of our Blessed Mother and Our Divine Lord on the Via Dolorosa. The figure representing Our Savior is moved through the crowd towards the figure which represents the Blessed Mother. Before they meet, however, a figure representing Veronica is moved towards the Blessed Virgin. It bears in its hands a cloth with the impression of Our Lord's countenance.

The audience, as a rule, is generally well behaved throughout. The Moslems, Hindus and Buddhists who,



Out of Ceylon's million Hindus have come these three converts who now teach at St. Michael's, the Jesuit College at Batticaloa.

besides the Christians, come in large numbers, seem to be greatly impressed by the representations. All look on reverently as the pageant moves to its conclusion. On the night when lighted candles are held in the hand by most of the audience, a scene of exquisite beauty results. The Good Friday scenes go until two-thirty Holy Saturday morning.

IT is truly remarkable how the crowd keeps its composure, since no seats are provided. All must sit on the ground. This is, generally, scrupulously observed. The women have their section immediately in front of the stage and no encroachments are made on their preserve. The men view the proceedings in back of the women. There is no fuss at all.

Whether the intention of those who first began the Pascu was to spread the knowledge of Our Lord outside the fold or merely to give a graphic representation of Our Lord's Passion for Catholics, it seems they have accomplished both. The number of non-Christians who

attend these performances is comparatively large. In view of the fact that they cannot be directly approached, the good seed is indirectly planted. How long this pageant has been presented among these peoples or how it first originated I do not know. It is quite likely it came to these shores in the time of Xaxier and was first enacted by the Portuguese colonists, who settled here.

A scene from the Pascu—a biblical pageant, introduced by the Portuguese during the early days of Christianity in Ceylon.



For the Conversion of Confucianists

The Mission Intention for May

NOT so long ago many of us came close to insanity as a result of the ceaseless repetition in song and gag of "Confucius say." Wisecracks that were a travesty of the maxims of the Chinese sage even appeared on pottery and sweaters!

The old philosopher who unwittingly provided so much material for Broadway script writers was born in 551 B.C. in what is now the province of Shan-tung. His name, "K'ung-tze" was latinized by the early Jesuit missionaries into *Confucius*. His father, a famous warrior of noble blood, died when his son was still a mere boy. As a result of this he had to work as a servant to a nobleman to support himself and his mother. While doing the menial tasks assigned him, he was able to study a great deal and made considerable progress. A schoolmaster at twenty-two, he gained quite a reputation as a learned teacher.

SOON afterwards, he left the lecture hall to become Minister of Justice to the local prince. Under him the State reached a degree of happiness and prosperity it had never known before. However, through the intrigues of his enemies, Confucius' lord was led to spurn his advice and as a consequence good government suffered. Unable to win back the confidence of the Marquis of Lu, the Minister of Justice resigned and set out to find a prince who would hear his wise counsel.

In spite of many trials and sufferings, he never yielded to those who begged him to abandon his lofty principles and, after a life of virtue and edifying example to all, he died in 478 B.C., when he was seventy-four years old. It is interesting to note that his span of life almost coincided with that of Buddha who died ten years earlier at the age of eighty.

From his recorded traits of character, there is no doubt that Confucius possessed a noble personality. His lofty moral teachings and the fine type of men whom his school produced indicate edifying virtue and wisdom and gave proof of that love by precept and example in times of greatest trial.

AS a religion, Confucianism is the complex system of moral, social and religious teaching, built up by him on the ancient Chinese traditions. It is the largest of the three State religions of China today and it aims at making men of virtue, learning and good manners. It has no positive revelation, little dogmatic teaching and its popular rites are centered in offerings to the dead.

We owe much of our knowledge of the texts of Confucius to the painstaking researches of the Jesuit missionaries in China during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These men, studying oriental lore that they might be better fitted to preach Christ to the highly cultured people of China, produced works on Chinese customs, literature and history that have laid succeeding students under great obligation. Here we must mention Father Prémare, Régis, Lacharme, Goubil, Noël

and Ignacio de Costa, who translated and commented on the Confucian texts with great erudition.

THE religion of ancient China to which Confucius was most devoted was a form of nature-worship very near to monotheism. Numerous spirits associated with mountains, rivers, grain, sun, moon, stars, etc., were honored but they were all subordinated to the Supreme Heaven-god or *Shang-ti*. The *Shang-ti* or *T'ien* upheld the moral order and exercised a kind providence over men. He knew and saw everything. Those who disobeyed his law suffered themselves or in their children. The souls of departed relatives are dependent for their happiness on the conduct of their living descendants. Respect for parents and elders is a primary duty. Confucius held that all men are born good. There is no notion of grace in his teaching, nor does he say much about prayer. The greatest aid to virtue is the example of good men who have gone before and companionship with the good men of to-day.

There is indeed much to admire in Confucianism. It has given a noble concept of the Supreme Being and has produced a remarkably high standard of morality. Apart from the fact that it is not the true revealed religion, nevertheless, it is to-day encumbered with the same defects that characterized it centuries ago. The innumerable nature spirits, the superstitious use of divination, the notion that the higher spirits are regaled by splendid banquets cannot meet the test of intelligent criticism. Nor can any religion answer fully to the needs of the human heart which has little use for prayer, does not know grace and has no definite teaching about the future life. It is true that Confucianism has lifted China to fairly high levels of culture, but it has also constantly blocked progress. To-day three hundred and fifty million Asiatics, mostly in China profess this religion!

DURING this month of Our Lady let us pray fervently to her for the millions of followers of Confucius in China whose hearts his praiseworthy but sadly incomplete teaching have made fertile ground for the seed of the Word of God. It was the sons of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic who first brought the Mass and the sacraments to the Chinese. They came in the thirteenth century but in the turmoil that followed the overthrow of the Mongols and the advent of the Ming Dynasty in 1368, all the Christian missions disappeared.

The Jesuit Father Matteo Ricci was the first to give a solid foundation to the Christian missions in the celestial Empire, the task which Francis Xavier longed to do but had to forego because Christ his King called his brave soldier Home. Today there are three million Catholics in China. The American Jesuits of the California Province, following in the footsteps of Father Ricci, are trying to increase that number. May Our Lady of China help them in their holy work and bless their efforts with an abundant harvest!

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CHINA

Death Inspires

This beautiful tribute is paid to the late Father Charles Simons, S.J., by one of his brothers in China.—Editor.

"The loss to the Mission I can begin to appreciate, since I was for a month an intimate witness to the late Father 'Sancte' Simons' activities, methods, zeal and the authority he enjoyed in the whole country round and about Shuyang. And yet, God, Who knows infinitely better the greatness of the loss to His immediate work in China, permitted it, certainly, that thereby yet greater gains might be earned from his efforts; those past, in his district, those present and future in heaven, and in the inspiration he will be for us following in his well-marked trails.

"Trails, that only a saint could follow. Confidence alone, in God, can permit the ambition. In the first hour I spent with him, the eminence of his charity and his patience impressed me more than of anyone I have ever met. His prudence and tact manifested themselves to a supereminent degree in the course of that month.

