

Jesuit & Missions



January
1942

WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

Ten
Cents

**"The entire welfare of Christianity and of the whole world depends
on the proper training of youth"—Ignatius of Loyola**

UNIVERSITIES

THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY
Omaha, Nebr.

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT
Detroit, Mich.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY
Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
Washington, D. C.

JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY
University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
Chicago, Ill.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH
6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY
615 N. Eleventh St., Milwaukee, Wis.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY
St. Louis, Mo.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
2130 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif.

UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA
Santa Clara, Calif.

XAVIER UNIVERSITY
Cincinnati, Ohio

COLLEGES

BOSTON COLLEGE
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

CANISIUS COLLEGE
Main St. and Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE
Worcester, Mass.

LOYOLA COLLEGE
4501 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

REGIS COLLEGE
W. 50th Ave. and Lowell Blvd., Denver, Colo.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
54th and City Line, Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE
Jersey City, N. J.

ROCKHURST COLLEGE
Kansas City, Missouri

HIGH SCHOOLS

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL
761 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass.

CAMPION
A Jesuit Residential School
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

CRANWELL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Lenox, Mass.

FORDHAM PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

GEORGETOWN PREPARATORY
Garrett Park, Maryland

LOYOLA SCHOOL
65 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y.

XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL
30 West 16th St., New York, N. Y.

TO COMPLETE YOUR SET

VOLUME XV

(1941)

JESUIT MISSIONS

Bound in red cloth
lettered in gold

\$3.25 postpaid

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

GOD WILLS

The salvation of all mankind.

JESUITS

Strive to carry out God's Will.

YOUR WILL

Will help the Jesuits carry out
God's Will. Why not add to
your Will:

"I hereby bequeath to JESUIT
MISSION PRESS, INC.,
257 Fourth Avenue, New York, for
use in its work for the American
Jesuit missionaries, the sum of
\$....."

**Jesuit
Brothers**

*All young men from the
age of 17 to 35, desirous
of using their talents
entirely for God, assisting
the Priests of the Society
of Jesus*

may apply to

Jesuit Mission Press

257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

War conditions add enormously to our Procurators "financial worries."
They deeply appreciate your assistance.

Rev. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

is Mission Procurator for the Maryland-
New York Jesuits in the Philippines and
among the Negroes of Maryland.

Rev. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

is Procurator for the missions in charge
of the Jesuits of Lower Canada, which
are Suchow Mission in China and Can-
adian Indian Missions at Caughna-
waga, near Montreal.

Rev. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.
55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.
is Procurator for the missions in Hai-
chow, Nanking and Shanghai, China,
entrusted to the Jesuits of the Cali-
fornia Province.

Rev. ERNEST R. ERBACHER, S.J.
4511 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

is Procurator for the missions in British
Honduras, C.A., and American Indian
Missions in South Dakota and Wyom-
ing, which are cared for by the Jesuits
of the Missouri Province.

Rev. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.

1076 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.
is Procurator for the missions of Patna
in Northern India in charge of the
Chicago Province Jesuits.

Rev. FRANCIS J. KANE, S.J.

2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Wash.
is Procurator for the missions of Alaska
and Indian Missions in the Northwest
entrusted to the Oregon Province
Jesuits.

Rev. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.
6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

is the Procurator for the home missions
of the rural districts of the South cared
for by the Southern Jesuits.

Rev. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.

160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada
is Procurator for the Canadian Indian
missions cared for by the Jesuits of
Upper Canada.

Rev. JOHN A. MADDEN, S.J.
300 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

is Procurator for the foreign missions
in Jamaica, B. W. I., and for Bagh-
dad College in Iraq, which are admin-
istered by the New England Jesuits.



With Mary's great feast—the Immaculate Conception—dawned the day long fatalistically dreaded. America joined the mortal combat of total war.

War always is a time of testing. Deeds of high physical courage ring down the plaudits of the world. Not so ready are the accolades for rare moral courage, often so prosaically writ across men's actions.

Yet, it will be the drive of spiritual values and resolves which will do most to carry on to final victory.

The Fullest Answer To Total War Is Total Catholicism

For us—today—that means a great deal. It means. . . .

"Be Nothing Solicitous." Worry kills. Worry distorts. Why become alarmed? We believe in God's Providence. Now, if ever, is the time to act on it. We know that everything that happens does so with God's consent and for our good. Rivet fast our souls and hearts to that great truth.

It means. . . .

"In everything, by prayer and supplication, let your petitions be made known to God." Prayer whisks us beyond the troubled hours of the day to rest in "the peace of God." Through prayer will grow the steady strength we will all need so much against the uncertainties of the future.



Fortunately, with us in this war are several of the peoples among whom our 619 American Jesuit Missionaries are laboring.

We know their loyalties, some of them already tested by six years of war and its attendant suffering in the past decade.

Our missionaries will remain hard by their posts. The harrowing hours spent in the extended theatre of the war will not brook their efforts in the super-war for souls.

For them and their work we beg your continued prayerful support. Our feeble prayers, joined to the infinite one of Christ in the Mass, must keep them safe and prosper their work.

The Missions Are An Essential Part of Total Catholicism

It is sad to cloud our Christmas joy with such sombre thoughts. Still, all around the first Christmas scene were portents of the Cross — stark sacrifice, abandonment. The Crib floods our hearts with serene joy. The reality must have brought tears to Mary and Joseph.

Following the unnatural gloom of Good Friday came the radiance of Eastern morn. It will ever be thus in work for God. Should the war inflict further set-backs on our mission work, be they for a year, a decade or longer, we know in God's time they will be only temporary.

Midst the repeated calls for sacrifice today, rises one more insistent than ever

PRAY • SACRIFICE • WORK
For the Missions

JESUIT MISSIONS

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

JANUARY

1942

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

CONTRIBUTORS

FATHER JOSEPH F. MACFARLANE, S.J., of the New England Province is completing his course as a Jesuit in the Tertianship at Auriesville, N. Y.



Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.

Last summer as Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* he wrote an historical sketch of Pedro Martinez, S.J., first Jesuit martyr in America. He follows up with the story of eight other Jesuits who were *Martyred in the Shadow of the Nation's Capitol*.

Following a brief interlude of six months spent at Khrist Raja High School, FATHER PETER J. SONTAG, S.J. (*Married at Eight*), of the Chicago Province, a veteran of India, returned to his former work among the "Untouchables."

After six years as pastor of Akulurak on the Yukon Delta, FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., climbs up to the top of the world to manage the mission of Kotzebue, Alaska. An old musher, he finds the diet of *Black Fish* palatable.

On October 4, 1926, VERY REV. FRANK N. LOESCH, S.J., with four companions stepped out of the Punjab Mail onto the Patna Station platform. Today after fifteen years' service on the Patna Mission he is the Superior Regular of the Chicago Jesuits in India. We can take his word for it that *Medical Missionaries Are Real Apostles*.

Returning home after three years spent in Baghdad College, MR. RICHARD J. MCCARTHY, S.J., of the New England Province, describes his trip *Back to Boston*.

A newcomer and a very observant spectator on the Chinese scene is JOSEPH B. DONOHUE, S.J., of the California Province. He finished his philosophy at St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, sailed for the China Mission in September, 1940, and describes for us *Rural China Today*.

This is a happy year for LAWRENCE C. HELMUELLER, S.J., who is in the ordination class at St. Mary's College, Kansas. He returned to theology after teaching *Mathematics Among the Sioux* at St. Francis Indian Mission, South Dakota.



Aloysius Miciano, S.J.

Attached to the Crown Heights Labor School in Brooklyn, JOHN W. MAGAN, S.J. (*Missions on the Hudson*), a member of the New York Province, follows with enthusiasm the mission activity of the Novices at St. Andrew's Novitiate.

The *Leper Baptism that 'Did Not Take'* was written by ALOYSIUS MICIANO, S.J., a native Filipino, who is in his philosophy studies at Novaliches.

THIS MONTH

	Page
EDITORIALS	3
MARTYRED IN THE SHADOW OF THE NATION'S CAPITOL	
Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.	4
MARRIED AT EIGHT.....	6
Peter J. Sontag, S.J.	
BLACK FISH.....	8
Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.	
MEDICAL MISSIONARIES ARE REAL APOSTLES	
Very Rev. Frank N. Loesch, S.J.	9
BACK FROM BAGHDAD.....	10
Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.	
MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS.....	12
MISSION INTENTION FOR JANUARY.....	13
RURAL CHINA TODAY.....	14
Joseph B. Donohue, S.J.	
MATHEMATICS AMONG THE SIOUX.....	16
Lawrence Helmueller, S.J.	
THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS.....	17
John P. Deevy, S.J.	
MISSIONS ON THE HUDSON.....	18
John Magan, S.J.	
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....	19
COMMUNICATIONS	23
LEPER BAPTISM THAT "DID NOT TAKE".....	24
Aloysius Miciano, S.J.	
NEW BOOKS	26
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	28

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—Buglers of the Cadet Regiment at the Ateneo de Manila, "the West Point of the Philippines," sound a call to arms. It was just practice when this picture was taken but it is grimly real now. Military training has long been compulsory at this famous school, run by the American Jesuits. Its graduates are given commissions in the Philippine Army and thousands of them are now fighting.

EDITORIALS

WHAT OF THE PHILIPPINES?

A SAVAGE attack has been made by a pagan nation on the only completely Catholic country in the Orient. This, we think, is the vivid light in which American Catholics should view the attempt of Japan to invade the Philippines.

There is a disposition among Americans to look upon the war our country is now fighting in the Pacific simply as a war of revenge against a power which has treacherously attacked us while peace negotiations were in progress. The war, undoubtedly, has this aspect, but it has another which Catholics, especially, should not lose sight of, namely, that our country today is in the position of defending with its Army and Navy the cause of the Catholic Faith in the Philippines.

In this defense of the Philippines we cannot charge that our nation is urged on by imperialistic motives. The United States has offered the Philippines complete independence and this will go into effect in 1946. The loss of the Philippines, then, would not mean too much to the United States, but it would be a severe blow to Catholicism in the Orient.

The unique position of the Philippines among the nations of the Far East, as far as the Faith is concerned, was well epitomized by the decision of the Church to hold the International Eucharistic Congress there in 1937. In no other Far Eastern nation could such an event have been held. Out of its population of 16,000,300, 12,800,000 are Catholics. The Church, it is true, is established in all other oriental nations, but only as little green oases in deserts of paganism. But in the Philippines the whole culture and spirit of that country is truly and sincerely Catholic.

As American Catholics we have just reason to be proud of the Faith in the Philippines because in the last two decades we have made notable contribution to its progress. There are upwards of 480 American missionaries laboring there today, of whom more than half are members of an American Jesuit Province.

This Mission of the American Jesuits is indeed one of the great glories, not only of the Philippines, but of the universal church. Besides its 27 large mission centers, it operates 2 seminaries, 3 high schools, 2 colleges and 1 large and famous university, the Ateneo de Manila. It has the spiritual care of 5 leper colonies, including Culion, the largest in the world. At Manila, the American Jesuits operate the celebrated Manila Ob-

servatory, the official government weather bureau of the Islands, and an important link in National Defense. Of the 250 Jesuits in the Philippines, all members of the New York-Maryland Province, almost half of them are native Filipinos, a striking tribute to the efforts of the Mission to develop a native clergy.

As Catholics we are proud of this achievement and wish to preserve it. And as Americans we are thrilled that the armed forces of our nation are now engaged in an heroic defense of this achievement. We should all earnestly pray, then, for an American victory, for such a victory, we believe, would be a Catholic victory.

FIFTEEN YEARS OLD

*I*N the blushing dawn of the New Year, on this Feast of the Circumcision, 1927 . . . blushing and youthful, we make our bow and wish our readers a bright, holy and happy New Year! Thus began the first editorial in the first number of JESUIT MISSIONS fifteen years ago.

Many New Year dawns have come and gone since that one in 1927 when we came into existence. We have seen our New Year's greeting go out to an ever-increasing circle of friends of the American Jesuit Missionaries. We have seen the number of missions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Holy See increase one by one, until they now encircle the world. A tremendous increase also we have witnessed in the number of American Jesuits assigned to these far-flung mission posts. We have, in fact, grown in these fifteen years to the position of the largest missionary organization in the United States.

They have, indeed, been years of increase for which we express our sincere gratitude to God and to the many loyal friends of the American Jesuit Missionaries. The temptation is on this, our fifteenth birthday, to linger a bit over these accomplishments of past years, but we feel that it is more important for us rather to look to the future.

For we stand today at the blushing dawn not only of a New Year but of a new era of the cause to which we have dedicated ourselves. The years lying immediately ahead of us will see the greatest opportunity and the greatest challenge ever offered to the mission spirit of American Catholics and we must gird ourselves to accept that challenge and to take advantage of that opportunity. We must not fail!

JESUIT MISSIONS

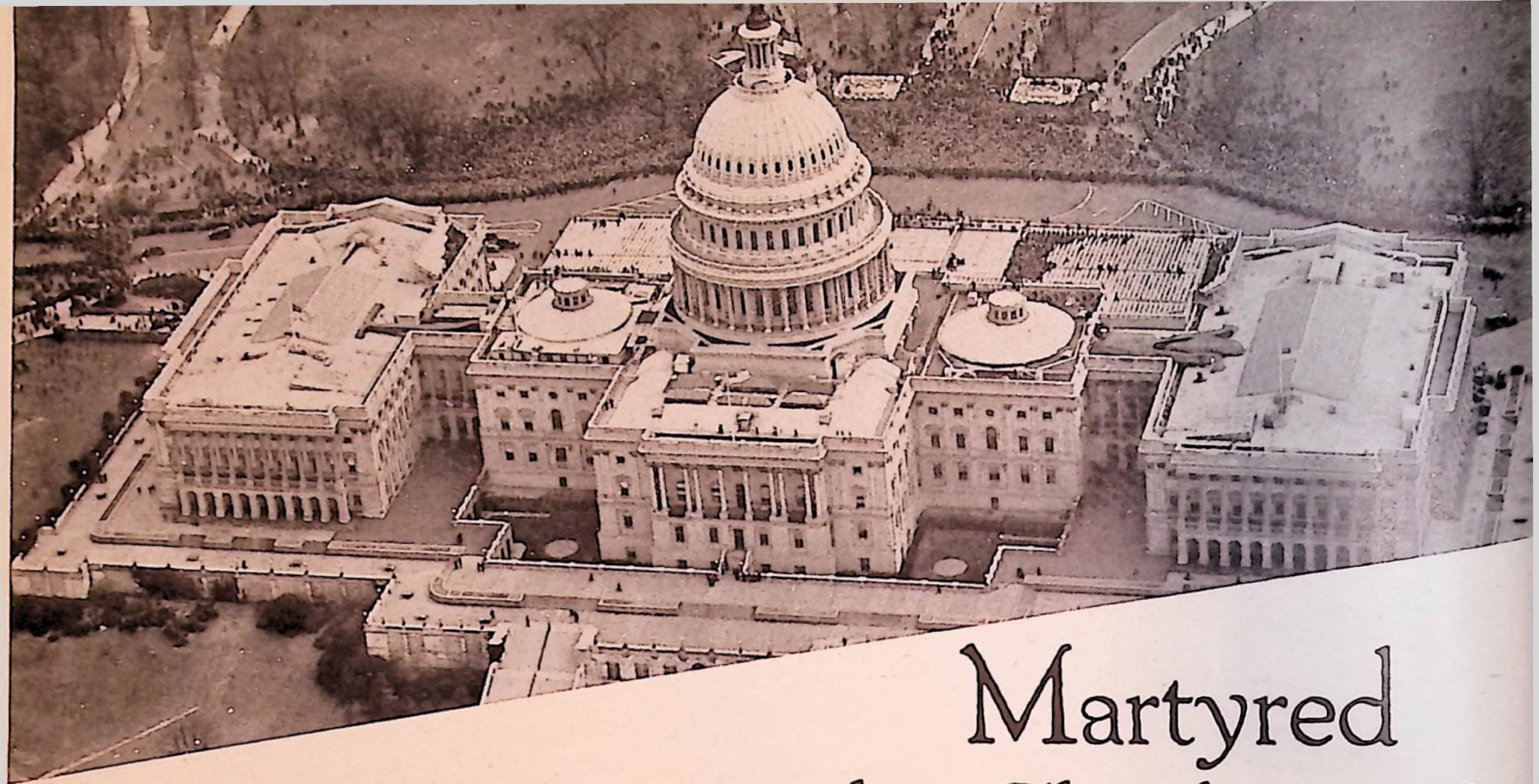
A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; EDWARD A. McNAMARA, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; PAUL BRENNAN, S.J.; HENRI BÉCHARD, S.J.

