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No. 10

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by

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REVIEW FOR RELIGIOUS

St. Mary's College

St. Mary's, Kansas

CONTRIBUTORS

Next year JAMES B. REUTER's course as a Jesuit will enter a new phase. He is now finishing his philosophical studies at Baguio, P. I. The wisdom gathered in the contents of *It's Basketball Time in the Philippines* will help him as a teacher. This is his second fine story on leadership and character training.



Alphonse Goveas, S.J.

Can I Ever Go Back Again? asks LOUIS J. DOWD, S.J., not to California, his native State, nor to Gonzaga College in Shanghai, where he is now teaching, but to a little school he chanced upon in Peiping.

FATHER JAMES A. CREANE, S.J., has spent more than fifteen years in India, working chiefly among the Santals where he acquired the nickname of "Santal Jim." But now he has been changed to a Hindu mission. According to him, *It Happened in Barku* and not in Gaya, his new mission outpost.

Shortly after writing *Going High Hat at Free Hill*, FATHER ANDREW B. OCHS, S.J., of the New England Province, was appointed assistant director of St. George's Preparatory School in Kingston, Jamaica.

During the month of November, ALPHONSE GOVEAS, S.J., will be ordained at Kurseong, India. He is a native of India whose Brahmin ancestors were converted to the faith by St. Francis Xavier. In another year or two, like Xavier, he will go forth to lead the people of India *From Darkness to the House of Light*.

Four Toner brothers from Spokane, Washington, are Jesuits in the Oregon Province. FATHER ERWIN J. TONER, S.J. (*Missionary Epic of the Faith in Montana*), is editor of the *Seminary News* and director of Sodalitys in that Province.

THOMAS A. HALLEY, S.J. (*East Gate to Russia*), a member of the Missouri Province, in his second year of Philosophy at St. Louis University, sees something significant for the spiritual future of Russia in the recent ordinations at Shanghai, China.

SYDNEY J. JUDAH, S.J. (*Newman and Jarge*), entered the Society of Jesus in England but finished his course of studies in New England. Jamaica his home is a mission of the New England Province.

JOHN M. SCOTT, S.J., now studying theology at St. Mary's, Kansas, glances back to his teaching years at Holy Rosary Mission and takes us to an Indian rodeo in *Thunder Rides Again*.



Louis J. Dowd, S.J.

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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, now "The Modern Jesuit Relations."

COVER—Father John A. Morrison, S.J., of the Chicago Province, took this picture of a Santal mother and child. He is working among these aboriginals of India. Even in rags the Santals are neat and clean. They are agriculturists and live chiefly in the hill country of northern India. No caste system impedes their conversion.

EDITORIALS

CHRIST THE KING

TWO hundred thousand people jammed to overflowing the huge Soldiers Field Stadium in Chicago recently to pay homage to their Eucharistic King in a monster Holy Name Rally under the auspices of Archbishop Stritch. The crowd assembled represented the usual variety of racial stocks that one might find in any large American city. We dare say that had a poll been taken on their attitude towards the various issues of the war, almost as many opinions as people present might have been obtained.

Yet, as they knelt there before the Blessed Sacrament on the shores of the great inland sea, this mass of humanity was of one opinion only, of one heart, of one mind. It was not that under the spell of the eucharistic ceremonies they had forgotten the war and the claims of belligerent governments, but that in the presence of the King of kings they had come face to face with higher claims and more important issues.

Millions of Catholics next Sunday will kneel like these Chicagoans before the Blessed Sacrament, exposed in thousand of churches throughout America. It will be the feast of Christ the King, that feast which more than any feast in the calendar of the Church expresses the deepest aspirations and hopes of the Catholics of our generation—that Christ our Lord, excluded for three hundred years from the civic life of the western world, may be restored to His rightful position in modern society, that government, education, commerce and the family may once more be revived by that Divine Life which has liberated the world.

Here, indeed, is a cause worth fighting for and its grandeur and nobility are particularly evident today when millions in Europe and Asia are locked in a bloody brawl over issues which seem in comparison mean and venal. But the tragedy of our times is not that men fight and suffer for inferior ends. The real tragedy is that these inferior ends are for the modern warriors absolute and final things beyond which there is no other good. Their leaders have emptied their lives of all superior values and will allow them no vision of a greater good by which they might judge the importance of that for which they are dying.

We should be grateful to God that we have leaders in this country like Archbishop Stritch who tirelessly and fearlessly place the higher values before us, and we

should manifest our gratitude by enshrining in a lofty place in our souls the rightful claims of Christ to rule over society.

THE LOST BATTALION

ACCORDING to the latest available statistics there are in China about 2,000 native priests and seminarians and about 3,000 foreign missionaries. The vast majority of these foreign missionaries come from Europe. Eight hundred and seventy, or more than one-fourth of them, are Jesuit missionaries from those European countries now prostrate as a result of the present war.

Naturally, then, the missions depending upon these European countries are likewise prostrate, and doubly so, because all of them are located in the coastal provinces of China where they have borne the brunt of five years of savage and stupid warfare. A dark picture indeed.

Anomalous as it may seem, though all of these missions have been almost completely cut off from European support, nevertheless they have and are reaping a double harvest of souls. Before taking one or two of these missions as a sample, let us remind you that these missions are making great strides in the development of a native clergy—the real index of genuine, fruitful, lasting apostolic activity. They have in various stage of training the magnificent total of 639 native candidates for the priesthood.

From a recent Lumen News Release we learn that over 8,000 persons were baptized in the Kingsien area in the past year. In the midst of the war, practically the whole of this vicariate was flooded for several months and thousands upon thousands of the people living there were forced to exist upon the bark and roots of trees. At times, the Austrian Jesuits in this locality were so poor that they had to economize on postage stamps for their letters of appeal to the outside world.

The mission movement in the Vicariate of Taming, under the care of the Hungarian Jesuits, is also very gratifying. More than 8,000 Baptisms were recorded of which 1,667 represented adult conversions. Recently Monsignor Szarvas confirmed 1,900 Christians in 27 days.

To present the possible collapse of these missions and to take advantage of the finest opportunity for conversions ever offered the Catholic Church in China, special and immediate all-out aid from America in the form of vocations and material help must be forthcoming.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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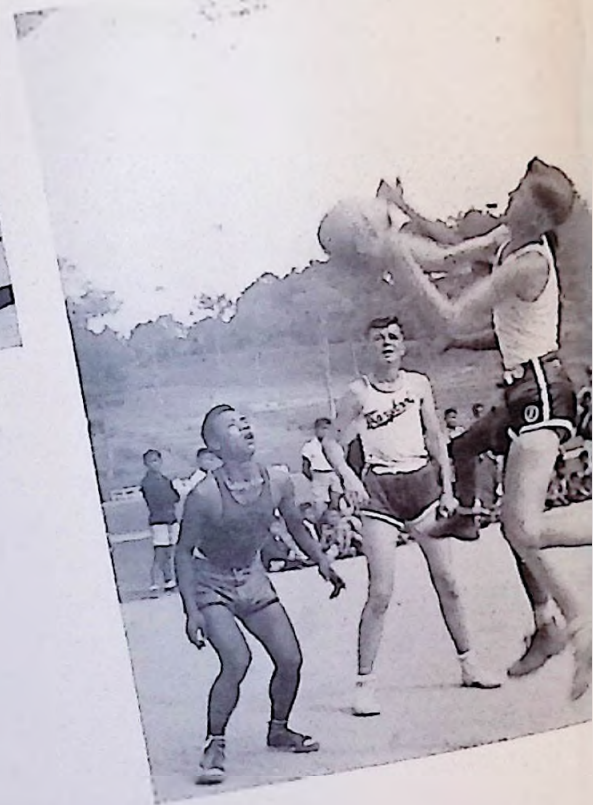
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(Left) The Red Hawks in action during the Bontoc campaign. (Below) Maryknoll takes it away from St. Pat's while a team mate watches with worried approval.



It's Basketball Time in the Philippines

James B. Reuter, S.J.

FIVE tired little boys stood in the gathering darkness at the side door of the Jesuit Scholasticate in Baguio. They were returning the time-worn basketball which they had borrowed when the sun was high in the early afternoon.

"Father," said the smallest of the five, sadly holding out the ball, "we have changed the name of our basketball team. We are not the Bats any more, Father. We are the Flying A."

"Why change your name?" asked the Jesuit Scholastic, whose duty it was to take back time-worn basketballs from the little boys of Baguio. "Bats—that's a fine name for a team! Better than Flying A."

"Yes, Father," said the little fellow mournfully, "but we just lost a game and we should have won."

Dejectedly the five trailed off into the dusk of evening; and the Scholastic turned into chapel to meditate on tired little public school boys who needed stability and strong leadership.

Two more Baguio Scholastics were coaching the basketball squad of a Catholic grade school, and they discovered the same thing: tribes of youngsters in the city, hordes of little boys—newsboys, errand boys, rich boys, house-boys, shoe-shiners, mine-workers—all playing basketball, because it is the national game; all loosely organized into temporary teams; but without stability and without leaders.

These grade school coaches, for instance, would schedule the Red Lions. Then, when the scheduled day came, the Green Hornets would

appear on the court for the game.

"But we signed the Red Lions!" the Scholastics would protest with vigor. "Lions! Not Hornets!"

"Yes, Father," the Hornets would reply, humble and contrite, "but no more Red Lions. Gone. Disbanded. Broken up. We, a new club, the Green Hornets—we will play in place of the Red Lions."

"Why did they break up?"

"Father, they lost two games."

AT this juncture the Red Hawks came back from Bontoc. The Red Hawks are the basketball varsity of St. Louis High, the only Catholic Boys' High School in the city. They came back in two howling busses, with a blare of bands, with a whipping of banners, with three cups and a colossal basketball trophy. They came back as the champions of northern Luzon for the second successive year. In the Bontoc hills they had run roughshod over all opposition and so, for the moment at least, these Red Hawks were the heroes of Baguio.



At the opening ceremonies the players in the Baguio Midget League solemnly promise to live up to its rules.

Their singing busses rolled up to the Jesuit Scholasticate, because, as it happened, two Scholastics were also coaching the St. Louis varsity. And as the noise in the busses outside was organized into three rousing cheers for the Fathers, inside the Scholasticate a great light dawned.

"Eureka!" thought the Fathers as they heard the rousing cheers: "This is the solution! Here are two busses full of solutions! The leaderless little boys of Baguio are no longer a problem! This is opportunity beating on our door with a battering ram!"

THAT night they consulted with their Rector and with the pastor of the parish. Next day the glorious Red Hawks were sitting dutifully in an assembly room of the *convento*, having been herded there by the curate in charge of Baguio's youth. Also in the assembly room were two Jesuit Scholastics, earnestly proposing a plan. The plan was this: The Baguio Midget League.

Each member of the St. Louis varsity was to go out into the highways and byways, especially along the paper routes. He was to go down to the city's slums, down into the mines, out to the mansions of the rich and around into the side entrances of the shoe-shine parlors.

Each Red Hawk was to organize a midget basketball squad, principally of the public school boys.

Since ninety-eight per cent of the boys in Baguio are Catholic, each varsity man would teach his squad essential things: to pass, to guard, to begin each practice with a prayer; to dribble, to shoot, to go to Communion on game days; to feint, to follow up, to be clean and strong in body and soul; to be courteous to opponents; to win and to lose like men; to stay organized even in defeat, because there are more important things than winning a basketball game: courage on the court, for instance, fair play even while you are losing, grit, the ability to be beaten and to keep on coming.

The St. Louis varsity is fully capable of coaching little boys in this way because since infancy they have been schooled by missionary nuns from Belgium, and for the last two years their court training has been handled by Jesuit Fathers. They know what should be taught and how to teach it.

HERE the Jesuit coaches of the grade school went into action. After each match they would collar the captain of the opposition and would mention the Midget League. After the tilt with the Lightnings, for instance, they would say to Captain Villanueva:

"Nice game, Pepe. Is your team in the city league?"

"What league, Father?"

"You mean you're not entered in the Baguio Midget League?" This with great surprise and consternation. "Say Pepe, you'd better hurry! Deadline in two weeks. Have your coach see Father Jose at the Cathedral."

"But, Father, we don't have any coach."

"What? No coach? Where do you live?"

"Jungletown."

Here the Scholastic would whip out a notebook, look up Jungletown and say: "Emelio Victa of the Red Hawks also lives in Jungletown. Go see him, Pepe."

At these words, the brown eyes of the twelve-year old captain would grow very large and his team would be awestruck, because after the Bon-toc campaign the great Emelio Victa is in a class with Gary Cooper, Champion Joe Louis and Tarzan the mighty.

"Father," Villanueva would gulp, "do you think—might be—should we—would he really coach us, Father? Honest?"

"If you go over to his house and ask him, he might. Try."

SO the Lightnings tried for Victa, and got him; because the great Emelio, on a worried search for a midget squad, was on the very brink of asking Captain Villanueva to please let him coach the Lightnings from Jungletown.

The Hornets found Carino. The Skulls captured Salvan. Ramos was seen, caught and conquered by the Bullets. Suarez organized the Lumber Kids. Blanco gathered his Eaglets. Mondejar began teaching pivot plays to the Marcos. Batin and Bacrecio washed and ironed green uniforms for the squad of Saint Patrick. Then, the morning the first tournament opened, they all came to the Cathedral.

From the army barracks and from the mines, from the pretty cottages of city employees and from the shacks by the rock quarry, from rich South Drive, from Jungletown, from the portable houses of the bus drivers, from the squatters' section where the homes are made of old oil cans, the (Turn to page 279)

Can I Ever Go Back Again?

After what happened that
cold winter day in Peiping.

Louis J. Dowd, S.J.



"The Chinese kiddies were human and natural and had imagination."

ARE Chinese youngsters like American youngsters? Will I ever be able to hold a class in this native tongue? These two questions had a fairly high place on my long list of wonderings, when I set out for work in this mysterious land of the Orient. One day on a picnic, during my second year of language study in Peiping, these questions were answered very clearly and in an odd fashion.

