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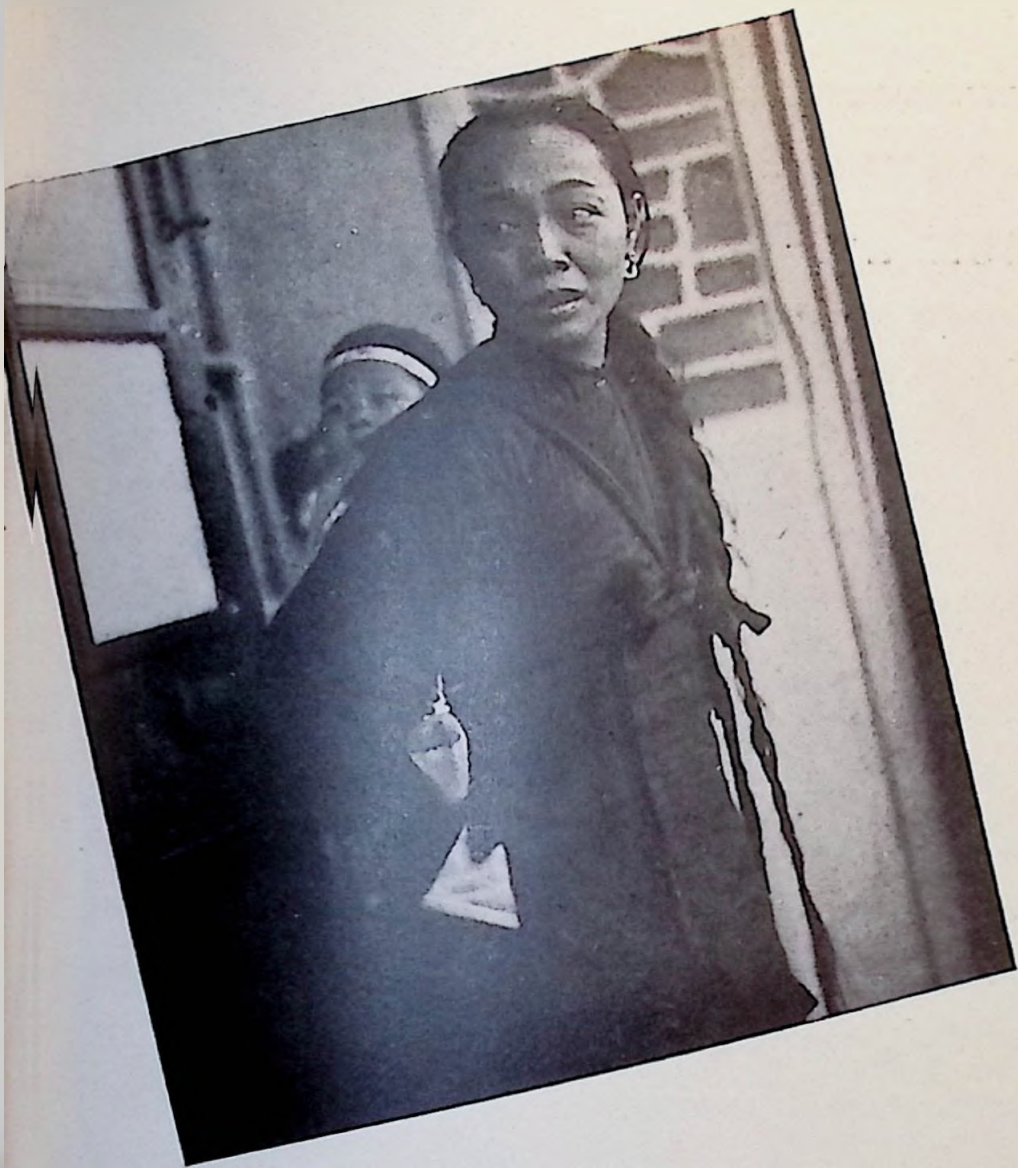
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CONTRIBUTORS

It was fitting that FATHER EDMUND ANABLE, S.J. (*Must Tragedy End These Years of Heroic Effort?*), succeed the late Father Edward Cunningham, S.J., in the mission at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska. Both come from the New York Province and very likely this young missionary received his initial inspiration for Alaska from Father Cunningham.



Edmund A. Anable, S.J.

FATHER ANTHONY GAMPP, S.J., met (*Fructuoso the Leper*) when he came to succeed Father Rello, S. J., the veteran of Culion. For the preceding eleven years Father Gampp was in turn

rector at San Jose, and minister and socius at Novaliches, P. I.

For over a decade now FATHER FRED DONOVAN, S.J., in his scholastic years a teacher at Regis High School, New York, and after Tertianship, Dean of men at Boston College High School, has been spending himself as well as money at St. Mary's, Above Rocks, Jamaica. You'll surmise as much from the *Biography of a J.M. Check*.

MR. JOHN GORDON, S.J., a scholastic of the California Province, has been studying Chinese at Peiping, China. There, "hello" is "Have You Eaten?" *It's a Chinese Greeting*.

FATHER FRANCIS J. WELZMILLER, S.J. (*Pity the Poor Catechist*), could stand a little pity too because, though a native of Detroit, the home of automobiles, he gets around his mission on foot with a bicycle for a luxury.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE, S.J., a scholastic of the New England Province, teaching at Baghdad College, touches an Arabian night with an imaginative pen. As a result, *Stars Speak over Baghdad*.

FATHER JOSEPH F. MACFARLANE, S.J., (*America's First Jesuit Martyr—1566*), is one of our associate editors. Educated for the Oriental Rite at the Russicum in Rome, FATHER MACFARLANE has recently completed his graduate studies in Sacred Eloquence at Weston College.

Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, should thank JOHN MARTIN SCOTT, S.J., for some fine publicity during the past year. This time he takes us with his Indian friends for a *Picnic in the Bad Lands*.

EDWARD J. MURPHY, S.J., a first year theologian in Zi-ka-wei, China, and a member of the California Province, says nothing about himself but quite a bit about the fine work of Father Dowd, S.J., in *Chinese Eager Youth in School*.



Francis J. Welzmillier, S.J.

THIS MONTH

Page

EDITORIALS 199

MUST TRAGEDY END THESE YEARS OF HEROIC EFFORT?
Edmund A. Anable, S.J. 200

FRUCTUOSO THE LEPER.....Anthony Gampp, S.J. 202

BIOGRAPHY OF A J. M. CHECK.....Frederick J. Donovan, S.J. 204

"HAVE YOU EATEN?" IT'S A CHINESE GREETING. John Gordon, S.J. 205

PITY THE POOR CATECHIST.....Francis J. Welzmillier, S.J. 206

STARS SPEAK OVER BAGHDAD.....Clement J. Armitage, S.J. 208

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS.....John P. Deevy, S.J. 209

AMERICA'S FIRST JESUIT MARTYR.....Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J. 210

PICNIC IN THE BAD LANDS.....John Martin Scott, S.J. 212

THE CONVERSION OF HERETICS AND SCHISMATICS..... 213
(The Mission Intention for September)

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS..... 214

COMMUNICATIONS 219

CHINESE EAGER YOUTH IN SCHOOL.....Edward J. Murphy, S.J. 220

NEW BOOKS 222

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS 224

JESUIT RELATIONS was the name given to the correspondence of America's first Jesuit missionaries who 300 years ago discovered, explored and evangelized large sections of this country. The Jesuit Provinces which grew from these missionary beginnings today conduct a string of missions which encircles the world. The American Provinces have 619 men in the Philippines, Alaska, India, Iraq, British Honduras, Jamaica, China, Ceylon and among the Indians and Negroes. The Canadian Provinces have 112 men in China and among the Indians of Ontario. JESUIT MISSIONS is their magazine.

COVER—A young Chamar mother and her child of Patna, India, among whom the American Jesuits have obtained many converts. The Chamars are an Untouchable caste and are leather workers.

EDITORIALS

FIFTY NEW MISSIONARIES

THE American Jesuits this year are sending an even half hundred new men to mission posts in various parts of the world. The number is not the largest the American Jesuits have sent in one year but it is impressive in view of the unsettled state of the world and the great difficulty of transportation. Of these 50, 34 are destined for India, China, the Philippines, Alaska, Jamaica and British Honduras. The remainder will work among the Indians and Negroes of the United States.

JOGUES THE EXPLORER

THERE was a celebration at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, last month which brought to light a side of St. Isaac Jogues' career in our country which is frequently ignored. After all, any man who suffered martyrdom twice in New York State as Isaac Jogues did, will be known chiefly as a martyr no matter what else he may have done, so it is not to be wondered at that we don't look upon him as an explorer.

Yet an explorer he was, and it was for his explorations and not his martyrdom that he was honored at Sault Ste. Marie. Three hundred years ago he and a Jesuit companion, Father Charles Raymbault, planted the first cross of the Northwest territory on the banks of St. Mary's Rapids, the present site of Sault Ste. Marie. It was on this expedition that he almost discovered the Mississippi River. Daniel Sargent, the historian, remarks that it would have been true poetic justice had one of the first of our country's canonized martyrs been the first to see our nation's greatest river.

At any rate, the expedition made him the first to introduce Christian civilization to the Great Lakes region and it was for this that he was honored in a colorful celebration by the new Bishop of Marquette, Michigan, Most Reverend Francis J. Magner.

It is celebrations like this tercentenary that tell us (and, incidentally, our non-Catholic neighbors) how ancient our Catholic civilization is in the United States, how deep our roots are in the soil of our native land. Incidentally, they give us some idea, too, of the debt we Catholics owe to the missionaries. Bishop Gilmore's elaborate celebration of the centenary of the founding of St. Mary's Mission in Montana was an event of the summer that brought this fact sharply into focus. The ceremonies were held on the site of old St. Mary's, founded by Father DeSmet, and were attended by the

Apostolic Delegate, bishop and many priests and people.

On the other hand, it appears that the three hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the death of America's first Jesuit martyr in Florida will pass by next month without much notice except for the very interesting account of the event by Father MacFarlane which we are publishing in this number.

ALASKAN TRAGEDY

IT is well to honor the missionary heroes of the past, but it would be unfortunate if in doing this, we should forget the missionary heroes of the present. It seems that something of this nature happened in the United States this year.

While the very laudable celebrations were taking place in Michigan and Montana in honor of Jesuit missionary heroes, up in Alaska, our country's last frontier, a young Jesuit missionary was being informed by radio that he must close one of the territory's most famous Missions due to lack of funds. Three centuries ago Jesuit missionaries in the United States were forced to abandon well developed missions because of the depredations of savage Iroquois. Today in the United States territory of Alaska, not the Indians but the apathy of American Catholics brings about the same result.

We recommend to our readers a thoughtful perusal of Father Anable's eloquent account in this issue of the closing of his Mission at Pilgrim Springs. It is our belief that no missionaries in the world lead a more heroic life than those in Alaska; the conditions under which they work are in many ways more difficult and more depressing than those that confronted Isaac Jogues and his companions three centuries ago in the wilderness that was the United States. It is true that sudden death at the hands of savage Indians is not one of the fears that haunts them, but they are continually faced with another sort of fear that to a missionary is just as potent. It is not the fear of the loneliness in these Arctic wastes, it is not the fear of being frozen to death, as was Father Ruppert at the closed Mission in 1923, but it is the fear that the Faithful in America will forget them, that no funds will come in to support them, that they must close their missions and witness the fruit of their labors and the labors of many others before them covered over with a blanket of snow.

This fear became a horrible reality at Pilgrim Springs this year. Let us pray to God that it does not happen again.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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(Top) Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J., a former Superior of Pilgrim Springs, and some of the orphans. Father Menager and two of the children have mosquito netting on their faces. (Below) Father Anable, the present Superior of the Mission.



Must Tragedy End these Years of Heroic Effort?

“SEWARD’S Ice Box” it was called when first this Alaskan territory was purchased by the United States, and a veritable ‘ice box’ it remains today. Of course, when the phrase was first used it was a sarcastic reference to the imaginary eternal snows, and now, when Alaska has been proven to be a fabled treasure house most people have forgotten the irony and derision and laud instead its storied mines and gold rushes, its almost inexhaustible supply of fish and fur and look to its shores as the last frontier of a great nation.

But “Seward’s Ice Box” it was and such it remains today, though in a far different way than was ever meant.

ALASKA is a land whose mineral resources, even in these days of scientific exploration, are so vast as to be almost unknown; a land which has furnished gold not by the ounce or by the pound, but by the ton; fish, not by the case but by the hundreds of thousands of cases a year; fur, not by the pelt but by the bale, yes, by the hundreds and thousands of bales. Yet, with it all, it is a land where, with the riches of the earth spilling forth in wildest profusion, there is noth-

ing to spare for God or the things that are of God.

This little article is an attempt to give, in brief, the history, the complete history from beginning to end, of the heroic but tragic effort to bring God and His Blessed Mother to a people in one of the farthest corners of the world, the Seward Peninsula of Alaska.

THE particular mission we shall speak of is but one of several missions conducted by the Jesuits in the remote sections of Alaska. But its history is symbolic of the struggle that goes on in all of them—a struggle not so much against the bitter cold as against the adamant refusal of a potentially rich country to give anything to the work of God.

When the great epidemic of influenza struck the world in nineteen hundred and eighteen, it did not neglect the people of Alaska but wiped out whole villages and left in its wake not only the dead and dying and the sick but a large number of orphans as well.