Business Editor: WILLIAM F. MASTERTON, S.J.

Editorial and Publication Offices: 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Martyred in the Shadow of the Nation's Capitol

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

BY the side of U. S. Highway No. 1 at Aquia, Virginia, near Washington, D. C., there is a bronze tablet which reads "... inscribed to the memory of the heroic Jesuit missionaries who ... erected nearby in 1570 A.D. the first Christian temple in our northern land, Our Lady of Ajacan."

Nothing else today indicates that there ever was a "Log Chapel of the Rappahannock." Nothing about this quiet, peaceful Virginia countryside suggests today that heroism was ever needed there. But in 1570, this was a mission field of heroes and the scene of martyrdom. It was also the spot where the history of Virginia began—many years before the first English settlement at Jamestown.

Of the eight Jesuits who erected this chapel, three were slain by arrows and burned a few miles away where their ashes have long since become part of Virginia soil; the other five were clubbed to death with axes and buried near the chapel, each with a crucifix in his hands. Someday these five may be discovered and, please God, the crosses in their hands will identify the relics of martyrs and the exact site of this first altar of God "in our northern land."

For 370 years, this strip of land between the Rappahannock and the

Potomac, forty miles below Washington, has concealed the ruins of a chapel and an altar, the sacred vessels of the Mass, and the remains of the Virginia martyrs. It was to land already consecrated, therefore, that the English colonists of Virginia came forty years later. The colonies grew, the Revolution was fought and won, the Capitol moved to Washington, the Civil War soldiers tramped back and forth across these fields, the World War's "Unknown Soldier" was laid to an honored rest at Arlington. Through all these centuries, and all our history, the martyrs' remains lay buried and unhonored, but the martyrs themselves watched over their mission.

HOW they first came here is a story as thrilling as their heroic deaths. All of them were Spaniards. All of them were inspired by the martyrdom of the Jesuit Father Martinez in Florida

in 1566 to beg for a place on the American Mission. Father John Baptist de Segura, one of the first to be sent, was appointed vice-provincial and superior of all the Jesuits in the Caribbean and along the Coast from the mouth of the Mississippi to North Carolina.

THE Florida Mission had been the brightest hope, but hope was fading fast for many reasons. There was friction between the Spanish soldiers and the Indians. There were many "incidents" and occasional retaliation. Conditions were not normal. Storms and shipwrecks of supply ships kept the mission posts uneasy. The Indians preferred to beg or steal food rather than to provide it for themselves. English and French pirates kept the Indians in constant agitation against the Spaniards and the Spanish settlers in constant fear of massacre. What made it hardest for the missionaries was the growing Indian



Forty miles from our nation's Capitol, by the side of U. S. Highway No. 1, this crucifix stands out against the sky. Nearby is a tablet erected to the memory of the Jesuit missionaries slain in the vicinity by treacherous Indians.

conviction that it was easier to be a brave pagan than a good Christian. The rule of the tribe was easier to live than the rule of Christ. As a result of all these factors, heroic labor was being wasted and unfeigned opposition frustrated the generous efforts of some grand missionaries in these parts.

MEANWHILE, the Jesuits were told of a wondrous mission field to the north. This must have seemed an act of Providence to the harassed missionaries. The

character of the Indian responsible for the report gave weight to his story, and his role in the Virginia Mission makes him worth knowing.

HE was a young Indian chief, brother of the head chief of eastern Virginia, who was captured by the Spaniards, taken to Mexico, and there educated by the Jesuits. Every kindness was shown to him, every opportunity given him, every hope held out for him. His benefactors were amply repaid by his gratitude, diligence and genuine piety. The Governor of the Colony gave him his own name in Baptism, Don Luis, and later brought him to Spain where the King honored him personally. He was genuinely attached to several of the Jesuits and seems to have worked with them in Florida. When the meager successes there became discouraging, he begged the Fathers to go to his country. His people were peace loving, prosperous, and would gladly receive Christianity. Imagine what this picture meant to the missionaries! It was a prospect impossible to resist. A few more converts like Don Luis, and the establishment of Christianity was assured in Virginia!

There would be a mission to the North! Father de Segura was determined! He would lead the group himself! This time there would be no soldier, no settlers, no stealing, no incidents, and no scandal! Don Luis would be their interpreter, God and His Blessed Mother their only protectors!

OFF they sailed in September, 1570, Father Segura, Father Luis de Quiros, three lay Brothers, Pedro Lenares, Gabriel Gomez and Sancho Zaballos, and three catechists who had been received into the Society as Novices, Gabriel de Solis, Juan Mendez and Cristobal Redondo. Two laymen completed the mission unit, Don Luis and Alonso Olmos, a son of Spanish settlers in Florida who insisted and succeeded in being taken as assistant.

Up the Atlantic coast, to St. Mary's Bay (now the Chesapeake) they sailed, then up the River of the Holy Spirit (now the Potomac) fifty-two miles to the Potomac Creek; eight miles up this creek,

the mission group disembarked, and sent the ship, sailors, soldiers all home to Florida.

Now were all the bridges burnt. Now was good-bye final. Now would the faith be planted here. It was September 12, 1570. Don Luis led them overland five miles to the beautiful Rappahannock and there on its banks they built the Log Chapel, northernmost temple of God in America.

DON LUIS gave every assistance. This was his home country. He was the first Christian of his tribe, and proudly, with many a magical tale, he induced the neighboring Indians to cooperate with the brave white men, "the Blackrobes," in their midst. Only when all was ready did Luis leave the missionaries to revisit his Indian brother. He was to be gone five days.

Five days passed, and ten days passed, and two weeks went by but Don Luis did not return. What happened in the Indian village when this converted and highly honored Indian returned to his own, we shall never know, but something almost diabolical must have taken place. After years of exemplary Christian life, Don Luis heard the call of the wild and heeded it. Every attempt to get him to return to the Fathers met failure. He had reverted to the worst excesses of savage vice. There was no explaining it. There was no changing him. He was lost.

THE winter set in, and food became scarce. The Indians stayed away ominously. Don Luis remained obdurate. It was more than a lapse, more than a passionate surge of wild blood in a young savage, finding himself in familiar surroundings after years of absence; it was a collapse, completely, permanently. Royal courts, fleets of ships, cities, schools, art, food, clothes, and the lovable refinement of Christian saints and friends, all were forgotten or madly rejected. Don Luis preferred the wilderness with ragged clothes or none, wild food or none, dirty shelters or none, low morals or none at all. He never showed a sign of regret at the change, never returned from the wilderness.

Finally, the (Turn to page 27)

ANOTHER slave set free! And Joe's Bill of Emancipation, duly signed and witnessed, is safely stowed away in my strong-box.

A lucky boy is Joe! For India, the land of Rabindranath Tagore and Gandhi-ji, and proudly boasting her hoary millenniums of civilization and culture, still has whole armies of slaves. In Patna Mission alone the number runs into the hundreds of thousands, and nearly all of them will live and die in bondage. A lucky boy indeed is Joe.

AS usual, it began with his marriage at the age of eight. Joe was *Jori* then, for he and his parents were still pagans, and like ninety-nine per cent of his caste the one thing necessary for *Jori* was to get him a wife, before he would be pointed at in scorn and ridicule. Eight years old and not yet married is, you will readily concede, most disgraceful indeed!

But marrying and giving in marriage, even among India's starving Untouchables, is an expensive form of entertainment. For what would marriage be without a new *sari* for the bride, and some shining anklets and wristlets (even though they be only cheap, colored glass!) and above all, the feasting, at which the "wine" will be plentiful, yet cheap—for one of the curses of today is its abundance and its cheapness. Even the beggar can get drunk as often as he pleases.

NO, *Jori's* wedding will not be too expensive. For if I may believe his mother's testimony, it cost just rupees twenty-three, or about seven dollars, and no one is going to blame *Jori* for the extravagance of seven dollars for the one and only gala day in his drab, doleful life.

But even so, where will *Jori's* parents find those seven dollars, rupees three and twenty, when they cannot remember the day they had even one rupee in hand,—unless it had just been borrowed. And this is where *Shylock* enters into *Jori's* fate.

Now our *Shylock* is extremely kind. Exorbitant interest? Far from

Married at Eight

—and a slave thereafter
as frequently happens in
child-marriages in India.

Peter J. Sontag, S.J.



A lucky boy is Joe, one of thousands of the Untouchable caste of Patna, India. He is undoubtedly smiling at us in these two pictures because his friend, Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., saved him from long years of slavery.

it. Why, he will take no interest at all! Where would these poor people find the money to pay interest? Since both live in the same village, *Shylock*, the Generous, will be satisfied if *Jori* will merely lend a helping hand when the work in the fields would be pressing.

That was three years ago. Two days after the wedding, *Jori* began "lending a helping hand" usually for seven days in the week, from morning till night, when he would trudge home with his pittance of coarse

grains to serve as his food for the morrow, and the prospect of receiving about fifty cents worth of clothing once or twice in a year. And so *Jori's* life—after the grand splurge of that seven-dollar gala wedding,—would be going on day after day, year after year, indefinitely. . . . until his strength was used up.

HOWEVER, about a year after the marriage something happened. Christ entered into *Jori's* life and *Jori* became our little Joe.

Even to little Joe that meant a lot. For on rare occasions he would manage, somehow, to come to church on Sundays. That in itself was an experience,—so different from the daily grubbing in the fields that for Joe it was like a page from a fairy tale. These were almost the only occasions I had to meet Joe, but I soon took a special interest in this sturdy, candid lad, and wished I could rescue him from his sad fate.

But there were so many Joes! If I were to redeem him, why not the other, and the other, *ad infinitum*? (Only yesterday another mother sat at my door begging me to secure the release of her two sons.)

THEN, two months ago, something else happened. Another land-owner of the village had engaged Joe's father, together with two other men, to carry a log to his house. Three times the men tried, each time under protest, to hoist the heavy timber onto their heads. But each time the greedy rich man insisted that they must do it. In the third attempt, the log came down square across the body of Paul, Joe's father, crushing him to death. Happily, he had been to the sacraments only three days before, having been a weekly communicant.

Paul's death left the widowed mother with seven children, of whom the eldest boy was Joe, now eleven, and strong enough to command a fair day's wage, such as it is in India. Clearly, Joe should now be free to earn more than his own scant food, should be free to help his widow mother.

YOU may think that under these circumstances it should have been an easy task to rescue the boy from the clutches of his Shylock. Friend, you are forgetting your Shakespeare. I did finally succeed. But what a job!

Alone I would have gotten nowhere. But with the aid of an energetic civil magistrate and a well-disposed inspector of police, after weeks of maneuvering, we finally succeeded in securing fifty rupees as indemnity from the man whose cruel greed had led to the accident which killed Joe's father.

Then we worked upon our Shylock until he not only relinquished his pound of flesh and wrote out the bill of release for little Joe, but even consented to accept rupees twenty-five instead of the thirty-five which he was demanding. . . . So that, after securing Joe's emancipation, we still were able to put a bamboo and tile roof on Joe's humble home in place of the sieve of scant rushes that would have let in floods of water during the coming monsoon.

STRANGE to say, our Shylock put two conditions that no one would have expected. That I must see to it that Joe does not fall into the clutches of another slave-holder, and that Joe should learn to read and write. Evidently, with all his hardness of heart, Shylock had felt some affection for little Joe.

I had intended that Joe help support the family by working; but I was glad to accept his request. And so Joe is now "reading." Somehow, our Father in Heaven will provide.

The story is of frequent occurrence and full of human pathos. When you see it with your own eyes it hurts not to be able to help in each instance. The amount of forced labor extorted from these people is almost unbelievable.

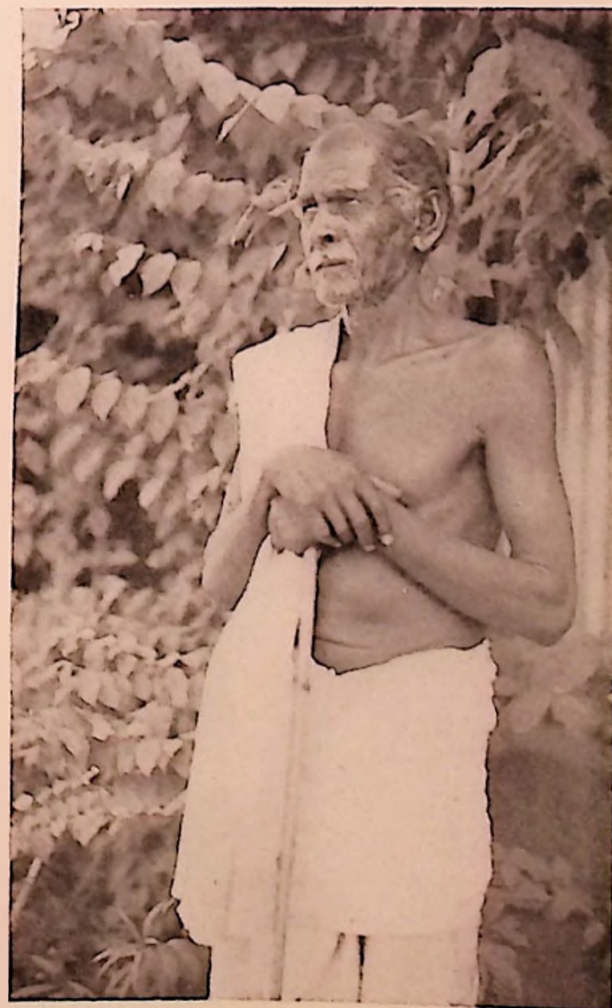
THE "privileged" landlords may refuse magnanimously to accept a penny, but they demand more than the pound of flesh. These poor Josephs become his slaves and 'lend a hand' now and then which is always. When he calls, these poor people have to drop everything and do his bidding; today it may be to plough the fields, tomorrow to plant them. His house has to be repaired, his cattle need tending. In a short time there is no end of "occasional" work to do. There are sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance. If you want to see one of them, come to India.

In every land the Church has to adjust itself to the given local conditions. But here in India we must gradually do away with this form of slavery and create a social setting where the practice of the Faith is humanly possible before we can hope for permanent conversions.



(Above) Father Sontag hopes to save other Josephs from an unhappy lot.

(Below) Despite his cruelty Shylock had some affection for manly little Joe.



Black Fish

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.