It was a cold day in February, but the American students simply had to have a "break" from the language study and get out for a change of scenery. We chose for our destination "The Black Temple" an old deserted Buddhistic monastery, a few miles outside the Northern Wall. Maybe we could find a place within the old temple walls, a shelter from the penetrating breeze that swept down from the cold Russian north.

Bad roads and contrary winds made hard bicycle riding, but sooner or later we arrived on the spot. The temple interior didn't seem to appeal to us spoilt Americans as a picnic pavilion, so it was decided,

freeze or not, we would eat in the whistling winds.

The supplies were opened, and with unbelievable rapidity, the strangest thing happened. I looked up from the hard boiled egg sack to find that we were hemmed in on all sides by scores of sniveling, shivering native sons of the middle kingdom. Their curiosity and wonder overcame their fear of the "big-nosed" men from the West; and there they stood staring and glaring until most of us began to lose our appetites. They looked so cold and hungry, that we just couldn't carry on before them. Realists that we were, however, we saw that our sympathies and sensibilities were interfering with our dinner, so some way must quickly be found to rid us of our wide-eyed spectators.

"Children, don't you go to school?" I asked.

"Yes," came the sorrowful reply, "but not till two o'clock."

PERHAPS it was because I had visions of taking our lunch in a nice warm classroom, or perhaps it was just my desire to practice a

little Chinese; or maybe there lurked in my heart the secret hope of giving some Christian Doctrine to these little pagans; whatever it was, I made a remark that I shall long live to regret.

"Come, children, we'll go to school now, and I'll show you how classes should be taught."

Strangely enough, they, too, were caught by the same spirit that made me utter these words, and to the amazement of my brother Jesuits, off we went in a flurry into the interior of the old temple. Since the founding of the Republic, nearly all the temples have been turned, in whole or in part, into schools.

CARRIED out of myself by my new found power and influence, and receiving, as it seemed, the grace of state for my new, albeit self-appointed position, I spoke forth in the native language of China in such a manner as to astonish myself.

"To your seats," I cried. In a minute fifty or more children in expectancy and wonderment were seated in perfect order and discip-

line before me. With as natural a flourish as possible, I wrote the few characters at my command on the board, and in a unified cry that was like to wake the dead, my class read them aloud.

THEN the light came, or rather what I thought was a light, to have the children sing a song in honor of my inauguration as new principal. This was just what they were waiting for. I took the stick lying on my desk,—I say, “my desk” for at this psychological moment, it seemed as truly mine as my name. I gave the tap to begin.

What a glorious inauguration! If you had listened, you could have heard their song in America. This was to be a song without an end, or in equal truth, one could say, a song with a bitter end. We were just at the first chorus, and all seemed in such perfect control when . . . I shall never forget that “when.” As I write, all the weird nightmare comes back as if it were again to take place.

“Cheese it, the teacher!!!”

What! Was I not the teacher? These two little words: “Cheese it,” were the magic words that broke the charm of this grand experience that seemed almost like a dream. I was controlling the Chinese with a masterful stroke, and I was speaking the native tongue with the same effect as if I had spoken English before an American class. My questions were answered. The Chinese kiddies were human and natural and had imaginations equal if not superior to those of my

friends across the sea in America.

As I said, I heard the words, “Cheese it”—(“T’ao p’ao a”) in Chinese, and while with stick in hand, still lifted in the air directing the beats of the song, there came before me the serious and somewhat stupefied mien of the true principal of the school.

The best way to get this picture clear, is to imagine how a Chinese would feel, and in just what sort of a predicament he would really be, if he were found during noon hour, holding forth in a classroom in one of our public schools. He would be taken in as a Communistic leader, or perverter of youth, or I don’t know what.

MY position became painfully clear to me, as I put down my stick, erased my few characters from the blackboard, and bowed politely and humbly, if somewhat awkwardly to this middle-aged, distinguished looking Chinese teacher. He was asking me with tongue, expression and gestures: “Who are you?”

Even in English I would have had a sweet time trying to express myself at this moment, so that my Chinese should utterly fail me, was not surprising.

“I . . . I . . . was . . . was . . . etc. . . etc.” stammered I.

“Could you please come to the office,” he said in typically controlled and polite Chinese fashion.

So we went to the office and there was another teacher reading the newspaper. He rose politely and welcomed me and the office boy was sent to fetch some hot tea for us.



In a country ravaged by war, the imagination of China's youth finds expression in toy machines of war.

To make a long story short, this nice polite treatment helped me to get a hold of myself, and in all humility, I did quite as remarkable a job of ironing things out as I had of mussing them up.

ABOVE all the nations on the earth, the Chinese possess the grandest sense of humor. These two heard my story with as much enjoyment as I had had in the making of it, or at least the making of the first part of it. They saw the possibility of my situation and we became good friends.

The story ends with our entire picnic group warming their frozen feet by the fireplace in the principal’s office, sipping hot tea, and talking of the friendship between America and China, brought to a merry end this day of days for me.

This little narrative can help to show how ready the Chinese are to listen to what we have to tell them. The children are truly little lambs that will follow the Shepherd whithersoever He leads. The adults are respectful and forbearing, and above all, approachable, which is a grand step from China of old.

A native son of the middle kingdom absorbed in a game of marbles, the well known pastime of American school boys.



"Often have I visited them in their villages. Often have I told them how our Lord specially loves them, how He chose a stable for His birthplace."

It Happened in Barku

James A. Creane, S.J.

SOME fifteen years ago as I was wandering from village to village in the wilds of the Santal country of Patna, India, without a single Santal convert to my credit and wondering how I would make a break in that aboriginal caste, I chanced to come upon a straw roofed mud hut along one of those by-ways of creation whence so many come in to partake of the Great Banquet.

It was the home of a middle aged Santal couple. They had a small child who had been born as an invalid. His head was abnormally large, but his body was frail and slender. All their medicine men with all their *mantras* could not cure him.

AS I was passing by they called me in and told me of their predicament. I saw at once that there was no natural hope of recovery for the child and told them so. Heal him or restore him to normal health, I assured them I could not. But there was one thing I could and gladly would do, if only they would let me. I could open the gates of eternal bliss to him by Baptism. I could make him a child of God and heir of Heaven. How that could be done I explained to them with the aid of a catechist as interpreter.

Happily, the parents consented to the Baptism and the little child was baptized then and there, thus becoming "Little Ignatius" the first Santal to be baptized in Patna Mission and the childleader of a long line of neophytes now numbered by the thousands.

That was an incident of long ago among the Santals. Here is a similar experience of yesterday among the Gwalas. The Gwalas are the herdsmen of India. They are the men who supply the country with milk and make it the greatest cattle raising nation of the world.

EVER since coming to my new mission of Gaya and taking up the apostolate among the Hindus, I have been keenly interested in their conversion. For they are numerically by far the largest caste we have in the mission, being well over three million in all. A rough lot they are, not over law-abiding, and always ready for a fight or brawl.

Often have I visited them in their villages. Often have I told them how our Lord specially loves them, how He chose of all places a Gwala's shed or cowstable for His birth place, how His first worshippers were shepherds, how when grown up He likened Himself to the shepherd who leaves the ninety-

nine sheep safe in the fold to seek in the wilderness the one that is lost, and finally how He called Himself the Good Shepherd who "giveth His life for His sheep."

THOUGH I found the Gwalas always friendly enough and willing to listen, not one of them had ever dared to cross the threshold and enter the Church. So I wondered how and when our Lord would give me my first catch among them.

The consolation of that catch came to me recently. One afternoon somewhere in India I went cycling down a dusty country road humming prayerfully to myself: "Lord! Give me souls." Towards evening I turned in to a village of Gwalas which we shall call Barku. The people had come in with their herds and stabled them. It was my second visit to the village. The children remembered the *toyo billies* (rifle ball candy) which I had given them on the previous occasion and so flocked around me. The village elders also gathered in goodly numbers and there in the dusk we had consoling Nicodemus talks together.

In such a setting I could not but feel that I was somewhat of a Gwala myself, like a shepherd with his flock.

THE men talked familiarly of their difficulties and troubles. One stalwart young man, for instance, with a deep cut over his eye explained how he had gotten that wound in a free-for-all fight with Gwalas of another village. A mother calling her son told me of his long standing illness and wanted me to cure him. I longed for medicines, but, unfortunately, I had none. We discussed the weather, crops, rain, rent, famine, schools, religion and such matters as were of general interest to them.

After conversing and lecturing for some time, I began to teach them Hindi prayers. Much to my surprise both children and adults readily joined in and repeated them after me.

When I was on the point of leaving, I noticed a girl holding an emaciated child. At my request she brought the (Turn to page 279)

Going High-Hat at Free Hill

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.

ALREADY I can hear my readers laughing and saying, how can one go high-hat in the Jamaican Hills? Well, on the fifth Sunday of the month, believe it or not, I, along with four members of my Highgate Choir and Arthur, my yard boy, actually did go high-hat when we traveled to the little mission station at Free Hill where I celebrated a High Mass.

It isn't a very difficult task to reason out why this mission goes by such a name for it stands on the top of a small hill a few miles out of Highgate and off the Port Maria Road. I believe it was Father Charles Eberle who started the mission and that Father Lyons was responsible for the little church which still stands but is now somewhat tottering and worn from the winds and rains.

FREE HILL is well named, I think, for it is free of a sacristy, free of a confessional, free of benches, free of a decent altar and lastly, free of a priest, in that he can only manage to say Mass there one day a month because of his other seven mission stations. That was why I decided it was time for me to go high-hat and give them a Sunday Mass.

Starting out with my yard boy, Arthur, who often serves my Masses in the country missions, and picking up the four members of my choir at various points on the road, we set out for Free Hill and reached it in good time. No, I never feel late reaching any of my country stations for just as soon as I arrive, a man tolls the bell and the people start coming to church—and that often demands a wait of an hour and even more.

The bell tolled for five minutes and we waited a half hour for the people to gather. When the church was full, I heard confessions under a sheltering made of bamboo poles with a roof of palm leaves. This substitute for a confessional was

necessary as there is no sacristy to the church.

The confessions over I set up the altar stone, candles, Mass cards, missal and began Mass, with my yard boy serving. During the Mass the choir's efforts to be high-hat almost came to utter ruin for as the Mass progressed the congregation started to join in and before the last Gospel was finished all were answering my *Dominus Vobiscum* in a loud voice.

After Mass the choir distributed the holy cards I had brought along and then followed the usual chatter with the people after Mass. When we left Free Hill for Highgate we felt that our efforts to go high-hat had been successful for we realized that with our music and High Mass we had made the people very happy.

I MUST confess that this high-hat trip to Free Hill set me thinking. Why? Well, at the Mass we had some twenty grown-ups and some thirty and more children and when I realized that these poor people had Mass but one day a month and that day not a Sunday, I decided that something must be done and done quickly. Why not, said I, go high-hat at Free Hill "One Sunday" a month and thus build up this little mission. A Sunday Mass followed by a Sunday School for some forty children would work wonders—yes, these forty children would form a nucleus out of which would grow a strong Catholic congregation.

Next month, I shall go high-hat again when I travel to Free Hill for a Sunday Mass and Sunday School. Usually a priest from Kingston comes out to Highgate to help me every second and fourth Sunday—next month he will come every Sunday and thus I'll high-hat it to Free Hill and begin to work. Maybe my ideas are too high-hat but in a year's time I like to visualize a beautiful little church at Free Hill with a thriving Catholic congregation. Mere dreams? Just bubbles in the air? I don't think so.



The catechist and the congregation at Free Hill, Jamaica, assemble for a picture after their little mission went high-hat.

Some places are not even as well off as Free Hill. Scattered through the hills of Jamaica you will find little cell formations of the Church. These are so far out of the beaten path that the missionaries can rarely contact them. Where did these stray Catholics come from? More than likely in the horse and buggy days one of those grand old missionaries planted the seed of the Gospel in these isolated and remote districts. With the influx of more missionaries to the island we shall soon be able to go high-hat in other out-of-the-way places and give them regular pastoral care.



deity. Some hastened to thank her for preserving their children and cattle from pestilence, and to wrest from her a promise of continued kind vigilance over them. While others with withering hearts came to placate her wrath which kept on thirsting for blood. And blood they brought with them in exchange, in the veins of goats and buffaloes which pressed around her shrine in countless numbers.

AN idol of Kali was enthroned in glory in one of the largest shrines within the palace compound of the Raja of Bettiah. Her face

Kali-Ma, the Hindu goddess, thirsts for more blood. In her four hands she grasps implements of war. A chain of skulls adorns her neck and she dances on the bodies of the dead.