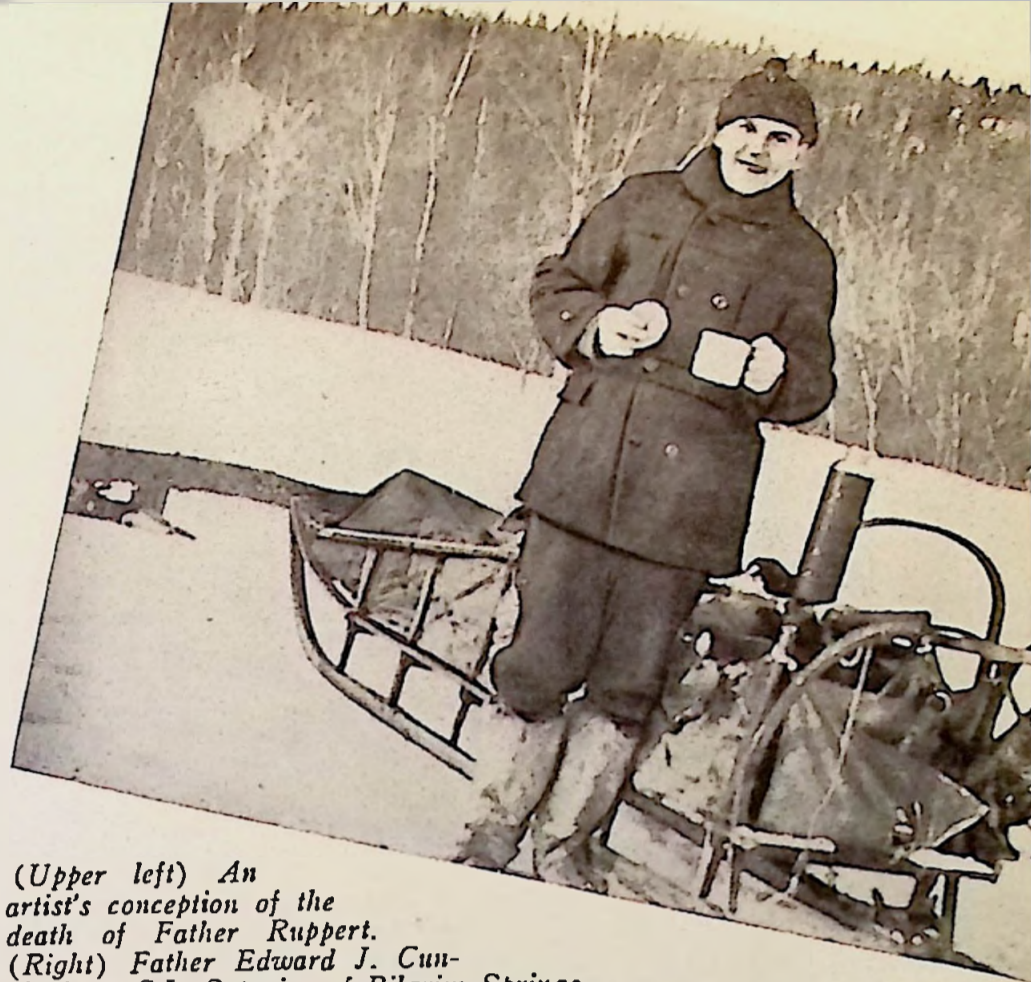
In the spirit of Christ and for the work of Christ, a mission school was hurriedly established in one of the richest sections of Alaska, a section completely surrounded by

the riches called ‘Gold mines.’ Ursuline Nuns came to care for the poor homeless youngsters; came from the United States and from the countries of Europe. Germany, Italy, Poland, Belgium, Ireland, even the distant South Africa sent of their best to teach and care for these children so dear to the Master.

Priests and Brothers from scattered parts of the world came, and with a few tools and much ingenuity labored to make the necessary buildings from such materials as deserted buildings, abandoned sluice boxes and shorings.

TAKING advantage of the warm mineral springs on the property, springs which kept the ground from being the frozen glacial formation of the surrounding country, the devoted Jesuit Brothers started a garden, proved it was a success and lightened the financial burden of the undertaking. Yet a burden it was and a burden it continued to be. Working in the summer in veils against the clouds of mosquitos, and in winter, bundled in reindeer skins, for twenty years the work continued.

When winters are nine months long and the temperature, at times, goes to the fifty-below point, it re-



The valiant Father Ruppert was frozen to death bringing toys to the orphans of Pilgrim Springs. Others have suffered and died to keep the mission going. Now it must be closed because of lack of funds.

Edmund A. Anable, S.J.

(Upper left) An artist's conception of the death of Father Ruppert. (Right) Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., Superior of Pilgrim Springs, who died in the harness several months ago. This picture was taken before the Arctic winters had left their impress upon him.

quires many stoves and tremendous piles of wood to keep even the small amount of heat needed for a people who are accustomed to cold. So day after day, impelled by the love they bore for Christ, the Brothers swung their axes, and pulled the sled loads of wood through the deep snow back to the mission, caring for the poor of Christ.

IT wasn't easy, and there is a little graveyard at the mission which tells the story in simple terms. A little mound covering the remains of Brother Hansen, tells of the twenty years spent in such labor. And there at the feet of the good Brother, rests in all humility, the body of the saintly and heroic Father Ruppert who took a dreadful chance in order to bring a little Christmas cheer to the children at the mission. And who shall say that chance was taken in vain because the cheer was turned to sorrow with the discovery of his frozen body two days later?

Another little mound rises there hiding another hero for Christ, a hero of a hidden life if there ever was one. There rests the body of Sister Irene, an Ursuline Nun after fifteen years of toil and isolation. And now another mound has been

added, where Father Edward Cunningham has been lain after long years of the trail, of toil and worry and responsibility.

It seems ironical that with such work and such sacrifice on the part of so many, a work in the midst of the riches of God, should all come to an end because of a lack of the very thing that is most plentiful, the little amount of money that could have kept the work going for Christ.

Five million dollars in gold were sent from the territory last year. Other millions in fur and fish. The whole peninsula is littered with the apparatus used in gathering gold. Dredges costing thousands and thousands of dollars, implements and machines costing more thousands lie abandoned and rusting away. Men travel by plane to and from the mines; tons and tons of machinery are moved by that same method of transportation all to save time, time that can be used to extract still more of the precious metal from the earth.

THE Government can and is spending millions of dollars to defend the territory from a foe who may never materialize. And yet for the work of Christ, for the work of gathering that which is

more precious than all the country and its riches, for the gathering of human souls, there is nothing, absolutely nothing.

The decision has been made, rather it has been forced: "The Mission of Pilgrim Springs must suspend until enough funds have been collected to repair and rebuild." Such was the letter the Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., was forced to write to me, from his sick bed. In the midst of all the hurry and frenzy of the present-day one wonders: Is it but a temporary halting of the work for Christ or is it but the beginning of the end for the mission schools in Alaska, "Seward's Ice Box?"

SO Pilgrim Springs will be closed until I can by begging and by other means scrape enough money together to reopen it. Meantime, its buildings will be deserted; they will not echo with the laughter and song of the children. Barren will be the altar where daily for many years Mass was offered and snow will reverently cover this scene of great labor and of great sacrifice.

The search for gold in this district will go on, but the search for souls will cease.

Fructuoso the Leper

At sixteen he was handsome. Leprosy struck. Slowly it stripped him of his bodily faculties. As his body slowly decayed he became an apostle in Culion. Thirty years later we find a man whose dauntless spirit stands straight and unbowed in the mere shell of a broken body.

Anthony L. Gampp, S.J.

“LET us go upstairs to see Fructuoso.”

Father Rello, the veteran missionary of the Culion Leper Colony, was speaking. He and I were visiting the country house on the Island of Culion built a few years ago for the benefit of some of the lepers under the immediate care of the Jesuit Fathers. Life is more quiet here in the country than in midst of the crowded Leper Colony; there is less of dust and heat; the poultry yard and the vegetable gardens supply nourishing food. With all these advantages the leper improves in health and may even completely recover.

We ascended the stairs and came to a small room in the corner of the building. The only furnishing was a cane bed. As we entered the room, we saw Fructuoso sitting on his bed.

“Good morning, Fructuoso.”

“Good morning, Father,” came back the cheerful reply.

HIS shapeless body was covered with only two simple pieces of cotton clothing, a sleeveless, colorless shirt and an equally colorless pair of short pants. A Sodality medal of Mary Immaculate was dangling from his neck.

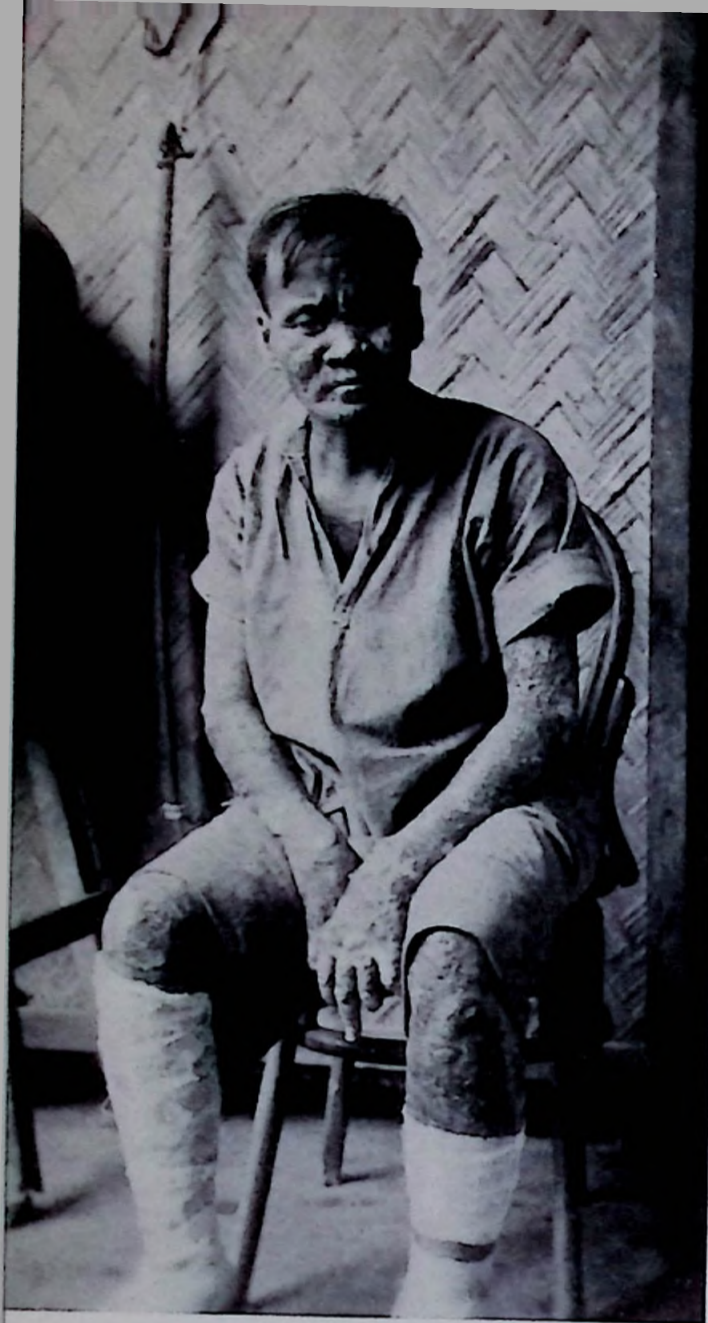
I know not why, but somehow

(Top) Not Fructuoso whose picture was too hideous to print, but a companion in misery portraying all too well the ravages of this disease. As you will gather from the story, Fructuoso's condition is in a far more advanced stage. (Bottom) Using the primitive methods of the East, these lepers are "pounding" rice which is a mainstay in the daily diet of the residents of Culion.

our brief conversation aroused my interest in Fructuoso. I visited him again a few days later. Father Espiga, a Spanish Recollect Father and missionary of the island of Palawan, was with me. We had a very pleasant chat with Fructuoso. My companion put a cigarette in Fructuoso's mouth and lit it for him. The cigarette began to fall. A leper companion caught it in his hand, saying: “You know, Father, Fructuoso cannot hold a cigarette. I shall break it up for him and put the tobacco in his pipe. He can manage the pipe.”

Fructuoso spoke to us about his long years at Culion. Later on I gathered more information about him from Father Rello. Here was a leper, who, despite a number of very discouraging handicaps, never lost heart and cheerfully surmounted each new physical disability as the leprosy made its relentless progress.

FRUCTUOSO (Fruitful) is his baptismal name. Physically, he belies his name but in every other respect he has lived up to it nobly. Way back in 1911 it was, that he came to Culion. He was a handsome lad then of sixteen. He was bright of eye and bright of mind. He loved music. So one of the Sisters of the Congregation of St. Paul de Chartres taught him how to play the organ. For ten years he played faithfully and well. How often to his accompaniment the homesick lepers would sing sweetly, their beloved Masses, the *Tantum Ergo*, their consoling hymns to their Protector, St. Joseph, their Mother,



Mary, and their understanding Friend, the Sacred Heart.

The time came in his beloved organ playing when he began to notice that his fingers were stiffening. It required quite an effort to run them over the keys. Not only were they beginning to stiffen but they began to curl up into his palms. The days of his organ playing were over. Leprosy was beginning to take its toll.

HE still kept on playing in the famous Sodality Band, composed entirely of lepers. The *bombardino*—a large horn—was his favorite instrument. He would clutch it tightly with his crippled hands and blow lustily. He enjoyed it immensely. But dread leprosy again intervened. His lips were being eaten away and what was left of them was not sufficient to manage efficiently a wind instrument. So the day came when he had to lay aside his cherished *bombardino*.

Nothing daunted, he looked for new fields to conquer. He must somehow keep himself busy; he must, perforce, earn a livelihood. His artistic bent led him into the field of photography. He knew how to handle a camera. So he set up a studio in the Leper Colony. He began to turn out excellent work. He was a very good hand at making enlargements. Trick photography was also his delight, such as friends of his standing or sitting atop a full moon floating amid fleecy clouds.

Once more dread leprosy would have its way. Looking through the camera or developing his prints, Fructuoso began to notice his eyes becoming blurred. He knew very well what that betokened. Total blindness would be his lot. When his vision became too bad, he sold his studio.

WHAT would he do next? For a while he worked in a government clinic. After that he was put in charge of the country home supervising the raising of poultry and the growing of vegetables. At the present writing, though now totally blind, he is still in charge. He



Father Francis X. Rello, S.J., here speaking to one of his lepers was pastor of Culion for more than twenty years. He is now chaplain of the San Ramon Penal Colony near Zamboanga.

cannot remain idle. True, his hands are crippled, his lips are nigh eaten away, his sight is gone, his whole body more or less paralyzed and shapeless, but his mind is unimpaired. He will keep on using that.