A hunter of Kotzebue exhibits a baby seal which is about the same size as his own little child.

“BLACKFISH, what kind of an animal is that?” Thus blandly spoke one of the rare visitors to Akulurak. Few whites have any knowledge of the Blackfish which is in truth coal black and a rather hideous looking ‘animal.’ When first taken from the water they appear a deep green speckled with black spots. After being cooked, they are jet black.

Though averaging only about five inches long they have an amazing vitality. They have been known to live for two weeks out of water. Perhaps it is for this reason that the natives call them Grass-fish—*Changirat*.

MY first knowledge of Blackfish came about ten years ago when I was a raw *Cheekawker*. It was my first trip with the dogs. Being early winter, the dogs were soft and so was the musher. This accounts for a long day on the trail and a late arrival at a small cabin inhabited by ancient Eskimo. After a brief collation I jumped into my sleeping bag and was soon fast asleep.

Sometime during the night I was awakened by a smacking noise that came from a gunny sack close to my ear. After vainly trying to go back to sleep, curiosity finally got the better of me, and I immediately explored the recesses of the sack with my searchlight.

It was filled with squirming, shining Blackfish. These entwining smacking Blackfish were a repugnant looking mass and I little thought at that time that they would soon become a delectable bill of fare for a tired and hungry missionary.

BLACKFISH have been a staple food of the tundra Eskimo for ages. A story told of a war between the Innuits and the Malemutes recounts how spies sent ahead were appalled when they beheld through the top ventilator of an igloo a man in the act of eating Blackfish. Blackfish must be the food of the evil spirit—*Tunranayak*—the Black one.

In the attack that followed on the village, the Blackfish eater was left severely alone. His death would have brought a curse on the warriors. Incidentally, I might remark that in the folk-lore of the Eskimo, blackness is often synonymous with superstition. The crow and raven are birds of evil omen for this reason. The hunter never bothers them.

At present Blackfish has come to be recognized as a very appetizing dish. It graces the Eskimo menu in late fall and early winter. Sometimes it is the sole bill of fare. I have seen a family of six or seven literally store away a five-gallon can of boiled Blackfish in one or two sittings. Nay, more, I have helped to do it myself. I need not add that

a taste must be cultivated. Whites as a rule do not avidly take to this delicacy.

Though I have often partaken of this Eskimo dish, I have never really acquired the smacking relish of appreciation so vividly displayed by my Eskimo brothers. Eskimo etiquette requires that they be handled with the fingers. Various hissing noises are expressed to show the satisfaction of the diner. Often they are dipped into odoriferous seal oil before being consumed.

All in all, it is quite a sight to see four or five hungry Eskimo hunters seated Chinese-fashion beside a pot of boiled Blackfish. I have never ceased to wonder at the incalculable number of fish thus disposed of.

MUSHERS have found that nothing rates higher for a mid-day lunch for their malemutes than a small snack of frozen Blackfish. With the dogs, the mid-day lunch is simply to whet their appetite and not to satisfy it. Too much food before their regular supper fare makes them sluggish on the trail.

As I said, the Inuit calls this fish a Grass-fish. The reason for this lies in the fact that they are caught in the grassy outlet of some lake. During the summer they swim up into a lake to spawn. When the lake begins to freeze, they return to the running water of the sloughs to escape being frozen. In the narrow channel between lake and river, the Eskimo place basket-like traps and catch the fish by the thousands. Unwary mink often enter the trap for food and are caught with the fish.

You see, therefore, that the missionary on the trail has a varied menu. Pike, Lush, White-fish on the Yukon; seal and white whale near the sea, and a delicious kettle of Blackfish on the tundra!

Medical Missionaries Are Real Apostles

Very Rev. Frank N. Loesch, S.J.



THE Medical Mission Sister gently placed the chubby brown cherub—fresh from his morning bath and powdering—in his mother's arms; and as I noted the look of gratitude and confidence in that mother's eyes,—I realized that the work being carried on here in Patna, India, so efficiently by The Medical Mission Sisters of Philadelphia, is truly a missionary work, not only saving bodies but also winning souls for Christ.

Besides this maternity work—carried on particularly among and for mothers of the poorer classes or castes—the Medical Missionaries minister to all the ills that poor human nature is heir to. In India, these ills are multiple, mainly because of the all but total neglect of sanitary precautions but partly because of centuries-old adherence to medical methods and remedies of the most primitive sort. This is particularly true of all that concerns maternity and infant welfare.

EVEN as was the case until fairly recently in our own U. S. A., infant mortality (and, coupled with this, mother mortality) in India is unreasonably high. This is due, in most cases, to conditions which the skill and equipment of the Medical Missionaries can so effectively meet and remedy.

The skill, and its spiritual motivation of zeal and charity, these good Sisters furnish in abundance, an abundance limited only by the number of generous and equipped

The Medical Mission Sisters of Philadelphia are not only saving bodies but winning souls for Christ in Patna, India. The pictures tell their own story.

volunteers for this special field of missionary endeavor. A wider acquaintance with this type of missionary work and a more generous response on the part of those—especially trained nurses and doctors—whom God may be calling to this service should take care of the personnel. It is surely not out of place here to suggest that those fitted for this work offer themselves more generously; and that Spiritual Directors also acquaint their charges with the very direct missionary work which the life of the Medical Missionary offers.

AS I have remarked, the Medical Missionaries save not only bodies but souls. Only too often, the tiny life of an infant pulses for but a brief moment—an hour, a day—before flickering out, but the Medical Missionary has won that little angel for Christ!

Again, the contact with true Christian charity has its effects, sooner or later, upon the hearts of those who come under the Sisters' ministrations,—and instruction and Baptism often follow convalescence.

Again, the spiritualized solicitude hovering over what is inevitably a death-bed, wins a pagan soul for Christ in those final hours of mortal suffering.

Day and night, year in, year out, in torrid heat and monsoon humidity, the Medical Missionary gives of her best—for God and for souls.

THE Sisters whom I visited are those who have recently established themselves in Patna City on the premises formerly occupied by the first Jesuit (Turn to page 27)

LEAVING home has been a difficult thing ever since the days of Adam and Eve. Recently we have come to learn that returning home can also be a difficult thing.

Lest you think we are perpetrating a social or filial heresy we hasten to explain. We had just spent three of the happiest years of our life at Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq, in the company of the American Jesuits there. You already know a good deal about that institution on the bank of the Tigris River, so we shall not indulge in an orgy of history and boring repetition.

ONE day last June, Father Francis B. Sargeant, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, called us aside and said: "Tomorrow you start back to Theology." We were not surprised for we had been expecting some such announcement, but even at that the few words almost took our breath away.

Back to Theology sounded all right for it meant back to the priesthood, and, we hoped, eventually back to Baghdad. But, for the present, at least, it meant away from Baghdad.

And we liked Baghdad. We liked our brothers, pressed on as they were by the charity of Christ. We liked the dark faces and eager eyes that looked up to us in the classroom or on the playing field. And we loved every manifestation of the working of the Holy Spirit in a vocation we still regard with something of awed surprise.

NEVERTHELESS, the next day found us saying good-bye. And within an hour we were on the first lap of the journey "from home to home," a twenty-one hour train ride from Baghdad to Basra. We arrived practically dehydrated as a result of the terrific heat.

However, we were quickly restored to normal by the wonderful charity of one of Christ's ambassadors, the Reverend Joseph Gogue, a priest of the Chaldean Church. Ten delightful days were passed in the company of this scholarly and affable priest while we were waiting for a ship to take us from Basra to Bombay. At last we embarked

Back From Baghdad

Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.



(Above) The Iraq airport in Basra, the target of enemy guns last May.

(Below) The new wall around Baghdad College discourages passing herds.



and spent the first of six days sailing in contemplating Iraq's 10,000,000 date palms and the slender shark-fins cutting the waters of the Persian Gulf on either side of the boat.

When we struck the Indian Ocean we were struck with the full force of the monsoon. Over the three days that followed, during which

we were confined to our cabin, we prefer to draw a veil.

BOMBAY and the gateway of India came into sight on the seventh day. Disembarking we proceeded to St. Mary's High School, an institution conducted by members of the Society of Jesus from the Province of Aragon.



The old order is changing, but the romance of the East still lingers in the tattered Bedouin, who pauses to give his camels a rest on the outskirts of Baghdad.

Again the charity of Christ was made most manifest. We were whisked all over Bombay and its environs and got both eyes full of Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Pathans, temples, bullock-carts, policemen with yellow berets, and a host of other things too numerous to mention. In the meantime, of course, we were wondering how we were going to get from Bombay to God's Country. After much negotiating we finally secured passage on a British troopship and sailed on one day's notice.

Here we have to become rather cryptic. We can't tell you the name of the ship or the route it took or the stops that were made because we don't want to get in wrong with the wartime censorship authorities. We may say, however, that the highlight of our trip was a rather long stop at Singapore. There we were the honored guest of one of the most delightful characters we have ever met, a Chinese priest named Father Lee.

EVERY morning, before the dawn came up like thunder, we trudged up the hill, past the sleeping forms of ricksha boys, coolies, dock-workers, et al. to the Church of St. Teresa. After Mass, Communion and breakfast with Father Lee we were invariably invited to return for tiffin (lunch). Real Chinese tiffins they were, with prawns, beansprouts, devilfish, lichee nuts, and a variety of foods, the

memory of which is confined to our palate.

Next door to Father Lee's rectory was an honest-to-goodness buddhist temple whose incessant gong-beaters often disturbed the hard-earned repose of Father. In front of the temple was the parochial school, full of almond-eyed little Catholics and pagans, and ringing with the high-pitched sing-song recitation of lessons.

A little distance away was a Carmelite Monastery of Christ the King, situated, as was fitting, on an eminence overlooking the city. Surrounding the monastery is a group of houses, all occupied by Catholics. The whole is the work of Father Lee and is a splendid example of Catholic action and zeal.

IT was with real regret that we said good-bye to Father Lee and set sail from Singapore. We might also add that it was with a bit of trepidation. But during the whole of the devious route across the Pacific we weren't really afraid. We knew that countless prayers were being said, literally all over the world, for our safe return. And we had seen so many instances of Divine Providence working in our behalf that we felt confident the whole adventure was not destined to end "Somewhere in the Pacific."

Somebody has said that the ocean is a marvelous place for doing two things: thinking and praying. Reserving to God any consideration

of the latter, we will admit that we did quite a bit of the former.

THE focal point of our thoughts was always Baghdad. We had lived there for three wonderful years, privileged to play a minor role in Christ's great vineyard. Time and time again in moments of trial and tribulation we had seen the hand of Divine Providence almost visibly extended over Baghdad College. In a sense last May was a climax for with it came war; men in uniform, swooping airplanes, bursting bombs and the rumble of guns.

But it was the month of May, the month of Mary, in honor of whose Immaculate Conception the College is dedicated. So at no time did the Fathers of Baghdad College experience any close danger. And after the troubled times had returned to normal they set about calmly preparing their classes for the new school year.

It was during that period that we left Baghdad. And now we are safely back in America with two great lessons learned. The first of these is the lesson of trust in Divine Providence. And the second is a deeper realization of the deep, fundamental, Christ-like charity that unites all the modern apostles of Christ, wherever they be, into a solid phalanx before which infidelity and paganism cannot stand.

NOW and then our thoughts stray back along the seventeen thousand miles we traversed and we remember things and places and people that have no counterpart in our western world. Camels and Fords; donkeys and bicycles; black tents and yellow brick mansions; muddy, age old waters and mute stretches of sand where only the camel-thorn grows; crowded, raucous bazaars and silent byways across which falls the shadow of a minaret; black-eyed Christian boys whose ancestors built Babylon and Nineveh; and countless dark, desert-sharpened faces behind which lurks an insistent yearning for what they do not know—the love of Christ; and, finally, a group of khaki-clad Jesuits, building, slowly but surely, the edifice founded upon a Rock.



ALL EYES UPON HER. At the turn of the century there were scarcely 500,000 Catholics in China under the direction of 800 foreign missionaries and 500 native priests. Today there are 3,500,000 Catholics, 2,000 native priests and 3,000 missionaries, one-fourth of whom are Jesuits, from nearly a dozen European nations.

The Catholic Church in China, staggering from the destruction of 200 churches, the violent death of over 20 foreign missionaries, and the financial crisis already at hand, realizes that all eyes are upon her in this moment of trial. She is also confident that this compassionate gaze will stimulate immediate and active charity to help her care for 1,500,000 refugees.

MISSION OBJECTIVES IN JAMAICA. Very Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission in Jamaica, stated in one of his recent lectures that the aim of the Catholic Church in Jamaica is two-fold: to develop a native clergy and to establish a self-sustaining Church.

Of prime importance toward attaining the first objective is the establishment and maintenance of Catholic schools. At present there are 4,656 boys and 5,287 girls in Catholic elementary schools, and 326 boys and 622 girls in Catholic secondary schools. Many of these Catholic schools receive considerable aid from the government. From these schools have come 3 native priests with 7 more still in training. If vocations continue at the same rate and quality, it is hoped that after twenty-five years the native clergy will be able practically to take over the entire Mission.

To attain the second objective of a self-sustaining Church, yeoman work is still to be done in the sociological and economic spheres. Father Feeney has many long range plans in view. After much patient effort to stimulate and to win the confidence of the natives, co-operatives are finally beginning to function. Credit unions are to follow. As a help to the development of leadership in rural life, Father Feeney has already secured scholarships for Jamaicans from the School of Agriculture at Creighton University, from the Ursuline College of New Rochelle, from Manhattanville, conducted by the Madams of the Sacred Heart, from Regis College, St. Joseph Sisters, Weston, Mass., and from St. Vincent's Hospital Training School, New York City. For the past several years a full scholarship has been offered by Holy Cross College to an honor student of St. George's College, Kingston.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO THE U. S. Dr. Hu-Shih, while speaking at a United China Relief luncheon, paid the following tribute to the foreign missions: "Wherever one finds missions, one finds centers that protect liberty, patriotism and the spirit of the people. Missions in foreign lands protect all national interests."

After showing how the Chinese were greatly impressed by the heroic charity of foreign missionaries, Dr. Hu-Shih added:

"As far as we know, no missionary worker has deserted his post in China, whether he is a member of a mission for lepers, or a medical missionary or a missionary teacher. Their missions have become centers of refuge for tens of thousands of Chinese civilian suf-

DID THEY DIE? A recent (UP) report from Shanghai carries the following: "Foreign Catholic Mission authorities were gravely concerned last week over the fate of 13 Jesuit priests, who were reported to have been arrested at their Mission near Tientsin, China, by Japanese military authorities. From Shanghai came persistent reports that the priests and four nuns, one a German, had been killed by the Japanese. Japanese authorities in Peiping merely denied that any nuns had been killed, declined to disclose the fate of the arrested missionaries. The arrests, which were made last September, were disclosed only last week.

From other reliable sources it is learned that the Jesuits referred to in the above report were working in the Hsienshien Vicariate of Bishop Chao of the Society of Jesus.

Besides the 13 Jesuits referred to, it was learned from very reliable sources that the Bishop together with his Chinese priests, scholastics, seminarians, Brothers, Sisters, teachers and the boys and girls of the school, over two hundred in all, were held captive by the Japanese at a villa about two miles from the central compound of the Mission. This central mission station was thoroughly searched and then plundered.