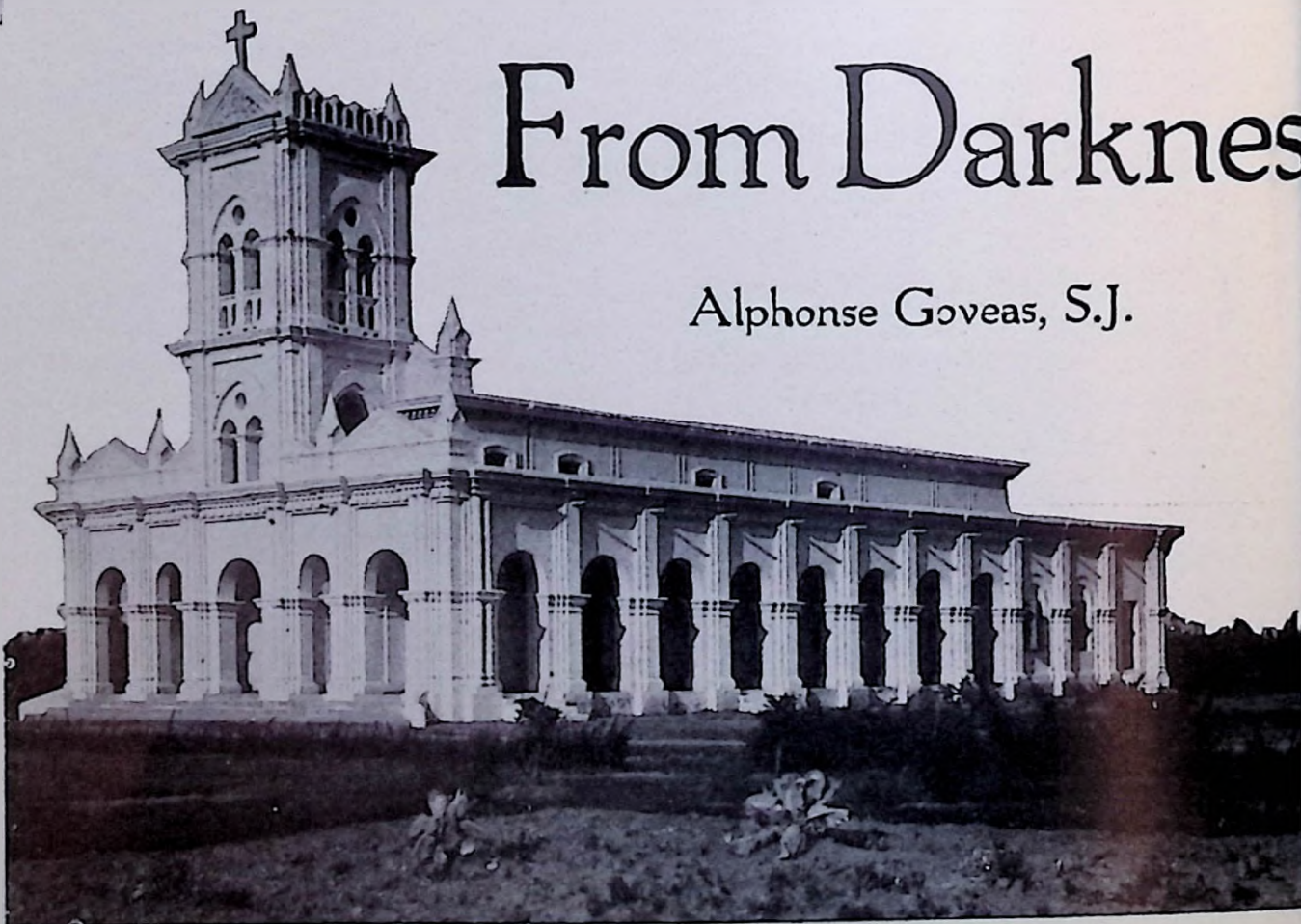
salute as if in battle cry: "*Kali-Ma ki jai,*" ("Hail to Mother Kali.")

In front of the goddess a square sacrificial ground was prepared and covered with sand. There was a black square stone in its center. People brought their offerings of goats and buffaloes to this place. Having offered the victim to the goddess, together with their supplication for mercy, they force the beast on the sacrificial stone. Two priests with drawn swords stand by ready for the slaughter. With a blow or two they sever the neck of the victim and let the blood run on the stone and sand to the accompaniment of strange incantations. The sacrifice being over, the priests and offerers share the sanctified meat of the goats, while the bodies of the buffaloes were conveniently buried outside the town. Then followed feasting and merry-making

ISAT counting the thousands! —A missionary amid all his labors and trials in a tropical country, feels a legitimate pride and consolation in counting the hundreds and thousands of his converts. They are the fruit with which God has blessed his labors. But today, I sat counting not the converts, but the thousands of Hindus who passed by our Mission House at Bettiah, India. They are the fruit ripening in the vineyard, the fond object of our daily prayers and sacrifices.

"That is a futile task, indeed," you would say. I, too, agree with you. It is similar to the attempt of the tiny boy on the sea shore who wished to empty the mighty ocean by pouring it in a wee little pit. It was no wonder, therefore, that I lost count of them very soon. For the whole country around Bettiah seemed to have poured its humanity into the town . . . it was an endless line of thousands of pagan people.

THEY came to celebrate the feast of *Kali-Ma* (the Mother Kali), the goddess of diseases, especially of cholera and small-pox, of war, ruin and destruction. Having garnered the paddy-harvest of the year, with hearts full of joy and hopes for the future, they came to pay their collective homage to the



From Darknes

Alphonse Goveas, S.J.

"An excited mob ran to the church in search of still greater excitement. But strangely they were arrested by the deep silence which they least expected to reign in such a large place of worship. There was no clang and din of drums . . . no smothered cries. . . .

was black and her tongue deep purple which kept hanging from her mouth, thirsting for more blood. She had four hands, grasping the implements of war, a chain of skulls hung round her neck, and she was seen dancing on the bodies of the dead. Before this blood-curdling sight, the devotees shouted their

which was a sign that the prayers were heard.

There were times not far back in history when even human sacrifices were offered to Kali. In the dead of night, lighted by the flames of torches, forlorn human beings shrieking for help, used to fall victims to the wrath of the goddess.

But those times have passed and such scenes will not, if ever, be seen in India now. This might be called one of the civilizing influences of the British Government in India.

The excitement of the festival being over, the crowd wended its way back home. But wait! There was one more experience which brought light to their life of darkness. That unique experience was the visit to the church at Bettiah which was within a stone's throw of the Raja's palace.

THIS majestic church was built by Capuchin missionaries, long before the American Jesuit Fathers took over Patna Mission. It was a queen among the neighboring buildings with its noble steeple rising triumphantly into the blue sky. It harbored a beautiful group of statues representing the scene of Calvary.

to the House of Light

The life-size statue of the Crucified Redeemer attracted the attention of the Hindus and Mohammedans alike. It was this statue of "the Man on the Cross" as they called it, that draw the multitudes of Hindus who came to the town for the Kali festival.

AN excited mob ran to the church in search of still greater excitement. But strange! they were arrested by the deep silence which they least expected to reign in such a vast place of worship. There was no clang and din of drums, no clamor of the crowds, no smothered cries of dying animals, no flowing blood, or gruesome incantations; but a perfect silence and quiet, the quiet of still waters. Instinctively they held their breath, lowered their tone, and whispered to each other with significant nods. Amid all these awe-inspiring surroundings they saw the luminous figure, life-size, life-like . . . "Look, look at that Man!" There was blood there but it was clotted on the hands and legs and side of the mysterious Man hanging from the cross. They stayed rooted to the spot and kept on look-

ing, unable to understand the meaning of it all.

Holy moments these, the moments of grace when God speaks to man's heart, even to the hearts of pagans. And we spoke to them the words of God. With the aid of our Catholic boys we managed to keep order in the crowd; we let into the church as many men as could easily be contained in it. The Fathers were untiring in their eagerness to explain to the people the truths of faith and redemption. We explained to each crowd in turn the mystery not of "the Man on the cross" but of the "God-Man on the Cross."

IT was, indeed, a blessing to be present and to mark their feelings and emotions as they listened with rapt attention to the story of the Passion and Death of Christ. It made me realize that there was a

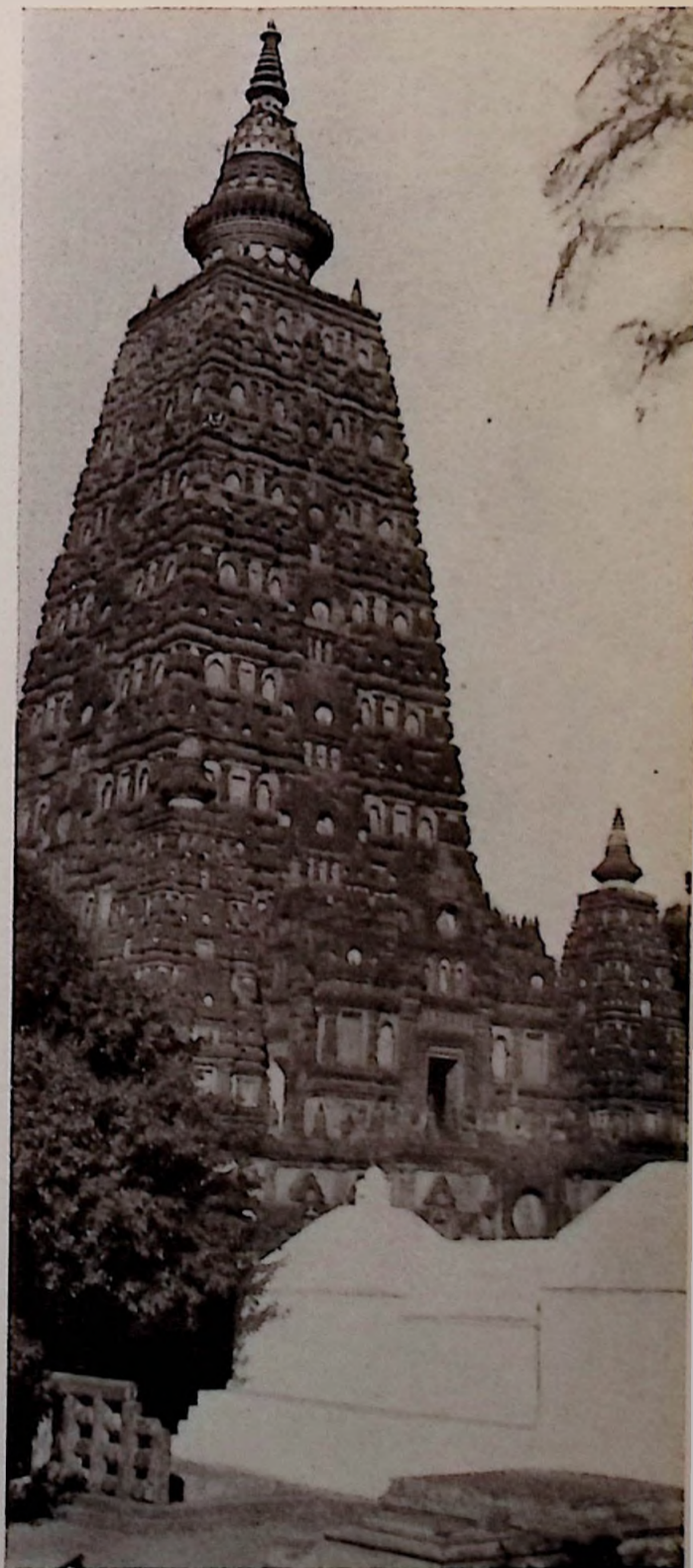
greater amount of sympathy and kindness in the hearts of the Hindus than we ordinarily believe them to have. Our instruction usually ended with an Act of Contrition and Love of God with a gentle reminder to repeat them daily.

THUS did they return to their distant fields and cattle with a new light and hope in their lives. They kept on coming to the church year after year for this annual visit. But one year alas! the majestic church was not there, nor the God-Man on the Cross; but only a huge pile of bricks which completely buried the magnificent scene of Calvary. That was the sorrowful year of the great Bihar earthquake, 1934, which leveled our beautiful church and destroyed all the statues. But our good Bishop, Rt. Reverend Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., had arranged to have a small temporary chapel set up in the vicinity for

The great temple of Mother Kali was filled with the roar of victims slaughtered on the sacrificial stone, and the wail of strange incantations and supplications for mercy.

public worship. What a difference!

Thither, therefore, the bewildered crowd hastened, but they were greatly disappointed to find just a small group of statues representing the scene of Calvary. They keep on coming to this small chapel, drawn by the memories of the old. But a new church has not been built to replace the old. Bettiah today greatly needs a church, a worthy temple to harbor the Eucharistic Lord, a place of worship for four or five thousand Catholics, a beacon to show the light of Christ to millions that sit in darkness. Lifelong Catholics do not place too much emphasis on externals. They know that Christ is just as much present in a cave as in a cathedral. But these pagans are like children. To win them we must build a bigger and better House of Light in Bettiah.





more than material help. They are called by God to give themselves. A whole army of peace-makers, of zealous and self-sacrificing priests, Sisters and Brothers are needed. Europe supplied most of them in the past. It cannot do so now. Again, America is the hope of the missions. From the reports of increased enrollments in our apostolic schools, novitiates and seminaries, America will not fail.

"No one need fear that zeal for the foreign missions will leave those at our own doors neglected. God is not surpassed in generosity. It is an axiom of Catholic faith that the more we do for the missionaries the more we do for those nearer home. To the lover of souls there is no distinction between home and foreign missions. All creatures are equal in the eyes of the Creator. Color does not matter, neither does race nor clime. One and all, are we called to be cooperators with Christ in extending the fruits of Redemption to all. We must pray, work and give. . . ."

"In the material order the charity of America is doing much to alleviate the misery of the chaotic world in which we live. In the spiritual order we American Catholics can do infinitely more. We can save the missionary work of the Church that has taken years of sacrifice to build up. We can extend the frontiers of the Gospel of Christ, the Gospel of Peace, into lands near and far. Mission Sunday is the call of God for the union of our forces, spiritual and material. We must not fail, for today we alone are free to give."

"Grateful to God for the blessings we have received, we should shoulder the extra burden of assisting those on the frontier lines of our own country and every country in the great warfare against the forces of ignorance and sin for the spread of the Kingdom of God. Let not the power of the force of evil disturb us. The missions, the life of the Church, will go on. . . ."

T. GAVAN DUFFY. English-speaking countries have produced many missionaries in modern times but few notable mission writers. One of the best of these few was Father T. Gavan Duffy, who died recently at his mission in India. His death leaves a large vacancy in English mission letters. Others will be found to carry on his splendid work in the field but few to take over where he left off in the writing of books about the missions.

JEWES IN CHINA. From Kaifeng, China, comes word that a young man by the name of Louis Shih-Kailing has been admitted to the local seminary to study for the priesthood. He is a Jew. That there are Chinese Jews will not be news to those who have read any of the seventeenth century writings of Father Matteo Ricci, S.J., and his companions. Shortly after they arrived in China they established contact with the Jewish colony in Kaifeng which even then was of very ancient origin, probably about 1000 A.D. Young Louis Shih-Kailing comes from this colony. His father was converted by a Benedictine priest in 1924.

"WE ARE THE ONLY HOPE." Mission Sunday programs throughout the nation this year, under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, were perhaps more elaborate than ever before and they symbolized the determination of American Catholics to come to the rescue of the Church's great missionary expansion, throughout the world, now seriously imperiled by the war.