Fruits of Zeal

"As for his zeal, and the fruit of his works: 'By their fruits, you shall know them.' Not to make comparisons, but rather to bring out Father's greatness, I will copy off a few statistics from the Summary of works for last year just put out by the Shanghai Mission.

"He ministered to the spiritual needs of more than 1,100 Christians scattered over a thousand square miles of country. He had nearly 2,000 catechumens studying the Way of salvation, at the end of last year, while his Baptisms for the same year were 181. He had 15 schools scattered about the countryside.

Spiritual Giant

"He was severe on himself, but especially so in that holy-prudent way, in that he counted no hardships or suffering in the whole and complete exercise of

his quest for souls and their salvation. In appearance he was a little, weazened man, and yet his capacity for work and travel, his endurance and stamina, put us sturdy youngsters to shame. There was certainly something above the natural in his physical powers.

"When alone, I am convinced that he paid little attention to his fare, and yet, during our visit, his attention and personal concern and preparations were, I should say, motherly.



Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., whose spirit still lives on in the inspiration he imparts to his brother Jesuits of the California Mission in China.

"In patience, he was the ultimate, and shall always be the spontaneous recalled ideal for me in this virtue. In my short stay, I saw many difficulties arise in regard to Fathers, servants, Christians, Presentandines, and officials that would have tried the patience of a saint, yet, one would say that they were not great enough to try him. A dozen times I heard him check himself or others, reviewing some of the faults of the Chinese, with: 'When we criticize creatures we criticize their Maker.'

"Charity Embraceth All"—

"He was all things to all men. Not only in that material way

that we could say he was, as one of their race, as one of their own class or occupation; but all these, and yet above them all. He was all things to all men, in the way that Christ was, as only an *Alter Christus* could be.

"Pagans and Christians, farmers, tradesmen, laborers, 'men and women, old and young, large and small,' bandits, officials, Communists and Japs; all knew him, and deeply respected him, though often expediency might prompt them to hide it. On one occasion when he had to call on the local Japanese commander on some business, the fellow had 'well-drunk' so that Father's reception was less reserved, and more from the natural heart and sentiments of the man. Father was received with the greatest show of friendliness and admiration. 'Look at this Father,' he told those standing about, 'he is so well known and liked in the countryside, that he alone of all the people round about, can travel freely about the district without danger.' His was always the job, to patch up troubles which those less prudent than himself had stirred up. And with his extraordinary tact he was always successful.

Multiple Talent

"He was master of every situation, and with the utmost calm. So much so, that with all the dangers surrounding him, and his apparent immunity in the past, and especially, from two small situations, in which I was his companion, that I had come to think that nothing could or would stop him, as it has done.

"In language, too, he was the real apostle. He spoke an upper grade of language with the officials and the peoples' language, with the people. He had gotten the peculiar dialect of his district down to utter perfection, the work of his first year and a half there, he told me. His vocabulary of terms was tremendous. With the farmer, he knew every kind of plant and weed, by its local name, every kind of farm implement and agricultural term.

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

It was the same with tradesmen of all kinds, and laborers of every craft. He could take in at a glance the content of a letter or document, even when written in those abbreviated and shapeless characters which might be equivalent to our long-hand. He could write as well, for I saw him sit down at a post-master's desk and in a moment scratch off a note for him as he was absent.

"He was utterly fearless, and yet, not imprudently so. For he knew full well the dangers that lurked on every side, many times more than he would ever manifest to us. He quite simply let me know however, on one occasion, that he was aware of the ever-present possibility of what has happened. Yet he went ahead.

A Model

"I had set him up for my model and had hoped to learn many virtues, both spiritual and practical, from association with him. Those lessons in the concrete, are now over. They shall have to be supplied rather by the inspiration which such an ideal should, and I pray will, give me while tramping the same grounds hallowed by his footsteps. . . .

"To me he is a martyr in the highest sense of the word. If one who is backed to a wall and asked '*pei chiao pu pei chiao*,' 'Do you apostatize or not,' is a martyr for professing and loving his faith; how much more so, he, who went about in constant danger, to spread and teach the love of God to pagans, and yet did it constantly with never a falter or hesitation, knowing always and full well, that today might be his last day on earth.

A Constant Motto

His constant motto must have been:— Greater love than this no man hath, than that he give his life for his friend, His Changeless Everlasting Friend, and those who are friends as part of Him, members of His Mystical Body.

"Though humanly the loss is irreparable, still faith in God's Providence constantly boosts up one's sinking hopes, with the

thought that 'man proposes, God disposes' and certainly He is thus disposing things for His Greater Glory not only in Heaven, but in His Church on earth and especially in China.

"Our first seed has been planted in China. Its fruits cannot but be glorious, in the hands of the Divine Husbandman."

IRAQ

Missionary Scientist

Father Vincent Gookin, S.J., writing from Baghdad, shows the value of science in missionary work. His words recall the methods used by the great Jesuit scientist and missionary Father Matteo Ricci, S.J., years before in China:

"I never give up trying to impress friends that although the lone missioner in his straw-thatched hut is still with us and is still facing his loneliness for the salvation of souls, still, there are true missioners who are advancing that same cause by means of microscopes and Liebig condensers and apparatus for demonstrating Boyle's Law, for institutions of higher learning with laboratories and libraries, etc., and all the furnishing of what is best. It is expensive but it has to be done, and something

just as good will never, never win respect out in these places. We have to have something better than anything they have. That is a magnet that they cannot resist. Believe me. So I have not sent any pictures of tumble-down houses (ours is quite modern anyway) or of our rough riding on horseback (we don't) but science laboratory and school library, etc. Our good friends, I am beginning to see, like the idea of just that kind of work. They know that we need bread but they understand that we also need chemicals and slide rules and mounted slides, etc., etc., also. The impression that all such equipment makes on local 'first families' is amazing. And it also is producing an educated and cultured Catholic laity."

Energetic Father Merrick

"Father Merrick, S.J., started a new affair this year. In the new school of the Chaldeans at Karradah where many of the Christians live, he managed to obtain the use of a room through the kindness of the Chaldean Bishop of Baghdad, Msgr. Yousef Ghanima. Every morning it is open from about eight to eleven, prefected by one of the Scholastics or Fathers, who take turns



Brother John A. Pais, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who runs the Mission Press and is sacristan at the Bettiah, Champaran District, India.

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

going down there. It is simple enough—fitted out with a ping-pong table, some books, some Chinese checker games manufactured by Father Hoyt, S.J., and a few other games. One has to pass a summer in Baghdad to realize what little recreational facilities the young people have. About thirty boys came here daily—and the experiment has shown us a work which with some organization and a little help can be made most fruitful. The same room serves for meetings of the Alumni Sodality which has been formed."

PATNA

Opportunities, But—

Though averaging twenty-five miles a day on bicycle and afoot in his roadless mission, Father Charles P. Miller, S.J. found time in one of his mission posts to send the following. It took three months to reach us. He writes:

"The falling off in donations during the past year and a half has hit us pretty hard as that is our only source of revenue. I am trying to keep my village schools going. They are a good investment, though they do not bring quick returns. To keep them going I have had to sacrifice some of my catechists and that has hampered my work very much. It is disheartening in a way to see fine opportunities slip by unused all for want of a few dollars."