FIRST JAVANESE BISHOP. Right Reverend Albert Soegijapranata, S.J., was recently consecrated bishop and appointed Vicar Apostolic of Semarang. Being the first native son of Java to be raised to the episcopacy there naturally was great religious enthusiasm on the part of Javanese Catholics, as well as among the Dutch, Chinese and other residents.

ferers. This sympathy for the cause of China's independence and freedom has endeared the missions to the Chinese people as never before."

FORGOTTEN HEROES OF THE SOUTH. In a recent issue of *The Preservation of the Faith* magazine, His Excellency, Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, Bishop of Natchez, Mississippi, clearly explains why the spread of the Catholic Faith has been hampered in the South. His Excellency historically demonstrates that the greater portion of the South was settled by men who brought with them a strong non-Catholic—or even anti-Catholic tradition. Added to this unfavorable background is the fact that seventy per cent of the South's total population is rural as compared to about forty per cent for the rest of the United States. According to His Excellency there are still living, missionary priests of the South who, if the saga of their long travels on horseback over vast territories in search of Catholics were told, would inspire much more help for and a more sympathetic understanding of the problems of the Catholic Church in the South.

CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSIONS. Reverend Edward F. Garesche, S.J., President of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th Street, New York City, and Director of the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, reports that during the past year his organization has sent 33,480 pounds of medicine and medical equipment to 104 home and foreign missions staffed by 32 different mission congregations. A truck has been donated by His Excellency, Richard J. Cushing, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, for the first Mobile Medical Mission Unit to be employed in the Jesuit Mission of Jamaica, B. W. I. After this truck has been outfitted by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, Father Garesche will go to Jamaica to inaugurate and supervise this new and important form of apostolate.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN"—Striking evidence of exceptional interest in the missions was displayed at a recent Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Rally in the Diocese of Trenton. Spiritually motivated by His Excellency, Most Reverend William A. Griffin, Bishop of Trenton, New Jersey, and enthusiastically directed by Reverend Emmet A. Monahan, Diocesan Director of Pontifical Mission Aid Societies, the drive for student memberships in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and The Association of the Holy Childhood produced these remarkable results: 86 out of 96 schools showed an enrollment of one hundred per cent; 11 schools were given banner awards for having attained first place in various mission projects. From such intense mission activity will come many personal rewards and incalculable spiritual aid for the missions.

His Excellency, Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin, D.D., J.C.D., Ag.D., first Bishop of Nanking. An eminent scholar, lecturer and writer, this native Bishop is at present residing in bomb-shattered Chungking engaged in a type of work that will be of immeasurable importance to the future of the Catholic Church in China. He was in America recently.

Native Missionary Bishops

THE JANUARY MISSION INTENTION

- As late as 1917, with the exception of one small section of India, there was not one mission in the world entrusted to the native clergy. Today, however, in China, Japan, Korea, Indo-China, Africa, India and Java, there is a total of forty-seven missions under native guidance.
- Coincident with this splendid development in the training of an indigenous clergy a new spirit of decided nationalism has emerged in both China and India. Nipponese nationalism has flowered into what is commonly termed "The New Order in East Asia."
- For native Bishops, their clergy and Christians to become an integral part of the saner and legitimate aspect of this nascent nationalism without descending to racism and the "inviolable destiny" complex, while fully maintaining the international and spiritual aspect of Catholicism—especially with regard to the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ and the law of universal charity and social justice derived from it, will require abundant grace from God.
- Our Blessed Mother once nurtured the Infant Herald of Peace and the real "New Order" and fled with Him to Egypt for His protection from passion-blinded Herod. Pray to her, now, the Queen of the Missions, to protect, guide and strengthen her Son's Vicars and their flocks in troubled mission lands over the whole world.





Rural China To

The war's effect on the country dis-
seen on a journey through rebel

Joseph B. Donohoe, S.J.

A Chinese rebel pauses in the crowd and boldly stares at the foreigners.

WE had arrived at the little Chinese town on the early morning train. After the customary wait at the station, we had been allowed to pass through the ubiquitous military pickets, and while the gray mist of vanishing night still curled itself around the mud huts, we plodded in silence over the quiet road that led to the cross-crowned, larger hut that was the parish church.

Here we were greeted by the plump, cheerful Chinese pastor whose eyes spoke eloquently of a perfect night's sleep. A short rest, a hasty morning ablution, and Mass was celebrated to the rhythmic chanting of the rosary by the Chinese school children. These latter poured from every nook and cranny of the cramped compound, lending an Old-Woman-in-the-Shoe appearance to the surroundings.

AT breakfast which followed, Father Chao mentioned that it would be better if we carried only a few articles of clothing, etc., on our coming day's journey. In fact, said he, be sure that you have nothing that was manufactured by a certain Far-Eastern nation. Surprised by this announcement, we inquired

the reason and were told that in order to reach our destination we had to pass through rebel territory. So rebel-ish was it, that only a few days before, some unfortunate travellers had been calmly shot mainly because they had in their possession goods trade-marked "made in Japan." As a result of his advice, we went to the extreme of leaving everything—excepting the barest necessities—with the Father. Even our money and passes were left behind, to be buried in the earth until, and if, we should return.

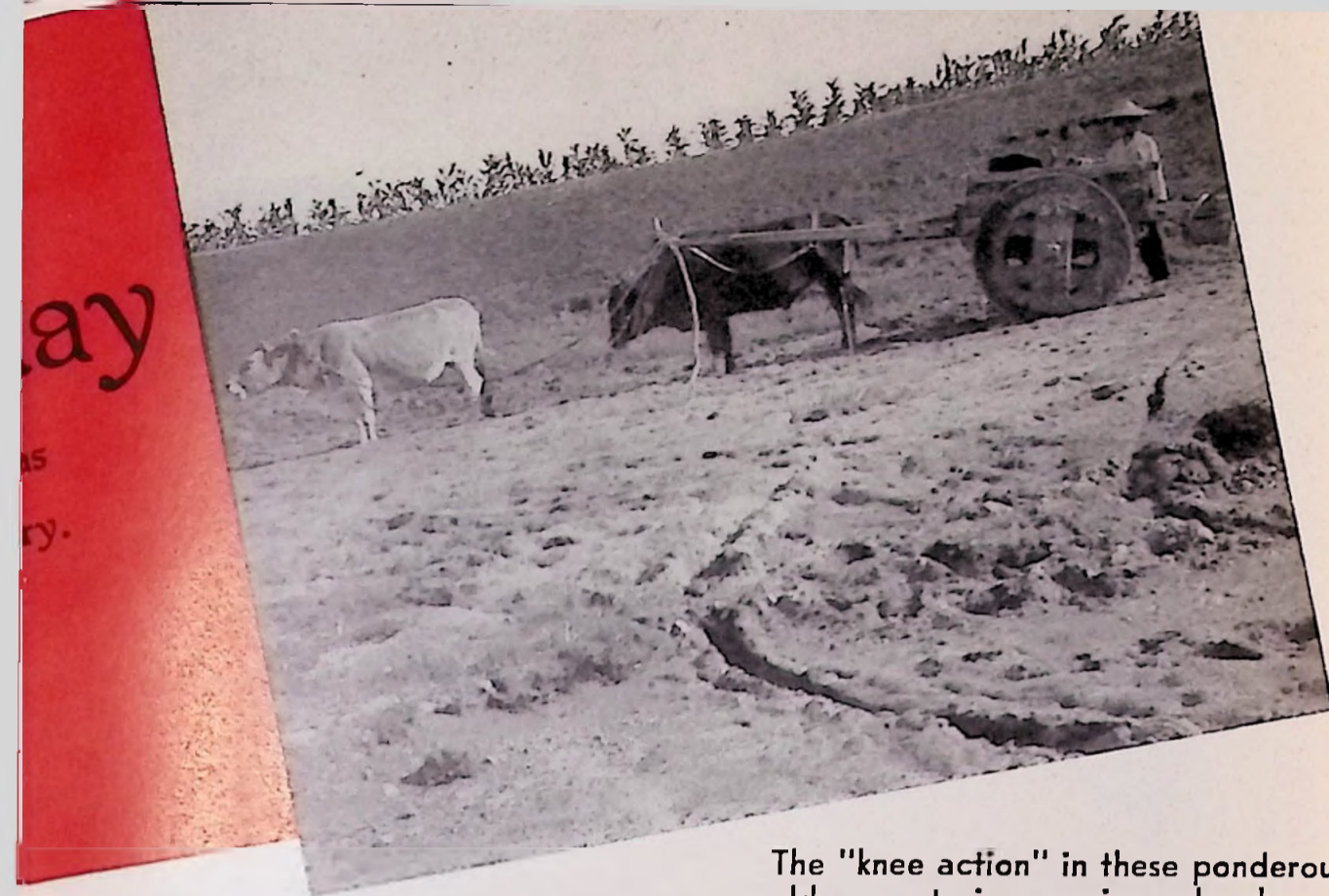
WHILE these preparations were going on, our *ma ch'e* was announced. Rapidly handing out last minute instructions, we went to the gate of the Compound where, behold! a ponderous oxcart (*ma ch'e*) awaited us. It was about four feet wide and seven or so feet long, held together by spikes, ropes and, especially, the grace of God. Piled to a height well over its low sides were boxes, crates and sacks of all shapes, and, as we found out later, of varying hardness.

When we saw our mode of transportation and noticed the general lack of sitting room, sprawling room or of any kind of room on its hard

surface, we just looked at one another and laughed. Very probably, the same thoughts were occurring to each of us. Quite a group of friendly natives crowded around the cart, gaping at the *ta pi tzu*, one of their names for foreigners, meaning "big noses." If there is one thing that China, above any other nation, can guarantee, it is a group of curious on-lookers, be the time 2:00 a.m., or 2:00 p.m.

HOWEVER, time was a-wastin', so we climbed on and grabbed the first thing that came into our hands. It was then that the mule drivers, two brothers dressed in the typical Chinese summer undress, gave that peculiar sound—"thrrrr, thrrrr"—with the r's rolled in rich Scotch fashion. With much creaking, the heavy wheels slowly began to turn, beginning their long and painful journey across the hot, open plain. At the village gates we were stopped for a minute during which we and the rest of the cargo were given a cursory inspection. Then the gates swung back and we rolled through them, out onto the cart road. Recent rains had softened this, washing deep rivulets in it, giving the sensation of riding over a field full of shell holes.

Jostling one another, bumping on the uncushioned seats, buffeted now on one side, now on the other, we looked forward with dismay to the narrow ribbon of road that stretched in front as far as we could see.



The "knee action" in these ponderous old ox-carts is conspicuously absent.

What made it even worse was the fact that paralleling us was a fine broad highway, without the slightest sign of traffic on it. Why didn't we use it? There was reason in our madness as you will see. This highway had been built against the wishes of the farmers whose land it cut up, consequently they disliked any one that used it.

IN proof of their dislike, let me mention what had happened during the two weeks before this date. A certain Korean had bought the road rights for an estimated eighty thousand dollars Chinese, more than an ordinary fortune here. Added to this was an additional sum of about one hundred thousand dollars, the price of five new busses. So far, so good, but don't forget that this is rebel country. The first time that these busses made their scheduled run was also the last one for two of them. It seems that when the machines were about half-way to their destination, the fields on both sides of the highway sprang to life in the shape of many highwaymen, well-armed.

At the sight of this unlooked-for event the drivers naturally stopped the cars, whereupon they and all the passengers were ordered to descend. Obeying readily enough, they received the further command to clear out of that vicinity quickly if they knew what was good for them. Without disputing their rights in the least, the former occupants turned, and with a prickly feeling running up and down their spines,

walked away, some nervously breaking into a half-trot now and then.

MEANWHILE, the highwaymen had work to do. Turning the wheels of the busses towards the ditch, they pushed them across the road until they crashed into the ready-made grave. And there, the rebels, not content, set fire to the still shining, beautiful busses.

Foolishly enough, the Bus Company attempted to continue their ordinary schedule after this setback. A few days later one of the machines was rolling at a good speed. It reached the site of the tragedy, passed the ditch-grave where the two charred and twisted chassis gave mute evidence of violence. Just when the occupants were congratulating themselves on having successfully passed the danger zone, a sharp rat-tat-tat of a machine gun threw them into a panic. But the bullets were not hitting them. It was the tires that were being used for targets. Again the bus stopped and was set afire.

BY this time we had been going for about three hours, with the sun climbing higher and higher in the heavens. On all sides the land had a parched look about it, despite the rains. Everything in the wagon was burning to the touch, and though we had sun helmets and umbrellas, still we began to wilt.

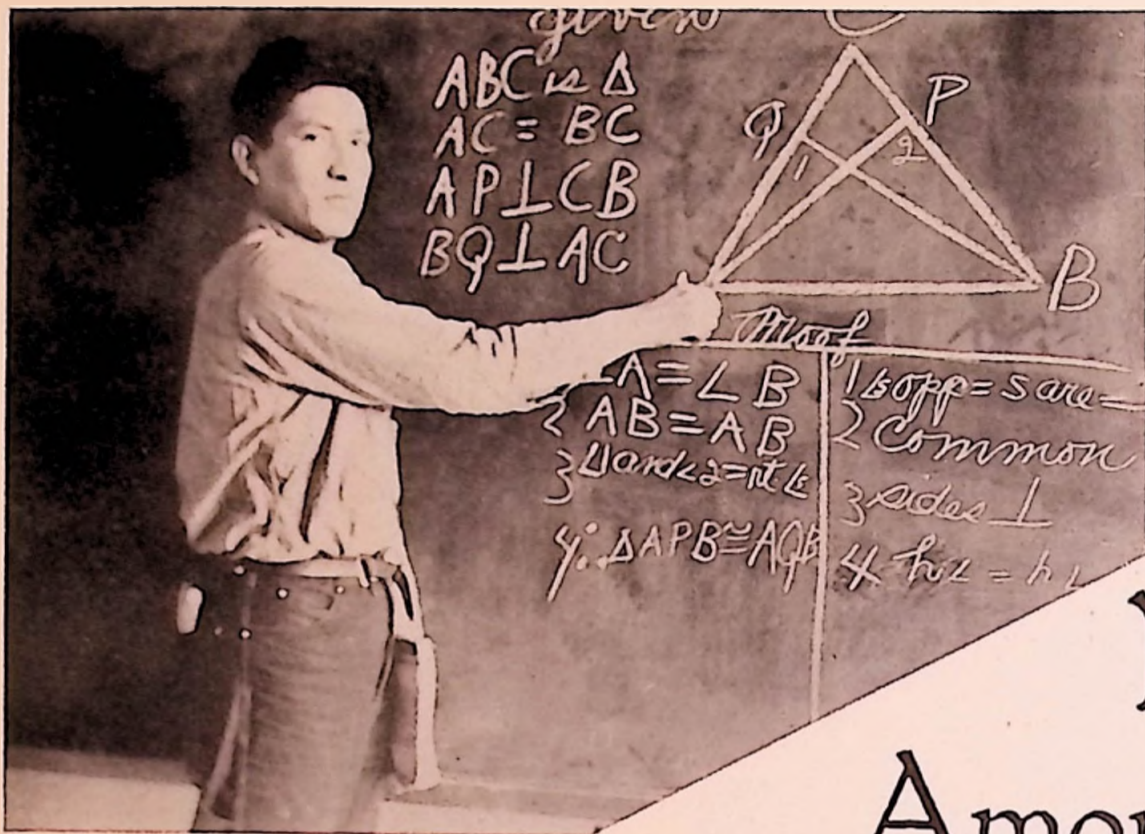
Eleven o'clock came and the muleteers raised our spirits by saying that in an hour we would be

at the midway station where we would stop for a short rest, and take our lunch. The hour passed quickly enough, but there was no sign of our station-house. All we could see was a solitary farmer tilling the dry soil, doing his best to eke out a bare existence from reluctant Mother Earth.