In the words of Archbishop Spellman of New York, Chairman of the Episcopal Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, "We (Americans) are the hope of the missions and the only hope. We are the hope of thousands of Priests, Sisters and Brothers missioned in distant countries who were formerly supported by Catholics of their native land. We are the hope of countless converts from paganism. . . . We are the hope, especially, of those un-numbered souls who have not been reached by the ambassadors of Christ. . . . Above all and before all we appear at the present moment to be the instruments of God to maintain the missionary work of His Church. This is a glorious responsibility, the purpose of which is not earthly power, earthly conquest or material gain, but the eternal salvation of immortal souls.

"The whole hearted support of every Catholic is needed for the fulfillment of this divine commission. All of us can pray for the missions and in doing so we are giving the most valuable aid. Most of us can give some material help for even though it be ever so small, it is most important.

"Many of our youths and maidens must give even

CHURCH FOR CHINATOWN. No stranger to the missions is His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia. As Bishop of Vigan and also of Jaro in the Philippines, he fought for twelve years the hard fight on the frontiers of Christ's far-flung kingdom, and as Archbishop of Philadelphia his benefactions to his brother missionaries throughout the world have been many and generous. His Eminence, then, must have felt very much at home recently when he laid the cornerstone for a new church for his Chinese Catholics of Philadelphia. The buildings which include a church, a large auditorium, and classrooms for grade and high school students, is one of the most complete Chinese church plants in the East. Work among Philadelphia's Chinese has made great strides under the Cardinal's Vice-Chancellor, Very Reverend William A. Kavanagh. The new church in Chinatown is within the parish limits of St. John the Evangelist Church whose pastor, Monsignor Wastl has distinguished himself by indefatigable interest in the Chinese apostolate.

●

MISSIONARY ACHIEVEMENT. The increase in the Catholic population of the world in the last century was 43% more than the increase in the rest of the world's population, according to the German publication, *St. Heinrichsblatt*. Missionary expansion was the chief reason given by the magazine for this increase. These figures are interesting as showing the contribution of missionaries to the spread of the Faith. They also call our attention to the fact that the war in Europe has placed this important missionary expansion in jeopardy.

●

INDIANS OBJECTED. In 1540, a priest accompanying Hernando DeSoto in his heroic trek to the Mississippi River, offered Mass in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. This missionary seed planted four hundred years ago came to fruition recently when Bishop McGuinness of Raleigh consecrated two new churches at the eastern and western gates of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. These edifices are the first permanent Catholic churches in the 25,000 square-mile district. Four hundred years seem a long time to wait for a mission seed to come to maturity, but we must remember that great things mature slowly.

We have been accustomed to look upon the States below the Mason-Dixon line as predominantly Protestant today and Protestant in their origin. It is well to recall that Catholic missionaries were preaching the Gospel in the Southland almost a century before they reached the northern states. Just why the faith, because of this priority, did not take deeper root in the South has always been a little mysterious to mission historians. It is pointed out, for instance, that although the peninsula of Florida was discovered in 1531, it had no thriving missions until the seventeenth century, while Mexico had 803 missionaries and about a million Catholics as early as 1559. A recent book by the Spanish Jesuit, Father Zubillaga, has thrown some new and interesting light on this mystery. The author declares that it was chiefly the hostility of the Indians that retarded mission work in our southern states.

Conversion of Apostates

THE NOVEMBER MISSION INTENTION

● A recent visitor to our office was a Jesuit missionary laboring among the Negroes of North Carolina. He remarked that one of the things he noticed about the locality in which he worked was the large number of White people with distinctly Irish names who were very zealous and active Protestants. He went on to say that these people were undoubtedly Catholics many generations ago but due to lack of priests and to other causes they gradually fell away from the Church and now no longer remembered the Faith of their fathers.

These people could be classed among those whom the Holy Father has asked us especially to pray for during the month of November. They themselves are not really apostates since they never were baptized as Catholics, but apostasy in their ancestors was the cause of their present condition. An apostate is one who for various reasons completely repudiates the Faith.

● This lack of priests is today a fruitful source of apostasy in mission lands of the Orient and elsewhere. Due to the war, the number of priests from warring countries has diminished and in many cases missionary priests laboring in the field have been interned and thus taken away from their flocks.

● Even in normal times, however, there are cases of apostasy among Christians in mission lands who have the benefit of priests and schools. A recent letter from Father John A. Morrison, S.J., of Poreya Hat, India, records two of these instances. He writes:

● "Old Ramjeet had a 'lucky break' the other day, to end a succession of very 'bad breaks.' Some years ago he contracted leprosy. He left paganism and was baptized, but not long after fell away from the Church. As far as I know he had never come to Mass during the three years that I have been in Poreya Hat. Not long ago his leprosy brought him very low. The catechist, who had been keeping an eye on him, called me. His disease had disfigured him horribly and he could hardly talk but he wanted to make his peace with God and I had the consolation of giving him the last sacraments. Now he is dead and we can hope that he is in heaven. "Gangu, another fallen away Catholic, was not so lucky. He also had the courage at one time to become a Catholic but he also lapsed and gave a feast to pagan villagers as a sign of his return to paganism. A couple of months ago Gangu was working in a field when lightning struck him."

● Of the two instances of apostasy which Father Morrison speaks of, one was, by God's grace, brought back to the Faith. Father Morrison would be the last one to say that either he or his catechist were the ones chiefly responsible for the salvation of the fortunate apostate. He knows, as all missionaries know, that the hand of God is present, that these final graces are given to lapsed Catholics chiefly through the prayers and good works of the faithful at home.



The Apostolic Delegate celebrates the centenary Mass at St. Mary's Mission, against the background of Montana's "shining mountains."

MONTANA, "the land of the shining mountains" observed the centenary of its Catholicism this year with a brilliant three-day celebration under the auspices of Bishop Joseph M. Gilmore of Helena.

To tell fittingly the history of Catholicity in Montana, we think, one must go back nearly three centuries, and stand on a blood covered field in New York. Isaac Jogues, Jesuit missionary, has just fallen beneath the blows of savage Iroquois. Before dying, he had prayed: "Jesus, I offer my life for their souls."

No one but God knows the effects of that man's sacrifice. But history does relate that the Indian nation which put St. Isaac Jogues to death later became Catholic. And history further records that long afterwards a band of Catholic Iroquois led by Big Ignace left their Caughnawaga Mission, a few miles above Montreal, and after many wanderings, joined the Flathead tribe in Montana. Two centuries of Catholic blood flowed in the veins of Big Ignace and the twenty-four companions, who sometime between 1812 and 1820 joined the western nation. Though they would abandon their tribe, they had no intention of abandoning their Catholic religion.

CONSTANTLY Big Ignace told his adopted brothers of the Great Spirit Whom he and his companions served. There were men in St. Louis, he told them, who could tell all about the Great Spirit,

men who dressed in black, wore a crucifix, never married and prayed the Great Prayer. These men must be sent for. Chief Big Face, leader of the Flathead nation, agreed with Big Ignace, and soon four braves were pounding along the trail towards the east. After gruelling hardships they arrived in St. Louis.

Difficulties arose. No frontiersman knew their strange Selish language, and signs had to be used. When one of the braves first saw a crucifix, he kissed it repeatedly, clung to it tenaciously. It was not difficult to understand such expressive sign language. But no priests were free to go west. That winter two of the Flatheads died in St. Louis; the other two started home and were never heard of afterwards. Four lives were lost in an effort to carry on the work that St. Isaac Jogues had started.

WHILE these four were seeking the Blackrobe, Big Ignace was carrying on an apostolate at home. He had erected a large cross in the village. He taught them the Lord's prayer, and how to make the Sign of the Cross. Morning and night they prayed in unison, and once a week a flag was raised to herald the Lord's day. Babies were baptized, the graves of the dead marked with a cross. Thus the four sacrificed lives were bearing fruit in the tribe.

Undiscouraged when their tribesmen failed to return, the Flatheads, planned to seek again for the men of prayer from beyond the mountains. Big Ignace himself agreed to



Crowds which attended the centenary where Catholicism was born in M

make the journey, and set out in the summer of 1835. He returned to the Flatheads with a promise that a missionary would be sent as soon as possible. No missionary had come by the summer of 1837, so Ignace set out for St. Louis again to seek for a priest. Three Flatheads and a Nez Perce accompanied him. The courage of desperation was driving him. He was getting older. The Blackrobes simply had to come before death called Big Ignace.

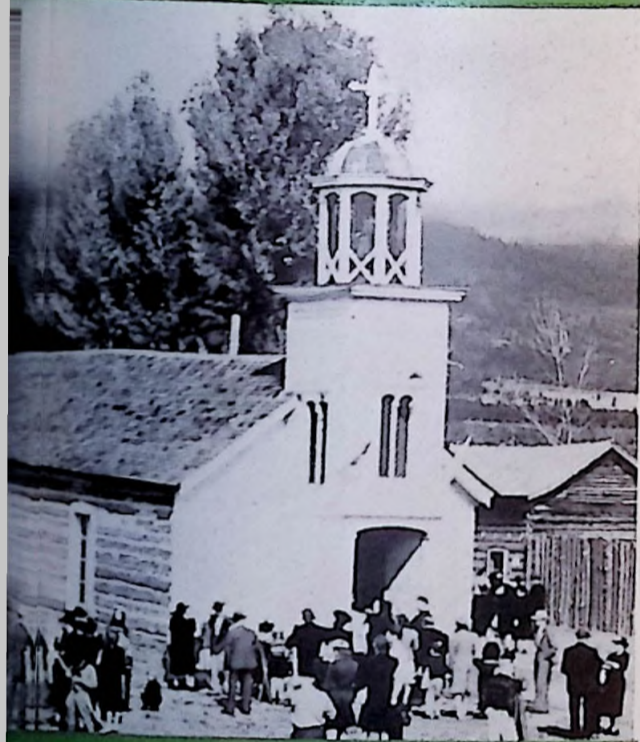
NEAR Fort Laramie the small delegation joined a body of white men, and together they started through the country of the treacherous Sioux. At Ash Hollow on the South Platte River, the Sioux attacked and sustained losses out of all proportion to the number of men captured. Fearful of slaying the

Missionary Faith

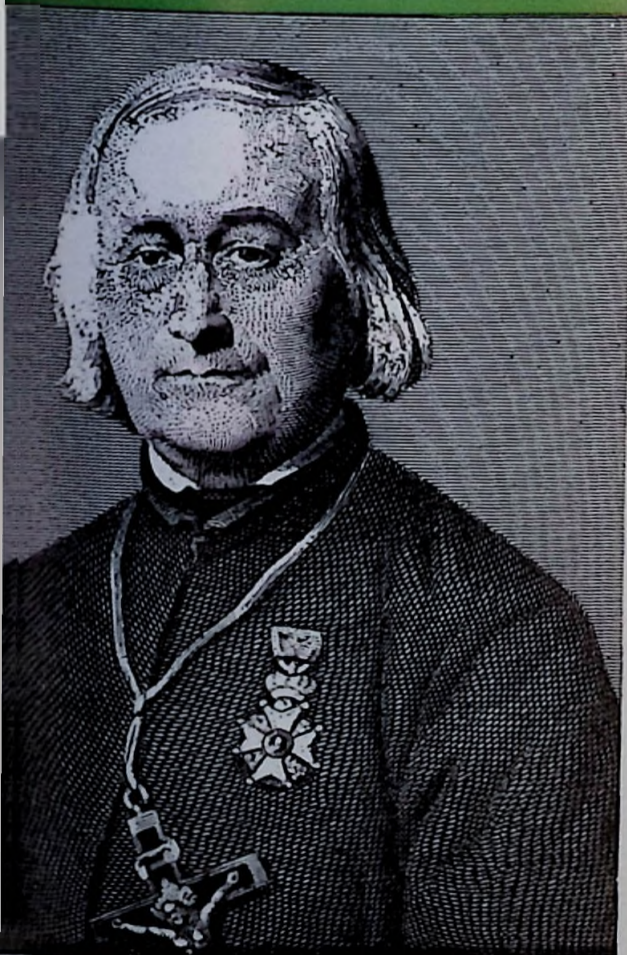
Erwin

Epic of the Montana

er, S.J.



...tion inspect old St. Mary's Church
(below) Father Peter DeSmet, S.J.



captured whites, the Sioux chose the Indians for victims. Big Ignace, dressed as a white, stood among those to be spared. Haughtily, when he understood what the Sioux were about, Big Ignace strode over beside his adopted brothers. "These are my brothers," he said, "I am of the same tribe."

Death called Ignace. A well aimed blow from a Sioux war-hatchet and he had found the Great Spirit for Whom he had been searching so long and so ardently. Five more lives were thus lost in carrying on the work that St. Isaac Jogues had started.

NOW, seemingly, a price God couldn't resist had been thrown into the scales. Only four of the original band of Iroquois who came to the nation many years ago were still alive. Two of these, Left-handed Peter and Young Ignace, worthy son of his father, set out for St. Louis in 1839. This time success came. Father DeSmet would accompany them west in the spring. Left-handed Peter hurried through sixteen hundred miles of winter snows to bring the glad tidings to the Flatheads. Young Ignace waited to guide Father DeSmet west.

In the spring of 1840, sixteen hundred Indians, Flathead, Nez Perce, Kalispel and Pend'Oreille came over eight hundred miles along the trail east to meet their long-awaited Blackrobe. When DeSmet and his escorts rode up, the camp went wild with joy. To the lodge of Chief Big Face, DeSmet was taken, and the calumet was smoked. Chief Big Face wanted to resign to DeSmet his position of head chief of the Flatheads, while Big Face would carry on as war chief. DeSmet refused. He was there to save their souls, and he set about the task at once.

WITHIN two months he had baptized nearly five hundred of them. Men and money, he saw, were needed to carry on this work. DeSmet left for St. Louis to get these; but before departing he promised to return next year and build a house of prayer in their mountains.

ON May 10, 1841, DeSmet, true to his promise, set out for the western mission. With him were five Jesuits: Father Nicholas Point and Father Gregory Mengarini; Brothers William Claessens, Charles Huet and Joseph Specht. Slowly through May, June and July they toiled westward, and on a night in August drove through the gates of old Fort Hall. Young Ignace and five companions waited there to guide them west. Down the Snake River, across the Continental Divide into Deer Lodge Valley and along the banks of Hell Gate River the tortuous trek continued. Past the present site of Missoula they came, until finally, journey's end was reached in the beautiful Bitter Root Valley, the home of the Flatheads.