Kinchenjunga—a Symbol

Absence of parents and relatives at his ordination was part of the sacrifice Father William R. Hussey, S.J., offered up during his first Mass. Of another "first" in the life of a priest he writes:

"My first Christmas as a priest was spent in Gangtok, Sikkim, as the guest of the Hendricks family. There in the majestic surroundings of that mountain country, and almost in the shadow of Kinchenjunga, 28,225 feet above sea level, I offered my three Masses on Christmas Day, and my Christmas prayer for you was that the Christ Child would

give you Peace, symbolized by the snow-clad mountains about me, that Peace which the world cannot give."

Not Very Gaya

We admire the patience of Father James A. Creane, S.J., but we would like to load down the June boat for India with something substantial for the Gaya about which he writes:

"All our mission stations are hampered in their work due to lack of funds. Here at Gaya there is much that we could do and surely would do if only we had the means. At present I have

like to purchase. They are urgently needed for the expansion of our work. But again, no funds. And so it goes. We shall have to be patient and wait till the ship comes in."

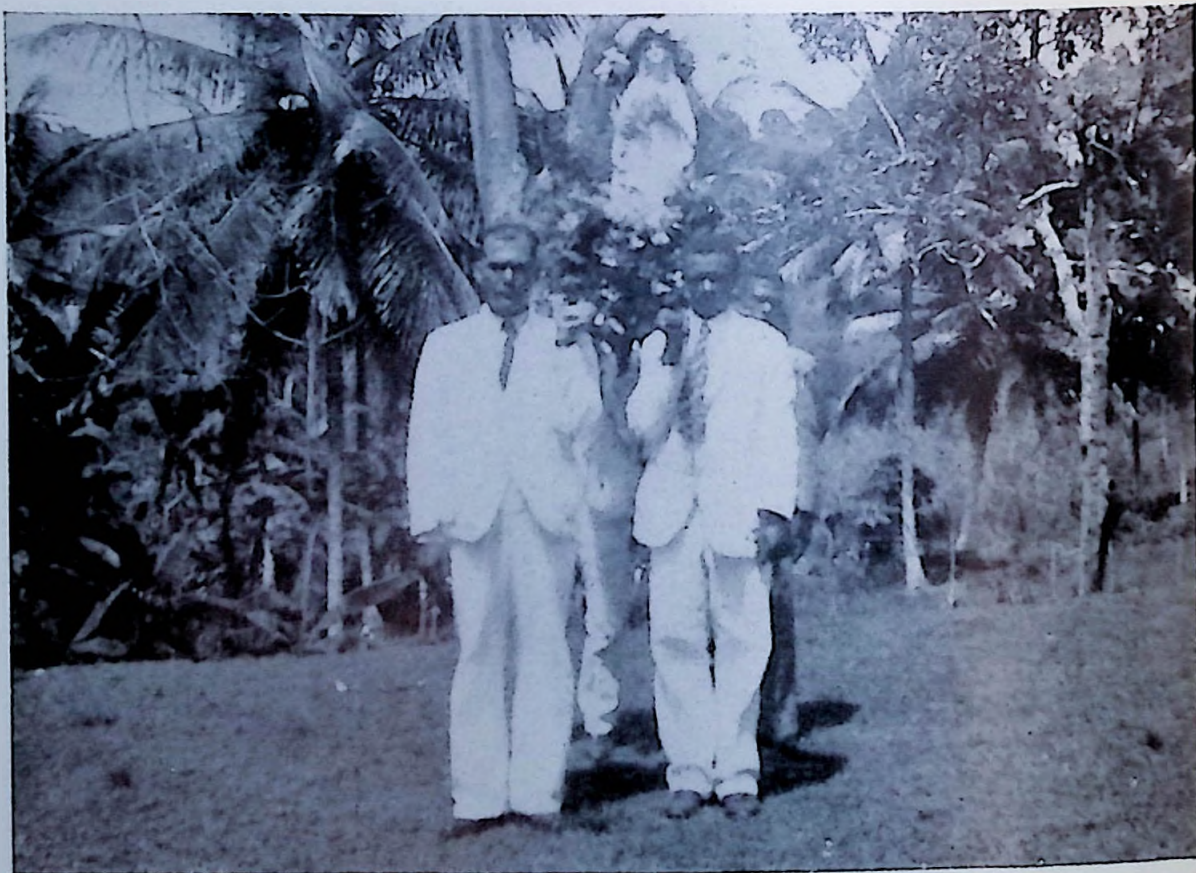
BRITISH HONDURAS

Oddities and Obstacles

Father John Newell, S.J., sent us an interesting account of "Sowing the Seed." From it we cull the following:

"Missionaries have to wrestle with mental oddities and crass ignorance.

Here are a few samples: A



These young men are parishioners of Father James M. Harney, S.J., at his mission in Donnington, Jamaica, B.W.I. They are all ready for the May procession with Our Lady crowned Queen of the May.

only one teacher and a few catechists in the field. I should have a little army of both. A boarding school is imperative if we are going to put stability into our work. But our purse is too slim to attempt one. I had hopes of a pamphlet crusade for our intelligentsia. But literature costs a lot. Our stock of medical supplies was nil when I landed here. It is a wee bit better now, but far from what it should be.

"There are several sites here in Gaya (where land is comparatively expensive) which we would

woman exponent of vegetarianism tried to prove her ism from the Bible. When we asked for an explanation of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and the eating of the Paschal lamb, the good lady eventually got very sick. Now she is a converted and confirmed chicken eater.

A good Catholic gazed long at a crucifix, then looked out the window at a full moon. The projected image of the crucifixion on the moon became a stirring vision for him. Some have been known to steal altar stones for

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

superstitious reasons. Others fatally presume upon the mercy of God.

Those who drift in from public schools have these startling things to say: "Christ was rather perfect in His Manhood, but He must have been decidedly ordinary in His youth"; "Go to Mass when you are in a religious mood"; "It takes brains to be a Mason"; "Try both virtue and vice, and then decide for yourself."

Behold the crying need for more Catholic schools."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Music for Lepers

Father Francis Gilday, S.J., Pastor of Spanish Town, thought that there would be little demand for his musical talents in Jamaica. Now when he can steal a few moments from his work, he plays the organ for the lepers in their home:

"The Leper Colony under the five Marist Sisters continues daily to improve. The lot of these poor sufferers is now greatly improved. One only has to look at them to see the restfulness and peace in lives once shot through with unhappiness. The Sisters are endeavoring to teach them resignation—easy to preach, but hard to live.

"I still play the organ for them. Once or twice a week they gather round me as we practice hymns—just the way you saw us on your visit there with Father Feeney, S.J. They love to sing, and they do not do so badly. I've heard worse. Little did I ever dream that my little musical ability would ever find me stroking the keys of an organ with lepers in every stage of their illness about me. The Mission here has sponsored two or three little entertainments in the musical line for them in the last four months."