BEFORE we had time to realize it, we had swung around a turn in the road and were in a small village. Quickly we were surrounded by a group of sullen-faced farmers, about twenty in all. Our drivers whispered softly that these were the rebels—rebels, though, in the sense that the Minute Men of Concord and Lexington, fighting for the freedom of their country, were rebels. "Hsia pa!" said one of them. In plain English—"Get down!" We did so, wondering what would happen. Then a boy of about eighteen years, wishing, it seemed to have "face" among his fellowmen, said brusquely, "Open your bags." Again we obeyed, hoping that we had no forbidden goods in them. Finding two *new* face towels, he asked: "Where were these made?" "In America," we answered in unison. "Uh," he responded.

THEN came the crux of the search. Our young friend opened a Mass kit we had with us. On the chasuble was written in English: Made in Japan. Pointing to these words which, fortunately, he did not understand, he inquired: "Made where?" "Oh," said one of our group, neatly avoiding the question, "this is very old." Before any more questions could be asked—which might have proved embarrassing for us—an older, more friendly man stepped forward and motioned to us with his hand to climb on our wagon and continue on.

Reluctantly, the eighteen year oldster let his potential prey slip from his grasp. We remounted our cart, bowed politely to our rescuer, ignoring the young man, and thankful for such an easy exit, made our way out of the village. Later on we heard a pathetic story in which the men of this little village were the chief actors. (Turn to page 27)



Mike One Star, a 100% Sioux, is an apt student in geometric problems.

When the descendants of Sitting Bull meet up with a quadratic equation what happens?

Lawrence Helmueller, S.J.

Mathematics Among the Sioux

ARE Indians good at mathematics? This is a question many people will answer with an emphatic "No." The connotation is that if an individual has not at least some white blood in his veins, he is mentally incapable of learning anything as abstract as algebra or geometry, to say nothing of the higher branches of mathematics.

From personal experience, I have found that this belief is unfounded. I have taught Indians mathematics for more than two years, and I have found that they are, as a race, capable of grasping mathematical concepts quite readily.

WHEN I first arrived at the St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota, one of the first tasks I had was to tutor a couple of "flunkies" in algebra. I went to work by getting them up in the classroom at more or less regular intervals during free time and showing them some of the more fundamental processes of algebra, but with little success. After about a week of drilling, an examination was given, with an almost hopeless result.

As far as I could judge, their failure was due to the poor foundation that they had in arithmetic. However, we started over, and after another week or so we had another exam. This time the results were

more encouraging, but not good enough to warrant passing the boys. It was only after a half dozen exams had been given that I felt justified in giving them passing grades.

While these "flunkies" were learning enough algebra to pass, they were also studying geometry. Ordinarily, a poor algebra student makes a poor geometrician, but in the case of these two Reds, this was not true. However, it was not until the second semester that these mathematical Indian flowers began to bud and blossom.

BY the end of the year, one of them got very close to the top of the class. He could be given almost any kind of problem, whether it was in the class text book or in some other reference book, and he would finish it in a few minutes. Toward the end of the scholastic year, it became difficult for me to find any new problems for him.

In order to satisfy his mathematical hunger, I would have him correct the papers of the rest of the class. In this work he was very reliable, and I do not think that it is an exaggeration to say that he was more exacting in regard to himself than to the rest of the class. I did my best to discover any cheating, but failed.

Although I have so far dealt mainly with one or two individual Indians, yet what has been said

about them is applicable to almost all of them, where algebra or geometry is concerned. Indians are, as a rule, quite apt at learning mathematics. Those who claim the contrary, are talking through their hats. Either they are parroting somebody else who does not know the Indian, or else they have never given him a fair chance. Of course, he has to be carefully trained just as the white child does. Given this, and all the other paraphernalia used in teaching mathematics, the Indian will do very well.

IT may be of interest to my readers to know that half of the day of our students is spent in the barn, the garden, the field, or the shop. There they learn the trade which they hope will help them earn a living when they return home after graduation. Thus, during their four years of high school, the students at St. Francis have only half the time that the ordinary high school students have to master Latin, English, History and Mathematics. Yet, despite this handicap, many of our students master not only one, as for example, algebra mentioned above, but also a number of other subjects. Young Sioux may not readily exchange the joy of the saddle for the thrill of finding the area of a given triangle but experience proves they can do the latter very well if they put their minds to it.



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Mission Endangered

The Japanese military sneak which shattered the peace and Christmas expectation in many American homes was felt here at JESUIT MISSIONS. When the bombers roared over Manila Bay, the largest and most progressive Mission of the American Jesuits became the field of action in this latest phase of World War II. A staff of 250 Jesuits is working in this new war zone. Of these, 115 are American Jesuits. With the first rumor of Japanese treachery, parents and friends were besieging this office for news. At the time we had nothing to offer except to caution against the wild rumors which were flying thick and fast. Since that time, Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Philippine Mission, cabled that everyone was safe and that we were not to worry.

The Immaculate Conception

It may be a consoling thought to all of us to know that the Japanese attack was launched on the eve of the Immaculate Conception and our declaration of war came on the feast itself. Our Lady, therefore, should keep our men safe, not only because these Jesuits are in the Philippines, in the service of her Divine Son, but also because almost half of them come from a land dedicated to herself, expressly under the title of the Immaculate Conception. For the present, then, the best thing we can do is to place them in her charge and care. She who is "as terrible as an army set in array" will shield them from harm. Unarmed she is but her mere word will strike deep-

er than steel and keep our brothers safe even in a rain of death.

They Will Stick

Ahead of these men lie days and months of danger. For that reason, all co-missionaries at home must commend these Jesuits to God in unceasing prayer. The American Jesuits in the Philippines suspected this danger was coming sooner or later.

About a year ago Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., wrote to us from Cagayan: "If the war should come here we all will stick to our posts as we are duty bound unless Superiors decree otherwise. Our only worry is that if war should come to the States we should suffer from lack of help. But God is watching over us, and we must trust to His loving Sacred Heart to watch over us." At that time Bishop Hayes wrote these words to squelch the false rumor that the Jesuits would return home in case of war. You may rest assured then that our men over there will carry on just as if life were normal.

We at home must try to be just as calmly confident and sure of God's Providence as the missionaries themselves. We do no good worrying. Of course, it is natural that a flurry of fear should shake our hearts, but we must draw courage from the attitude of the missionaries, engaged in the work of Christ. So often in the past have they experienced His visible Providence in their behalf, that the war will be but one more challenge to their faith and trust in Him.

Recall, too, the fact that our Jesuit Fathers have carried on heroically for the past few years in war-

torn China, with very few actual casualties from war. Their Christ-like sympathy and compassion has won the admiration and approval of all China. Who can foresee, then, the spiritual effects this national admiration may beget in time from grateful hearts?

Opportunity Knocks

The missionary is the herald of peace but sometimes his best work is done in a few hours when men are caught up in the whirlwind of war. In the charred rubble of his crumbling material world, the soul of man becomes more vibrant and receptive to spiritual truths. When everything is rudely snatched from him by the iron fist of war, he must turn to something, someone. Then must the missionary be by his side to prove to his people that God is still God, that His Divine Charity still persists in this world, despite the evil will of men. By a hundred different acts, the missionaries' life at that moment will speak of Christ and His love for man in a voice louder than the thunder of the guns.

Death a Privilege

It is true danger is hanging over our brothers in foreign lands, but to face such danger should be a privilege if done in the service of Christ. If the President of the United States considers it a privilege and not a sacrifice to do and die for one's country, how much more so for the missionary following his Captain, Christ. We are willing to wager that they smile at our fears for their safety as they carry on with the confidence of men who know that they walk with God. JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

Missions on the Hudson

John W. Magan, S.J.

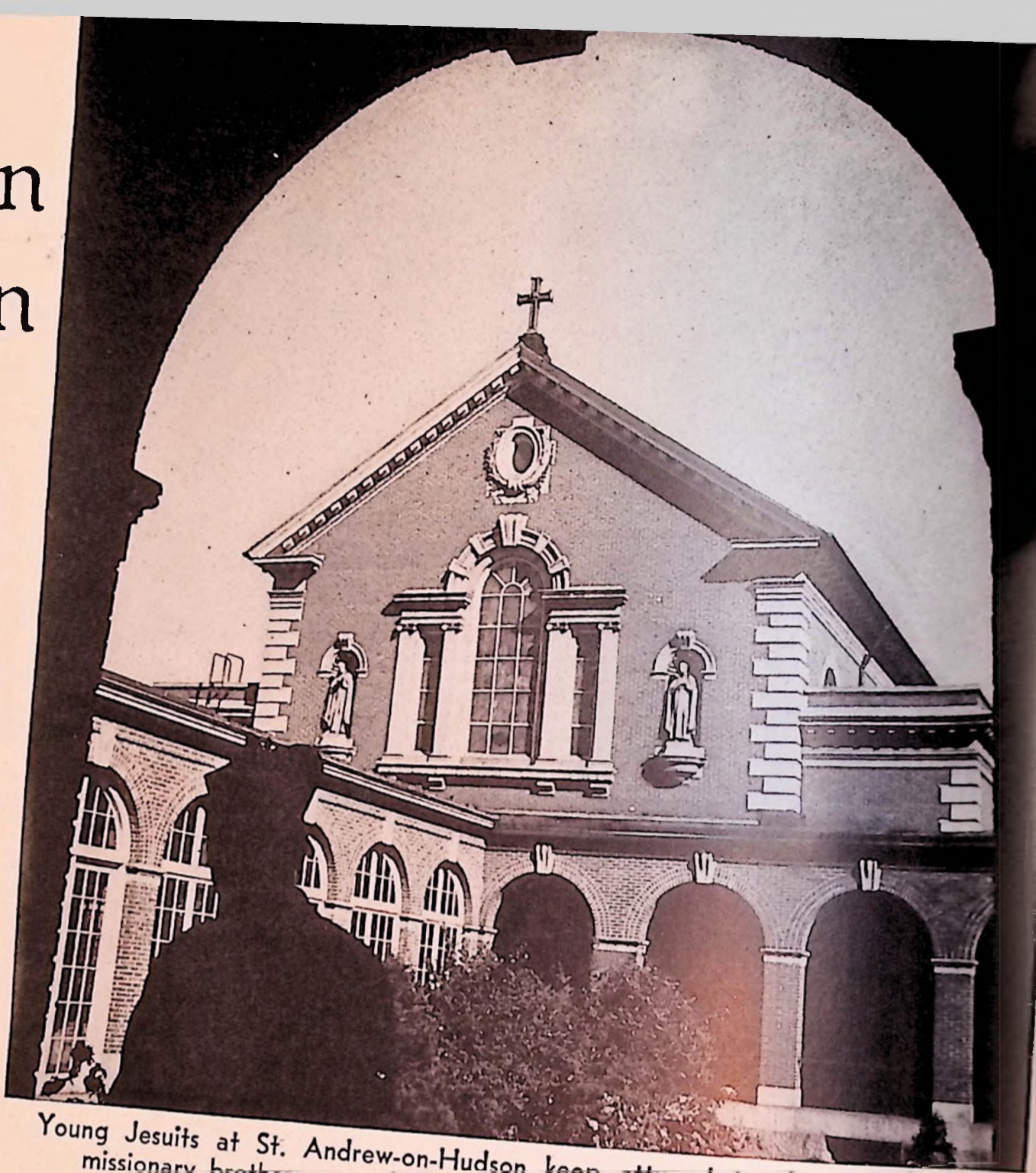
FOR most people the names of Poughkeepsie and Hyde Park bring associations of intercollegiate regattas and presidential estates, but for Jesuit Novices, at least, these two places have a far different meaning. When the Novices at Saint Andrew-on-Hudson think of the town to the north or the city to the south of them they immediately bring to mind the souls for whose salvation they feel personally responsible.

Not one of these souls lives in the fashionable homes of which each of these two hundred and fifty year old settlements are so proud. Most of them reside in hovels near the railroad tracks or in the poverty-stricken farm lands just up from the dampness of the river, and the ones who receive the greatest share of the Novices' devotion are all Negroes.

IT all started back in 1932 when some little pickaninnies were spied on a street corner in Poughkeepsie. Were they Catholics? How could they be? There was no one to take care of them or to give them instructions. The realization of this was the beginning, and a few days later a band of Novices armed with a relic of Xavier, the greatest of Jesuit missionaries, walked the four miles to Poughkeepsie to search for Negroes who would be willing to listen to their words.

When a docile father and his five sons were found, the Colored Mission of Christ the King had begun, and to this day it continues, together with another named in honor of Saint Peter Claver, and flourishes as strongly as the novitiate itself.

Each Sunday morning a group of Novices can be found in the river-front neighborhood of Water Street or William Street or in the other Negro settlement on the east side of the town, making their house



Young Jesuits at St. Andrew-on-Hudson keep attuned to the spirit of their missionary brothers around the world by mission work in Poughkeepsie.

to house canvass, gathering children and adults alike to whom they would give Christ's message. Classes are held in the rooms of Saint Peter's Parochial School, and, for those who live too far from here, in the parlor of some generous Colored family.

BUT the week's work is not completed on Sunday morning. On Thursdays, too, these youthful Jesuits give up their recreation and tramp the Post Road to the city. Up creaking tenement stairs they go and call at the home of every family on their route. While the mother does her ironing and the father rocks a baby or sweeps the floor a little instruction is given them by these zealous hopefuls whom the Negroes reverently style "da brudders."

Religious magazines are left in each home that the members of the family might read during the days between the visits.

Things spiritual are uppermost in the minds of the novices but they

do not stop when they have contributed to the spiritual betterment of these much neglected people. During the winter months their truck, loaded with wood, which is cut by the Juniors at the novitiate, makes regular trips to the city and a supply is given to every family. Clothes, too, and sometimes food are also distributed particularly to the more destitute. A little entertainment, presented by the children under the direction of their catechists, is the Novices' contribution to the enjoyment of their little Colored flock.

FOR those who like statistics the Novitiate Mission Records have some happy ones to offer. Thus far the work with the Colored people has resulted in ninety-eight conversions and in several remarkable examples of the reception of the sacraments at the time of death. One woman, for example, who stayed from the waters of Baptism though she was under (Turn to page 28)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



NEWS FROM TIGRIS TOWN

• The following news came from Mr. Clement Armitage, S.J., who is teaching in Baghdad College, in the amazingly short space of twenty-five days.

• "Perhaps Christmas will be long past by the time this arrives, but still would we beg of you a little present. When you encounter a friend of Baghdad College would you be kind enough to inform him that the Fathers did not send any Christmas greetings this year owing to the uncertainties of communications? But if we had sent any, we intended to remember absolutely everybody this year. So everybody owes us a card. And if this phantom friend presses you for a little more information about the talk of Tigris Town, you might be able to use something of the following.

IN THE GROOVE AGAIN

• "Only now we are beginning to settle down to the ordinary life of the school. Various bottlenecks have hindered the smoothness of the machine. For one thing the Government examinations which must be taken by our boys in third and fifth years were not held until September, owing to the fracas of last May. This meant that we must wait until the results of the exams were known before we could determine the personnel of the various years. There was also the difficulty that we could not accept boys into first year until we knew whether or not they had passed the Government primary exam. Again, the boys who were conditioned in Govern-

ment exams were busy studying for their second trial with the result that the regular class work was doomed to a little neglect. But now everybody is back in the groove and the assembly line is beginning to function properly once more.