He conceived the idea of translating an interesting story "El Diablo" into his native dialect. He wanted his own countrymen to have the pleasure of enjoying it. One of his companions would read to him. Another would take down the translation as dictated by Fructuoso. It was a slow and tedious process. However, it is finished now and ready for the publishers.

THROUGHOUT his almost thirty years of leper life at Culion, Fructuoso has always been a real apostle, teaching not only by his admirable example of patience, resignation and unflinching cheerfulness but also by his deeds of charity. As long as he was physically capable he taught catechism in the hospitals, in the public school, in the church and in the homes for leper boys. He was particularly useful in this field because of his knowledge of languages. He is proficient in four native dialects besides English and Spanish. For years as an ardent Socialist he was instructor of the aspirants to the Sodality.

He has also written several plays in his native dialect. One of these "Viva, Cristo Rey" about Father Pro, S.J., was staged publicly as a

benefit for the new church. Though this beautiful church was made possible through the generosity of the friends of lepers in various parts of the world, yet Fructuoso and his fellow lepers wished to contribute their mite.

CULION is called the "Isle of Sorrows" and it is indeed. There is no need to tell of the harrowing sights that confront you on the streets and in the hospitals. Their condition is quite pitiful to look upon. Hardly ever does the sun set but that a long narrow box draped in black is carried out to be buried and await the day when it will be called back to a life of immortal health. Banished, exiled, from home and friends, their lives are filled with black despair unless, like Fructuoso, they come to know of the Divine Healer and Friend of Lepers. Then you behold a marvelous transformation, a man becoming a spiritual giant in spite of or because of his affliction. Surely our Catholic lepers who take their sickness from God's hand with a resignation like Fructuoso's are most dear to God. They console us who come to console them.

How many more years of life will be granted to Fructuoso? He leaves that in God's hands but we may be sure that as long as he has a spark of life left in him, he will not remain idle. His dauntless spirit will see to that.

Biography of a J. M. Check

Frederick J.
Donovan, S.J.



The cross on his mission station beyond seems raised in blessing over Father Fred Donovan, S.J., pastor of St. Mary's, Above Rocks, Jamaica, as he chats with his "little ones."

YEARS ago (you'd never guess my age), teachers gave us headaches with English composition assignments over weekends. No softness there. Despite our moans and groans the teacher was adamant. A two-hundred word composition must be handed in first thing Monday morning. One topic that always appealed to me, that is as much as anything of this nature could appeal to a growing boy, was "The Autobiography of a Penny." I could do things with that topic. It sort of let you "foot loose and fancy free." I don't remember now whether my little gem was ever read to the class as a masterpiece but that penny enjoyed some marvelous ex-

periences before it landed in the hands of a greedy old miser who hid it away under his attic floor. There it died doing the miser and the rest of the world no good at all.

AS pastor of St. Mary's Above Rocks, Jamaica, B. W. I. and now brushing shoulders with hard facts, I am not as bad as the miser of my early compositions but I have a mild interest in where my money goes. Let me tell you the story of your latest gift to me. This time I write not with school boy reluctance but with priestly gratitude towards all who are helping me in my mission work.

Here's the mail now and a letter from JESUIT MISSIONS. First of all, I must enjoy a little guessing game as to its contents. Is it a gentle rebuke from the editors? Perhaps some Mass stipends—and how that will help! Perhaps an out-and-out gift with no strings, and then the fun will begin. So we then proceed to the delicate task of opening the letter and finding all three answers of my guessing game correct. This is indeed a windfall. Here's the gentle rebuke; and there are some Mass stipends; and here are *fourteen dollars* "for something you need," and the editor is not telling me what to buy.

NOW the next move in the game. How many times I spend that check in imagination! For example: I owe about fifteen dollars for gasoline. So what. My check reads 14 not 15, and so being a philosopher, I reason unphilosophically that fifteen is more than fourteen, therefore, I'll let the gas bill wait. Now about that new khaki suit I was going to buy for myself; foolish lad, don't you know that your old suit is good enough? All it needs is a few hours boiling to make it rather good again. Shall I buy something for myself? The church? The School? And so I spend it fifty different ways before it is cashed.

Next move in the game double-

checking a check is the cashing of it. Oh joy! Who finds fault with the rate of exchange when you are on the long side of it. Jamaica gets the much sought American dollars and I get the equivalent of some seventeen dollars spending money. And because God is good, and JESUIT MISSIONS friends are generous, and the sun is shining and I am happy, on emerging from the bank, I give the first beggar I meet a few pennies for bread. It's now a case of the small boy with a dime burning a hole in his pocket. The country Father has come to town; up and down the main street in an orgy of window-shopping.

IS it wrong that one's heart is bigger than his head? I buy a new slate for Ivan (the poor kid has one now that is about six square inches of an original small slate, and he'll never get another one unless I give it to him—besides he has been very faithful in coming out to Mass lately); oh, yes, I *must* get that bottle of tonic for Pamela (poor thing, should be having rich cream and eggs instead, but this will be a help); a few marbles for good boys, a few jack stones for the girls. And then common sense comes to the surface to check foolish spending. So I pay five dollars on my grocery bill and weakening again, I order some porridge, as I remember those poor famished children in that hut up on Dusty Hill.

WHAT a great day! Bought plenty of things, and I am on my way back to the country with my gifts, my receipt for groceries, a happy heart, a prayer on my lips for the kind, generous donors of such gifts, and what is more, I still have some of those burning dollars left for future difficulties.

I need hardly mention that Ivan, and Pamela, and the Dusty Hillers are grateful. Yes sir, they'll say extra prayers for Fadder's friends in America; and I am sure that God's bookkeepers enjoy writing down the

(Turn to page 223)

A JESUIT Father who labored in England told me that he once visited, in Liverpool, the poor home of a fallen away Catholic. The efforts of the Father to reconcile the man with God were met with sullen indifference. Finally, the Father was told: "Yes, it is easy for you to speak of God; your stomach is full."

The Chinese are too polite thus to dismiss a priest, but to find a way to fill the bodily hunger of pagans with thoughts of the good God is a problem in China today. There is no one who does not know that the Flowery Kingdom has become the demesne of grim Famine which is scourging the people with a double lash plaited of floods and war. The following case is common today: a girl-mother near here, herself starving, was begging food for the infant she bore in her arms. She did not know that she was carrying a little angel who had slipped away to a land where hunger and thirst are no more.

But in spite of floods and war, perhaps because of them, the Church is growing unbelievably in China. At present there are one million catechumens being prepared for Baptism. This does not take into account the many dying adults who are daily baptized and the infants, most of whom die, who are baptized in the Catholic orphanages daily. At one orphanage in Shanghai, operated by the Helpers of the Holy Souls, between twenty and thirty infants are baptized daily.

THE remarkable number of catechumens is due, of course, to the liberality of God. Perhaps He wishes to compensate the poor Chinese this way for the terrible sufferings they are undergoing. But the loyalty of Catholic Priests and Sisters has won the heart of China. Too, generous benefactors in the United States have made it possible for us to perform the Corporal as well as Spiritual Works of Mercy, and even Protestant organizations and individuals have helped us in no small way. Relief work at many of our missions could not be carried on if we were not generously helped by Protestant groups. May God grant them the gift of Faith



Is a bowl of rice enough to fill China's hungry people? Heroic missionaries striving to satisfy this need find that they also want the Bread of Life for their starving souls.

"Have you eaten?" It's a Chinese Greeting

John J. Gordon, S.J.

they are so nobly helping to spread.

It seems to me that the struggle for food here is symbolic. It is the blind craving of a pagan race for the Bread of Life.

PERHAPS in no other country is the struggle for life more intense than in China. Even in good times the production and preparation of food here is not the work of a moment. In the parts of China I have seen there have been no tractors or modern machinery. In fact, though I have seen not a few farms, I have seen only one farmer with a horse. Besides little donkeys, there are bulls and cows but even these are scarce in the days of famine. When spring comes, it is not uncommon for the farmer to hitch his uncles and brothers to the plow. The rich loam of America, once it has received seed, does the rest. But here the weary earth needs constant care and encouragement before it produces even a scant crop. Nowadays the farmer sometimes waits in vain for the little green blades because hungry men have already come by night and stolen

the grain that had been planted.

Finally, when and if the grain matures, it is harvested and stored away. How eagerly poor gleaners search for a few beads of grain! A tiny stone mill, turned by Mrs. Farmer, serves to grind the flour. Each morning is ground only enough to serve the needs of the day. Only enough for each day is ground because each grain is precious. It may be another ear of corn in the coming year when there may be another mouth to feed.

NO wonder that a common greeting here is "*Chih la ma.*" *Chih* means "to eat," *la* signifies past time, and *ma* is the equivalent of our question mark. So "*Chih la ma*" "Have you eaten?" means "Hello" in the Mandarin dialect which is supposed to be understood throughout China.

Of course, the culture of China could not have sprung from minds absorbed with the one thought of food but neither can this thought be wholly absent from the mind of a nation which in all is about eighty per cent farmer. (Turn to page 223)



the way of a third whom Bigan at once knew to be Michael.

The catechist had taken but an instant to realize what was in the wind as the shadowy forms hove into view. He paused a moment with heart pounding. There was no thought of turning tail as with bowed head he breathed this prayer of strong faith: "My Savior, I am in Your Hands. Strengthen and protect me. I am here working for Your Sake. Keep me true, no matter what comes."

The two had drawn near by this time.

"Salaam, master; we would like to have a little talk with you."

A catechist conducts an open-air class in Shahabad district, India.

"This is a queer time and place to be honored with a visit," returned the catechist, determined not to back

Pity the Poor Catechist!

Frank J. Welzmler, S.J.

THE early Fall dusk was merging into darkness as Michael the catechist, conducted evening prayer and instructions. About a week before he had come, not without misgivings, to open a school for the low castes of this interior village of Patna, India. He was *persona non grata* to the landlords who were far from anxious to see their laborers become Christian.

Evening prayer over, the little knot of villagers squatted for a pow-wow as their wives with the youngsters in tow went to prepare the simple meal of rice, *pulse* and hotly spiced vegetables. The small clay lamp with its wick of cotton dipped in castor oil afforded a feeble light. To the tune of the gurgling *huqqa*, or country pipe, passed from hand to hand the small talk went on for some time. One by one, the men repaired to their homes until Michael was alone with Bigan, his host, for as yet his family had not joined him.

Michael, too, arose for his evening walk in the neighboring fields with the remark to Bigan that he would be back in half an hour. The latter put fresh coals in the clay bowl of his *huqqa*, buried in them a small wad of Hindustan pure leaf, and began to puff thoughtfully at the mouthpiece of polished cocoanut shell half-filled with water. As he pulled away gently, the soft gurgle re-echoed his inner content with the new turn things had taken in his little world.

IT was good to learn about God and know that God loved him and wanted him to be happy forever with Him. It was good that the youngsters were getting a chance to go to school. It was good to get much needed medicine for the sick. Yes, a week had already made a big difference.

Bigan came out of his brown study as he noticed that his *huqqa* was quite burned out. Michael should be back by now; what was keeping him? As Bigan left to see, the moon, now three days on the wane, was still screened by the mango tope. Topping a knoll, he came to a halt in the shadow of a gnarled and twisted banyan tree as he became aware of the sound of voices. Then his eye fell on two figures carrying long clubs blocking



Like the Samaritan woman in the Gospel, these youths of Patna come to the well to draw water. Some day they may find Christ waiting them with water that springs up into life everlasting.

water, "but if you insist, what can I do for you?"

"Come back here a piece with us and we shall tell you."

"I know your game; go ahead, I'll follow you."

Then Bigan saw them lead Michael out of ear shot of the village. At a fair distance from the spot, the two ahead paused and Michael noticed that two more club bearers had closed in silently from behind.

"Now, if you know what brings us here, what is it?"

MICHAEL stood in silence, his head bowed once more in fervent prayer, as three other figures took their places in front of and behind him. Even had he the impulse, it was too late to run for it now.

The silence of their quarry made the gang restless.

"Why don't you say something? What are you about?"

Michael raised his head, "You have come to throw a scare into me, perhaps to beat me. You think that in

this way you will rid the village of my presence. You are seven with clubs; I am alone and unarmed. Go ahead and do your will. I am not afraid."

Something about this cool self-possession took the vigilance committee aback. They had the whip-hand but felt that they were licked from the start. The spokesman could not repress his curiosity.

"What makes you so sure of yourself and what were you standing there so long for with your head down?"

"I am a Christian. My faith in the one, true God teaches me to fear that God, not man. Christ, my Master, suffered at the hands of His enemies without fighting back to teach me to suffer for God and the right. This is your hour. I will not leave my work for fear of you. My head was bent in prayer to the true God a moment ago; I now bow it to your will."

The expected club blows did not fall. All felt that their bluff had been well called. Michael had showed an ace in the hole to spoil their fun.

"Fellows," said the leader, "we're making asses of ourselves. God is with him. We'll settle this business later. Get along home, master; we'll see you again."

"You first, sahibs. I'll follow."

BIGAN'S curiosity had led him to a coign of vantage behind a cactus hedge whence he had seen and heard all.

"*Kassan admi, kaisan admi!* What a man, what a man!" was all he could mutter as winner and losers filed by.

The story, which is not fiction, should end here, with Michael forming a model Catholic village for the generations to come. But this is an Indian story which often begins where it should end. So not to leave you hanging in the air, kind reader, here is the sequel in synopsis.

The villages actually became friendly, and even expressed approval of the sound teaching imparted in the little mud school. They even suggested that Michael come over and take charge of the school for the upper caste children. This offer he politely rejected with the remark that they could provide amply for their own, but these poor looked to the Mission for help. When anyone fell sick, it was to Michael they came for medicine. The tables seemed to have turned completely.

And then it happened. The old *mahant*, or headman, owed a debt of some six dollars to one of the landlords. To excite his cupidity, the creditor suggested that he and the others had no objection to the Chamars becoming Christian provided the Mission would pay off this debt. The poor old fellow bit hard, for lucre is every son of India's weak spot.