GOD'S mountains change very little in a hundred years. DeSmet mentions the peaks were snow-crowned when he trimmed the two cottonwood saplings and erected the first Cross on the site of St. Mary's Mission. No snow, however, capped their barren summits as we gathered there this year, a century later, about the colorful man-made altar to celebrate the centenary of the Jesuit's arrival; but the peak which DeSmet named St. Mary's was cloud-shrouded for us, with now and then a splash of sunshine spotlighting a path across the blue-green grandeur of its forests.

Six Jesuits stood with bowed heads about that first Cross. But our splendid Bishop Gilmore of Helena had gathered about the Centenary altar the greatest assembly of Church dignitaries the mountains has ever seen. Sixteen hundred eager-eyed forest children gathered about DeSmet in 1841 as he said for them "The Great Prayer." Nearly eight thousand Indians and whites surrounded Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, as he led his people in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And while all stood hushed in prayer, the same Lord most lovingly came to both ceremonies.

During the hundred years since the founding of St. Mary's the Society of Jesus has had a glorious history in these (Turn to page 279)



Ordination ceremonies at Zi-ka-wei, China. Father Maurice Meyers, S.J. (second from left), of the Chicago Province, ordained in the Slavo-Byzantine rite.

East Gate to Russia

Thomas A. Halley, S.J.

RUSSIA is not only being threatened with a two-fold military front, but an Eastern and a Western missionary front as well. The Western missionary frontier—the encircling Baltic and Slavic states, together with gallant Poland—is familiar enough. But the *Eastern missionary frontier* is not so well known. It is Shanghai, China!

Shanghai, oddly enough, is the key city and the center of work among Russian Uniate Catholics. The reason becomes obvious when it is noted that it has probably the largest Russian population of any city in the world outside of Russia itself.

IN describing the work being done there by the Jesuit missionaries for the Russians, both Catholic and non-Catholic, Father Maurice Meyers, S.J., writes: "Our greatest development at present is the construction of a large house destined to be a hostel for boys, and when possible the beginnings of a boys' school. We

are building great hopes on this, for from this institution must come the vocations that are to make the future apostles of Russia. Here all our boys are Russians and a good percentage of them Catholics. There are promising lads among them, and I feel sure some of them will be priests. Just before Easter we received a boy of seventeen into the Church, who is really an extraordinary character, deep but most sympathetic and pleasant. He is just the one needed to give some real Russian atmosphere to the Russian College in Rome. Unfortunately, in Rome the majority of the students for the Russian rite are not Russians, for the simple reason there are extremely few Russian Catholics to draw from. Shanghai is by far the most important place in the world in that respect."

THIS same Father Meyers was ordained to the priesthood in the Slavo-Byzantine rite on May 31, the feast of Our Lady, Mediatrix of all Graces. He was ordained at

Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai. The next day, June 1, he celebrated in the Russian church there his first Mass in the Slavo-Byzantine rite.

The present war has created a rather amusing international hodgepodge which centers around Father Meyers, who volunteered for the *Russian* mission from the *Chicago* Province. Now this *American* Jesuit (with an obviously *German* name) is a war refugee from the *Russian* college at *Rome*, an "exile" at the Zi-ka-wei Scholasticate in *Shanghai*—which is, by the way, a *French* concession and in charge of the French Jesuits—and it was there that he was ordained to the priesthood of the *Slavo-Byzantine* rite for work among the *Russians* there in the colony at Shanghai, China.

FOR some months previous to his ordination to the priesthood, Father Meyers had been exercising the functions of the diaconate in the Russian rite. He had been ordained deacon some months before. Father Meyers explains the significance of his ordination in the new rite: "I had hoped to be ordained in my own rite (Russian), but this proved impossible because there is no Russian bishop in the Far East, and no prospect of any visiting us. I rather hated giving up the office of deacon, which is of great importance with us. What's more a priest never takes the part of deacon as in the Latin rite, so our services just won't be as solemn as they have been this year, unless we convert some of the Russian orthodox deacons here."

No little part of a missionary's sacrifice of himself to Christ comes at ordination time. He is unable to sing his first Solemn Mass in the parish church of his parents and immediate family—it is, as a matter of fact, quite as much a sacrifice for the parents, too. But the Sacred Heart compensates for this generosity in His Own inimitable way. Father Meyers describes his own first Solemn Mass: "I celebrated my first Mass on June 1 in our Russian church and in my own, Slavo-Byzantine rite. A very nice crowd of people attended, and after the service we had a little reception for them in our home."



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

My Friend Tony

Tony is all sunshine. His smile would do for a tooth powder "ad." He is neither tall nor small, just chubby with bright brown eyes and thick, curly black hair. Every day when business is dull he stands outside his shop and watches the world pass by. If you stop to chat with him, you always get a lift from his hearty chuckle and not a little wisdom from his remarks. Hard knocks and a fine Catholic instinct had sharpened Tony's wits and shaped his philosophy of life. We were fast friends from the start for Tony had an uncle who was a canon in Naples. This fact allowed us to step almost at once into the charmed circle of his friendship.

God Pushes Tony

Returning to JESUIT MISSIONS last Monday morning we saw Tony leaning against the barber pole. What a change! The smile was gone from his lips, the sparkle from his eye; he looked disgusted with the whole world. "What's the matter, Tony?" "Oh, Father, I dunno, the ear she make plenty noise. She go swish, swish, swish like the sea. The whole head she sound like one big sea shell. I no hear so good no more. Maybe God push me a bit to make me remember, no?" And a faint smile crept over his face. Whether Tony was right in this instance, we would not dare to say, but the fact is that all Catholics need a push now and then to make them remember that they "are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people." During the month of November we need a little push to remind us that we are likewise called to be saints.

Communion of Saints

To some the word saint suggests halos and harps and such stuff as you found in "Green Pastures." The more informed may conjure up an apocalyptic picture of streets paved with purest gold and walls of jasper and pearly gates and rainbow skies and angels with trumpets. With St. John we may see Heaven filled with a multitude of men and women, whose faces shine as the sun, whose garments are white as snow. They are bowing down in adoration and singing canticles of praise to the Lamb of God standing in their midst. These are the saints in Heaven. St. John did the best he could to give us a popular idea of Heaven the home of saints. St. Paul said: "Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," what Heaven, our final home is like. But not all the saints are in Heaven. At present we are more interested in the saints on earth.

Me a Saint!

What we ought to remember now is that the Communion of Saints exists on earth. Saints were passing Tony's shop every day. They smiled and returned his "hello." Tony knew them as friends, but not as relatives of his. Yet many who passed were one with him through Christ. Through Baptism every Catholic receives a new birth, a new life. Through the Blood of Christ we all become members of one divine family. If we keep His grace in our souls we are already saints. Nothing but a barrier of flesh prevents us from taking our place in the eternal courts of Heaven, which is our home. You are related by ties

of grace to every saint here and in Heaven. This you should remember on November the first and all the days of your life.

As Catholics go, Tony was pretty good. He went to Mass every Sunday and made his Easter duty. Besides on St. Rocco's feast he closed his shop, dressed in his Sunday best and went down to St. Francis' to carry the banner in the procession. All of which was good but not good enough for a saint. Tony was fulfilling his obligations. As a saint Tony should have been peopling Heaven with souls. While he was standing outside his shop, thousands upon thousands of men and women were leaving this vale of tears, either as sinners or saints. The grace of Christ is descending in a torrent to make saints out of sinners even as they are passing out of this world.

We Are One Body

The rest of the world may stand all the day idle but not the missionaries. They appreciate Christ's thirst and are trying to win souls for Him. Perhaps even now they are wrestling with the powers of darkness to win one more saint for the Kingdom of Heaven. In the Communion of Saints you are one with these priests of God. They need your prayer and your pain offered in the spirit of prayer to break down walls of prejudice and pagan darkness. They look to you saints at home to work with them in the salvation of souls. Christ left the completion of His work on earth to you and to them. Through Him and in Him and with Him we are one Body. With His grace we are to fill out the roll of the saints.

JOHN P. DEEVEY, S.J.



Long savannas, adorned with the lofty coconut and the stately palm admire themselves in the smooth mirror of a tropical sea.

ACTIVITY is usually the order of the day at Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, but today is just one of those days. Even spurs won't help. As I looked through the window I could see the heat waves shimmering up from the gravel walk. Well thank heaven there was no pressing reason for me to go out into that heat.

The house was comparatively cool, and except for an occasional mosquito or two, buzzing and begging to be despatched, there was nothing on the program till evening.

My eye went towards the bookshelf. Wards' "Life of Cardinal Newman" stared at me. Newman is an old favorite of mine and I had started to read that book some time ago. It is a rather imposing volume and much more than an afternoon's reading. Besides it is not light reading. Well at least I could cover a few chapters more before evening. There was my comfortable rocker beckoning to me.

I yielded with the refrain of a native proverb soothing any re-

Newman and Jarge

Sydney J. Judah, S.J.

morse I might have felt at this giving in to myself. "Every day pan they go to well, one day pan bottom left." Which means you shouldn't kill yourself or try to do it all in a day, especially on a hot day like this. With this sop to my conscience I sank into my rocker, opened the book and began to read.

"As you will see, she confuses the conclusion from evidence with the act of Assent which depends on the will" . . .

"Please, sir,"—it is Mary Spence interrupting, "a boy named Jarge Something-or-other want to see you."

"What does he want?"

"He won't say."

"All right," (with a sigh of resignation).

ON the doorstep I see a well built young fellow, sixteen to eighteen, black, bare-footed, but otherwise of good appearance.

"Well, George what is the matter?"

"My mother sent me to you about a dream she have."

"Where do you come from?"—He gives the name of a place about twenty miles out of town.

"How did you come down?"

"I rode a bicycle."

"Well, what about this dream your mother had?"

"She have a dream and them tell her to dig in the place and she will find money."

"What place?—who is 'them'?" (Here let me give a more or less coherent account of what I arrived at only by dint of much questioning. Hitherto, George and his mother have been complete strangers to me.)

JARGE'S mother was working in her field about mid-day. The earth began to shake. Not the whole earth, but only the place in front of her, and there was a sound like thunder. She hastened home

because she was sickly and did not want to get caught in the rain. That afternoon she fell asleep and had her dream. George continues: "She is always sick and take plenty medicine from the doctor. In fact, she sent me to Savanna-la-Mar to buy medicine as well as to see you."

"Why did she send you to me?"

"Because when I was in Spanish Town I was christen Roman."

"Did you make your first confession?"

"Yes."

"What do you do when you go to confession?"—long silence.

"Did you tell your sins to the priest?"—long silence.

"Did you go into a little place and tell Father all the wrong things you had been doing?"

"Well, I was little and don't remember."

“WELL now about this dream of your mother. You go home and tell your mother not to bother with her dream because though the Bible does describe how God speaks to people in dreams, that was the time before there were any Fathers, and we must not believe in dreams now because they only come from the devil or from sickness. Tell your mother that her dream comes from nothing but sickness, and Father says she must not pay any more attention to it.—What are you going to tell her?"

"That her dream come from the devil."

I allow this to pass on the supposition that all sickness comes through Original Sin and, therefore, ultimately from the devil.

"Please, Father, can you give me a book?"

"What sort of book?—a book for your prayers?"

"Yes."

A trip upstairs furnishes me with an old copy of the "Messenger." Call it coincidence if you like but on the cover (Turn to page 280)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



SCORPIONS

• Father John A. Morrison, S.J., of Poreya Hat, India, sends us a little treatise on scorpions which seem to abound in his mission of Poreya Hat.

• "Scorpions are hot weather visitors who make night life in Poreya interesting. Practically every evening we kill two or three scorpions and sometimes we bag as many as six. They look a good deal like good old Missouri crayfish, but a scorpion's tail curls up instead of under and has a murderous sting to it. Almost every night the village people come for medicine for their stings. A scorpion causes real agony if strong ammonia is not put on the sting at once and even this does not relieve the pain entirely. One night we were pulled out of our dreams at 12:30 a.m., for medicine; another night at 3:00 a.m. The baby of our catechist had us puzzled when a scorpion bit him. He yowled and yowled for hours but was too young to talk or let us know where he had been stung. It was impossible to give the baby a bath in strong ammonia and he simply had to suffer. With snakes and scorpions about we don't move around after dark without a light, and shoes are carefully shaken out before being put on."

—AND SNAKES

• Speaking of snakes, Father James A. Creane, S.J., of Gaya, India, has just come in with the year's best snake story. Here it is:

• Recently at an unnamed village in India a Salesian missionary was saying Mass. Suddenly the

server appeared at his elbow and told him to be very quiet because a large cobra had just crawled across the altar and curled itself around the base of the chalice. The Father stood very still, while the parishioners attempted to coax the snake away with a saucer of milk. This failing, one of the members of the congregation went to his home and returned with a flute with which he charmed the snake off the altar where it was cut in half by the server standing ready with a knife. The whole affair took about five minutes after which the congregation returned to their seats and the Mass proceeded.

MORE ABOUT SNAKES

• "Any Father who has been in the Mission for some time can regale you with a whole series of snake stories, most of them personal encounters with the dreaded reptile," continues Father Creane. "I have quite a few myself and might tell you, for instance, about the snake that dropped from the roof of a shed where I was to sleep; the deadly krait that crawled over my bare foot; the cobra that started to come in through the window of my room; the snake that entwined himself about the lock of the door leading to the kitchen; the snake that actually bit one of my catechists; the snake that bit a young boy and caused his death within a few hours. But we must save all these for our fire-side chats.

BABU ENGLISH

• "Here is one from a teacher of mine who was spending his vaca-

tion in the wilds of Ranchi Mission. I give it verbatim as he wrote it to me: 'Dear Father,— Last week we had been to forest for hunting. There we met with a large cobra. How fierce it was and it was a fearful sight for us that when it saw to us, it ran after us to bite, but the very soon my young brother shot it and it died. I was so much afraid than all. We measured it, it was five feet. I had never seen before like this great cobra. After killing we came back to home, trembling with the cobra. We brought it for to show. From that day whenever I think about that, my whole body is trembling. Thank to God, that we saved from the death. From that day I ceased to go for hunt.'