FULL HOUSE

• You could easily conclude from the numbers that we are not going in for mass production but as a matter of fact our enrollment is just about our capacity. We have been forced to reject many applicants because of lack of room in the various classes. And this, too, in spite of the fact that it was imperative to raise the tuition fees this year.

• "All food stuffs have rocketed, as well as many other things, and although it is possible to get anything you want, you must pay early for that satisfaction. Of course, it is an old game that is played during every year but it certainly doesn't improve with age. If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach there are some people in business here who are not winning many hearts. For instance, being Irish, we like our potatoes but we can heartily thank God we are Irish enough to be able to joke when potatoes are too dear to warrant their consumption.

• "Messrs. George Hoyt, S.J., and Francis Cronin, S.J., have come out of their retirement to enter the active life of teaching. Mister Joseph Fennell, S.J., turns aside from the turmoil of the

classroom to formally begin his study of the Arabic language. Otherwise, the same shining morning faces are seen daily on the rostrum.

ALL'S QUIET AT BAGHDAD

• "If you should meet a friend of Baghdad College who is interested in atmosphere, you might tell him that the Tigris still rolls quietly by our door; a delightful breeze forever sways the fronds of the palm trees; the orange trees will be in blossom soon; and the clear, starlit nights are divine. Our happy family circle is at peace, more or less, with the world. We peer out from behind our new brick walls which now is in its last stages of completion and there is no blood to be seen, no thunder of guns to be heard, or drone of planes. The date harvest is being gathered in the century-old way—and there seems to be peace in the City of Peace.

IT'S ONLY THE BISHOP

• The following humorous incident occurred in a *barrio* in the Bukidnon hills. Father Francis D. Doino, S.J., hardworking pastor of Linabo, Bukidnon, P. I., had brought Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., to this outlying mission for Confirmation. When they arrived there was no sign of the children. A searching party set out in all directions. They scoured the town, climbing up the rickety stairs of hut after hut with no success. Meanwhile, the Bishop waited patiently outside the bamboo chapel. Father Doino and those who had gone towards the school at length



Father Francis D. Doino, S.J., who is pioneering in one of the outpost missions, Linabo in the Bukidnon foothills, P. I., hopes one day to devote himself entirely to mission work among the pagan native tribes of Mindanao.

gave up the search and returned, not knowing what to tell the Bishop.

• As they approached the chapel, they saw a crowd of youngsters running towards the chapel. The Bishop's chauffeur who brought up the rear wore a triumphant grin. As they passed into the chapel, the children took a very careful look at the Bishop. The chauffeur cleared up the mystery to the satisfaction of all.

• "They all think it's vaccination. They were afraid and ran away. I had to go under the beds after them." It seems that the children seeing the car coming down the street thought it was the Sanitary Inspector instead of the Bishop. The word passed quickly and all took to cover. At the end of that trip, according to Father Doino, the Bishop had confirmed a grand total of 2,320 youngsters.

TOP OF THE WORLD

• High above the Arctic Circle on the Bering Sea is Kotzebue—the northernmost mission in the

world. A letter from its new pastor, Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., has just arrived and, although it was a long time on the way we quote it notwithstanding.

• "A strong wind is blowing from the North and it is with haste that a fire is lighted in the dark early morning. Even in this northerly village there are always a few who brave the rigors of the elements and come to daily Mass. The mercury will soon drop to 40, 50, yes, 60 below and still these devoted Eskimos will come. It was with pleasure that I said Mass before them and realized with a thrill that this was the only Mass in Alaska celebrated above the Arctic Circle.

• "Kotzebue is a busy place these days. All are hustling to get their supply of wood or coal. *Beluga*, the white whale, is being relentlessly pursued, caught and hung up to dry. Boat loads of flounders, herrings and smelt are also netted and either dried or frozen and then sacked for the lean, hungry days to follow.

HE DIGS FOR SOULS

• "The little Catholic church here is situated next to the landing field and hangar. Planes are working overtime these days. If one is curious he can see them drop out of the clouds sometimes four or five a day. Miners are returning from their camps in the Kobuk and Noatak districts. Not all have struck it rich. Disappointment is the lot of many. How often thousands of dollars are sunk in the ground with nothing coming out. But the gamble lures people on. The rich finds are wildly broadcast; the failures are not news items and somehow or other slip from view only to be replaced by others anxious to try their luck.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

• "I have been received here by marked courtesy from all the Whites and by respect and joy from the Catholic Eskimo. I might close this letter by asking for a little paint to brighten the interior and exterior of my little Arctic church; I also issue an appeal for song books, Christian Brothers' Manual and for phonographs of every description. It is by music that I expect to win the superior and uninterested Eskimo to the door of the Catholic Church."

NEW SOURDOUGH

• Alaska's newest missionary is Father Norman Donohue, S.J. After a trip of four weeks from Seattle he finally arrived in his mission post of Holy Cross. He writes:

• "My first month here has been very pleasant. Father James C. Spils, S.J., is kept busy in his new duties as Superior. Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., stayed for a week after I arrived, going down to Akulurak on their new boat, the *S.S. Sifton*. Brother Georges Feltes, S.J., had brought it up, and has joined our Community, as Brothers Charles Wickart, S.J., and Peter Wilhelm, S.J., from Pilgrim Springs had been assigned to Akulurak.

Mr. Bernard Duffy, S.J., who left for Alaska six weeks ahead of me, has fitted in excellently here, learning his new duties under Mr. Cornelius Murphy's guidance.

FERDINAND'S IN ALASKA

• "There were two passengers from Tanana to Holy Cross, myself and 'Ferdinand.' Ferdinand is a six months old bull, the latest addition to Brother Hugo Horan's herd. Since my arrival, Brother John Hess, S.J., made a two-hundred mile trip up the Innoko River to work a coal mine he has discovered and Brother Aloysius Laird, S.J., has made several trips up the Yukon after firewood; we will be prepared for a long, hard winter."

• "In all, it was an interesting and enjoyable trip. All was new to me and I thoroughly enjoyed much that an oldtimer might not have noticed. Please pray that I may do well up here; that God may bless my work."

GREAT FAITH BUT NO CHURCH

• Four years ago the Church of El Carmen at Benque Viejo was completely destroyed by fire. Since that day the zealous pastor, Father Anthony R.

Kuenzel, S.J., has been trying to rebuild it but without notable success. He writes:

• "My people are a very Catholic population owing to the fine work by their zealous missionaries in times past. In a population of twelve hundred, less than twenty-five are of another Faith. Protestant missionaries have resorted to devious ways to ensnare our people but so far, *Deo Gratias*, they have had no success worth regarding. This must be ascribed chiefly to our people's great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Each family has its *altarcito* where some picture or statue of the *Inmaculada* figures very prominently.

• Unfortunately, money is always a necessary requisite for building, especially a church of any size, since some skilled men simply have to be employed and certain building material must be purchased, however, we are going to continue to pray and trust that Mary, Queen of the Missions will not let us down."

"SANTAL JIM"

• About a year ago the veteran missionary, Father James A. Creane, S.J., (Santal Jim), was



Father Daniel F. Dwyer, S.J., pastor, forgets the poverty and misery and cares of St. Anne's Parish, Kingston, Jamaica, as he questions his young charges on their catechism.

sent to a new and undeveloped field in Gaya, India. Now after months of hard and apparently unfruitful work he reports that he has finally begun to make an impression upon the people.

• "During a recent cholera epidemic we gave out medicine to hundreds of villagers and had the consolation of baptizing about thirty of the cholera patients. In one village of middle class Hindus where we had a number of Baptisms the people are now very friendly and there is at least a remote hope of some conversions among them, if we can do the right sort of follow-up work. Oh for the generous soul who will make a boarding school a possibility for the children, both boys and girls, of just such people

• "But let no one be so foolish as to believe that the step from remote hope to reality is an easy one. Far from it. Thousands of difficulties have to be overcome, persecutions have to be suffered, the cross must be shouldered and carried. The grain of wheat must die before it yields its fruit. The price of souls is blood. Satan is not to allow any inroads into his kingdom where he has had undisputed sway for centuries."



A year and a half ago veteran bush man and zealous missionary, Father James A. Creane, S.J., of the Chicago Province, was placed in charge of the whole Gaya district in India. By visiting a village a day it would take him more than sixteen years to cover his present mission territory just once.

UNITED WE STAND

More than ever before must there be forged a strong, enduring union between American Catholics and our mission lands, many of them so wantonly attacked.

Today's battles find stalwart students of our mission schools in the Philippines struggling gloriously alongside our own sons.

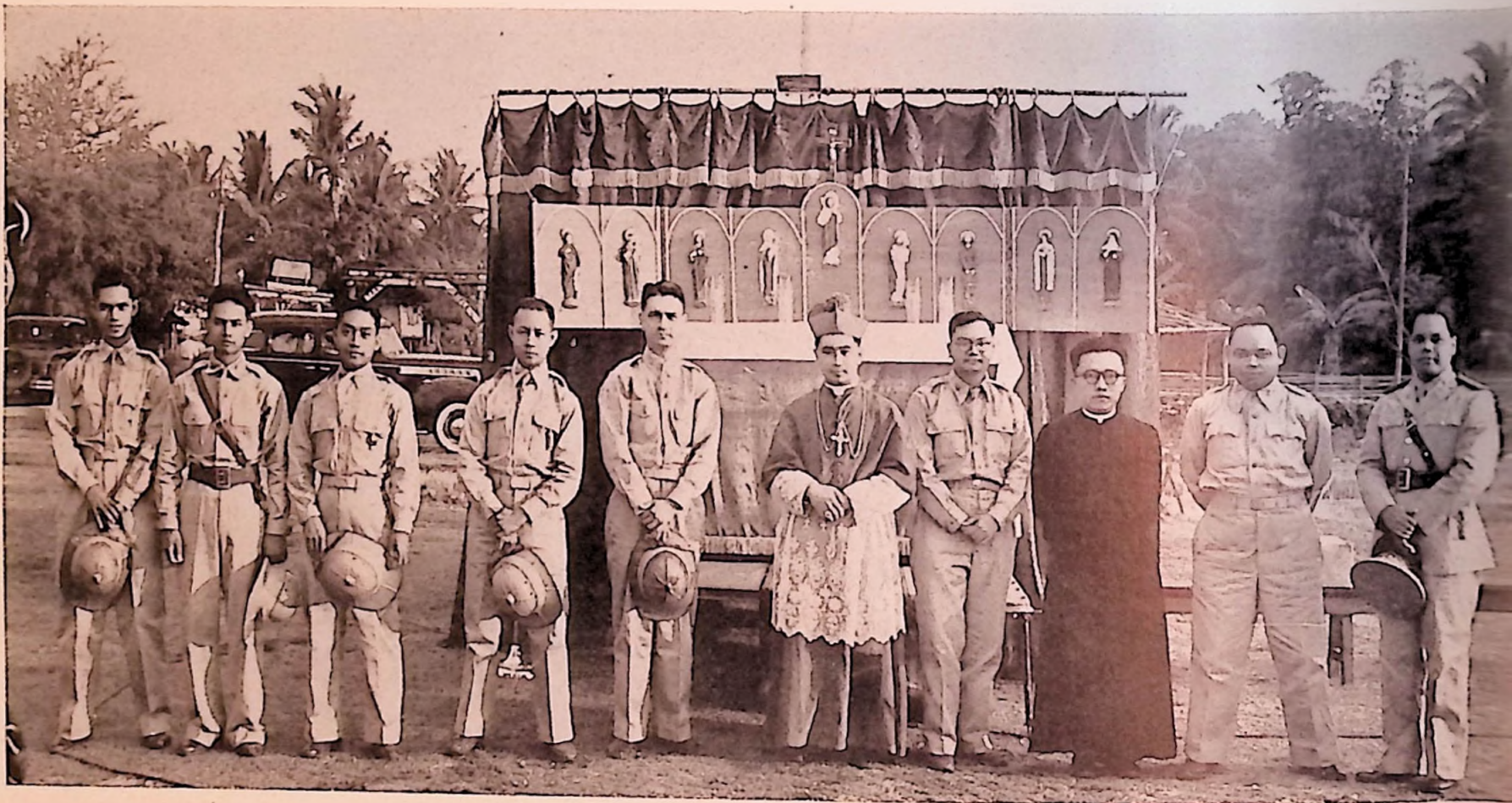
You and I—are we teamed up with these gallant souls? We can be so easily and effectively.



Round the Mass (here celebrated by a Jesuit Chaplain) all barriers fade.

Below, Bishop Madriaga, a Jesuit alumnus, officiates at military Mass. His diocese has been most continually under fire with repeated landing attempts by the Japanese.

MASSES



WHAT WE CAN DO

In disaster we rate any help on its immediate effectiveness. We Catholics have the most effective and immediate source of help the world has ever known—the Mass.

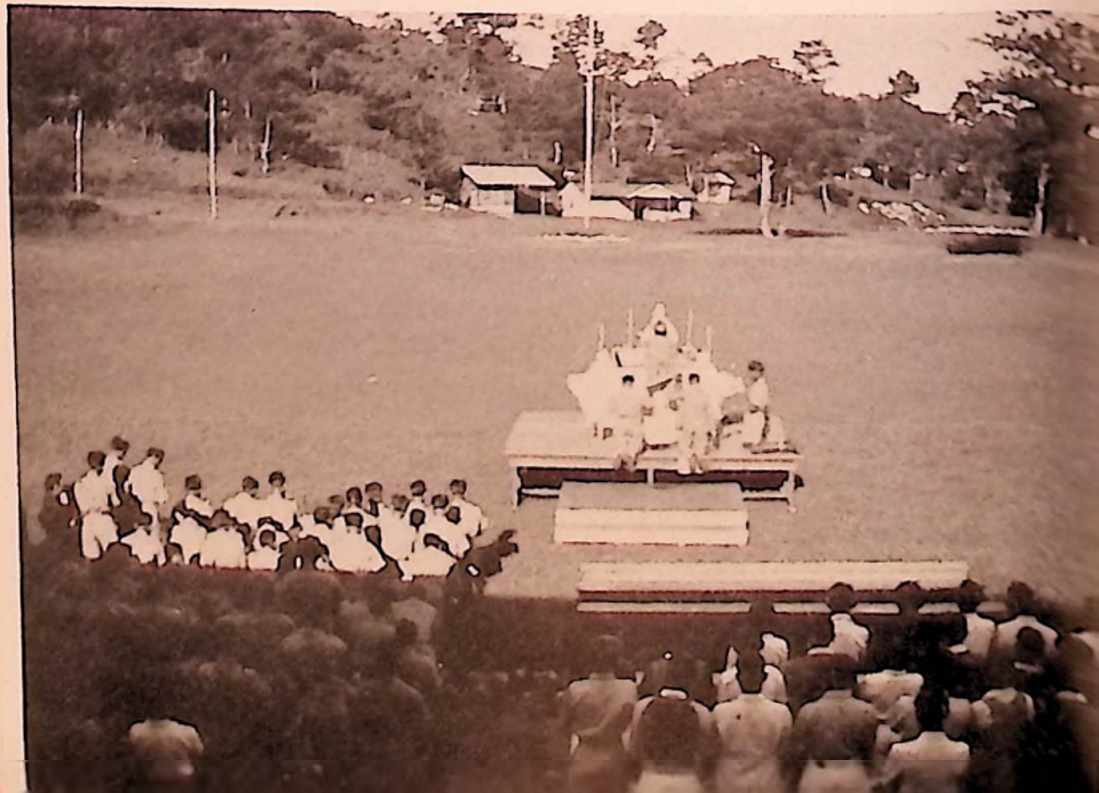
The Mass batters down barriers of time, space and nationality. Its sacrifice being infinite it knows no human limitations.