WHEN he made the proposition to Michael, the latter pointed out that the Mission was spending more than the sum required monthly to help the people. On principle, he could not bargain thus on the matter



Father Francis J. Welzmillier, S.J., visits a Hindu village in India. Some of the natives seem to think that his message is worth while hearing.

of religion. But the headman was blind to all but the new-born idea, and, strange to say, got the others to fall in line, save one or two.

Michael did not budge. He gave them a week to decide in their *panchayat*, or council, whether they wished to keep their school and enter the true religion, or run the risk of going to hell for a debt that the *mahant* would have to pay in any event. When the time was up, their mind remained the same.

The teacher pulled stakes as quietly as he had come. Oh, yes, the Chamars have asked more than once for the school to be reopened. However, it will take more than an eloquent plea to get Michael back. And so, patient reader, you have the beginning, as we hope, of the story. In the Lord's good time with your prayers, they may be a happy ending.

THE work of the catechist has been, in general, quite fruitful. We had an example of this during Easter time in the large number of people who came to the main mission station at Piro from villages between fifteen and twenty miles distance. Little tots and women with babes in arms came, happy to trudge all the way and in this terrible weather! Last night it was ninety-six degrees at 11 p.m.,—luckily there was a breeze. During the day it was over one hundred and five in the shade and anywhere from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty in the sun. One woman walked the twenty miles from her village with a chunky two-year old in her arms, getting here at high noon.

Easter week was really a propitious time for confirmation in my best village of one hundred and twenty souls. The Sisters had to come a long way to help get the bashful women in line. The work of the Sisters is indispensable. My station at Piro is sadly limping for want of a house for them. It simply must become a reality by December next. The Sisters and a school make this station a dynamo of Catholic activity.

Just how the house for the Sisters is going to become a reality, I don't know. All I know is that we must have it. The good Lord will have to do the rest. He sees how badly I am in need of it. He sees how much good for souls will be accomplished by it.

Stars Speak Over Baghdad

Clement, J.
Armitage, S.J.

BAGHDAD College in Iraq is a peculiar mission post of the American Jesuits in the East. The emphasis there is on schools and the education of the young. In the words of one of them, "They have not the appeal of the lone missionary in his straw-thatched chapel or driving his dog sled over the snowy Arctic wastes or teaching African and Indian lepers Who made them." Theirs is the drudgery and grind of the classroom. Living in the heart of a missionary country, enduring all the discomforts of a harsh climate they have perforce to confine themselves and their efforts to the field of education.



Besides preparing for his daily classes, Clement, J. Armitage, S.J., must master the difficult Arabic tongue in line with his work as teacher in Baghdad College.

In the sultry nights of summer they sleep on the roof to find relief from the heat. There the same aspirations, the same desires, that lie hidden in every missionary's heart find expression beneath the mysterious influence of an Arabian night. It is the eternal conquest of love brooding over men and events.

*The low stars led me on as with a voice,
Stars of the Scorpion's tail in the deep south . . .*

Low in the summer sky, across the flat roofs of Baghdad, we watch the Scorpion rise; first the cautious head, lifted high in watchfulness, slips above the curved dome of the Mosque Al Kader; then with sudden flame the veil of darkness is rent and into sight leaps the burning heart of the monster, the magnificent red star Antares. Majestically now the Scorpion rides the night, his tail of the double sting sweeping gracefully above the last fringe of quiet palms. Night-long across the Milky Way he moves in triumphal procession and if we waken in those silent hours his fiery heart will still be bared to the soft desert breeze. A sign of wonder—and of peace; the peace this world cannot give.

ANTARES the Greeks called this flaming sun, "The rival of the god of war." So as we watch it there comes to mind another darkness and another Antares flung against the sky—and the God of Love hung crucified. The last moment of peace the world would ever know had passed. The eagles of Rome swept on, high in the noontide sky of empire. But the thunder of marching legions or the scream of eagles could not capture men's souls as did that one cry piercing an unnatural darkness . . . "I thirst."

In a supper chamber in Jerusalem a handful of men,

suddenly understanding in a roar of wind and a touch of flame, set their faces against Rome and the powers of darkness. A handful of men—they marched out into the pagan night to topple an empire and to inflame a world. A handful of men against the white-lipped gods of might and the redhanded gods of war—but their hands were white with the Bread of Christ and their lips were red with the Blood of Christ and their God was the God of Love. And as each one of them bowed in death before the frightened fury of Roman, Persian, Indian, Scythian, Ethiopian or Jew, he knew that Love had forever conquered; that

men and the power of men could never sweep It from the face of the earth.

IT will always be so. A thousand times a thousand men will move forward in armed columns; a thousand hates will twist and sear a million hearts; a hundred things will perish whose worth no man can estimate—a church in England, a library in Belgium, a home in Flanders, the elm trees in Heidelberg. Time and again the work of a lifetime will vanish in a moment's blast and men will dumbly wonder at the emptiness of day and the oppression of night. It may even be that the shell of our civilization will crumble before the white heat generated by the splitting asunder of thousands of little worlds. It has happened before. It may happen a score of times again.

But there will be a difference between the seeming passing of our civilization and the end of Rome, Greece, Egypt, Babylon or Assyria. And that difference will be that no power on earth or under the earth will ever be able to touch the heart of our civilization. The heart of Rome was power—the power can be broken for it is a physical thing. The heart of Greece was knowledge—but dull the senses and knowledge weakens. The only thing men cannot kill is Love—and Love is the heart of our civilization. "I am with you all days," cried Love Itself and the Gospel of Matthew the Publican closes with that ringing promise from a triumphant Christ. And where there is Love there will always be a handful of men to stand witness to It.

So tonight in Baghdad, in India, in China, in Africa, in all the world, handfuls of men watch the advance of the god of war with untroubled (Turn to page 223)



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All in a Word

Hilaire Belloc wrote an essay on the importance of the word "and." Recently our attention was drawn to what we think is a still more important word in the English language. Parents use it often in answering the questions of precocious and curious children. It is also the name of a song. Without it the wheels of the world would stand still. What is the word? Be patient a bit now and don't anticipate.

A Roadside Stand

The importance of this word was brought home to us with new vigor by an experience of our Associate Editor, Father O'Farrell. Somewhere in the suburbs of New Jersey he felt the pangs of hunger and stopped at a roadside stand for a cup of coffee and a hamburger. The proprietor and his wife, being real friendly folk, started a conversation. In the background was a son, the product of one of our better secular colleges. The talk drifted towards religion. The young man became voluble at this point. The parents beamed quiet approval. Father O'Farrell munched away at his sandwich. This is the statement that stopped the sandwich halfway to Father O'Farrell's mouth. "After all, there's no such thing as cause and effect."

Fighting Words

These are fighting words to any pupil of scholastic philosophy. Father O'Farrell arose to the occasion. In the heat of the moment, he did not pause to consider that our young scholar was merely reciting parrot fashion what he had heard on the lips of his professor. Whether or

not Father O'Farrell changed the young man's opinion we do not know, but we do know he got so wrapped up in argumentation that he walked out without paying for his lunch. That bothered him. It shouldn't have, if the young man's statement were true. According to him, there's no connection between ordering and paying.

St. Isaac Jogues, S.J.

These erroneous ideas were being taught in the secular schools of Europe when a young Frenchman set out for the new world three centuries ago. Isaac Jogues, S.J., was in the prime of life when he set foot on our shores. He came to save souls for Christ. With his other brave companions he went among the Indians and lived their life. The gantlet, the stake, live coals ground into his flesh, his fingers gnawed to stubs, the life of a beast of burden, all this was not enough. Even though he escaped, Isaac asked to return to his Indians. At Auriesville in upper New York State he fell from the blow of a tomahawk. On September the twenty-sixth we live in spirit with Isaac and his brave companions once again.

At this time last year a young Jesuit missionary in China must have meditated on the life of St. Isaac. He drew from that life in comparison with his own, the courage and patience to meet and overcome the great difficulties which he faced in his mission in the Haichow district. Even death at the hands of a roving Communist band found this young American ready. A flash of a revolver lights up the night. Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., of the California Province, died at his

mission post in China, unafraid.

Receive the Holy Ghost

The clear voice of the bishop carries through the chapel. The young levites, one by one, come up to receive the glorious powers of priesthood. Brothers of Isaac and Charles beyond a doubt, the aspirations, hopes and desires of these young men are kin to theirs. They reach out beyond the chapel walls to some other mission post.

Some of these young Jesuits will go off to the missions to carry on the work of Christ. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.

Link by Link

So the chain is forged, link by link. The young priest returns to his parish for his first solemn Mass. "Thou art a priest forever." Somewhere in that church is a young lad, waiting for the call. The preacher mounts the pulpit. "Behold in the head of the book it is written I have come to do Thy will O God." The boy of twelve gazes intently at the preacher. His soul is in his eyes. The spark has caught, the seed of a vocation planted. Time and grace bring it to full bloom. When the centuries are wiped out and there are no tomorrows but one eternal day, these heroes will tell of the influence and inspiration each drew from the other and all drew from Christ their King. Then that word, which our young scholar would have erased from the English language to Father O'Farrell's dismay will receive its true value. Unlike Belloc, we shall not leave you to guess any longer. The word is "because."

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

America's First Jesuit

SOMEWHERE in the sands of Fort George Island, Florida, lie buried the remains of Pedro Martinez, first Jesuit martyr of America. On October 6th of this year, it will be just 375 years since his death. Yet Pedro Martinez, who inspired so many Jesuits to follow him to martyrdom is today too little known for all the fascination of his personality, the heroism of his life, and the stirring story of his deeds that Father Michael Kenny, S.J., has told so well in "The Romance of the Floridas." The Jesuit Order had been founded just twenty-six years when Father Martinez was sent as missionary to America. That was in 1566, fifty years before Virginia and Massachusetts were settled, eighty years before St. Isaac Jogues was martyred and 375 years ago when Spain and Portugal were masters of the world because they had so many heroes.

There is nothing in history like the colonial expansion of Spain and Portugal 450 years ago. It shook Europe loose from boundaries intact ten thousand years. It stirred the seas with fleets of ships and lined the shores with chapels; it filled the harbors of new lands with the men and the ways of the western world. It crowded the records of history with names of glorious saints and heroes. It spread the Church of Christ for the very first time in its history over the whole wide world—eastward around Africa and India to Japan, and westward from Cuba to California, and down to Cape Horn. It was the beginning of a New Age, justly called "The Age of Foreign Missions."

TODAY the colonies are all lost; the gold is gone, the rivalries are forgotten—but out of that vast activity, one living force remains—the mighty impetus of Missions. From the very beginning the movement had a missionary character because Spain and Portugal were Catholic. With every fleet, missionaries were sent under royal protection and with royal authority, not to serve as chaplains for the crews, but to convert and educate the natives of the new-found lands. And wherever the Spanish



(Center) Somewhere on the sands of Fort George Island, Florida, 1566, Father Pedro Martinez, later Father Louis de Quiros, S.J., and two Jesuit companions were slain by Indians. Bautista de Segura, S.J., offered up their

and Portuguese rule was established the native population was preserved. To this day it survives, a monument to the missionary character of the first founders of the New World.

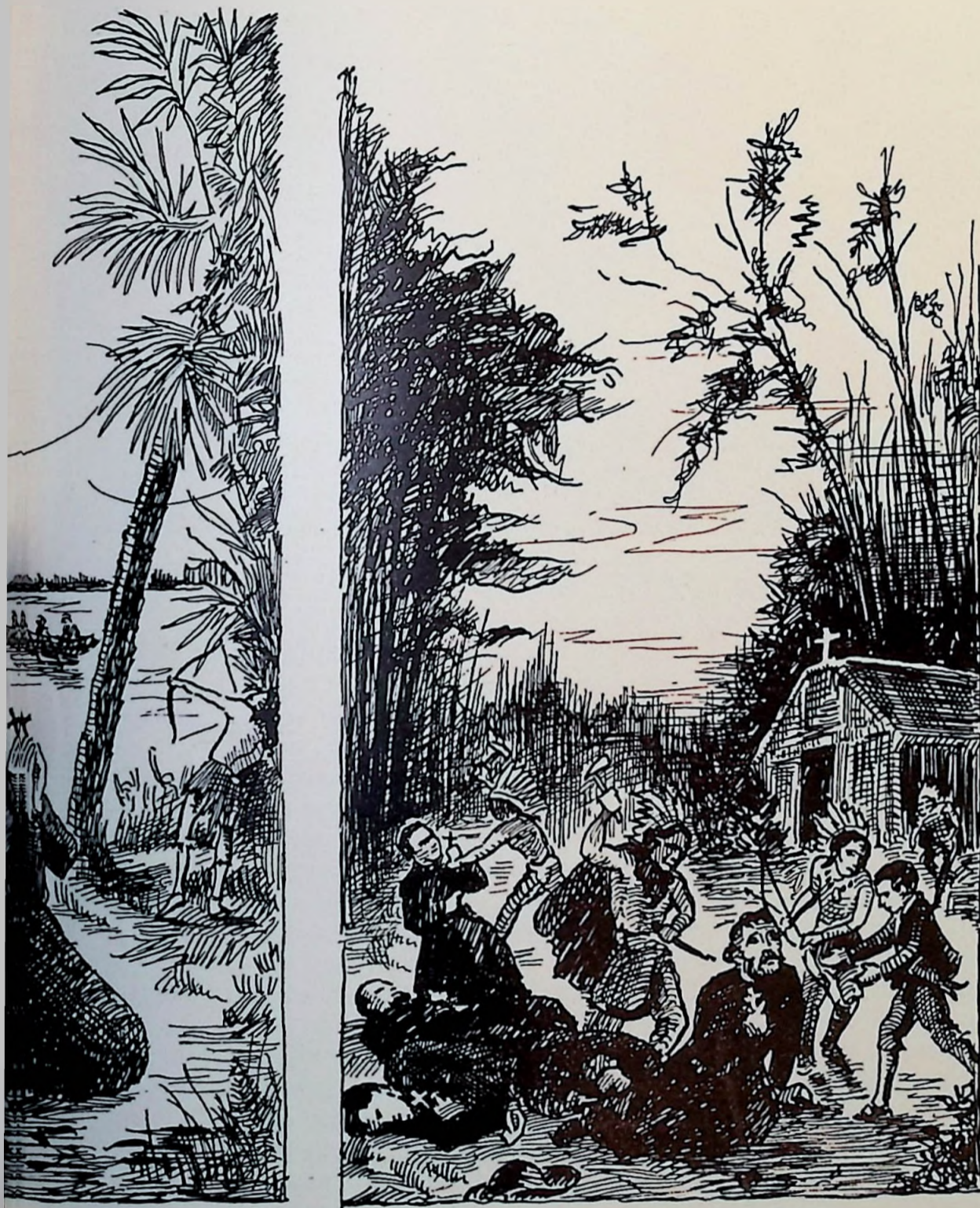
The work demanded heroism from the first discovery of Columbus to the end of the colonial rule. It needed men like Pedro Martinez, the first of many Jesuit martyrs. Pedro was born to be a hero. In him all the extremities of Spanish temperament flashed and clashed: leader in all his classes,

leader in every fight; brilliant, never studious; he won first honors in philosophy, cared not a wit for speculation; he made six vows as a boy, yet of him it was said, "Quick of wit, but quicker of hand. . . . There was rarely a challenge or a duel in the city in which he was not principal, second or promoter."