Back to Morant Bay

Father William McHale, S.J., gives us fresh impressions of his former Mission:

"I have been away from these missions for a year and a half and am just about getting settled again in the familiar surround-

ings. Lately I am attracted to the mountain districts where there seems to be a good prospect of extension. A Catholic lady has started a Sunday School in her house and we had a very inspiring service there last Sunday afternoon. The children know the catechism well and we will no doubt make many converts there in due time."

ALASKA

"Point" of a Lance

Not written for publication, yet we felt you would admire these few lines from Father Edmund A. Anable, S.J., stationed at Akulurak, Alaska:

"This won't be much of a note, as I have just recovered from an attack of 'flu' complicated with exposure while on a couple of sick calls. Just when I started to get back into shape, an attack of good old-fashioned quinsy made its appearance to help matters along. And as there is no other priest here, it was out of the question for me to consider going up to the hospital, so I had to take a chance and lance the abscesses myself! Consequently, I'm not just in the writing mood at present.

It has been a rather hard winter for the missions.

We were considerably short-handed as it was, but with Father Cunningham's death we shall be far more so.

"Thanks tremendously for the donation and Mass stipends. We could use ever so many more."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A Word of Appreciation

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., of Kinoguitan, Misamis Oriental, Philippines, waxes eloquent over gifts received:

"Those wonderful gifts that your Guild sent are doing worlds of good to the children of our Religious Instruction classes. Each pupil receives one on the day of his First Holy Communion as a souvenir of the great event. The statues, all so beautiful, will be given as prizes. Please tell the members of your Guild that I thank each and every one of



Brother Joseph Schwarzler, S.J., who is doing fine work as sacristan, carpenter and mechanic at St. Francis Indian Mission, South Dakota.

them, and will be so grateful to them if they can manage to gather some small aluminum medals; some small brightly colored rosary beads and scapulars of Mount Carmel. The amount of good that these will accomplish is really tremendous.

Religious Instruction

Just to take care of the children in his parish at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, is a full time job according to Father Edralin, S.J.:

"Up to the present time I have more than four thousand pupils and students enrolled in the classes of religion in the Government schools. I have sixty-three catechists who help me in this big work. We are celebrating Masses and First Communion of these children in their respective *barrio* chapels. As the *barrios* of Cagayan are predominantly Aglipayan, the children have to be rebaptized many of them before they are admitted to First Communion. They have been undergoing six months now of religious instruction in the public schools. Until this day there had been more than two hundred and fifty children admitted to First Communion and more than one half of these were rebaptized. When all the schools had cele-

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS



Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., who died at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, will be mourned by the many friends he made during his twenty-four years of missionary work in Jamaica.

brated their Mass and general Communion, I expect this number three or four times bigger. All for the greater glory of God."

Typhoon Over Culion

Father John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Philippine missions, sends us the following account of a typhoon which swept over Culion:

"On December 4th, a short but severe typhoon passed over Culion. The roof of Emergency Three was partially blown off and the walls of the Invalides were blown in. The inmates of both of these hospitals are at present living in another building until repairs will have been made. The roof of the Cinco Llaguas Building was blown off in two corners. The Teresitas Building got a thorough wetting as the windows were blown in. The women of our dormitories slept in our church for two nights. Our church was damaged slightly when it was struck in the gutter by a part of the roof of the Cinco Llaguas Building. Some windows were also broken. The Government lost many sacks of rice when both bodegas had their roofs partially blown off. We lost a number of trees around our *convento* and, of course, our house got very wet. A few days after this typhoon, another was reported coming. It blew hard

and rained hard for a while but nothing further developed."

Which Did It?

Father Augustin Con-sunji, S.J., a native Filipino, tells in his own way the story of a sick call in Gingoog, Oriental Misamis:

"I'll tell you a story that happened to me just yesterday. I was called to a sick man! He was some eight

miles away; so I waited for a bus. After three hours waiting for anything that might seem like conveyance, finally we got one. When I saw the condition of the man, I lost no time for questions! I did my best in exciting sorrow for his sins and after a while I gave him conditional absolution and conditional anointing. Then came my questions and remonstrations for not having called me. One of the family volunteered the information that the man was perfectly O.K. two minutes before I arrived. More information . . . more about his past life, not so recommendable in the eyes of God! One of the informants assured me that the man said: 'I need no confession nor any Padre to live—give me *tuba* and wine and I'll live all right.' Braced by this little clue, I went back to the sick and seemingly dying! I promised him that I would bring him—wine next day! Sure enough, I went there this morning and he was willing to go to confession. Which did it? Extreme Unction or the other thing?

SOUTHERN MISSIONS

Keep It Open

Father Cornelius Thensted, S.J., informs us that one of his best mission schools will have to close this June unless some special help is forthcoming. He writes patheti-

cally: "Please pray that I may not be forced to close this school as it is the backbone of our work." Will he?

AMERICAN INDIANS

Alma Mater's Hat!

Though trusting in Divine Providence and the prayers of his little Crows, Father C. L. Owens, S.J., is justly perturbed about a new "hat":

"There she stands for over half a century, the Queen of the Prairie in all her Majesty, the Alma Mater of the Crows.

"This grand old institution that has mothered so many little Indian children, cared for them through the tender years of childhood, taught them their prayers and planted the seeds of faith in their little hearts is hanging her head in shame.

"In plain 'American' the roof is so bad that the whole interior of the church is rapidly going to ruin. If all our benefactors would give me the price of a new hat, I could restore our Alma Mater to her former beauty and allow her to raise her head again among the children of the Prairie."

CEYLON

Let's Help Him!

From Batticaloa, Father John Linehan, S.J., simply states the unvarnished truth:

"While at Trincomalee, I went to China Bay which is situated some seven or so miles from the town. Father Patrick who is in charge of Sinna Kaddai, is building a church at that place. The church is half completed. Father Patrick is having a very difficult time to finish it. A church there is really very necessary as there are about two thousand Catholics, mostly workmen, in that vicinity. Without a church, he cannot do much for them. Now with the rainy season at its height, what there is of the building is being damaged by the rains.

"Our mission is very badly off financially so you can be sure that any help that is given, will be greatly appreciated."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Echo and Reecho

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find . . . dollars—subscription, small gift and request to send me some five copies of your last year's most excellent article—"If the British Empire Falls." You do not know, maybe, how much good that discreet note of yours has done to your excellent work in some quarters.

REV. PAUL J. SANDALGI,
Baltimore, Md.

Praise for a Partner

To the Editor:

These last few weeks I have been reading the "Catholic Missions" published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. I never knew the situation in Mexico was so totally Catholic. Stories about the Central American countries and South America were most thrilling and I enjoyed them immensely. I am very hard to get interested in any reading article but I love to read about God and the Kingdom of Christ here or in foreign countries. "Catholic Missions" magazine was most interesting not only in this issue but also in the January and February issues.

On the other hand I like the JESUIT MISSIONS. Their different missionaries in other sections are most interesting.

Detroit, Mich. JAMES BARLOGE.

Human Drama

To the Editor:

I am enclosing herewith my fee for renewal of subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine, and wish I could make it more substantial. I could never repay in dollars for helping me, through your prayers, to save my sinful soul. The Lord now lives within me and I feel happy, but without your remembrance of me, I may not be able to hold Him.