Today's tragedies turn us to prayer. Then, why not make more use of the greatest prayer—the living prayer of Christ's eternal sacrifice?

Today, arrange to have Mass offered for intentions like the following: our country — our missions — those to die this day (or any day) in the war. Thus, too, will you be helping our missions.

**Send All Intentions and Offerings to
Jesuit Missions, 257 Fourth Ave., N. Y.**

Below—the young Filipino Army attends Mass. Help bring final victory to them through the Mass.



COMMUNICATIONS

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

After Fifteen Years . . .

" . . . I still read and reread and advertise the JESUIT MISSIONS. Lord bless you and your noble work."

Dayton, Ohio.

(REV.) WM. P. MANION, S.J.

*

" . . . Enclosed find \$5.00—three years subscription, the extra you may put any place you can to use it. How I enjoy reading my magazine.

Boston, Mass. MARY DONNELLY.

*

" . . . Congratulations on the great work you are doing.

"The JESUIT MISSIONS is a most interesting, instructive and up-to-date magazine."

(REV.) JOSEPH L. HEALY, S.J.

New York, N. Y.

*

" . . . We hope and pray that our kind friend, the Reverend 'Business Editor' will have a very successful year, and that the 'inspiring and interesting' magazine will benefit countless souls."

THE SISTERS OF THE VISITATION.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

*

A Litany of Praise . . .

" . . . Thank you for reminding me as I enjoy reading the magazine. The articles humorous as well as instructive bring more forcibly to light the needs of the missions as well as the appreciation the missionaries feel for all those assisting them.

MRS. C. LIVINGSTON

New York, N. Y.

*

" . . . I'm grateful, too, for the space given me in your July-August number. A week before my copy arrived, I already had two letters from U. S. A. referring to the article. Who says people do not read J. M.? Some years ago just a stray paragraph with my photo (India's ugliest old Indian!) brought me the magnificent sum of \$1,000—followed later by \$2,000 more. So you can judge how vital a part you and your staff play in making Christ known and loved . . ."

India.

(REV.) P. SONTAG, S.J.



Mission Garden Tea
FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES

" . . . May I congratulate you on your magazine. It grows more interesting each year."

New York, N. Y. ELEANOR S. FITCH

*

For Our Friends

'O God, who by the grace of the Holy Spirit didst pour the gifts of charity into the hearts of Thy faithful, grant health of mind and body to Thy Servants and handmaids, for whom we entreat Thy clemency, that they may love Thee with all their strength and accomplish with perfect love what is pleasing to Thee.'

—from the Roman Missal
The Editors.

From Clergy, Religious and Laity . . .

" . . . JESUIT MISSIONS, especially Father Amy, has always been one of the best friends that the Ateneo de Cagayan has ever had."

(REV.) EDWARD J. HAGGERTY, S.J.

Cagayan, P. I.

*

" . . . I think your Book is grand, would not be without it. I send it to the camp in South Carolina when I read it hoping the men may enjoy reading it and know what the missionaries are doing and suffering for God."

Brooklyn, N. Y. MARY A. HUNT.

*

" . . . We are enclosing our renewal for JESUIT MISSIONS. We wish two copies a month beginning with the January number.

"Our Catholic Literature Committee is maintaining a TAKE IT AND READ IT rack in the school corridor. The girls pledge themselves to read a particular magazine thoroughly each month and to discuss it among themselves. JESUIT MISSIONS is proving popular with its group. For that reason we need the extra copy for preservation and reference (I might say 'reverence') in the Library."

SISTER MARY CANISIUS.

Monroe, Mich.

*

Calls God's Blessings On All

" . . . God bless you in your work. We appreciate it."

(REV.) F. G. DEEVY, S.J.

Jamaica, B. W. I.

*

" . . . With my sincerest thanks for your wonderful magazine I want to express my appreciation for this past year, not only by renewing my subscription but giving you two more—I am most desirous of spreading your most instructive magazine of the Missions."

Detroit, Mich.

JAMES BARLAGE.



Elliott ADDRESSERETTE
A small addressing machine for Clubs, Lodges, Associations, Churches, Small Stores and Offices—anyone who wants to save time and labor and the bother of hand or typewriter addressing.

Write for illustrated folder.

THE ELLIOTT CO.
143 Albany St.
Cambridge, Mass.

The Lowest-Priced Addressing Machine Ever Offered
\$17.50
Prices—Denver West Slightly Higher

What Do You Think?

You were absent when I dropped in at your office a short time ago while on a flier to New York. So you won't mind my writing of a typical reaction of a man "from the interior."

My work takes me into the madding tempo of the metropolis and down the crossroads of the country. In such fashion have I come to know the habitat of many Catholic organizations like yours. Still, it took New York, more specifically your office, to pull the unexpected.

When I first started to track down JESUIT MISSIONS to discuss a long cherished ambition with one of your Editors, the farthest thought from my mind was that I would wind up two floors from the roof of a modern skyscraper.

So often have I seen our charitable organizations run from the cloistered quiet of a seminary or convent, or from the warm atmosphere of a rambling home but lately given over to God's work, that I haven't yet quiet recovered from the jolt I got at being whisked so abruptly to Suite 1806.

I suppose I haven't quite caught up to the modern trend (one pet peeve being the red tape surrounding so much of our charitable work), but it does seem that your work might fare much better were you in more congenial surroundings such as the at-ease-air of a parlor? Again, some sort of an exhibit or curio room would go a long way towards boosting your stocks. One of your assistants informed me rentals costs precluded any expansion like that. Wouldn't the permanent quarters of a residence supply the room?

I trust my acquaintances among your assistants will assure you that I do not write impertinently. Excuse, then, the forwardness of an old Jesuit boy whose teachers always fostered open mindedness.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

A JESUIT GRAD.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

Conducted by the Jesuits

Outstanding Educators Since 1534
Four Centuries of Progress

Graduate . . . College of Arts and Sciences (Lake Shore Division) . . . University College (Downtown Division) . . . Law . . . Medicine . . . Dentistry . . . Nursing . . . Social Work . . . Commerce . . . Home Study.



Despite these gloomy faces, the Filipino lepers are always ready for a song. So the Jesuits planned a fiesta for them.

WE often hear of impromptu speeches, impromptu programs, and even of impromptu marriages. But have you ever heard of impromptu baptisms? I am not referring to emergency baptisms of dying infants or pagans. And don't bother looking up your catechism because you will find nothing about them there. It is a long story.

It all happened at the Central Luzon Leper Colony, the spiritual care of which has been given over to us Jesuits of the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Philippines. The Colony is only about six kilometers from our place, and from our upper cloister the white-roofed bungalows that house about five hundred male patients are clearly discernible.

THE Colony was formally opened about a year and a half ago. Soon a steady stream of patients began to flow in coming from the over-crowded Hospital of San Lazaro in Manila. The Juniors of this house, of whom the writer is one, with the aid of the Holy Ghost, lost

Leper Baptism That "Did Not Take"

Aloysius Miciano, S.J.

no time in seeking the privilege of trading in their Sunday afternoon walk for a fast ride to the Leprosarium to teach the lepers how they may rise with bodies as white as snow on Judgment Day.

So it is that every Sunday afternoon, while the rest of the Juniors "plod their weary way" over the trackless hills that surround the Novitiate, four of us take our pleasant ride to the Leprosarium where bandaged, and, often, fingerless hands are waved in welcome as we approach. The lepers are especially loud in their greetings for the Junior who happens to be carrying the load of magazines we usually take along with us to provide the patients with something to reduce the number of working hours the devil enjoys at the Leprosarium, if we may hold that an idle mind is the devil's workshop.

HERE at the Leprosarium we find conclusive proof that in sickness or in health, in joy or in sadness, in fortune or misfortune, the Filipino has always a place in his heart for a song. So it is that our catechism class, mostly made up of adults, cannot otherwise begin but with a song which must always be sung in several voices—in fact, in as many voices as there are singers who number at least forty each Sunday.

After the song (Father Lord's "An Army of Youth" is a favorite), we start quizzing our listeners on various topics of the catechism. Everybody is eager to answer but most of the answers are real "howlers."

"Let us see, Tomas, what would you do if an unbaptized baby were dying and there were no priest at hand to administer Baptism?"

"Er-er-er-ah-I'll give it some

warm milk. That's good for it."

"Now, Tomas, do you know where that baby will go if it dies without Baptism?"

"Ah, I know the answer to that, Brother; ask me easy questions only, like that one."

"Well, Tomas, where will the baby go if it dies unbaptized?"

"Why, Brother, of course to the cemetery!"

But where are we? We were talking about impromptu Baptisms.

IT was one Saturday afternoon last vacation, the eve of a celebration we had planned and begged money for, and which was the answer to the clamors of the patients—"Brothers, let us have our fiesta. Why, even the smallest *barrio* has its own fiesta, and we who make up a regular community will not we have our own fiesta?" What we said about a Filipino's love for music goes for his fondness of fiestas. No, not even sickness can dull a Filipino's enthusiasm for a fiesta.

And so it was that we had to celebrate a fiesta which brought joy and laughter to every patient, including those who were prostrate in their beds.

But to come at last to our impromptu baptisms—as I said, it all happened on the eve of the fiesta. Father Rector, (Father Vincent Kennally, S.J.) and Father Paquing, S.J. Headmaster of the Ateneo Grade School, were hearing confessions, each taking for his confessional a corner of the Colony's wide open visitors' room which also serves as our chapel where upon an improvised altar, reminiscent of the manger at Bethlehem, Our dear Lord spent a few minutes among His own on Sunday mornings. Two of us Juniors were going among those

waiting for their turn at the confessional, now helping some to locate their prayers in their prayer books; now encouraging others to overcome their hesitation due to five, eight, ten or even fifteen years of lack of practise at the confessional; and finally disposing three patients whom we had prepared, in their middle age, to receive the redeeming waters of Baptism.

WHILE we were thus engaged one of our catechism pupils, who himself helps us prepare the little patients for their First Communion, and whom we have seen approach the sacraments regularly, came up to us and said:

"Brothers, I also want to be baptized this afternoon."

"You to be baptized?"

"Yes, Brothers. The other day I found out from my aunt who is also my godmother that I was baptized not in a Catholic church, but in the Aglipayan church at Azcarraga Street in Manila. Brothers, I want to be a Catholic. I want to go to confession now and receive Communion tomorrow. There will be no fiesta for me otherwise. And Brothers, you better talk to Romeo, my cottage-mate, because he also was told by his aunt who is his guardian that he was baptized by an Aglipayan *pari-pari*."

I found Romeo on his knees among those waiting by the confessional, turning the pages of his prayer book. Standing beside him, I asked:

"Romeo, what are you doing?"

"I am preparing for confession, Brother."

"Romeo, are you sure you have been baptized in the Catholic Church?"

"Up to last Tuesday I was, but now I am not sure. Can I not go to confession, Brother?"

I TOOK Romeo aside and explained to him why it was necessary for him to be baptized by a Catholic priest; I quizzed him on his catechism which he knew sufficiently well to receive conditional Baptism and make his real first Communion; and before I could ask him if he wanted to be baptized conditionally, he pleadingly shot forth



Every Sunday afternoon bandaged leprous hands wave a greeting to the young Jesuits from the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Novaliches.

the question, "Brother, can I be baptized also this afternoon?"

By this time there were no more confessions to hear. We presented our three candidates for Baptism whom we had long previously prepared, and also the two cases just described.

"By all means, we will baptize those two conditionally," said Father Rector, and so that afternoon we had more Baptisms than we had hoped for. This brings to a close our story about the impromptu Baptisms.

NOW let me weary you a little while longer with a short account of the fiesta itself.

The patients were up at three in the morning, and made as much noise as they could with empty barrels and cans to substitute for the band of music that customarily goes around a town to announce to the sleeping inhabitants that the day of the fiesta has come. The patients did not have a band that early.

We began Mass at about seven-thirty in the morning at which a capacity crowd attended. A sermon was preached in Tagalog by one of the Juniors. Over fifty patients approached the Holy Table and these were, after Mass, served some breakfast. We distributed oranges and cookies to those in the in-

firmery, and everybody else had their fill with the loud music with which a Manila band, hired for the occasion, rent the air.

Then games followed for the able-bodied, at which prizes were at stake. There was a contest for the cleanest cottage, in which the inspection was done simultaneously with the blessing of the cottages. In the afternoon the various prizes were distributed. Many faces beamed at the distribution and even bandaged and fingerless hands joined in the clapping.

WE had to hurry back home for Benediction. As the last cottage in the Colony faded away behind us, we all heaved a sigh of satisfaction at having made five hundred lepers forget all about their sorrows for a day. At the foot of Our Lord during Benediction, there was a certain glow of satisfaction and deep peace in our hearts. Like the Apostles we return to the feet of our Master exulting in our work. Christ Himself must have smiled once again to behold the joy in the hearts of His eager young disciples.

Ours is a rare privilege to have a leper colony right at our front door. Even a veteran missionary might envy us as we lift up and console Christ in these broken, disfigured bodies of the lepers of Luzon.



NEW BOOKS



"All the Day Long—The Life of James A. Walsh, Co-Founder of Maryknoll"

Daniel Sargent

"Be generous, self-forgetting, and patient now, so that your later life as a successful missionary will be assured." Bishop James Anthony Walsh, who wrote these words from his death bed to his seminarians, had already lived them. From his own days in the seminary he had devoted his life most generously to the cause of the foreign missions. As a parish priest he had preached about them; he labored to support them as Archdiocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. With a few friends he began his magazine, *The Field Ajar*, to stir up mission interest in America. He was led by God to assist in the foundation of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, more popularly known as Maryknoll.

James Anthony Walsh played a large part in the awakening of the United States to an awareness of the missions. He sent his first trained Maryknollers to China at the very time when the Church in our country had come of age and was able to help out elsewhere. With fresh enthusiasm his sons sailed to foreign lands to work side by side with the older Orders and Congregations of the Church.

Throughout a long life he labored incessantly and without reward for those who knew not Christ, until shortly before his death he was consecrated a Bishop by order of Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions.

Writing the life of such a man is not easy. Yet Mr. Sargent has been eminently successful. His understanding of the spirit of Maryknoll, which came from Bishop Walsh, would be remarkable in a Religious; it is doubly so in a layman. *Primum Regnum Dei* was inscribed on the Bishop's coat of arms. Mr. Sargent perceives the full force of the words. They sum up the aims of the co-founder of Maryknoll. In everything, and most of all, in his mission endeavors, he sought first the Kingdom of God. Zeal for souls governed his every action, so that each had the same ultimate purpose. By realizing this, the biographer unifies many disparate actions and makes this life of a man of action one complete whole. He writes in two-fold guise, first as a eulogist, then as a crusader, anxious that all American Catholics imitate James Anthony Walsh and turn their eyes towards the mission fields.

Longmans, Green and Company, New York, \$2.50.

For Cross and King

Alice Curtis Desmond

When Spain was young, Francis Pizarro, an adventurer of dauntless courage, came to the New World seeking his fortune. At the age of fifty-two he set out from Panama with his lieutenant, Almagro, to find the treasures of gold and precious jewels in the Inca Empire of Peru. This expedition gives the background for the story.