WHILE studying at Valencia he developed a special animosity against the Jesuits. Their rapidly spreading fame attracted

Martyr—1566

Joseph F.
MacFarlane, S.J.



knelt and heroically received the death blow from Timuguan Indians. (Left) Five years later, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and (right), five days after this, four more Jesuits, led by Father [?], were killed in the famous log chapel of the Rappahannock.

many of Pedro's fellow students to the new Society. Something of the fighter in Pedro rebelled against the trend. He would have none of it. But when four of his closest friends determined to join, Pedro planned action. Now an ordinary young man working for a master's degree would hesitate long before making a scene in the presence of the rector of a college, especially a rector with a reputation for learning and sanctity such as Father Jerome Nadal, S.J. But Pedro was not ordinary. Accompanying his friends to the

college, intending to ridicule them out of their proposal, he entered unbidden and stayed to scorn, but somehow was unable to carry out his resolve. Recognizing sincerity when he saw it, the impetuous Pedro changed from contempt to admiration and begged Father Nadal to accept him at once as a Jesuit.

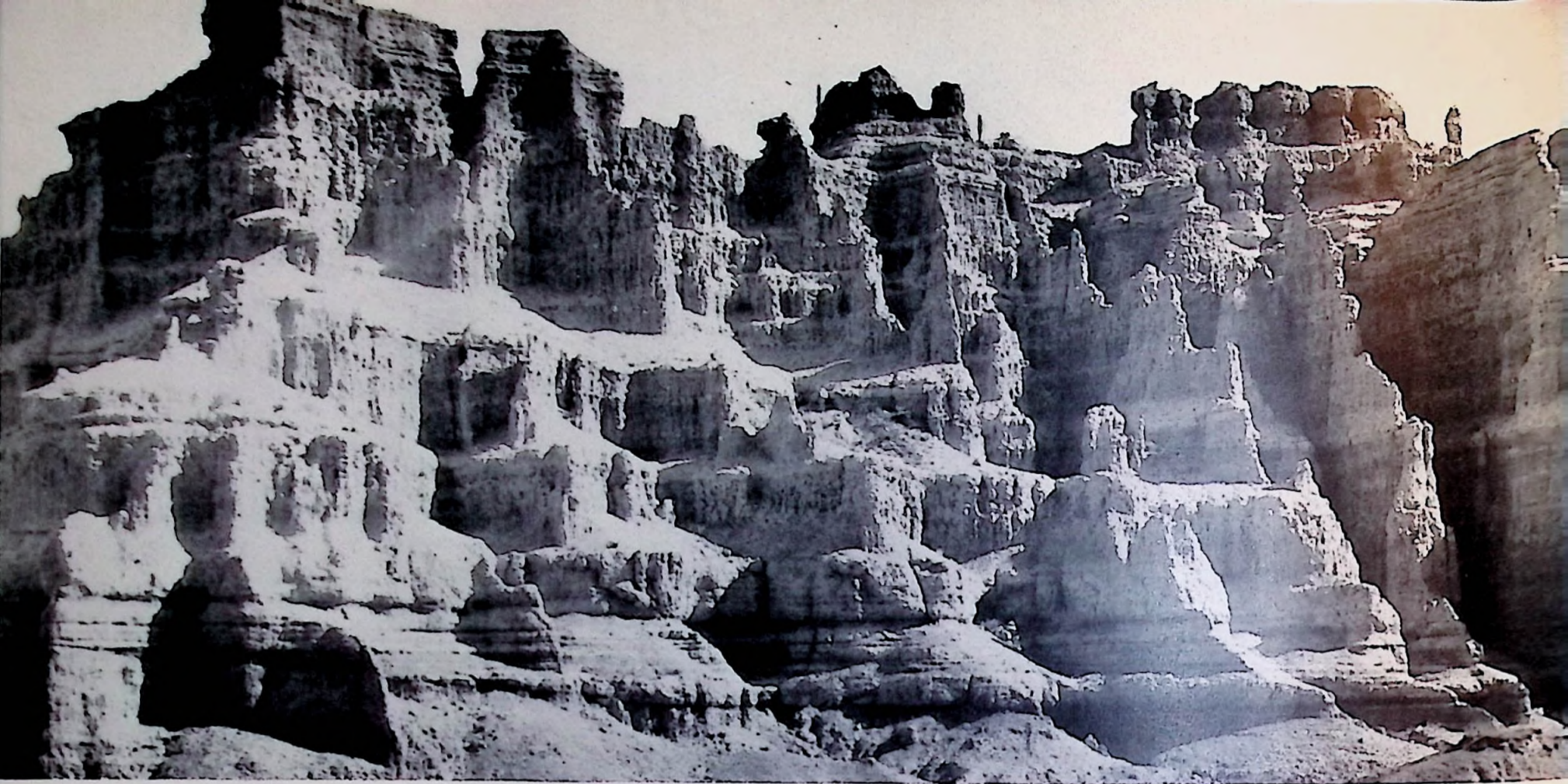
HE was put off with the admonition, "Pray and return in a week." A week later Pedro had a dueling engagement. On the appointed day Pedro was on the field.

His opponent was not. Pedro became enraged at men in general who fail to keep appointments when suddenly he recalled his own engagement with Father Nadal. Gathering a hastily packed bundle he rushed to the college. Again he was deferred but this time he refused to leave. "We are too poor to feed you," he was told. "I came not to eat but to work," Pedro replied. "We have no place for you to sleep." "I didn't come to sleep either. I am here for good and you'll have to keep me." And stay he did, mixing penance with work for four months of probation.

THE wisdom of Father Nadal in accepting such a sanguine candidate was vindicated by the exemplary change in the new novice. Only once did he break ranks. Passing a bull fight one day while out walking, he rushed in to stop it single-handed. From then on his life was an uninterrupted progress from promise to fulfillment. As a second-year novice he was made Minister of the college, the next year a professor, the next year a Lenten course preacher, two years later he was ordained priest and at once was chosen by the President of the Royal Council to accompany an expedition against the Moors. There, spending most of his time with the sick and dying, he caught a fever, conquered it, and kept working until the war was over. New offices were thrust upon him and recommendations for high posts for him were sent to Superiors.

BUT the missions were calling. Finally, he wrote to the General of the Jesuits in 1560 as follows: "I beg Your Paternity by the Most Precious Blood not to defer my request. I have bodily strength and I desire, by the grace of God, to employ it in His service even to the shedding of my blood and sacrifice of my life." But there was always other work for him to do, preaching, then graduate studies, professorship of pulpit oratory and rectorship of Valladolid.

A few years later he wrote to the General again begging for the missions. "... I don't see why God has given me (Turn to page 223)



On the table top crags of the Bad Lands in South Dakota, the Sioux Indians of Holy Rosary Mission enjoy a picnic.

Picnic in the Bad Lands

John Martin
Scott, S.J.

WHAT? A picnic with not a tree in sight, no gurgling streams, not even a square of green grass?

It might sound like a Ripley "Believe It Or Not" but its a fact. High above the twisting canyons and maze of bewildering ravines that is the Bad Lands, Cuny Table spreads its flat, treeless *mesa* east and west like a branding iron bar on the flanks of the barrenest country ever left unfinished. Rumor has it that Sioux chieftans during the Messiah Craze of 1890 urged their war ponies up the more gentle sections of the wall and occupied the Table as a great watch-tower and stronghold. Thanks to modern bulldozers a road now climbs the east and west rims of the Table. Otherwise, its rugged character remains the same. If you wish to sight a tree, bring along a telescope and train it on the distant ramparts of the Black Hills rising blue against the western sky. You should also be able to pick out Borglum's great faces on Rushmore Memorial if the day is clear, and it generally is.

PICNIC Day on Cuny Table is unique, not only because you find yourself high up looking out over the arid Bad Lands, but because it is also a church function. In order to keep in touch with the Indian children during their vacation from Holy Rosary Mission, and also to bring their parents together for a church function, Father Joseph Zimmerman, S.J., holds a picnic at each of his various mission chapels scattered over the western and northern section of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

Picnic Day begins with Mass in the frame mission chapel with the catechist leading the prayers in native

Lakotah. After Mass comes the usual round of handshaking, talking, and Bull Durham smokes. Since many have gone to Communion, and the sun shows high noon, the folks gather in a circle and the meal gets under way. Buns and coffee are passed around. Finally, the missionary opens the freezer of ice cream he brought from the Mission sixty miles distant, and the children taste their first, last and only ice cream of the summer.

DESPITE the brittle heat of the afternoon, the games soon assume shape. Broad jumping, high jumping, and foot races for the younger set with lollypops as prizes from the box in the rear of the missionary's car. Horseshoes claim a few earnest pitchers. Some of the more adventuresome wander off to slide down into the ravines of the Bad Lands in search of petrified turtles and teeth from prehistoric monsters.

While the women sit around in the shade of the church to care for the babies and pass on the reservation news, the great summer game of the reservation rolls into action, reminding us of the quirks of time. A few generations back the Sioux were patrolling this area with percussion rifles resting on the pommels of their saddles. Now they stride forth to bring back victories with a ball and bat.

It is interesting to watch a lanky rider in high heel boots step up to the plate, push back his wide-brimmed hat and grip the bat as though he were bulldogging a brahma steer.

Crack! The bat connects and the ball goes sailing through the blue. Even the saddle horses grazing on the buffalo grass prick their ears and raise their heads to look with curious eye upon a (Turn to page 223)

Conversion of Heretics and Schismatics

The Mission Intention for September

AS long as a single non-Catholic exists anywhere in the world, the Catholic Church must be a missionary church. It cannot restrict its activities to its own members; it cannot stand within open gates awaiting those who demand admittance; it cannot choose between the groups who are outside, seeking some, avoiding others. It received from Christ a universal mission. He Himself could stay in Palestine. He could say for Himself: "Come to Me," but to His Church He gave explicit orders to go: "Go and teach," "Go into the highways and byways," but *go* to all men of all nations unto the ends of the earth until the consummation of the world. To a Catholic, then, the whole world is a mission field, and the Church must be Christ's missionary as long as there is a single soul outside the Fold.

The Mission Intention for September is the Conversion of Heretics and Schismatics. Commonly, we refer to efforts for their conversion in our own country as "convert work." So it is, but this month's Mission Intention helps recall for us that all convert work is mission work. Our Church must be a missionary to all who are outside the Church whether they live on our own street or in the heart of China.

THE heretics and schismatics for whom we pray have only a part of Christian truth, but not its fullness. Heresy is a choice; schism is a division. The heretic chooses the religious truths he wishes to believe; the schismatic rejects the authority that gives the Church its unity. Heresy destroys interior unity of mind and grace. Schism destroys external unity of order and peace. Chesterton once referred to the Catholic Church as an encyclopedia and to heresy as selected readings. Carrying out the figure, schism is an encyclopedia of broken bindings without an index. Sooner or later pages get lost.

There are about 175,000,000 schismatics in the world today. Chief among them are orthodox orientals of the Russian, Greek and Near East churches. The uncertainty about the Russian church, of course, makes exact figures impossible. For many centuries this whole section of the world has been insulated against Catholic missionaries. A close tie-up with the State gave to the churches a certain unity within, and protection against outside forces. In recent years, this tie-up has been broken, either because the State became anti-religious itself or conquered by a hostile nation.

THE whole orthodox world is now a war zone. Fortunately, for us, it is not a Catholic State that has made the war and wrought the havoc. Now that their state-protected unity is broken, they may seek unity and strength from religion itself and see the need of the House built upon the Rock. Perhaps in some far design of God, in the lull of peace after the strife is over, we may yet see the march of missionaries across once alien fields to heal the wound that divides us.

Chief among the heretics are the Protestants, of whom there are supposed to be about 250,000,000 in the world. Since the Reformation, four centuries ago, they have divided up into more than 500 different sects. The charges against the Roman Church by which they once justified their heresy, they no longer make. The doctrines which once were the cornerstones of their faith, for the most part they no longer hold. The bitterness which once characterized their every thought of Rome has greatly decreased. Indifference now holds the day. Once they made no effort toward unity, even among themselves. Today, no effort is too great for union, except the one last step which will ensure it.

STRANGELY enough it was their relatively recent foreign mission activity which revealed to them the need of unity. Their diversity of doctrine caused confusion to the pagans and reduced the missionaries to the desperate expedient of attempting to bring to pagans through unity of action and a common minimum of Christianity, the more abundant life of Christ. Failing in this, they began to consider seriously unity of faith at home. The study of Christian unity never proceeds very far without bringing the student face to face with Rome. We must pray that they lift up their eyes high enough to see the Light shining in darkness.