NEW SNAKE MEDICINE

• "One of our Jesuit Fathers in Chota Nagpur gives us this information:

• "A new medicine against snake bites has been found—most effective against kraits, cobras, etc. Cases when the bitten people were already unconscious were cured in a little time. It is a jungle plant. The plant fresh or dry is crushed and eaten. If the patient is unconscious it can be dissolved in water (not boiled) and forced into the mouth of the dying man, who will come to his senses after about fifteen minutes. It can also be rubbed into the wound. A *baid* (Mundari native doctor) found the plant some eight to ten years ago by observing a bird defending its nest against a cobra. Now and then the bird flew to this plant to re-



Speaking of snakes, here's one that Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., found coiled up on the shutter of his room at Chuhari, Patna Mission, India.

cover from the bites and after two hours the cobra retired, vanquished. For the last five or six years the *baid* (a Catholic) has been using this medicine without failure.'

SNAKES, CONCLUDED

• "As I used to cycle about from station to station on my mission tours, I often thought of what a thrill it would be if a snake got tangled up in one of the wheels as I sped along. Then some time later I read in some mission magazine that that very thing happened in one of our neighboring missions. I am sorry I have not the details of the story that appeared in our local newspaper about a man being pursued on his cycle by a huge snake, a king cobra, if I remember rightly.

• "Here is an incident reported by a missionary as an actual fact. He stood watching two snakes having a terrific fight for an hour or so. The struggle finally terminated by one darting at the other and swallowing him alive."

ORDINATIONS AT KURSEONG

• Four members of the Chicago Province will be ordained at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, this month. One of them is a native Indian, Father Alphonsus Goveas, S.J., and the other two, native Americans, Fathers Robert Lud-

wig, S.J., and George Ziebert, S.J. Father Goveas is of Brahmin ancestry, his forefathers having been converted by St. Francis Xavier. Father Ludwig is a native of Wilmette, Illinois, and Father Ziebert comes from Cleveland.

BOOKS AND MORE BOOKS

• Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., is amazed at the number of first year high students in his school at St. Michael's, Iligan, Lanao, Philippines. He has three sections going full blast and could open a fourth but he has reached his financial capacity and must stop at three. For those three classes, Algebras, Plane Geometrys, eight, ninth and tenth year Readers; United States, Ancient, Medieval and Modern Histories are very much in demand. He could use whole sets of these. Besides he would not refuse a recent edition of Webster's International Dictionary or a set of Encyclopedia Britannica. In fact, encyclopedias of any kind will be welcome and other books for boys and girls of high school age. Now what's in your attic for him?"

STUCK IN THE MUD

• "You should have caught a glimpse of me Sunday," writes Father Francis D. Doino, S.J., from Linabo, Malabalay, Bukidnon, P. I. "Sunk in mud in a white soutane with the rain lubricating the tires as they spun round and round without moving an inch. Everything was steaming, even myself, surrounded by all the available man-power in the *barrio*. We had to push the car up hill on a muddy road made more slippery by the constant rains. We were five kilometers from home! The hour was the zero hour of the afternoon about two o'clock. My first meal was breakfast, my next one was supper. I was glad that my head was bent down as I pushed so that no one could read my mind.

DON'T WORRY PLEASE

• And lest I should forget in the way of our dear good people at home, our families, our friends, our relatives, our well-wishers, etc., worrying about the war here, please do what you can to dry



Three new priests for Patna, India, ordained this month at Kurseong. (Left to right), Fathers Robert Ludwig, S.J., Alphonsus Goveas, S.J., and George Ziebert, S.J.

their tears and cheer them up. For by the mercy, the great, great mercy of God, our Lord, we have been spared the horrors, the cruelty, the destruction of Europe here in this land. Every place we go has rice and eggs and even corn on the cob. This life is too easy. I would like to go among the Manobos and the native Bukidnons and build a church there."

DANSALAN DISPENSARY

• "The upkeep of the dispensary is giving me more worry than the building of it," writes Father Joseph Reith, S.J., from Dansalan, Lanao, P. I. "Frankly, it is too successful. There is a continuous stream of patients so that it is difficult for the Sisters to do house to house work. We have a full-time female doctor; a registered nurse and attendant, both Sisters, and the Vicar will soon send us a Sister dentist and attendant. This will give us a full staff and permit us to do field work while maintaining the dispensary. The lepers are an adjunct to the work. Their requests are harder to fill than all the others."

THE BODY FOR THE SOUL

• "This morning, Sister carried an armful of medicines to the hospital in an effort to save an old man whose appendix burst. Just now a boy enters with his leg torn and needing antitetanic serum. It is not difficult to provide for the ordinary dispensary cases; sores, fevers, etc., but when the injections start, the expenses mount up. I impress upon the staff that I want spiritual results, remedies for the soul as well as for the body."

JAMAICAN STATUS

• Many friends will be interested in the disposition of the new missionaries sent to Jamaica during the past summer. Their appointments have just been received from Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of Jamaica,

who is now in the United States. • Fathers Leo Muldoon, S.J., and Joseph Dooley, S.J., will work together on the Mission of the Sacred Heart, High Gate. Father Muldoon will take care of the mission stations at Port Maria, Oracabess., Free Hill, Mile Gully and Preston Hill. Father Dooley will be in charge of Annotto Bay, Belfield Line, Fort George, May River and Mount Joseph. • Father Gerald Hefferman, S.J., will assist Father James Harney,

Hennessy, S.J., will teach in St. George's College, and assist in Holy Trinity Cathedral.

• Brother A. LeBel, S.J., will have charge of the Refectory and the domestic chapel at Winchester Park.

NO PIGGY-BACK

• Writing from Shanghai, John J. Gordon, S.J., tells of a trip he and several companions made through dangerous country. • "John Do. hoe, S.J., and I took



A busy day in the new clinic established by Father Joseph Reith, S.J., at Dansalan in the Philippines. The patients being treated are Moros.

S.J., at St. Helen's Mission in Linstead and will tend to the spiritual needs of Ewarton, Moneague and Concord.

• Fathers Philip Kiely, S.J., and Edward O'Keefe, S.J., are appointed to the Chapel Car when it arrives in Jamaica. Meanwhile, Father Kiely will help out in the Cathedral. Father O'Keefe already is pastor to Port Royal, Fort Clarence, Fort Rocky, Little Goat Island and Sandy Gully. These places have developed considerably and the number of Catholics has correspondingly increased, due to the presence of the American Naval Base in that neighborhood.

• Fathers Joseph Donohue, S.J., Edward Welch, S.J., and Gerald

a month's excursion, visiting all the Jesuit missions between Peking and Shanghai. I enjoyed every minute of the trip but was glad to finally reach Shanghai and feel that I was at 'home.' We used about every type of conveyance imaginable during our trip, launch, scow, Peking cart, carriage, bikes, motorcycle and the more prosaic modes, too, that we were accustomed to in the States—train, etc. We could have had a piggy-back ride, too, over a flooded area but Mr. Donohoe and I preferred to wade. A gang of Communists stopped us and searched our stuff. We had a Mass kit which said 'Made in Japan', but fortunately they couldn't read English."

Ever Been a Beggar?



What, never been a beggar? Think again! Sure, that's right, life finds us all beggars—at the feet of God. "Give us this day our daily bread." Each day's cares and wrongs are blanketed beneath a suppliant prayer.

Christ Himself walked this earth—a Beggar—with a bleeding heart appealing for men's affection. Then, as today, a chill indifference or rebuff was His reward. "How often would I have gathered together thy children . . . but thou wouldst not."

In return for His unwearied waiting upon our demands, Christ, in the pathetic pleas of His missionaries, begs our help. Cast in the likeness of His Lord, every missionary must be a beggar for God and man's sake.

BISHOP RICE—FOR WHOM WE BEG THIS MONTH

An American Jesuit, Vicar Apostolic of Belize, Bishop Rice is back home in the States, for a short while, in the interests of his Mission.

Typical of the problems confronting Bishop Rice and his missionaries is the one told below.

"For months I have had my hands full here with our preparations for rebuilding our Mission Church which was utterly destroyed four years ago. How I wish a few benefactors would be inspired to assist us financially a bit because it will be a big job since the Church must have a capacity of 400. My people are a very Catholic population owing to the fine work of their zealous missionaries in times past. In a population of 1200 less than 25 are of another Faith. Unfortunately, money is always a necessary requisite for building, especially a Church of any size. We are going to continue to pray and trust that Mary to whom my people have great devotion will not let us down."

American Jesuits, thirty-two of them, in the Missions back of Belize, need your help. They turn to you their fellow-beggars.

MAKE THE BISHOP'S SAILING SMOOTHER

Just between beggars, won't you answer Christ's appeal for souls?

Christ the Beggar must reward your response!

Send your offering to

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"The money you give to help the poor Missions is a loan made to the Lord." Pius XII

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Hands Across the Seas

To the Editor:

Last week brought Father Amy's despedida letter, his adios said with flowers. Thanks all around. Men may come and men may go, but may JESUIT MISSIONS go on forever, just as sprite and bright as ever. It's a great magazine, most readable, most attractive.

Thanks plenty for the check. Every bit helps these days, and hard as times are, somehow the work goes on—God is good! Especially through His agents in JESUIT MISSIONS! May He bless you all!

Mambajaw, P. I.

Rev. John A. Pollock, S.J.

It All Adds Up

To the Editor:

In my September issue I noticed your call for contributions for French Canadian Jesuits in China.

Due to our very limited income, we can do so little, however, am sending the little I can, one dollar enclosed herewith and a prayer that a hundred as poor as I will also each send a little offering of a dollar, thus put together, it will be a decent donation. I always say to my children, "big buildings are erected from many small bricks."

Will promise my daily prayer for nine mornings to St. Therese (friend of missionaries) to send the other ninety-nine poor fellows with their dollar offerings.

Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

L. W.

"Brother Helped by Brother . . ."

To the Editor:

Your October 1941 issue gives us under "Afield with American Jesuit Missionaries," a ditty entitled, "Blow to Peyote" by none other than my brother Father Thomas J. Hallahan, S.J.

It is very nice of you to write about my brother, Father Tom, I am sure he appreciates it.

This is not the first time by brother had his name in print. When he was twelve years old his photograph was in the leading local papers for being the winner of the Irish Jig and Irish Hornpipe dancing contest on the stage of the

old Waldorf Astoria Hotel, under the direction of Monsignor James J. Powers' Irish Christian Brothers.

When last I saw Father Tom, I asked him, "Do a Reel for me?" He said, "I've forgotten how, but I'll sing." Well, I never knew he could sing; he couldn't when he was at home, but when I said all right, he commenced singing "God Save the King." Now that was three years ago.

I really never found out whether he could sing, and I'm not interested if he can sing, and I'm not interested in Peyote, but I am interested in anything Irish and isn't the real thing so very rare, so genuine and so very precious.

New York, N. Y. John J. Hallahan

Mission-minded Gratitude

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find an offering. I would like you to take it and give it where it is the most needed. I made a promise to God that if I got through school exams I would send you a small offering. This is only part of the offering. The other part has been sent to other Catholic organizations. I only hope that in the future I shall be able to send you a larger donation.

A healthy boy who feels
sorry for the poor lepers.

Gracious Accolade

To the Editor:

I want to acknowledge in sincere appreciation your most inspiring magazine, JESUIT MISSIONS. This year is the first year I have taken your magazine and I couldn't give it its just credit if I wrote all day. I am going to renew my subscription in November or December when it runs out. Your stories from the different parts of the world, missionaries of Christ Our King really demonstrate the greatness of Christianity.

Let us consider some of the most inspiring—all are most interesting. "Fructuoso the Leper" was most inspiring. We Catholics trusting in God often weaken and wonder sometimes, but oh—how we should resign and trust in Him, our Lord Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life. This story really proves this that he, who lost just about every human ability or faculty, yet trusted in Him. When I grow weak I shall remember Fructuoso, not the leper but the saint.

It is interesting to note Rev. Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., spending of a check received from the friends of the JESUIT MISSIONS,—how it is lengthened out. I had never read of Rev. Pedro Martinez, S.J., first Jesuit martyr of America and this story was truly Christian showing the real apostolic spirit of Christ.

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Inspection Invited — GRamercy 5-1920

Write for booklet *J.M. and Supervue Map*
FILON J. RYAN, Managing Director

I am very sorry to hear of the discontinuing of one of your Alaskan Missions. I will be praying for it.

Detroit, Mich. James Barlage

"Go, Thou, and Do Likewise"

To the Editor:

Please accept this small donation for the most worthy cause I know of, in the name of Jesus.

Just think, out of twenty million Catholics here, if each Catholic contributed only one dollar for this humane cause, what a glorious help that would be to our poor missionaries who slave, sweat and die for the salvation of souls in the name of Christ Jesus and our faith in Him. What excuse shall we have to offer on the judgment day for our failure to help these apostles of mercy a little?

Los Angeles, Calif. W. S. L.

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Thunder



(Left) The "ornery critter" lunges and bucks in a swirl of dust, and will not go down. (Above) John M. Scott, S.J., the author, dons the outfit of Holy Bear.

"HEY you," shouted the arena director as he sank spurs into the flanks of his horse and spurred to the side of the chutes. "Grab that hackamore. Pull his head up."

Strong hands moved swiftly, seized the braided rope bucking rein, and twisted it over the top bar of the timber gate to prevent another volley of murderous kicks from splintering the sides of the chute. The lean, rangy outlaw was a spitfire. The tightening of the flank rope had sent him into a blast of kicking that smashed one of the heavy timbers, rocked the judges' stand on top of the chutes, and brought the arena director on the gallop.

"O.K., cowboy, you're next," shouted the director to the tall Sioux brave who stood regarding the bronc through sun squinted eyes. "Let's get going. Be ready after the rider out of chute No. 4 finishes his little piece."