Every page of your interesting magazine is filled with pulsating human drama in real life. It conveys to the reader sorrow, contentment, joy, hope, laughter and an urgent desire to help in this most worthy cause in the name of Jesus, that your struggles to succor humanity may be lightened.

Los Angeles.

Francis Xavier Writes

To the Editor:

I happened to read in the correspondence column of the JESUIT MISSIONS of last December the offer of Mr. J. J. Marks of Philadelphia to forward to anybody requesting it—copies of the "Messenger," medals, prayer books, etc. I shall be very grateful if you could procure them for me. They'll be very useful indeed out here in the mission field.

I am an Indian Scholastic of Patna Mission, just beginning my second year of Theology at St. Mary's, Kurseong, right in the Himalayas. Your time, I know, is occupied with the editorial work of your magazine, and I shall doubly appreciate your doing me this favor.

FRANCIS XAVIER, S.J.
St. Mary's College.
Kurseong, D.H. Ry., India

With Bowed Heads

To the Editor:

I have just received the JESUIT MISSIONS for March. I have been reading over the items about dear Father Simons, R.I.P., and one thing said or rather written by Father Le Sage, S.J., at Shanghai, struck me.

It was that part on page seventy-four where he talked about Father Simons' qualities, and went on to say when they were both out riding on their bikes together, he noticed Father Simons raise his helmet every once in a while. He was making aspirations of the Holy Name.

Now this is why I am writing to you. I want to know why the people in American congregations hardly ever bow their heads when the priest mentions the Holy Name from the pulpit or when saying prayers in English at the foot of the altar. In my school days the catechism said "at the name of Jesus every knee should bend," but in my generation they changed it to "head should bow."

Just recently my family and others were listening to a Catholic priest on the radio and when he mentioned the Holy Name I bowed my head and some one said, "look at her bowing her head," another said "force of habit." They were really amused. I said, "No, it was not force of habit, I was taught that at the Holy Name every one should bow his or her head." It seems it is not done in the U.S.A.

I wish you would teach the little children (if you ever come in contact with them) to bow their heads at the name of Jesus. There are altogether too many little acts forgotten. I am sorry for bothering you, but you have no idea how much it bothers me inside some where when I do not see the Holy Name revered.

San Francisco, Calif. M. F. D.

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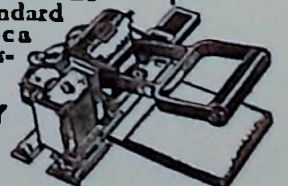
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Brother Marques, the Last Jesuit in Tibet

Francis J. Corley, S.J.

The Taj Mahal, often called the finest building in the world, where now reposes the gracious Mumtaz Mahal, the Indian queen who interceded in vain with the Tibetans to spare the life of Brother Manuel Marques.

UNDER the headline: "Bandits Murder Only Priest in Forbidden Tibet" recent Catholic newspapers carried the story of the tragic death of Father Nussbaum, lone member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society in that country. Laboring at Yerkalo, the only center for Catholics in the entire land of the Dalai Lama, his death leaves the land without any contact with the Church, except for a hospice for travelers founded by St. Bernard Monks on the Si-La pass between Burma and Tibet.

The heroic story of Father Nussbaum recalls another incident in the long series of unsuccessful attempts at the spiritual conquest of Tibet. Just three hundred years ago a lone Jesuit—a lay Brother—was the only survivor of what had seemed to be a promising mission in the western part of Tibet. He was Brother Manuel Marques, now known as the last Jesuit in Tibet.

Brother Marques must have smiled a warm welcome to Father Nussbaum when he came to share the long vigil over the cold, inhospitable realm of the Buddha, because Brother Marques was always smiling. No portrait of him remains. We do not know whether he was tall or short, thin or stout (although life in Tibet must have kept him well on the slender side), but we do know that he smiled, gloriously and often when the way was rough.

Of his life almost nothing is known. He was born in Mas-

Along the Badrinath road looking towards the clouds that hide the rugged Himalayas, crossed at least seven times by Brother Marques.

sao, Portugal, in 1596, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1618. His name first appears when he accompanied Father Antonio de Andrade on his epical journey into Tibet in 1624; it recurs a few times in records of the mission, and is last seen in the tragic story of his capture and imprisonment in Tibet at the close of that mission; all that we know of him is connected with Tibet.

What we know is the delightful story of a young man—he was only twenty-eight when he set out with Andrade across the Himalayas—who spent his years in happy, devoted service. He is always the *fidus Achates*, the loyal, reliable companion of the missionary priest; on the few occasions when his name appears in the accounts of the mission he is always a harbinger of joy. It is true that we have no portrait of him, but his happy, amiable life has left its impress, even on the dry records of history.

I HAVE already told the story of Father Andrade's journey into Tibet, so it need not be repeated here at any length. One incident, however, must be recalled. You may remember that Andrade, on his first trip over the Himalayas, had left Brother Marques at the town of Mana, just inside the Indian frontier, while he went ahead to attempt the crossing of Mana pass into Tibet. The sufferings of those twenty days, during which Andrade and his two Christian Indian companions dragged



themselves up the pass, had nearly exhausted their strength. Their supply of barley meal was almost gone, and they faced the grim prospect of death by freezing or starvation on the very threshold of their goal. In desperation they had begun the return journey to Mana when Brother Marques met them.

You can guess the joy in Andrade's heart as he saw his brother in religion climbing up the slope, barley meal in a pack on his shoulder, barley meal loaded on the sheep he drove before him. But it must have been an even greater joy to see the warm, boyish smile that lit Manuel's face when he greeted his Superior. Strengthened by the food Brother Marques brought them and heartened by his cheery presence, the party went on into Tibet to establish the Tibetan Mission.

It is characteristic of Marques and of his role that he should be forgotten by historians who record Andrade's achievement. Naturally enough, the leader of the expedition is more commonly remembered; his associates enter the accounts in minor parts, but it is a pleasant thought to recall that when Andrade turned his face to Tibet and started down the north slope of the Himalayas, faithful Brother Marques was at his side, sharing the hardships, if not the glory.