The entrance of Protestants into the work of foreign missions has been an obstacle to the spread of the Church of Christ. Even the most sincere of them introduce the divisions and weakness of a confused faith. They present to the pagan world, where unity is essential, a divided front. The numerous Christian sects on the foreign missions must create for the pagans a sorry picture of Christ's life work. The pagan needs to ask not only *what* to believe but also *whom* to believe. No wonder he argues, "If you Christians can't agree among yourselves as to what Christianity is, why must I believe any one of you?" There is, therefore, a double reason for praying for the conversion of the heretics. They themselves are objects of the Catholic Mission and they are, even if unintentionally, an obstacle to Catholic mission progress.

Grant that zeal brings Protestant missionaries to foreign mission lands; in America, it is indifference that characterizes most of Protestantism. We must never divide our zeal. For us, our Church, its hierarchy, priests and laity, must always be a missionary unit, a leaven in the whole mass of humanity. We must keep alive always a missionary urge towards all non-Catholics wherever, whoever they may be, an urge as real, as urgent, as all-inclusive as the love of Christ for all mankind. We are all one family. There is but one, true Church. Through that Church, all men must be brought to God. This month let us pray for the great grace of faith for the heretics and schismatics of the world. Let us pray that misguided zeal be directed aright, that lagging faith be set afire, that all may be one in Our Lord Jesus Christ.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

IRAQ

First Things First

"It was a minor pleasure," writes Mr. Francis X. Cronin, S.J., from Baghdad College, "to receive a letter that did not take a full three months to arrive. However, that mail situation is a negligible item compared with the war news we are getting on the radio. All this makes my report of our doings seem insignificant, even though I know down in my heart that it is our apparently little doings that are the real doings in the sight of God.

"A Chaldean priest from Bosra, Father Joseph Gogue, is to give the retreat. For the past week he gave our workmen and our Christian neighbors a mission in our chapel. And this morning wound it up with a Chaldean Mass in our school chapel, a procession and over fifty Communions. It gives us a lift spiritually to realize that we are housing our Lord in a neighborhood that would otherwise never know Him.

"We are having some excitement in the country right now. The cabinet fell apart, the Regent fled from the capital. What it will mean, I don't know. At least it gives us a new topic of conversation. It's hard to say whether or not it is really serious. Anyway, it has been pushed into the background by our finally getting our permit to build a wall around our property. At long last we'll have a little privacy. And, too, Father Edward Madaras' Betsy Trotwood act of shooing away donkies with a weakness for our flower beds will come to an end. Walls are well-nigh essential here, and, in fact, often go up before the house itself. Donkies are not the only ones who like the produce of our garden.

"Sulaikh is a decided improvement in the city proper—and right now ideal for a retreat. Comparatively quiet, plenty of space, and about the best air around. (Write for our free booklet!)

"One item and I'm through. Father Madaras gave the laymen's retreat at Bosra a couple of weeks ago. Had about seven retreatants. Small number, but pretty high quality. He stayed with Father Leo Shea, S.J. who, by report, is his same smiling self. If this war would only end, maybe some more of our Province would come over and thus give Father Shea a companion."



Father E. Paul Amy, S.J., who after more than ten years as Business Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS has been transferred to the Mission Band of the Maryland-New York Province. He is succeeded by Reverend William F. Masterson, S.J., who spent three years in the Philippines as a Scholastic.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Coming the Hard Way

Belize's two new Scholastics "enjoyed" a rough trip from New Orleans to the Colony, according to Bishop William A. Rice, S.J.:

"Convoyed by Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., who is returning to the Colony after an extended sojourn in the States, our two travel-battered Scholastics, Messrs. Francis Wallace, S.J., and Eugene Latta, S.J., arrived in Belize on a small coastal

steamer last Monday to take up their work as regents in St. John's College. They report a rather trying trip from Barrios in Guatemala to Belize—thirty-six hours in the tossing, dancing little boat that plies between these two ports. For, you know that since the war started big ships passing us by, do not call here regularly, but favor the more convenient port some hundred miles down to the south of us. Passengers for Belize disembark at Barrios, where the United Fruit boat usually arrives on Saturday evening. The *Heron* is always there ready to take passengers, freight and baggage to Belize. The trip is ordinarily a pleasant one, on calm days, but when the sea is rough, one gets plenty of experience of what the Caribbean can stir up.

Last week the *Heron* had a full complement of passengers, freight, fruit, miscellaneous goods, including two dozen grunting, squealing porkers down in the hold. The weather happened to be rough and the narrow cramped quarters did not allow much room for moving about. Father Kemper, a veteran traveler, rather enjoyed the experience, but we suspect that the two Scholastics did not show much enthusiasm, though they did say that it was a useful initiation to the missionary life. Just now they are busy gathering their notes, papers and books, for the opening of school. By that time we hope that the effects of their voyage will have worn off and they will be completely recovered before stepping into the classroom.

Panama Fever

"I mentioned that there were many passengers coming to Belize. It is unusual, but the occasion is unusual. The reason for the influx into Belize is the Panama fever. Americans down there are in earnest about the Western Hemisphere defense, and are clamoring for workmen. Already seven or eight hundred of our male populations have left

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

Belize seeking good jobs and high wages. Many more are expected to leave in the near future. And besides that, Scotland has sent an appeal for five hundred wood-cutters. These will be given free passage to and fro, must sign up for three years and will get good wages (twenty-eight dollars a month and lodging). So far, over four hundred mahogany workers have volunteered for the work. Looks as though we, too, are getting into the war."

The Mahogany Trail

Although a newcomer to the Belize Mission, Father Harry A. Delaney, S.J., is already a "veteran" of the bush. He gives some highlights on a mission trip he recently made to a mahogany camp:

"At present this place, Hill Bank, is a railway terminal, with dumping dock for those little log cars—just let logs fall off into boom. When I say railroad you get an absolutely wrong impression. It's not even a good burlesque of one. The track is so crooked and rough that 10 mph is dangerous and we averaged perhaps 3. We went fourteen miles on this line to the end, with half a dozen stops. Then—change trains to narrow gauge, for last ten miles to main camp. During one of the stops I detrained, and walked a few miles ahead, hoping for a shot at something. No luck. We got the train again and after many, many stops, we got to main camp, called Cenote, after seven hours.

In Jail

It had rained off and on, but the log car we were on had a floor to it and a tarpaulin you could haul over your head if you were particular about those things. Nobody at Cenote knew I was coming—consternation! After much consultation they lodged me in the police station on a cot that served as day-bed for the police dog, a husky, hairy individual whose tail never wagged to any advance I made, and who never took to my suggestion



Father Francis J. Tully, S.J., and Father John C. Ruoff, S.J., both of the Missouri Province, who have returned to British Honduras for missionary work. Both taught at St. John's College as Scholastics.

about vacating the cot 'for the duration.' Said Mass and administered the Sacraments for two rainy days.

"Monday morning I was up before 3:00, to take the 'train' back to Hill Bank. Stopped at two places to remove trees from track—we really had heavy rains those days—water over track in lots of places. Said Mass at 10 a.m. in a place called Governor Creek. Congregation mostly Protestant—very attentive—took up collection with no hint from me. Hung around Governor Creek several hours, bringing great grief to heart of Methodist mammy whose baby I was regrettably unable to baptize for her. Rain all the time—finally got train—on to Hill Bank, got there at 6:00. Figure out our time! Mud not bad at H. Bank. Visited few families there. Mass next morning, then hopped aboard the *Teresita* once more—glad to be headed home. Father Joseph Wade's boy Teddy accompanied me and was a great help on entire trip. We enjoyed the boat ride, at least. I sat on top when it wasn't raining and took in the scenery. The river is very pretty in spots—lined with big trees hanging out over water. It is a maize of channels and dead end lagoons, baffling to the

uninitiate. Home in six hours of chugging at full speed. (*Teresita* is a sea boat, built for safety, not speed.) I couldn't afford that kind of trip often, twenty-five gallons of gas at thirty-five cents, a week's food supply for Teddy and something for myself while actually traveling."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Grandmother's Organ

What the outlying missions of Spanish Town need is more music, according to a recent letter from its busy pastor, Father Francis Gilday, S.J.:

"If you can endure a few 'gimme's' I'm in need of organs and literature, organs—for church purposes—not a cathedral type but the wheeze-bag your grandmother and mine dusted so affectionately which the modern generation relegated to the museum or ash-heap in favor of radio. I have four missions—all in want of pedal-pushers, (pump organs). All makes and varieties acceptable, only ask the mice to stay at home. The ants and termites claim the right to bore at all wood down here. They might resent any trespassers on their long standing privileges. We have a technique of our own for giving the termites a lot of sleepless nights."

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

Call the Plumber

There are ways and ways of mending a roof according to the following description of Father James Becker, S.J., of Montego Bay:

"Another great need I have is the re-roofing of my house which still leaks a bit in spite of many variegated and inartistic patches. I decided that the new auto was the more pressing need for the mission work and Father Jeremiah O'Keefe, S.J., and I are reassured of a dry shelter in the car should the roof over our head leak too much.

"While on the subject of leaky roofs, I must tell you about the one on the church at Falmouth. This roof has been in bad shape for some time, but, fortunately, it has never rained once in the last ten years while I was saying Mass. Lately, however, the catechist told me it was quite a big job sweeping out the water after a heavy rain so I decided that something had to be done about it. Well, looking up at the roof from the inside, there seemed to be about one thousand holes through which the light came through, so I bought as many old shingles, hired a carpenter and the work was on. The carpenter got on the roof with shingles, nails and hammer while the catechist's young son climbed to the roof on a ladder on the inside, armed with a supply of small twigs. As the youngster would push a twig through a hole from the inside, the carpenter would pounce upon the hole with shingle and nails from the outside and so the work was still going on when I left."

Just in Time

"Your letter arrived just at the right time," writes Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., from St. Luke's Church, Mandeville, P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I. "I was down to 12/6 which is not as much as three dollars now. However, I wasn't worried. It was Saturday afternoon. The help was paid and besides, it was the feast of St. Aloysius. It has been my experience that I always receive



Francis K. Wallace, S.J., and Eugene O. Latta, S.J., who have arrived in Belize, British Honduras, to teach in St. John's College. Both have just completed their course in philosophy and science at St. Louis University.

something on the feasts of our saints.

Recently I married a couple. The bridegroom was sixty. His blushing bride said she was forty-seven. The affair was held after Mass in Chapelton and almost the whole congregation of thirty stayed to witness the affair. There was no stipend and I provided the ring which was much too small for the bride's finger. The bride is very proud of it, even though it is squeezing her finger, because it gives her a boost in local society."

ALASKA

Scammon Bay Revival

Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, reports the results of his visit to Scammon Bay:

"Sister Anna Sipary of our native Community just returned from Scammon Bay. We spent three days there, (five days counting it Roman fashion) during which we gave a sort of mission to the people. All, Catholics and Protestants alike, were invited to attend the four daily exercises. And just about all the adults of the village, which has ninety-two souls in all, responded to the invitation. An immediate result of the attempt is a great increase of interest in the Church among the non-Catholics, and a better appreciation and practice among the Catholics.

What other fruit will follow remains to be seen. But judging from the regularity with which some of the Protestants came, I'm hoping for a little addition to our congregation. At present the village is about evenly split between the two churches. The exercise that attracted most favorable comments was a public Baptism of a child born just at the time of the mission. After a preparatory half hour instruction of Baptism, the ceremony began at the church door. Each action was explained in Inuit before the priest performed it, and the general meaning of the prayers was given. Thus all could easily follow the ceremony intelligently. Also, an argument for the unity and catholicity of the church was drawn from the fact that Latin is used in this as in most other Catholic ceremonies, services and prayers. Some of the subjects handled were, Tradition and the Bible, the Sacraments, the punishments of sin, Miracles and what they prove, and the Mass.

No Coal

"Winter is about over, and for once 'Aint I glad.' We got by without a bit of coal, and suffered no major disaster either. In fact, I guess we will get a bit of extra reward in heaven, and we certainly learned a few things about economy that we always thought

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

could not be done. We are convinced that what worked once will work again, and, accordingly, we are buying only one-third the usual amount of coal. And even that we do not plan to use next winter; but our idea is to store it away so that in case we absolutely have to use coal we will have at least a little ready to fall back on. It is a bit risky, but like Columbus, we believe the saving involved is worth the chance."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Stipends Received

There's a shortage of Mass stipends in all our missions. The following letter from Very Rev. James G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, speaks for itself:

"You will be happy to know that Father John F. Hurley, S.J., sent me recently two thousand Masses for distribution among the Fathers here in Mindanao. He told me that these Mass stipends came through your office and for this reason I wish to send you a special word of thanks. For the past several months many of the Fathers have been asking me for stipends and I gave them some when I could, but at times I did not have any even for myself or Father Secretary. Now with this large number which Father Hurley sent me for distribution, all will be taken care of for several months to come. Father Hurley and yourself have done us a great act of charity and I wish you to know that we all appreciate this latest proof of your interest in our work.

"Things go on as usual and the war seems to be coming nearer to us every day. We are already feeling its effects in the high prices of materials and some of these like galvanized iron and steel cannot be had at any price. All food prices have risen but the native products are about the same. We are happy and well and go on just trusting in the Sacred Heart to take care of us all."

One More Push

Father Augustin S. Consunji, S.J., a native Filipino and pastor

at Gingoog, Oriental Misamis, is a hustler with a sense of humor. He writes:

"The church is almost finished in its main structure; posts are up; side walls also; part of the facade too; and within four days we are going to hoist the trusses up! Father John Pollock, S.J., wrote me a very encouraging letter about this building, saying that it is a big bargain to have the whole building made of cement with only an additional one thousand dollars and a half. He tells me to rob anyone in sight or out of sight so that before September the whole building may be safe from storms and floods! People contributed already one thousand five hundred pesos; one more push and the impossible will have to happen through the mercy of God. But why always talk about money and help? Let's have a little laugh together with an old lady whom I told that to have sick people at home was a grace of God. '*Dugangan pa unta ang gracia sa Dios.*' That particular day, they were having three sick members of the family and they were all fussed because one of them was rather seriously ill and she said with an inimitable smile: '*Dugangan pa unta ang gracia sa Dios*'—'May the Lord give us more grace of God.'"