IT was the Pine Ridge All-Indian Rodeo held some five miles to the southeast of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Weeks in advance the dust-laden breeze whispered to the pines of the great event—the three-day Happy Hunting Ground of the Ogalala Sioux when cuts of beef simmer over camp fires, and once again ancient warriors don the war bonnet and dance the sacred Sun Dance around the *wakan* or holy tree. Even before the school bells of Holy Rosary Mission had rung in the glorious summer vacation, the compositions of the young braves rev-

elled in describing the joys and thrills of this gigantic pow-wow.

The iron rims of the wagon wheels cut tracks to Pine Ridge from all parts of the reservation. From the distant sandhills close to the Nebraska border where the yellow flowered soapweeds lend a splash of color to the dun, storm-tossed waves of the shifting sand buttes; out of the twisting clay cliffs of Buffalo Gap where the Sioux used to slay the monarch of the plains for food and robes; down from the heights of Sheep Mountain, and even from far flung He Dog Camp on the Rosebud Reservation, the Sioux trek to the Pine Ridge Rodeo Grounds.

SWUNG in a huge semi-circle enclosing the Sun Dance amphitheater the crescent of tents rises steadily. Between the tents are parked the weather beaten wagons. The sweaty harness is dragged off the team and tossed into the wagon box, while the shaggy horses are hobbled and put to pasture on the scanty range grass, cured to a wrapping paper brown under the fierce Dakota sun.

Though some of the canvas dwellings in the city of tents boast an old tattered rug spread over the earth, the majority of tents simply arch themselves over the bare ground. Even the newest "pilgrim" visiting the reservation for the first time will notice something remarkable about the tents. Just as the wooden spokes on the wagon wheel point towards the hub, so do the gaping doors of the tents point towards the wide amphitheater of

the supposedly sacred Sun Dance.

Around it a thatched roof of pine branches gave some protection from the brittle heat. In the center of the pine bough shelter for the big Sioux dance is planted the *wakan* or holy tree. Around it dance the old braves, rainbowed in brilliant feathers, bells jingling from pants legs, sunlight winking from brightly colored moccasins. Leaping, springing, waving in peculiar, strange steps until the beads of sweat break through the heavy coating of greasy red, yellow and white paint daubed on their faces, the dancers kept time to the heavy beat of the tom tom and the wierd song of the chanters.

"He-yah, he-yah" the plaintive song rises and falls. Back and forth, back and forth shuttle the dancers, the rosette of eagle feathers flopping from the hips of the leader.

BUT the main attraction is the horse bucking contest. As we fall in with the tide of humanity drifting towards the grandstand, we rub elbows with tall, sun-tanned cowpunchers whose clinking spurs jingle in holiday tune. To our left walks an elderly squaw, her black hair falling in heavy braids over the

Rides Again!

John M.
Scott, S.J.



Fleet-footed cow ponies round the last turn and thunder down the stretch. A wild cheer from the tense crowd greets the winner.

brilliant shawl flung about her shoulders, while strapped to her back a papoose blinks in wonder at the crowd of palefaces.

As we reach our plank seats in the grandstand and arrange ourselves for a comfortable afternoon, a blast of the loudspeakers warns us that the contest is about to start. Glancing across the arena to the chutes, we see Dave Crazy Thunder reach for an Association saddle, squat in the dust and feel the length of the visalia stirrups. His high heeled riding boots hit them before he gets the kink out of his knees. Nothing to do but lengthen the stirrup straps and lace them up again, for in this bucking horse contest the length of a fellow's stirrups means a powerful lot. They can't be too long or too short. They must be just right for the rider to do his best.

THESSE preliminaries attended to, the saddle is swung to the top of the chute and dropped on the dusty withers of the bronc. With a long wire a cowboy reaches through the gate timbers and under the horse to pull the mohair cinch back to where he can grab it safely and pull it tight. Dave Crazy Thunder now climbs to the top of the chute, eases himself into the saddle and squeezes his legs in between the sweaty sides of the horse and the

chute timbers to rest his feet in the stirrups.

"Dave Crazy Thunder coming out of chute No. 5," roar the loudspeakers as the chute gate swings open and the fireworks begin to pop. Spurs reaching high on the buckskin's neck gleam as they swing backward to the hips. The wild horse turns on full voltage. The shocks that rock the earth seem powerful enough to jar loose the ribs of both horse and rider. But Crazy Thunder does a good job, pulls no leather, and holds the braider rope bucking rein high over the convulsive withers of the maddened whirlwind.

AFTER an eternity of seconds on the spinning side-winder, the whistle blows, and the pick-up men ride alongside the bronc, onto the pick-up horse.

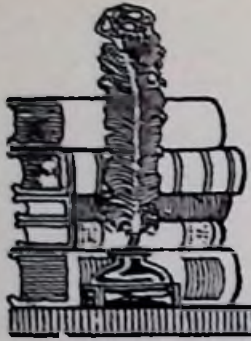
"Philip White Rabbit, coming out of chute No. 2" roared the loudspeakers as the chute gate opened on a dull, mouse-colored bronc. Sinews snap, the saddle creaks, as horse and rider arch themselves in silhouette against the afternoon clouds. Sunlight sparkles from the spurs as they sweep in huge arcs stinging the bronc to concentrated action. But the fireworks end in a sudden fizz. The mouse-colored mare slows down to a mere crow hop.

Clean mad at thus picking a no-good horse, the rider spurs her in the neck again, and lets out a yell fit to shatter the brittle heat of the afternoon. Then the wild ride starts as the horse lines out and high-tails like a scared rabbit. The crowd roars to see the bronc suddenly transformed into a race horse. Bidding farewell with a final rake of the spurs, the rider throws the bucking rein high in the air and slides off the horse, leaving him to be roped by the riders at the other end of the arena.

Interspersing the bucking horse rides come the cowboy races as fleet-footed cow ponies streamline around the race track. Then the steer riding with stiff tailed long-horns tearing up the ground in rebellion against the punchers astride their red backs. In the bull-dogging contest one puncher throws himself around the glistening horns of the steer, digs his heels into the earth and brings the critter to earth with a resounding thump which echoes back a retort from the Indians astride the rail fence, "No wonder our steak is so tough." The day's contests are rounded out with a bit of calf roping as foam flecked ponies come hot on the trail of scampering calves.

FOR three days the broncs are rounded up and driven into the timber corral at the rear of the chutes. For three days the painted Sioux dance before the grandstand, but at length the last bucking horse is saddled and rode, or rode at. As the final echoes of the tom tom vibrate and die on the afternoon breeze, stakes are pulled, tents folded into the wagon box and the homeward trip begins. Where the curve of hills make a long line against the sky prairie schooners are etched in the glow of sunset; a flaming picture of the old west as it still exists in the land of the wigwam and log cabin.

Night descends on tired but happy wagons as they bump their way home. Back they go through the tortuous clay paths of Buffalo Gap or up the steep slopes of Sheep Mountain and some to the distant Rosebud Reservation. The Rodeo is over for another year.



NEW BOOKS



Keyes of The Kingdom

A. J. Cronin

This book could have been a Catholic classic. Its theme contains the possibilities of the fullest expression of the most sublime Catholic ideals. Yet many Catholics will lay aside this book unfinished which is an indication that the author somehow misfired.

Where did the author fail? Certainly not in the story itself which briefly told is the life of a missionary in China. Father Francis Chisholm, a Scottish priest, through no fault of his own, finds himself a misfit at home. He was sent to China as a missionary. The really heroic qualities of this humble missionary are brought forth in his Christlike work among a people scourged by pestilence, famine, war and flood. Thirty years later, he was called home, leaving a well established mission to younger hands. Back in Scotland again, we find a tottering broken old man, still a misfit, still misunderstood by Superiors who lack the insight to perceive his sanctity and now let him retain his parish with great reluctance.

To bring out the beautiful character of his hero, the author chose a cross section of clerical and religious life far from edifying. The sharp, shrewd, intimate observations equal much one would find in frankly anti-Catholic books. Still the foibles, imperfections and eccentricities of God's chosen ones as portrayed in this story should not shock Catholics too much. The counterparts of these characters can be found in real life. The Divine Cornerstone of the Church is only emphasized all the more by their presence near the altar of God. Beyond a doubt the author's whole purpose in introducing such characters in this story was to enhance and shed more glory on his little hero. The spiritual stature of this simple, straight-forward priest becomes magnificent by contrast.

Some Catholics will find fault with this candor and frankness throughout the story. If this were the only criticism of the book it would still be a great story and a definite contribution to Catholic literature.

The real objection to the book goes far deeper than this. It lies in the undertones and overtones, the piled up impressions, the erroneous ideas, placed in the mouths of the various characters. Here the book has a decidedly Protestant tinge, astonishing in such a Catholic setting. Perhaps the author intended the snappy rejoinders and remarks on things Catholic as spice and spark to his story, but any

honest reader cannot help but feel the author is at loose ends in very fundamental theology. He is groping and in great confusion. He gives the impression that Christ is merely an historical person and not the Son of God really present in our Catholic Church, that there is little difference between Christ and Confucius, that Faith is a blind clinging to God. In one chapter Faith alone is sufficient. In a later chapter it doesn't matter what you believe, it's good works that count. In the presence of Father Chisholm, he has a Chinese Patriarch simulate Mass with the approval of his hero. He kicks against authority and all officialdom implicitly breaking down the authority of the infallible teaching body of the one, true Church. He builds up the atheistic doctor into a very lovable friend, filling his conversation with flippant remarks about God, his Church, etc. All the while he overlooks the fact that the very qualities that make the atheist lovable are Christian and not pagan. Creed is merely an accident of birth with this consequence that whatever faith you are born in is good enough. His appreciation of the Mass and sacraments is not Catholic. He balks at authority and definition and is impatient of the truth. His creed, as he puts it in the hero's mouth, is that of tolerance and kindness, a vague sort of Christian humanism.

In short, a certain mental elasticity and spirit of compromise steps out of every other page of the book. The one thing the author seems to have forgotten is that truth itself is intolerant. All this bad theology is so blended into the splendid plot of a fine Catholic story that it is foolish to say that it could be either malicious or deliberate. Yet it is so serious and dangerous as not to be passed over or condoned even in a lay writer.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass., \$2.50.

Heart of The Rosary

Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

What is the Heart of the Rosary? According to Father Donnelly, "It is the wonderful blending of Mother and Son, the playful union of Mary, best of Mothers, and Jesus, best of Sons. The Holy Rosary is the Gospel, transformed to prayer. It is the life of Jesus, seen through the eyes of Mary, His Mother, and whispered in divine prayers. When you say the Rosary, you have the words of Heaven on your lips, you have the love of Mary in your hearts, you have the life of Christ in your thoughts. Of those three strands is woven the precious fabric

of the Rosary. When God and His Angels look upon us, there it is they find the heartbeat of the Rosary." In other words, Mary once lived the Rosary. And you reach the heart of the Rosary when you move through that miniature gospel of joy, sorrow and glory and write deep in your own heart, the thoughts and emotions that were Mary's when she lived the Rosary.

The author takes us step by step through the fifteen decades of the Rosary. With each decade, he explains the virtue suggested, its application to God the Father, then to Mary, then to us. He ends each chapter with a triple colloquy to each Person of the Blessed Trinity. This development is arbitrary and original. It allows the author to approach the same thought from different angles. The theology of each mystery is treated simply but skillfully. In the explanation of each mystery, the author borrows liberally from the four Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul and manifests a thorough knowledge and familiarity with them. The book will increase and deepen our devotion to the Rosary. Mr. Charles Sanders is to be commended for his apt and original illustrations accompanying each mystery.

Catholic Literary Guild, 107-12 Woodhaven Boulevard, Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y., \$1.00.

Days of Danger

An Unofficial War Diary by
Sister Leonarda, S.L.

This unofficial diary has a definite appeal since everyone loves danger at least vicariously. In this little booklet, two lessons stand out. First, you acquire an appreciation of the horrors of war, especially of the high nervous tension caused by incessant bombing of a besieged city. Secondly, you catch a breath of the sublime heroism of missionary Sisters working in the hospitals and caring for the wounded under such trying circumstances.

St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, St. Columban's, Silver Creek, New York, fifteen cents per copy.

The Adventures of Tommy Blake Brother Ernst, C.S.C.

The title of this book suggests its contents. It is a boy's book with a difference. And that difference is a background of mixed marriage and all the heartache it brings into a boy's world. "The everything else" that Tommy could have, would never compensate for the close intimate happiness of family life. The moral is not too labored and the story is good.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N.J. \$1.00.

IT'S BASKETBALL TIME IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 257)

midgets of the league assembled and went to Mass.

And after Mass . . . down from the Cathedral went the booming band of the Philippine Military Academy, down through the center of Baguio to the city's white sand basketball court. After the band came the athletes on parade: nineteen squads, nineteen young coaches marching beside their teams, one hundred and ninety-two budding basketball players, proud to be organized under strong Catholic leadership.

Baguio is an enthusiastic city. The population will turn out and cheer for almost anything. But they rejoiced in this tournament particularly because the senior division produced some beautiful and spectacular basketball: out of fifty-eight games, twenty were won by single baskets; nine hectic battles were decided by one point in the last half minute of play. And the city was wide-eyed at the size of the junior division, where the average athlete was ten years old.

These junior squads came on the court, breathing fire and all games were momentarily important to the players. At the starting whistle the teams swept into action like tiny tornadoes, up and down the court, all ten players being always in the same place. They would have done terrible damage to each other had they been bigger. Because the entries were evenly matched, the regular Junior schedule ended in a triple tie for first place, but still the youngsters did some remarkable things.

In one game, for example, which ended 5-4, a wild little guard forgot that the teams change baskets at the half. He leaped high at the start of the third quarter, took the ball from the tap off, spun and sank the winning goal into the enemy's basket. After the game his coach walked up and down the sidelines with this unfortunate little fellow, persuading him not to commit suicide. The coach told him about the football player who ran the wrong way in the Rose Bowl and then, the next year, became All-American. It worked. The little guard came back gloriously. Using his disgrace as a springboard, working like a Trojan in the rest of his games, his team won the championship.