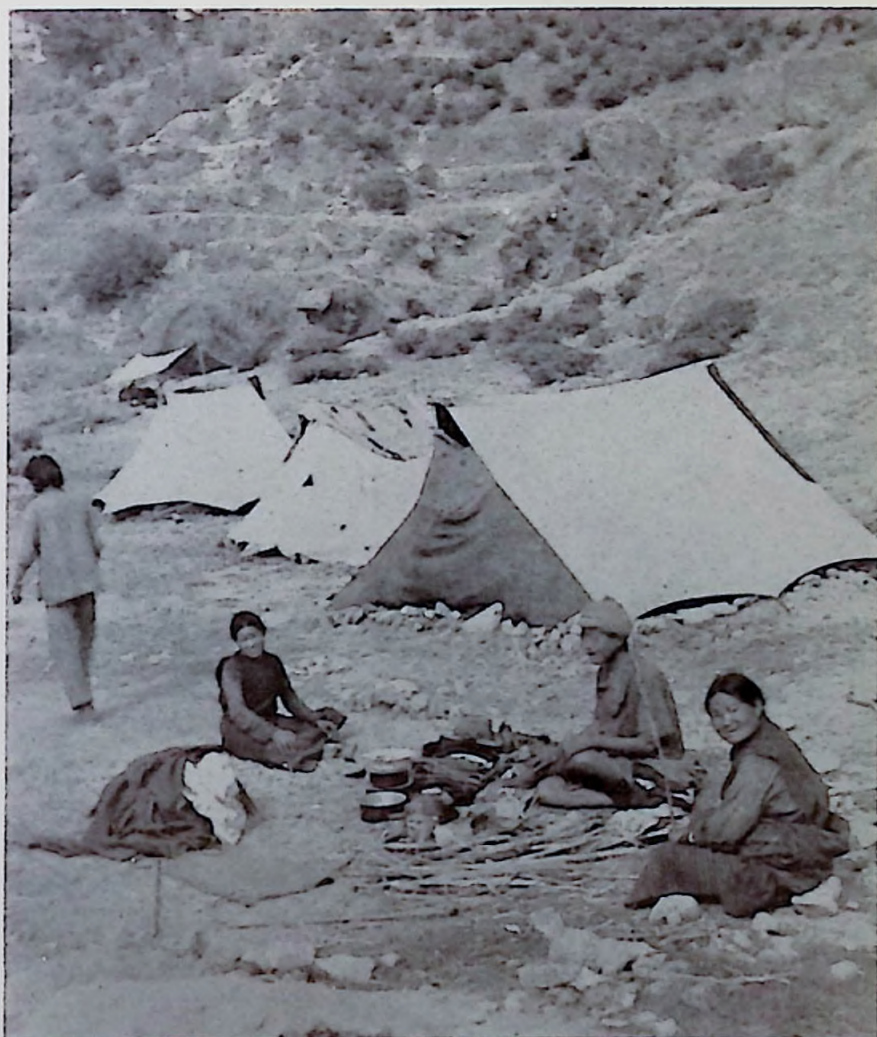
IN the story of the Mission, of course, Marques is always far in the background, because preaching and ministry were taken care of by the priests. But Marques is an indispensable part of their work. We hear of him negotiating, both in Tibet and on the other side of the Himalayas, for provisions, supplies, and pack animals. He was the messenger most often employed to maintain contact with the bases in India. New laborers of the Mission were invariably escorted over the gruelling Badrinath road and Mana pass by the faithful Brother, who, after the removal of Father Andrade to Goa (where he served as Provincial for a period of five years until his death in 1634) was the most experienced laborer in Tibet.

It is impossible, because of incomplete and often confusing records of the Mission, to say just how often Brother Marques toiled up the terrible road over the mountains, but there is certain record of no less than seven crossings (1624, two; 1625, one; 1631, two; 1635, one; 1640, one) and indications of several others in the course of his two long sojourns in the country. I believe that by the time of his last tragic journey into Tibet in 1640, Brother Marques could have made that trip entirely by night with his memory of the trail as his only guide over the Himalayas.

We can only guess, too, at Manuel's daily occupations during the ten-year period from 1625 to 1635, that he spent as a missionary Brother in Tibet. He was probably cook and commissary, sacristan and catechist; to him would fall the management of all household affairs for the Community that sprang up in the Mission. Doubtless, he had his troubles with the languages he had to acquire and with grasping traders who would demand exorbitant prices for the commonest articles. During those years he advanced from youthful twenty-eight to a prematurely grizzled thirty-eight, but he remained the cheerful, invaluable associate he had always been.

ON one occasion in 1631, a Jesuit had to be sent north from Goa to inspect the entire Mission in Tibet. Rumors of persecution and disaster were filtering down to the authorities at Goa, and they had to secure first-hand information so that, if it should be necessary, the missionaries could be recalled in time to save their lives. The only man available for the task was Father Francisco de Azvedo, who had spent most of his life in India, but who was not familiar with the northwest. He arrived in Hardwar, at the foot of the Himalayas, alone and, after a few days preparation, he was on the point of setting out on the road to Tibet.

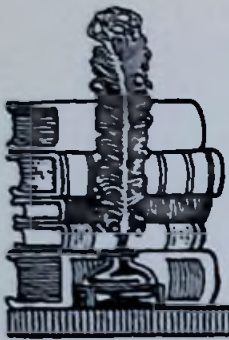
HE knew none of the languages spoken along the way; he had only a hastily prepared description of the route; alone, defenceless, and inexperienced in



Tibetans, camping along the world's highest road. Perhaps they are waiting for another Jesuit Brother to bring Christ's message to them.

the ways of mountain brigands, he must have decided to go ahead with many misgivings. At that moment Brother Marques appeared unexpectedly in the town on one of his periodic forays for provisions. It is no wonder that Father Azevedo shouted with joy when he saw Marques and that he recorded in his journal of the trip: "I was on the point of setting out, having received my pass, when to my great consolation and happiness, Brother Manuel Marques arrived from Mana!"

"*Vae soli*," says the Scripture. "Woe to him that is alone." Brother Marques was to die alone, a prisoner in the land he had come to evangelize. From 1630, when the King of Tsaparang, who had generously supported the Jesuit Mission in his capital, was overthrown by a neighboring rival, the affairs of the Mission gradually declined. Father Azevedo secured (Turn to page 140)



NEW BOOKS



Wings of Eagles

Francis J. Corley, S.J., and Robert J. Willmes, S.J.

Fathers Corley and Willmes have done a workmanlike job in boiling down long biographies and giving us the most salient details from reliable sources. The result is a series of graphic, colorful narratives which as history are dependable and as a tribute to the Alma Mater of one hundred and sixty-five Jesuit saints and blessed on her four hundredth birthday can hardly be surpassed.

All the members of the Society of Jesus who have been raised to the honors of the Altar are here. All have a striking family resemblance, yet each one of them differs from his brethren. Some faces are quite familiar. . . . Ignatius Loyola, the father of the family; Francis Xavier, the St. Paul of the sixteenth century; Peter Canisius, 'watchdog' of Germany; Aloysius Gonzaga, the Prince who left all for Christ. Others are not so familiar. More reason why you will enjoy meeting them: blood-drenched martyrs and missionaries of Japan, England and North America; humble, prayerful men like Stanislaus, Alphonsus Rodriguez, Francis Regis and Berchmans, who dwelt in a less heroic atmosphere but whose hearts burned with the same personal love of Christ their King.

Father Husslein, S.J., writes an inspiring Preface to point out the aptness of the book's title and the fact that the only eminence on which the Society of Jesus will set its seal of approval is eminence in holiness. All else is secondary.

The many friends of the Jesuits and those who seek to know something about them will find this book well-nigh indispensable if they want to gain a clear insight into the work and spirit of the Society of Jesus.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$2.50.

Rural Roads to Security

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti, LL.D. Rev. John C. Rawe, S.J., L.L.M.

This is a great and remarkable book. It should give practical help to any missionary anywhere in the world. The authors make a sound central drive on saving freedom, democracy, security and the family through the restoration of productivity in homes and the extension of cooperative enterprises in local communities.