Vocations Increase

These few words from Father Vincent Kennally, S.J., Master of Novices at Novaliches, tell us that the Church in the Philippines is gradually building up its own native clergy:

"The only 'news' of course, is the number of novices received this year. *Seventeen* were received. This is a record for the Mission and promises great things. Evidently the good Lord has work to be done in this part of the world to send such as increase in vocations at this time. Please help us thank Him, and also—please pray for the Master of Novices. There is no explanation of the increase except God's providence. We thank Him for His goodness without inquiring into His designs."

CHINA

Plug for the China Fund

"I've had the year's busiest stretch of work, helping to get rid of ten thousand bags of cracked wheat sent by the American Red Cross to China and secured up here for distribution to the poor," writes Father James F. Kearney, S.J., from Nanking. "You might tell Catholics they need not hesitate to contribute to Red Cross collections or the Rice Bowl funds, for Catholic missions throughout China have been practically supported by such U. S. organizations since the war began. So much so, that most of the missions with headquarters in Europe, from which no help is coming, of course, do not know how they will be able to continue functioning if a Pacific war cuts communications between here and the States.

Our main work this year has been to consolidate possession of this place in Nanking, and the question is not settled by any means, as we receive calls about once a week from various government bureaus that would like to use all the mission buildings."



Young Trainees for the Philippine Army put on a native dance for the benefit of Father Francis D. Doyno, S.J., at Malaybalay. Many of the Trainees came from remote interior barrios.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

Martyrs Row

From Shanghai, Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., writes a note about the burial of the late Father Charles D. (Sancte) Simons, S.J.:

"He has just recently been buried at Haichow (about seventy-five miles from Shuyang), by the side of two other Jesuit martyrs: Father Hermand, murdered by bandits about three years ago, and Father Hugon, the young missionary who was buried alive by the brigands in 1928 and who after working his way out of his tomb, died three weeks later from the ill effects of this treatment. And so the muster-role of missionary heroes in China goes on. It's a grand old Mission, this Mission of Shanghai, with a magnificent tradition that cannot but inspire us youngsters from the States."

PATNA, INDIA

Xavier Was Glad, Too

The celebration this year of the fourth centenary of the coming of St. Francis Xavier to India brought joy to many Jesuits in India but particularly to Alphonsus Goveas, S.J., of Patna Mission. He writes:

"I am an Indian Jesuit, as you know, and my Brahmin ancestors were converted to the faith by St. Francis Xavier. Now we, in our turn, are carrying this undying faith to our own brethren. May God give us strength and courage to profess His faith."

He Deserved It

From his post at Gaya, India, Father James A. Creane, S.J., writes as follows:

"Shortly after the Easter services one of our Catholic Chamars from a distant village appeared at the bungalow door with the marks of his 'martyrdom' still upon him. He showed us his hands and head bruised and swollen as a result of *lathi* (club) blows. His garments were bespeckled and bespattered with blood. A stream of blood trickling down from the wound on his scalp had dried in the process and was telling evidence



Father J. B. Tannelly, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, who on a recent visit to Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, derived great pleasure from visiting the Indian families in their homes. He is shown here receiving a hearty welcome from the Lone Elks.

of the ordeal he had endured. If ever a man looked worthy of sympathy he certainly did. Your heart would go out to him.

He explained to us how he was setting out early in the morning to be present at the Easter celebration and was caught and beat up by his angry caste fellows who wished to force him to renounce his Christianity. Well, that was his story. We old-timers have long since learned not to be too credulous nor to take all such stories at their face value. In this particular case it seems he got his drubbing because he was refusing to let his daughter go with her lawful husband!"

Fresh from Tertianship

Father Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J., tells of his experience in and out of Arrah:

"I came out of tertianship in the middle of April and as soon as I arrived in Patna they assigned me to Arrah to assist Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., here. He promptly sent me out for a tour of the outlying villages, for because of ill health he had

not been able to get out for several months and the people had had no opportunity of making their Easter duty. I went through the villages, sleeping in their houses, eating what food they gave me, saying Mass, instructing them and administering the sacraments. This is the hottest season of the year, and since I had just come down from the hills I felt the heat doubly. After a week I returned here for supplies and a little rest. And well it was that I did so. For I soon broke out with a rash which I judged to be prickly heat in a bad form, and a high fever that just would not go down.

Just As We Suspected

So I went into Patna and there the doctor told me I had the measles. They took me out to the hospital at Patna City which is run by the American Medical Missionary Sisters. Those good Sisters may have second-rate buildings and equipment, but their kindness, skill and zeal more than make up for the material deficiencies. While I was out there I tried to remember where I could have picked up such a disease. Then I remembered that in one of the villages I had hunted up a baby that hadn't been baptized and told them to bring it for Baptism on the following morning. They asked me to leave it go till next time as it had a bad rash. But I insisted, for I knew that about half the babies who have any kind of sickness at this time of the year die. So the baby got its Baptism and I got the measles. Next time I meet with such a case I think I will stand off with a hose and administer the essentials of Baptism and leave the ceremonies to be supplied on the next trip if the baby is still alive.

"Now I am back here at Arrah again and Father Westropp has gone away for a good rest. He is rather badly broken up in health and needs time to rebuild his strength. But it keeps me going to run the show here myself. Last night thieves broke into the Widows' Home, but they got nothing."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

"All-Out" Fans for "Jesuit Missions"
To the Editor:

You no doubt think I've given up the best little story magazine, true stories that tug at the heart strings not alone for the poor heathen but for the dear fathers who work so hard and cheerfully. God bless and reward them all.

I am enclosing my subscription and I think I will send next year's before Christmas for everything seems to jam up from Christmas on for months, taxes, insurance, etc., and I'm a grandmother with plenty to do and not a great deal to do it with.

God bless you and thank you for remembering me in your prayers.

Tampa, Florida Mary D. Miller

To the Editor:

Please forgive my lateness in renewing my subscription.

This is one magazine I could not drop from my enormous list of subscriptions.

Roslindale, Mass. Ruth V. Carty

To the Editor:

Herewith is my renewal of subscription to your excellent magazine. I have been delighted with each issue, as it simply and humbly tells the stories of glorious adventure by your valiant missionaries spreading the glad tidings of salvation to the uttermost bounds of the earth. I am more than delighted to know that I have a share in their prayers and sacrifices.

With most cordial good wishes,
Thomas J. O'Reilly

Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editor:

Your letter of April 8th was indeed a most pleasant surprise. Many thanks for this kindness.

I have been a subscriber to JESUIT MISSIONS for the past fifteen years. When I began to subscribe, it was called "The Pilgrim." Since then I find every copy of your magazine most interesting especially the work of the missionaries in different countries.

Another reason for my interest in the missions is that at present we have three missions of our own Sisters in Porto Rico. Naturally they look to us for help.

Mission Garden Tea

FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES

Therefore you can count on my prayers and the prayers of our children for all the missionaries.

Thanking you again for sending the magazine this year, I am

Sister M. Rose Rita

Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

To the Editor:

I am enclosing one dollar for renewal of my subscription. I wish you the very best of luck with your wonderful work.

Mrs. Agnes Moran

Roxbury, Mass.

To the Editor:

Enclosed find one dollar for JESUIT MISSIONS for another year. A grand paper for a grand cause.

Detroit, Mich. Ralph L. Taylor

To the Editor:

During the past school year the Crusaders of St. Joseph Seminary enjoyed every page of JESUIT MISSIONS. It really is an interesting mission magazine and one that every sincere mission-minded Crusader should read.

May God bless the wonderful work of our American Jesuits.

C. S. M. C. Unit,

St. Benedict, La. V. A. B. President.

Attention: All Patnaites!

To the Editor:

The fact that I haven't written to JESUIT MISSIONS for a long time, does not mean that I've lost interest in Patna Mission, India, where the Jesuits from Chicago are in charge.

Lack of funds from their native countries in Europe, means that the Sisters who teach in the schools in Patna must now look to our Jesuits for their support.

Then some Americans are of the opinion that money sent from here will never reach India. This is a false impression, and God knows the Jesuits are badly in need of funds to keep going.

Any donation that you send to JESUIT MISSIONS or to Father Kilian, S.J., of 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill., for Patna will, I assure you, reach its destination.

The Pittsburgh Patnaite

Appreciation with a Prescription (?)
To the Editor:

I thank you for your letter in reply. I just thought that your missionaries might also like to know that cataract of the eye has been cured without operation by dropping one drop of pure New Orleans molasses once or twice a day in the eye and keeping it up. It gradually burns away the cataract. It was told at a lecture and I have known it used with success.

Bayonne, N. J. Miss M. H. Eddy

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BACK ISSUES

From time to time requests for back numbers of JESUIT MISSIONS come to our office. Recently we have been asked to help complete sets of JESUIT MISSIONS for two valuable libraries.

We are listing below a number of the issues we were not able to supply. Should any of our readers have any of these copies and would care to spare them, we would be very happy to receive them.

Vol. I—Jan., June, July-Aug.
Vol. II—May
Vol. IV—March
Vol. V—Jan., Feb.
Vol. X—July-Aug., Sept.
Vol. XIV—June, Dec.

JESUIT MISSIONS

257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

China's Eager Youth in School

Edward J. Murphy, S.J.

"FATHER, our teacher hasn't come!" reported the young *charge d'affaires* of one of the first junior classes at Gonzaga College, Shanghai.

Mr. Louis J. Dowd, S.J., newly appointed prefect of discipline, eyed the prim, blue-gowned youngster standing at his door, and thought he detected a bit of a challenge to his ability to handle a "situation" like this.

But, to "Father" Dowd, who met many an embarrassing situation with professional suavity during his two years of salesmanship before entering the Society of Jesus, this was a challenge of a different sort than this smiling little lad imagined. This "no-teacher" situation was an opportunity to realize a plan which he had been building up in his mind ever since he had taken up the disciplinary rod here at Gonzaga College.

Since the day when he had started cruising around the campus, mixing in with the students, dissolving all bashfulness on their part by a cheerful word in his best mandarin, an increasing flow of "whys" had com-

menced to greet him everywhere, especially when the younger students cornered him in their marble alley or elsewhere on the campus.

"Why did Father Dowd and the other Fathers come to China? Why did they want to leave their own country? their Mother, Father, brothers and sisters? and all their friends? How much money does Father receive for his work? None? Well, why in the name of Buddha was he doing this work? And why do you say that you wish to live and die with us?"

It was his desire to give an adequate answer to this long series of "whys" that found Father Dowd ready with his plan and a ready solution for this "no-teacher" difficulty of our waiting little representative of the 1st junior A.

"I'll be with you in a minute, Chang Tsu-Ling," replied the prefect of discipline to his young challenger.

AS fast as his little legs could carry him, the youngster sprinted down to his class, which was already giving signs of being without a skipper, and there he broke the news that the new prefect himself was going to take over their class. No sooner said than perfect silence prevailed, for the prefect carried a powerful left and was known to be merciless in dealing out tickets to the not-too-popular daily four o'clock tea party.

Father Dowd arriving on the

This is the story of Creation in graphic form. On the blackboard we have a triangle representing the Trinity of persons in God, encircled by a halo of rays as of the sun. Below, partly covered by the pupil's hand, we have a rough imitation of Adam and Eve. The line leading down from the triangle shows from whence they came.



Evidently this subject of religion is so absorbing to the Chinese students that Mr. Dowd, S.J., carries his catechism about with him all the time, conducting a peripatetic school at a moment's notice wherever he happens to be.

scene a few moments later found a quiet, attentive audience awaiting him. Starting off in the purest of Pekinese, he unfolded to the youngsters the whole story behind the coming of the Fathers to China. As his story went on, slowly the question marks which they had tacked on to the Fathers began to drop off, and before they knew it, they were listening to an exposition of the Catholic Faith.

Over ninety per cent of these students are pagan, so it was probably the first time that they had heard of any other religion outside of their own Buddhism or Taoism. Light came to their quick, young minds, and with the light a deluge of new "whys" and "whats" and "wheres" so that the prefect had no doubt of the success of his first talk. The young ones were interested and they called for more. Father followed up with four more talks, filling out a general picture of Christianity.

THE other classes heard of these talks and forthwith notified the prefect's office that they were most anxious to have the same course. Making use of the "no-teacher" periods and study classes, Father Dowd gave them the same summary of our Faith. In this way he contacted about two hundred of the three hundred and forty members of our student body.

This introductory campaign completed, the prefect began to plan his next move. The thought of Bible History classes suggested itself.



"Splendid!" and immediately he was on the phone contacting the Catholic Press at Zi-ka-wei.

"Please send fifty copies of the Bible History in Chinese to Gonzaga College at once!"

SOME clever manipulating of classes in the junior division, and a Bible History class was on the schedule for all students once a week. Father Dowd himself conducts this class. After he has distributed the texts, he calls upon one of the students to read and when he sees a good opportunity he calls a halt and gives the class an explanation and application of what they have just read. Then he answers their ever-present "whys." From the sincere and lively interest with which these young ones are following the story of Christ's life, it is evident that He is winning a place in their thoughts, and soon, we pray, He will steal away their hearts.

"Father Dowd, I want to know more about your religion," confided a number of these young ones as they slipped into his office at odd moments of the day. We can imagine the consolation these confidences brought to our young prefect. This was just the fruit for which he was praying and waiting. It came just two months after he had accepted the first challenge. Now there was another hurried call to the Zi-ka-wei Press.

"Send over one hundred copies of the small catechism immediately!"

WAS this too optimistic? The class could not be made obligatory. He did not want it that way. It must be left to the free choice of the students. A release was made to the grapevine announcing the first catechism class for such and such a date. With all the freedom, we shall see that Father Dowd was quite close to his estimate of how many were interested enough to take up the catechism. When he walked into this first catechism class he found seventy-five boys of the junior classes waiting for their first lesson in Christian Doctrine. This was a great consolation to him, and an evident indication that the Holy

Spirit was hard at work in the souls of these young pagans.