After the final matches the Mayor of Baguio presented the winners with cups, plaques, and banners which had been donated by prominent citizens. At this awarding, the Mayor heartily thanked the organizers of the tournament. He congratulated the teams on the splendid show of sportsmanship they had presented. He recommended that the Midget League continue, grow stronger and become a fixture in the city, because, in his opinion, the little players had lived up to the pledge they took during the opening ceremonies.

This was the Midgets' Pledge:

Because we realize that clean athletics

give health and soundness of body, vigor of mind and strength of soul;

Because we realize that clean athletics can develop courage and courtesy and honor,

We, the players of the Baguio Midget League, do solemnly promise:

First—to seek in athletic contests only the joy of physical prowess and of mental and moral discipline;

Second—to obey the spirit of the Amateur Law;

Third—to play a clean game always, disdaining to win victories unfairly, evading no rules and stooping to no deceptions or dissimulations;

Fourth—to show at all times courtesy to rivals, never sulking in defeat nor gloating in victory;

Fifth—to be a gentleman on the court and in all things to follow that spirit of fairness, consideration and obedience which is implied in the word sportsmanship: remembering that sportsmanship is but another name for justice, and justice is of God.

IT HAPPENED IN BARKU

(Continued from page 260)

child near to let me see it. The arms and legs were like toothpicks. The face was pale and lifeless. Vitality and strength were gone. Death seemed but a matter of a few days. On my asking where the child lived they pointed out the house. I went over to see the parents. The crowd followed.

There I explained to them the necessity and effect of Baptism and its special urgency in this particular case. The mother's face seemed to light up when I told her that, though there was little chance of the child's recovery, death did not end all. Given Baptism, death would be but a release letting it fly to eternal life. What parent would wish to deprive a child of a boon so great.

"But how," they asked, "could it be made a child of God and be given a title to such great glory?" I explained the abbreviated ceremony of Baptism, that is, the pouring of the water and the words.

"So then you will need water," said the mother.

"Yes, water, please bring me some water."

She turned, went into her house, and in an instant was back with a *lota* of water. The aged grand-mother, who was then holding the child, brought it near and the ceremony was performed publicly in the presence of all. Some one then remarked, "Now he is a child of God." Every one seemed happy over it.

The little lad is a Catholic now, with a new name, Joseph. He is the first of his caste, as far I am aware, to be baptized in Gaya Mission. Let us hope that he, too, like Little Ignatius, the Santal, may be the child-leader of a long line of many thousand Gwala converts.

Somehow as I reflected on the events of the day late that night, I could not help feeling that there was a close connection between the Baptism of that Hin-

du boy in a Hindu village and the generous spiritual offerings for Patna Mission by a group of novices listed on a card I pulled from a letter sent me by their Novice Master.

MISSIONARY EPIC OF THE FAITH IN MONTANA

(Continued from page 267)

mountains. The Jesuit, Ravalli came, and by his unique inventive genius and medical skill made the mission famed. The first farming, the first cattle raising were done by the Jesuit Brothers at St. Mary's. There the first saw-mill and the first flour-mill in the State were established. One may still visit Father Ravalli's Mission church, and near it, the pharmacy where he dispensed medicines and treated patients.

For years, through the mighty efforts of DeSmet a constant stream of men and money poured into the western mission; and for years the Jesuits alone cared for a territory now ministered to by many priests. Father Urban Grassi, S.J., built the first church for whites in 1863. It is history, though it sounds bad, that he built the church at a place called Hell Gate. Two years later the Jesuits, Kuppens and D'Aste, thought Last Chance would be a fitting place to build a church for the miners, and there began a parish that later became the Cathedral parish of Helena.

The 1884 record of the first diocesan synod held in Montana shows four diocesan priests present and nine Jesuits. So scarce were priests in the early days of the diocese that the Jesuits served the Cathedral until 1893. Now they have but two parishes in the whole state, and Montana's one hundred thousand Catholics are being admirably cared for in her two dioceses by holy bishops and splendid priests.

But the Society of Jesus still cares for the Indian Missions. When the Holy See in 1834 acceded to the request of the second Provincial Council of Baltimore, and entrusted to the Society of Jesus the Indian Missions in the United States, she gave them a trust to which they have been true. About a dozen veteran Jesuits, who came to the Rocky Mountain Mission before Montana became a State, still work for the redmen.

The Indians present at the Centenary were but a handful to the numbers that gathered about DeSmet a hundred years ago. For the redmen are few in numbers now, confined to reservations, and many of them attend the whiteman's churches. Fathers Taelman, Sullivan, Griva, Boll, and a few others who as Scholastics learned the language in the early nineties, still care for the old-timers who never learned the English language. Their work is supplemented by the labors of younger men who are proud to follow in the footsteps of men like Jogues, DeSmet, Ravalli, Joset, and others whose sacrifices were the price of bringing the Faith to the "land of the shining mountains."

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The Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, fittingly said in his address: "Even the dioceses of Helena and Great Falls are the fruit of St. Mary's in the Bitter Root valley, and hence may be considered the work of those great missionaries and humble Indians. It was in a similar manner that Our Blessed Lord at His Birth, used both the wise men of the East and the simple shepherds to spread the heavenly message, calling the latter first, however, to His Crib at Bethlehem." No one who saw the truly historic Centenary celebration would hesitate to say that the results have been worth the cost.

NEWMAN AND JARGE

(Continued from page 270)

of the "Messenger" is a picture of a Guardian Angel protecting a little child; the frontispiece is Titian's "The Coin of the Tribute."

"Now you see, George, this little child stands for all of us. Even the greatest of us are like little children before God. He sends His holy Angels to look after us just like rich people have nurses to look after their children, so you and your mother need never be afraid of the devil because this picture will remind you that you have an Angel to protect you. This other picture inside, shows St. Peter with the money he took out of the fish's mouth to pay taxes for himself and our Lord. Just as St. Peter had to work to get that money, so we all have to work to get money.

"There is money buried in your mother's ground and you must dig for it, but the way you will get it is by planting and selling what you grow. Now what does this picture mean?"

"It means that we must work for our living."

"All right, George. Good-bye and God bless you."

Now let me see . . . what was that Newman was saying about Evidence and Assent? . . .

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Is Famous

In a single recent issue our correspondents included the following:

Richard O'Sullivan, K.C.; R. R. Stokes, M.P.; The Duke of Bedford; Philip G. Fothergill, Ph.D., Lecturer in Durham University; Dr. Halliday Sutherland; A. C. F. Beales, Lecturer in London University.

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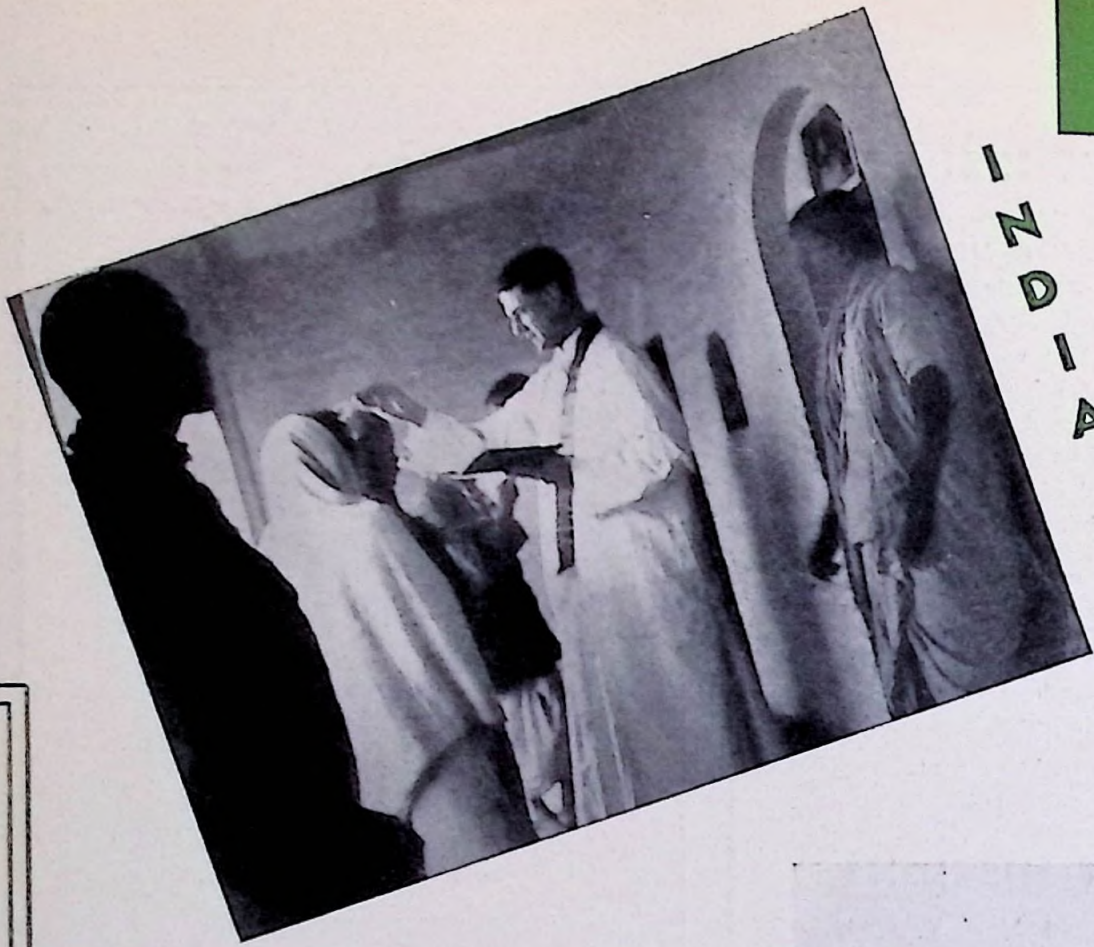
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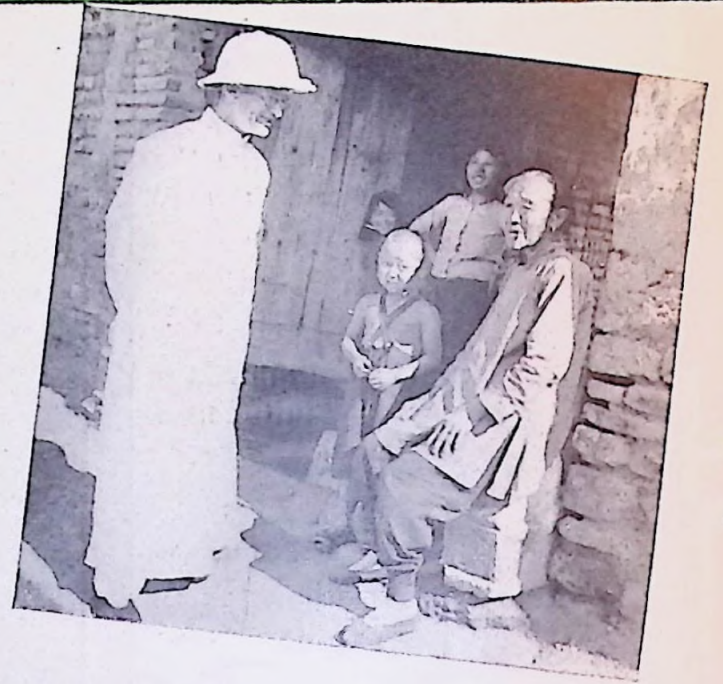
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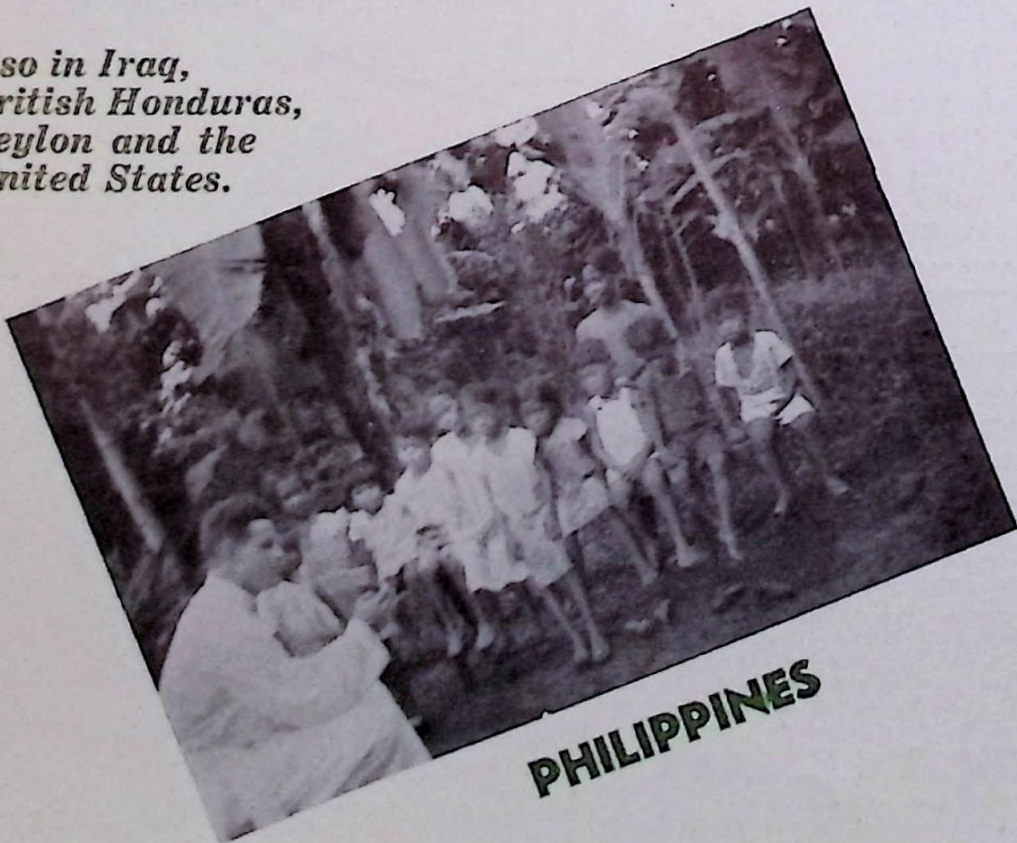
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