There is a realism running through the whole book. The ever-growing proletariat is shown the way to deproletarianize itself and give itself stability

and security through a way-of-living, production on small acreages, and through the ownerships of shares of membership in their own co-operative business enterprises. This is not only a book for rural people, but for city folks as well.

This book, crammed with useful information, including valuable bibliography, contains food for thought for all religious leaders and educators. It outlines a vitally human program and contains curricular materials that can make historic spiritual ideals vital. People in mines and factories and on the water fronts must be shown the possibilities of part-time farming wherever circumstances make that feasible. Homemakers must be encouraged and aided in their laudable undertakings. City and village dwellers must be given the vision of that far-reaching organic good which comes to every nation through productivity in homes, home arts, home crafts, and co-operative business enterprises in buying and selling and even in production. It is the home and the local community which the writers of this book seek to restore as the source of happiness and prosperity under the sublime ideals of Christianity.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$3.00.

The Flying Priest Over the Arctic

In the far North where travel is so dangerous and the cold so piercing, the advent of the airplane was indeed a blessing. Father Paul Schulte, O.M.I., put into the service of God the experience he acquired as a pilot in World War No. I. Instead of bombs, he brought medicines and food; instead of a machine gun, he used the Sign of the Cross. This story has all the thrill of the daring "sky birds" who fly into uncharted regions. It presents a fine picture of the desolation of the frozen North, a still finer one of those heroic missionaries who live on the far fringes of civilization and accept cheerfully all its hardship and poverty in order to serve their fellowmen and bring them closer to God. Father Schulte and his airplane have done much for the spread of the Gospel and have made more effective the labor of the missionaries among the pagan Eskimo tribes in the Land of The Midnight Sun.

Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y., \$2.75.

The Medieval Papacy in Action

Marshall W. Baldwin
The widespread attention focused on the Vatican today as the one hope of world peace, makes any book about the Papacy very timely. Professor Baldwin's little volume is especially so, since he

treats that portion of Papal history during which much that characterizes modern ecclesiastical administration, took its rise, and which can be understood fully only against the background of its medieval origin. It lays special stress on their religious aims and ideals, as well as sketching the development of canon law and the institutions of the Church government.

The period treated ranges from the accession of St. Leo IX in 1049, to the end of the Pontificate of Innocent IV in 1154. During those eventful years the great reforming Popes and the great lawyer Popes corrected the decentralization of the Church, firmly established the Papal Primacy in the eyes of the world, and gave to the Church a governmental organization which it retains essentially to this day.

Professor Baldwin's book is a worthy addition to the Christendom Series.

Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

Study the Mass

Dr. Pius Parsch

Catholics who want a better understanding of the Mass and its various parts should get this booklet. It was especially translated and prepared for discussion groups. "Study the Mass" is a synopsis of "The Liturgy of the Mass." *Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. \$25*

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SIOUX WARRIORS—1941

(Continued from page 117)

It was a case of seeing and believing.

Though the Sioux are many sleeps distant from the pine log cabins of the Reservation, they have not forgotten their duty to *Wakan Tanka*, the Great Spirit. In a letter from Hamilton Field written on a Sunday afternoon we read: "We all went to Mass this morning. We have Mass every Sunday at the Post. It is one thing that comes before everything else."

Army life is opening new horizons to these sons of the prairie. They are becoming acquainted with the universality of the Catholic Church. They have found out that it makes no difference whether the Blackrobe bows in adoration in a weather-beaten chapel on the banks of the Cheyenne or intones the Gloria from the high altars of San Francisco. It is still the same Sacrifice and the same Great Spirit Who is honored. The lads have acquired an idea of the vastness of the United States and the strength of her peoples. In turn the boys are giving evidence that the spirit which brought liberty loving Sioux laboring along dusty trails into Sitting Bull's camp at the Big Bend of the Rosebud still lives. The Sioux had pledged their allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. They are aiding the Great White Father in the defense of his country. The spirit of Red Cloud still burns in the hearts of the Oglala.

"WOULD TO GOD WE HAD MORE BROTHERS"

(Continued from page 119)

especially, if it should happen in the middle of winter. Brother Hess installed the finest water system to be found anywhere in the interior of Alaska. High pressure water has been piped through all the buildings with fire hydrants and hoses wherever needed. This is our only insurance, and it is quite an accomplishment when one considers the difficulty of keeping the pipes from freezing at temperatures of fifty below zero."

It was now time to talk about himself. Brother Feltes is a splendid mechanic. Besides having a commercial license for radio, he has a pilot's license for transport flying. I wanted to know exactly what he did at Holy Cross.

"Since the white men have practically cleaned out most of the good furs, and since fishing isn't what it used to be—I've put in a mechanic's class for the boys—that they might be able to earn a livelihood later on. Besides this, I have charge of the machine shop and run the Radiophone. Since the Radiophone was installed last year, we're not isolated telegraphically any more. I can handle the wires in and out, because of my commercial license, and this brings all the Alaskan missions into close contact with one another.

"In a place as large as this, there is a deal of machinery to keep in repair and it's essential that everything be in good shape so that there will be no break-

downs just when the machinery is most needed. With the steam laundry, saw-mill, lighting plants, tractor, truck, power boats and stationary engines, you may be sure there is plenty to do to keep them all in good condition. Besides these things we must keep in repair about a dozen sewing machines, clocks, watches, phonographs and all the little things that *will* break and get out of order in an institution the size of Holy Cross. Some of the boys are becoming very proficient at mechanics and are a real help in doing the overhauling and repair work. . . .

It seems strange to people in the States, but we are just as busy during the long winter as we are in the summer. I have often been asked about the 'Six months of daylight and the six months of darkness.' I do not know where they got these ideas. During the summer we do have about two months of continual daylight, the sun goes down even on the longest day (the 21st of June) but only for a few minutes. In other words, the long days in summer and the short ones in winter are just the same as down in the States—only exaggerated. Even on the shortest day of winter, the sun is up at least three hours and we have about four hours of daylight. The work goes on just the same and our hour of rising is just the same in the winter as it is in summer, only we have to use the lights that much longer.

It is surprising how quickly one can get dressed at five in the morning with the thermometer down around forty or fifty below! It is also surprising how comfortable one can be in these sub-zero temperatures when properly dressed for the weather. Of course, you must keep moving when you are out in the cold. It really keeps you pepped up *all* the time!"

THE JESUITS FACE THE FIRING SQUAD

(Continued from page 123)

end of the enlistment. The old group went back to their homes "glorifying God." They had come to the *Cadre* for military training; they had received that, and, in addition, much more than they had expected; they had received a new knowledge and a consequent love for Our Captain and Leader, Jesus Christ.

One group gives way to another, and is in its turn succeeded by a third, and the Scholastics' labor will, let us fondly hope, continue for God's grace to bring forth abundant fruit. It is a simple work and a pleasant work. It is not confined to eighty trainees for we justly hope that five and one half months of religious training will show itself in the lives of the young men when they return to their homes, and that they in turn may win others to the faith.