SINCE last November when this class first started this group has been most faithful. By the end of this school year they will have finished most of their catechism. On Monday of Holy Week, Father Thomas A. Phillips, S.J., Rector of Gonzaga College, celebrated a special Mass for these youngsters. It was their first Mass. Father Phillips, before the Mass, explained the vestments and the ceremonies, while

among Chinese students here in Shanghai has won many a convert during the brief ten years of Gonzaga's existence. Each convert among the students has often meant several members of the family following the lead of these little ones into the Church. The harvest of souls to be reaped from such an apostolate may be beyond our fondest hopes.

As Gonzaga College looks forward to moving to a more suitable location, where we hope to build an entirely new plant, it is hoped that



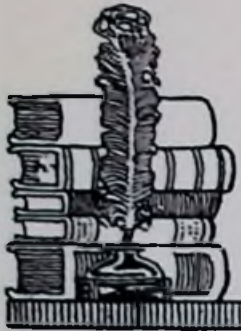
School is out. Books tucked under arm the Chinese students behave like any normal boy breaking away from the classroom. Those two in the middle look as if they might fight out down the alley unless a prefect comes along soon.

during the Mass itself, Mr. Dowd interpreted the prayers and the meaning of the different parts. Now they are learning to assist at Mass.

However, there will be at least another year of instruction before the question of Baptism is even proposed. These youngsters are all members of pagan families, so they must have a solid foundation in their Faith in order that they may be able to resist their pagan environment, and thus become the leaven to permeate their families with their newly-found Faith.

This appeal of the work being done by the American Fathers

our student body may be doubled and even trebled. Every September finds us turning away the majority of the students who wish to come to us. Lack of space forbids us to open our doors to all who would like to receive a Catholic education under our care. It is in order to increase our contact with China's youth, to spread our lines, so that more of these youngsters may propose their "whys" to us and receive in return the treasure of our Faith which we have brought to them, that we are making every effort to build a greater Gonzaga College here in the heart of Shanghai.



NEW BOOKS



Christopher Columbus Daniel Sargent

What bit the majority of us know of Columbus was gleaned from dry text books, with the rod either physically or mentally present. Hence, the real man and his times have remained something of a secret. Of course, we did learn that he sailed the ocean blue in the year 1492—a truly enlightening piece of knowledge!

It is, then, most gratifying to chance upon the genuine Christopher—Christ-bearer to the New World. We find that books had little meaning for him as a boy: "He was all for action." We watch him convince himself that west was the best way to reach the Indies: "His eyes, his mariner's eyes of action, turned west. His mind turned west. His thoughts went west, west from Porto Santo, west over the ocean." "Once he had made his choice of heading west, he . . . also made his plan of going west." "Gold, Cathay, the Indies, a crusade—" he cried to the King of Portugal. It was useless! "Gold, the East, a crusade," he pleaded to Ferdinand and Isabella. He won! He was given, for fleet, three caravels; for crew, some prisoners. He was satisfied; he sailed; he was preeminently successful: "He . . . discovered a New World which was really a New World in that its existence had not hitherto been suspected: the Americas." He became the man of the hour, until evil rumors began and vicious tongues wagged: "Then the obscurity set in." There were chains and disgrace: there was almost complete oblivion. Of a late May day "he recited the formula of dying Christians: 'Into Thy Hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit,' and died.

That briefly, is Daniel Sargent's story. It is a well-written tale, and it is easy to lose yourself in the telling.

Bruce Publishing Co., New York & Milwaukee, \$2.50.

The Bond of Perfection Sister Mary Agnes, S.N.D.

Since there is nothing the world needs more than charity toward the neighbor, Sister Mary Agnes, S.N.D., has done well to draw upon the splendid lessons of St. Paul's Epistles for this little book.

Although the subject matter has been arranged primarily with a view to mental prayer, still, it is equally adapted to slow, reflective reading. Each meditation is built upon some suitable text taken from among the Pauline Epistles. Each part of the quotation is then taken reflectively

to get the full flavor of its message. Sometimes only a word is explained. More often a practical lesson is drawn, or some closely allied thought pointed for consideration.

In order to acquire any virtue, one has to begin with interior dispositions and nothing will better form them than just such quiet, prayerful thoughts as this book presents. Its practical value is not confined to any one walk of life; but rather it is filled with suggestions for Christ-like living. Its burden is such as to help the reader know himself better and to guide him in applying those touches of Christ-like kindness to everyone he meets.

Frederick Pustet Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

First Steps to God Rev. Henry Freese

This is an illustrated catechism combining the best in Bible History and the catechism of yesterday. Appealing as he does to the strongest faculties in a child, namely, the imagination and memory, the author reveals himself as a master psychologist. Allowing room for the development of ideas, the author refers the teacher back to the inspired word of God. Each question is answered succinctly, and has appropriate prayers adjoined. We recommend this booklet to all catechetical classes.

Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn., fifteen cents per copy.

The New Testament

A new translation from the Original Greek by the Very Rev. F. A. Spencer. Edited by Charles J. Callan, O.P., and John A. McHugh, O.P.

Some books may be dashed off with a facile pen. Others require a little study and a dash of polish. Still others are the result of long and studious hours pouring over musty tomes for word meanings and exegeses of texts. This New Testament is in the last class. What makes it timely is that it fills a need felt by the bishops in our own country. The brief Word of God voiced from present day pulpits is not enough to feed the people. To make up for this deficiency a new interest is being taken in the Bible, the inspired Word of God. This new translation fills the needs of this time. It reproduces the exact meaning of the Original Greek in a style that is clear and readable without sacrificing the solemn grandeur that befits the Bible. It is done in a scholarly manner with a brief introduction as to content, a logical upbuild of chapters with suitable chapter

headings and reliable footnotes pointing out variant readings or clarifying obscure points. The translators have spared neither time nor trouble to embody the Word of God in the clearest, strongest and most appropriate language. Catholics should accustom themselves to turn frequently to this book for reading, study and meditation.

The Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

Social Well Springs—Fourteen Epochal Documents by Leo XIII Selected, arranged and annotated by Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D.

The Church of Christ has received the command to teach all nations. The "White Shepherd" in the Vatican has raised his voice innumerable times to admonish the nations, to speak the truth to recall them from their erring ways, to warn them of disaster which would surely result if they continued as they were. Some of her own children have complained that the Church has been silent, has stood aside while all these evils came to pass. Now that they see the handwriting on the wall, they cannot put the blame on their Shepherds.

A study of these Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII will show that the Church is not to be blamed but the perversity of the nations. Long before the evil raised its head and struck, we see the Church with the wisdom of the centuries behind it, pointing out the true way of life and the errors of society. Even in our own days and generation these Encyclicals, if followed out and reduced to practise, would rid the world of most of its present evils.

The messages contained in the Encyclicals on Christian Marriage, Human Liberty, The Condition of the Workingman, Chief Duties of Christian Citizens, Christian Constitution of States, Civil Government, The Evils of Society, Socialists, The Consecration of Mankind to the Sacred Heart, Christian Popular Action, are terribly vital and necessary today. In addition there are parts of two other letters one on Christian Philosophy which lays the basis for Christian thought, social and otherwise and the other, the Grand Review of the writings and labors of his Pontificate. All men, whether leaders or otherwise, should study and meditate long over the contents of this book. There they will find a solution to the problems of present Society. If they reduce these principles to action, they would at least bring peace and order into their own lives.

Bruce Publishing Co., New York & Milwaukee, \$2.50.

BIOGRAPHY OF A J. M. CHECK

(Continued from page 204)

way that check was spent. The rest will probably disappear in little charities that eat up and heap up until we are down to the last farthing, and then what? Have I been foolish? What have I really got to show for that fourteen dollars? At any rate, I have no regrets. I've had a lovely time. I've not thrown it away foolishly. I believe I've played fair with the donors. And some day the Bank of Heaven will send out a statement, which I trust will prove the JESUIT MISSIONS check was well invested.

Now the final move in this check game. This takes place at the altar where the missionary reminds God that his U. S. A. friends must be well taken care of, that their petitions must be answered in the best way for their good (and that even editors of mission magazines deserve a little blessing). What does a missionary care about bills? He has plenty of them. And some day the good Lord will take care that they are paid in full.

"HAVE YOU EATEN?" IT'S A CHINESE GREETING

(Continued from page 205)

The simple generosity of the Chinese is touching. Hungry parents beg, not for themselves, but for their children. And children are always willing to share their scant food with some of their playmates. Often to try their generosity I have asked hungry people for some of the little food they have. Pagan and strangers to me though they were, they never failed to offer their food to me. How can God fail to bless such people?

And when the Chinese die and their bones are covered over with earth, bowls of fruit, candy and cakes are left for them in place of tombstones. It is a sign that their struggle for food is ended. It is a sacrifice, too, and a sign that love is stronger than death.

I know of a massive monument of brass and marble in America which marks the grave of a man whose dreams and ambitions disdained even to begin with food. Food was to him something taken for granted. I know of a poor Chinese under a mound of earth marked by a bowl of fruit. I wonder who will be judged more kindly by Him who said: "Give us this day our daily bread"?

STARS OVER BAGHDAD

(Continued from page 208)

eyes. For the darkness over the world is pierced and shattered by that flaming heart in the Heavens, Antares "the rival of the god of war," the splendid sign of the God of Love.

Men may fight and know not what they fight for; they may go down in death with a hesitating, frightened wonder in their souls; but men know what they love, and no fear or doubt can ever cloud their souls in the glory of dying for that love. The power and might of

the world may break around them with terrifying roar as it did long ago on the red sands of the Roman arena where a handful of men laughed in the exultation of a Love won. For the seed perished once, in the name of Life, to bring forth fruit that in turn would give life for Life. It is God's way; it is the way of Love.

AMERICA'S FIRST JESUIT MARTYR

(Continued from page 211)

such robustness unless it is to offer it to Him by my service and, if He grant it, with my life. . . . My thoughts are always flitting to martyrdom and though I know I do not merit it, I long for it above all else and beg first that grace of God." In 1565 in far-off Spain these were the words of a most prominent and promising Jesuit as he looked across the sea to America. He was seeking, not freedom, not security, not fame, nor fortune—he was seeking in our own America, martyrdom.

Finally, he was sent—as all prayers are answered,—in God's time. At his departure all who knew him were sure that America would have in him its Xavier. The man had the unbeatable combination of personal genius and the grace of God in all his works. The sailors of the fleet sensed this at once and the fleet was his. They stopped swearing for him; they chanted hymns he taught them; they flocked to hear him speak. Many of them were Flemings, so Father Martinez set himself to learn their language and, as usual, succeeded so well that they, too, had hymns and talks with the great Padre and became his most devoted friends.

Storm after storm beat the fleet off the hostile American shores. Then suddenly a lull allowed the hungry, thirsty crew to draw near. A boat was ordered ashore but no sailor would go without Father Martinez. No sooner did they ask than he was with them in the boat and soon on land.

It was America at last . . . the missions at last! That night a storm blew the fleet far out to sea and left the landing party all alone. Under Father Martinez' guidance the group moved down the Georgia shore towards Florida. On the way, while two Flemish sailors were reconnoitering high on a hilltop, a hostile group of Catholic-hating Indians rushed at the boat by the shore. There was time for the group in the boat to escape, but Father Martinez refused to abandon his stranded companions, and by this loyalty he was speedily captured, dragged ashore and then clubbed to death.

As quickly as that it was over. Only three escaped to tell the story. The rest poured out their blood on the Florida shores. And such heroic blood it was—the blood of hardy, loyal Catholic sailors and the fine, proud blood of Pedro Martinez, once the flashing swordsman, the professor, the rector, the army chaplain, the preacher, the hero of a fleet, the friend of sailors, who remained loyal to the end, and though with a sword he could have carved the royal coat of arms

on the foreheads of his savage assailants, he knelt on the sand with his cross in his hands, and quietly bowed his head beneath their clumsy blows. In all, he spent twelve days in America and died at the age of thirty-three. He had done no convert work here at all, no great missionary work, but he gave us all that a man could give,—himself, body and blood and life.

His death was not in vain. Soon Superiors were besieged by Jesuits begging to take his place. Of all who came after him to the Florida mission, over one-half were martyred. The mission eventually was closed, but a host of us will be forever grateful to those who gave up their lives for Christ in America.

PICNIC IN THE BAD LANDS

(Continued from page 212)

cow puncher turned sprinter. Perhaps it is the boots, or maybe the hat, but the sight of slightly bowed legs transformed into jerky pistons is amusing. The spectators enjoy the humor and send up a rousing cheer when a bow-legged line rider gets under way on a gallop around the bases without a horse.

A picnic on the reservation would not be a picnic, however, without a horse race for this is the land where the horse still holds his own. Since the nearest store is often twenty to thirty miles distant, and since it is cheaper to pasture a horse on the tough buffalo grass than it is to buy gasoline and tires for a Ford, the four-footed means of locomotion finds immense favor in the eyes of the Sioux. A bridle will be slipped on anything from a magnificent red chestnut to a rangy broomtail whose chief delight is to hump up and break in two. Now and then you will find an Indian astride a beautiful sorrel or glistening black that would be at home on the elite bridle paths of a Country Club. But most of the riding stock takes after the country it serves—rugged, with plenty of tough sinew for working cattle in roundup or clipping along a dusty trail all day under burning Dakota skies.

For the mad dash across the prairie some lads slip out the cinch-strap and toss the saddle on the ground to ride bareback, thus relieving the horse of much weight. Others climb into the rigging, balance themselves in the stirrups, and attempt to keep their cavorting mounts on the starting line.

The starter pulls the halter off his loudest war hoop and the race begins. The rhythmic beat of galloping hoofs swells to thunder as the straining horses sweep down upon the spectators to vanish in a trampling roar and a blur of dust. The winner reigns in his sweat-streaked buckskin and returns on the trot to claim the five-cent sack of Bull Durham that is his prize.

But even picnics must end. As the blue hills turn purple with shadows, teams are hitched, and the crowd melts until the bobbing backs of riders vanish in dust clouds. The people of the prairie are glad. With gratitude in their hearts they thank *Wakan Tanka* for the joys and the day He has given.

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