For us it is a fine experience to get away from the theoretical atmosphere of books. Coming to grips with the needs of men gives new incentive to our studies. We realize that the knowledge we acquire now, will be invaluable later on.

WAKE UP AND BE BUDDHA!

(Continued from page 127)

sanctuary. The door snaps fast behind us.

If you ask me how it feels, it is like tumbling out suddenly from a pitch-dark cave into a dazzling noonday sun. I find myself squinting aghast at criss-crossing beams of mazda brilliance—a white blaze of incandescence flooding in on all sides from great mirrors that cover the four walls from ground to ceiling. Through the clouds of pungent incense curling up from a hundred joss sticks, I can discern robed figures kneeling ghost-like on the prayer cushions or bending over flat in lowly adoration.

"*O-mi-to Fu! . . . O-mi-to Fu!* (Amitabha Buddha), they whimper, soft and plaintive . . . over and over, the same mournful hymn of supplication.

And there it stands, rising exquisitely above the tarnished candelabra of the altar:—a miniature pagoda, hand-carved in gleaming ivory and all ablaze from within with glittering electric bulbs. Inside this *stupa*, or reliquary case, and resting on a dainty patch of satin and gold, lies exposed to the devout the priceless *Sheh-li*—"miracle-bone" as it is often translated—a beautiful little "pearl" which the faithful say is the crystallization of the historic Gotama Buddha's virtues, thus precipitated in jewel form and issuing from the founder's body after his death, twenty-five centuries ago.

Now all this curious, exotic setting is photographed on my mind with the snapshot action of a camera. Scarcely a minute passes before I feel a face breathing warm up against mine. I turn about and look full into the bright, twinkling eyes of one of the monks. He is cackling out a momentous revelation, holding one hand cupped over his mouth as a screen against out-flying spittle.

"Look, Master Hu! Look into the mirrors and see yourself there! Yes, yourself . . . one and yet infinite in number. Now do you understand? Buddha is like that. He is ourself, one and infinite!"

The pitch rises to an ecstatic crescendo. "Wake up, Master Hu, and be Buddha!"

With a sharp twist of the head, I glance at the refulgent walls of glass. Sure enough! The great encompassing mirrors throw back bewildering rows of identical images . . . on all sides, back and forth and right and left, down, down into never-ending vaults of space . . . a million reflected color-photos of a white face and horn-rimmed glasses and a black soutane.

"*O-mi-to Fu! . . . O-mi-to Fu!*" a banshe murmur, tremulous as leaves in the wind, souging up from the floor beside me.

Odd, that bespectacled black phantom in the looking glass, multiplied, whichever way I look, to dizzy astronomical numbers! I gawk from wall to wall, fascinated, while the uncountable likenesses of myself likewise grin and gabble and wag a knowing finger at me from

immeasurable surrounding planets of light, until—no doubt about it—the imagination grows haunted with the enthralling reminder that it is just a bubble on the ocean of infinity!

"O-mi-to Fu! . . . O-mi-to Fu! The cicada squeak of an old man slipping wearily into the grave.

And under the garish illumination of the *stupa* lamps glow in soft pearly radiance the crystallized virtues of Gotama.

Sweetish fumes and sobbing incantations and mirrored glory make this pageant of pagan religious fervor as dreamily seductive as an opiate. My head grows giddy. I make for the door; and as I step out into the dim-lighted hallway for a breath of air, the Chamber of Ten Thousand Mirrors, with all its works and pomps, fades like a vaporous phantasy blurring into indistinctness and at last dissolves into the wafted fog of the joss sticks . . .

"Wang-erh, fetch the tea!"

Blubbering Tang claps his hands nervously, mops his dripping face with the towel, and then, thrusting an arm through mine, leads me down the narrow stairway and into the open courtyard. *Gong!* The bell in the Hall of the Saints tolls out the end of the litanies.

"Great experience, what?" Tang's eyes sparkle with piety and merriment. And then patting me affectionately on the shoulder and purring kitten-like into my ear:

"Wake up, Master Hu, and be Bud-dha!"

The smell of incense smoke hangs spicy in my nostrils and myriad glassy witch-phantoms dance like heat waves through my brain as I stalk out through the heavy wooden gates of the monastery and into the black oven-lanes of the old Chinese city . . . for home and the peace of Christ.

BROTHER MARQUES, THE LAST JESUIT IN TIBET

(Continued from page 137)

a temporary respite in the course of his visit to the region, but persecution continued during the next five years. In 1636, all of the missionaries had been temporarily recalled and the Mission closed until reasonable security could be assured. In 1640, another attempt was made to open the Mission. Four Fathers, none of whom had previously served in Tibet, were appointed for the post, and with them was the veteran Brother Marques, now a worn man of forty-six.

The reports which they were able to gather at Sringar, on the Badrinath road, were very unfavorable; the people seemed still unfriendly and the authorities had no desire to welcome strangers who brought a foreign religion. To secure more accurate information, Father Malpici and Brother Marques went ahead of the other three, who were to wait for assurance before following. The two had scarcely crossed Mana pass into Tibet when they were seized by Tibetan soldiers. A short time later the two managed to escape, but were separated in the

flight. Only Malpici succeeded in recrossing the Himalayas; Marques was recaptured and led a prisoner to Tsaparang.

The Fathers at Sringar made every effort to secure Brother Manuel's release; even as late as January, 1642, there is record of their vain attempts. They reported to Goa that he was still alive, though badly wounded, so that there was no hope of his escaping.

There is one charming incident connected with the tragic disappearance of Brother Marques that must be recorded. Among those who interested themselves in his misfortunes and who attempted to secure his release was an important personage whom the records speak of as "the Father of the queen of Lahore." He sent a letter to the King of Tsaparang begging that Manuel be freed, but even his influence was of no avail. The queen to whom the statement refers is almost certainly the gracious Mumtaz Mahal, who may have persuaded her father, Asaf Khan, to do this kindness for the unfortunate Brother. In the name of this famous lady the reader will doubtless recognize the title which has been attached to her beautiful mausoleum, often called the loveliest building in the world, the Taj Mahal.

Throughout the troubled reign of Mumtaz' husband, the Great Mogul, the missionaries always turned to Asaf for help and protection. Time after time he won his son-in-law's clemency for imprisoned or threatened Jesuits. Although Asaf Khan, so far as is known today, never became a Christian, the Mission, nevertheless, until his death in 1641, owed its existence mainly to his unfailing kindness. It is pleasant to recall that Brother Marques won for his cause the attention and sympathy of the Society's most faithful protector in the Mogul Empire and of India's most famous queen.

All efforts to secure Manuel's release failed. In the next available records, the annual catalogue of the Province for 1647, his name does not appear; hence, his fate is still a mystery. Doubtless, he died a prisoner in the land he had come to evangelize.

Tsaparang today is a desolate, miserable village in which stand only a few poor huts. There is no relic of the Mission to be seen, save a cross of wood that lies atop an artificial pyramid of stone. But somewhere in the cold, barren soil of Tsaparang on the Sutlej River in Tibet is a most precious relic, the forgotten grave where faithful Brother Marques lies, "hidden in God."

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