It is a tale of frightful hardships and desperate adventure, of strong men riding before hurricanes and battling the sea, of forced marches over hot sands and wild places, of hot blood and violent death. The greed for gold often marred the ideal for Cross and King. Against the scheming and cunning of the Pizarros were matched the fairness and loyalty of his lieutenant, Marshal de Almagro and the nobility and goodness of Diego, Almagro's son. Pizarro and Almagro both died in Peru. Diego strove to relieve the pitiful condition of the natives and to free them from slavery. His efforts in their behalf stirred up the hatred of the Spanish colonists. He got away with his life but had to leave Peru as an exile. He returned to Panama to find other deeds to perform for Cross and King.

Dodd, Meade and Company, New York, \$2.00.

Chats With Jesus

Rev. William H. Russell, Ph.D.

These are colloquies with Christ Himself. Calmly and quietly in a conversational manner, the author discusses various incidents in the Gospel. In reading the Gospel we have a tendency to move on rapidly to the next event without first reaping the full fruit of the present scene. These chats with Jesus linger and ruminate on various scenes bringing out the hidden meaning and strength of particular passages. They also give us a more intimate knowledge of the beautiful character of the "Son of Man."

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

Hi, Gang

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

These are the personal recollections of Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. They are friendly, companionable and very pleasant reading. The book is peopled with all the sweet memories of yesterday, recalling the days of bicycles, lemonade and valentines. With a manifest sympathy for youth, and a good fund of humor, Father Lord recalls for us his own grammar school days and the events that

loom large in the life of any youngster. The book is worth reading if only for the purpose of meeting "Sister Mary Chips."

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.00.

That Made Me Smile

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

The nature of Father Lord's work calls him to many places. Always his weather eye is open for incident and material for another pamphlet or book. This present volume is the result of incidents gathered through the years for his syndicated column called "Along the Way." The incidents are not uproariously funny, but they are humorous with a definite ecclesiastical tinge. They come mainly from the classroom, the train, the parish rectory, the street, the lecture platform, the convent and not a few from his own experiences in writing and editorial work. For that reason they are unique in their humorous content.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.00.

My Daily Reading From the New Testament

My Daily Reading From the Four Gospels

Rev. Joseph F. Stedman

In two fine compact volumes, Father Stedman offers to Catholics an easy approach to the Holy Scriptures. The passages with suitable headings are from the revised text of the New Testament, and are divided for day by day reading. We recommend these pocket-size volumes as ideal presents for soldiers at Camp, for sons and daughters away at school, and for all those who have time on their hands traveling to and from work.

Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y. \$0.25.

The Apostles Creed

Rev. Gregory Mitchell and Rev. Charles J. McNeill

This is Part I of a series called The Divine Love Story. The catechetical instructions in this booklet represent an enriched development and expansion of the Creed. We might call it a popular treatise on dogmatic theology, arranged primarily for study clubs. The aim of the authors was to produce a simple and serviceable manual adapted to the specific needs of discussion groups. The subject matter is admirably arranged for this. It is divided into sixteen chapters, supplemented by practical questions which should arouse discussion.

Catholic Action Committee, 424 North Broadway, Wichita, Kansas. \$0.25.

MARTYRED IN THE SHADOW OF THE CAPITOL

(Continued from page 5)

gentle Father de Quiros and two novices were sent to make a friendly appeal. Father de Quiros had been Don Luis' friend, his favorite. At his approach, Don Luis came running toward him. The Father began to speak, gently, his speech full of kindness, warmed by many memories and happy associations. But Don Luis took Father de Quiros' cassock. At a given signal, he and the braves who came with him, poured a volley of arrows into the three unarmed Jesuits. Again and again arrows flew, singing, plunging, quivering, and then still. The missionaries no longer able to stand, slumped to the ground, and died. Don Luis took Father de Quiros' cassock for himself and divided the rest of the clothes with his braves. Next day, the bodies were burned and their ashes thrown to the winds.

Back at the chapel, the anxious hours dragged by. Companionship was precious on that lonely mission, life more precious still, but by the time the fifth day dawned, they knew that the ominous silence was a warning to them all. There was a solemn Mass that day, we may be sure, and what a silent day it must have been! Every flutter in the leaves, every snapping twig, every scurrying animal would make them jump, wondering if it were Jesuits or Indians, friends or foe, life or death approaching.

About mid-afternoon, the suspense was ended. With a blood-curdling yell, Indians rushed from the forest into the clearing. Don Luis, dressed in Father de Quiros' cassock, was the leader of the group. Before Father de Segura could speak, the Indians demanded axes, all the axes the Fathers had. They wanted to cut wood. Refusal was useless, and the axes were given over to the Indians. At once the murders began. Father de Segura first, and then the three lay Brothers and the novice, Redondo. With wild, brutal savagery, all were clubbed to death. All except Alonso, the lay assistant. Though he asked for martyrdom, he was spared, expressly because he was not a missionary coming to preach the Gospel. He was taken as a slave and later recaptured by the Spaniards. From him we learn the story of the Virginia martyrs.

The deed was done. The mission was ended. Don Luis stood over the gory remains of his former friends and suddenly burst into tears. He knew now what he had done, and called them by their true names: Martyrs. A huge trench was dug, and the five were buried side by side, each with his crucifix in his hand. Quickly they were covered, and the Indians stole away to the forests whence they came.

The mission was ended, but Christ had come to Virginia, and Mass had been said in Virginia, and the bodies of Christ's martyrs remain in Virginia to this day, where the land is quiet and peaceful, where crops are full at the

harvest, where fields are green, and the roads roll by, and cars go speeding along past a small bronze tablet at the side of the Washington Highway, inscribed "to the memory of the heroic Jesuit missionaries who . . . erected nearby in 1570 A.D. the first Christian temple in our northern land, Our Lady of Ajacan."

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES ARE REAL APOSTLES

(Continued from page 9)

Fathers of the Patna Mission,—what is locally known as The Old Cathedral Compound. The Sisters here are but four in number, at present all that can be spared from the limited personnel of the organization; but they have already accomplished wonders in winning the hearts and curing the ills of the poor.

Their equipment? Just a few essential instruments and medicines. The hospital? Just a row of what look like one-story garages, connected on one side by a covered veranda. Some dozen or two beds and cots. Make-shift sterilizers of kettles and pans. The minimum of what is essential if the poor patients are to be properly helped.

Progressive, as all missionaries are, these self-sacrificing Sisters already have their eye on a piece of desirable property for a real hospital. I should have remarked that their present location is in the very heart of a crowded and dusty and noisy and unsanitary bazaar-section. It is no location at all for hospital work, and only chosen because no other property was for the time available. Now that the property is available, the money with which to purchase it is not.

RURAL CHINA TODAY

(Continued from page 15)

A little boy of ten or so years, who lived in a nearby village, had gone to visit his grandmother, whose house was some distance away. At the end of the day, when he was starting to return home, his grandmother called him and gave him a *mao* (an equivalent of one American cent). Not much, indeed, but a small fortune in the eyes of the little lad. With a happy farewell to his grandmother, he joyfully started home, dancing along the road. On the way he met some men. The latter, noticing the piece of money, saw that it was contraband. Disregarding the circumstances of the case, they seized the little tyke and brought him to their headquarters. Judgment was soon passed. Death was the verdict! And today if you were to pass by that way, you would see a skeleton hand protruding from the earth. Rotting with the bones is a small piece of paper on which, in now faded letters, is the inscription "*1 mao*." Buried alive because he unknowingly had had a prohibited penny in his hand.

It was now after one o'clock. We had been on the road for a good six hours, with the prospect of eight more waiting for us. The promised rest had become a dream, and now we looked forward to the end of this long bump as the ride

had been so far. But just as we had arrived suddenly at the last village, so, too, did we come to the little village where our church and station-house were. Here we met an old French missionary, with a long kinky beard underneath which was a great big heart. In a few moments he had water for us to wash in, lunch, and after that, a place to take a little rest.

Refreshed by this pause, we hit the trail again with renewed vigor. Once more to our precarious perch, and a couple of "thrrrr, thrrrr's" started us off. For two hours or so we wended our slow way across the sun-beaten track. Then once more the weariness of the morning returned. By four o'clock we were tired and thirsty, and completely disgusted with the snail-like speed of Oriental travel. We distracted ourselves by taking in all the views of the surrounding countryside. This particular section of the country has been faithfully Catholic for more than two hundred years, the reward of many years of toil carried on by the French Jesuits. From one point of the road no less than four spires of Catholic churches pierced the horizon.

The heat of the day was decreasing. In the distant hills, near our destination, long stretches of clouds were massing, threatening us with a storm. Our muleteers urged the mules to a faster speed, but violence cannot long endure, and soon we were back at our former slowness. Another little village popped up in the way. Here was a chance to get a drink of water, so we asked one of our men to go on ahead and find some. On our arrival, we stopped to wait.

Soon we were surrounded by a bevy of small children whose entire costume consisted in a scapular medal around their necks. A visit from the *Shen Fu* (priest) is always a big event and delights the people very much. They always ask the same questions. "What is your honorable name? Honorable country?" The answer is likewise always the same. "My miserable name, miserable country." While we were doing our best to speak a little Chinese, we espied a man approaching us, carrying in his hand a pot of tea. Thinking that this was all we would receive, we gratefully drank the pot dry. But imagine our surprise when we next saw at least a half a dozen more coming, each of whom carried in his or her hand a similar sized pot. Soon we were in the midst of a veritable sea of that beverage, sufficient it seemed to quench the thirst of a good portion of the entire race. We tried, politely, to drink some from every container but there was a limit to our capacity. I will always remember the kindness and happiness of these people who were so eager to do what they could for us. It seemed to me then that it was good for us to be in China. We left them, and their simple life, carrying with us warm thoughts for a certain little village of the plains.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Mission

J.R.S., Santa Barbara, Cal.....	\$25.00
A.C.E., St. Marys, Kan.....	15.00
F.X.W., College Pt., N. Y.....	10.00
T.P., Everett, Mass.....	10.00
J.W.O'C., Los Angeles, Cal.....	5.00
T.J.S., Everett, Mass.....	5.00
M.L.D., Fort Myers, Fla.....	5.00
C.L., New York, N. W.....	4.00
Mrs.N.L., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	3.00
P.K., Detroit, Mich.....	3.00
N.B., New York, N. Y.....	3.00
J.W., Rockledge, Pa.....	2.25
M.D., Boston, Mass.....	2.25
J.T., Richmond, Cal.....	2.00
M.&E.S., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
A.D., Cambridge, Mass.....	2.00
L.J., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2.00
R.H., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
M.B., St. Louis, Mo.....	2.00
F.C., Struthers, O.....	2.00
Mrs.J.J.D., St. Louis, Mo.....	2.00
R.family, New York, N. Y.....	2.00
Mrs.D.S., Astoria, N. Y.....	1.00
Anonymous, New York, N. Y.....	1.00
J.W., Brookline, Mass.....	1.00
Sr.J.M., Astoria, N. Y.....	1.00
G.V., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
K.L., Brookline, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs.W.E., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
C.G., Alliance, O.....	1.00
Anonymous, New York, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs.J.M., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
W.J.L., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
A.B., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
J.F.C., Newark, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs.E.G.G., Detroit, Mich.....	1.00
E.B.H., Rockledge, Pa.....	1.00
K.K., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
H.S.C., State College, Pa.....	1.00
Mrs.C.M., San Francisco, Cal.....	1.00
E.P., Huntington Pk., Cal.....	1.00
F.C.E., Springfield, Ill.....	1.00
T.D.F., Camden, N. J.....	4.00
C.J.W., Los Angeles, Cal.....	4.00
B.T., New York, N. Y.....	4.00
J.C.T., Roxbury, Mass.....	3.00
J.L.M., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
Sr.M.J., Passaic, N. J.....	2.00
P.F.S., Detroit, Mich.....	2.00
J.O.S., New Orleans, La.....	2.00
M.L.O'L., San Francisco, Cal.....	2.00
Mrs.T.C., Philadelphia, Pa.....	2.00
F.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.....	2.00
W.S.L., Los Angeles, Cal.....	2.00
C.L., Chicago, Ill.....	2.00
Anonymous, Evanston, Ill.....	1.50
E.McC., Columbus, O.....	1.00
E.B.M., Evanston, Ill.....	1.00
F.X.W., Indianapolis, Ind.....	1.00
A.G., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
K.K., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
H.E.M., Harrison, N. J.....	1.00
Mrs.C.J.C., Indianapolis, Ind.....	1.00
M.P., Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.00
M.McC., Woodside, N. Y.....	1.00
M.W.H., Baltimore, Md.....	1.00
Anonymous, Baltimore, Md.....	1.00
F.S.N., Detroit, Mich.....	1.00
Mrs.G.H., Los Angeles, Cal.....	1.00
H.S., Flushing, N. Y.....	1.00
J.S., Sausalito, Cal.....	1.00
M.E.R., Kansas City, Mo.....	1.00
B.M., Seattle, Wash.....	1.00
Anonymous, Morris Plains, N. J.....	1.00
J.G., Hollywood, Cal.....	1.00

F.McK., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs.B.S., Alton, Ill.....	1.00
C.R., Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.00
J.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
Anonymous, Morristown, N. J.....	1.05
Anonymous, New York, N. Y.....	1.00
J.A.W., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.....	1.00
S.M.D., Berkeley, Cal.....	1.00
M.M.T., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
M.S.B., University City, Mo.....	1.00
M.C.W., Gloucester, N. J.....	1.00
S.L.K., Somerville, Mass.....	1.00
A.K., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
A.T.McI., Somerville, Mass.....	1.00
J.O.S., New Orleans, La.....	1.00
K.N., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
B.S., Beverly, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs.T.B., Bridgeport, Pa.....	1.00
K.M., Fond-du-lac, Wis.....	1.00
J.H., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
L.P., New Orleans, La.....	1.00
I.C., Camden, N. J.....	1.00
M.E.Mc., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
C.F., Lynn, Mass.....	1.00
M.L., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
M.A.B., Roxbury, Mass.....	1.00
M.J., Astoria, N. Y.....	1.00
J.A.B., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs.A.R., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
A.W., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
A.G., New York, N. Y.....	1.00
<i>For Philippine Islands Missions:</i>	
H.F., New Orleans, La.....	5.00
Mrs. S.O., Baltimore, Md.....	5.00
J.J.McC., Holyoke, Mass.....	5.00
E.G.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5.00
J.E.M., Philadelphia, Pa.....	2.50
M.D., St. Louis, Mo.....	2.50
S.J.L., West Bend, Wis.....	2.25
Mrs. J.A., New Orleans, La.....	2.00
H.J.G., St. Louis, Mo.....	1.00
<i>For Alaska Missions:</i>	
B.V., Boston, Mass.....	25.00
F.J.M., Chicago, Ill.....	25.00
Mrs. A.A.O., Malverne, N. Y.....	10.00
R.J.B., Buffalo, N. Y.....	6.00
Mrs. C.M., San Francisco, Cal.....	5.00
E.W.P., Yuba City, Cal.....	4.00
J.E.M., Philadelphia, Pa.....	2.50
<i>For Patna Missions:</i>	
J.C.C., St. Louis, Mo.....	25.00
M.M.A., Denver, Col.....	20.00
W.P.M., Dayton, O.....	10.00
C.H.S., Topeka, Kan.....	10.00
W.M.S., Cleveland, O.....	5.00
J.A.D., Cincinnati, O.....	5.00
G.K., Indianapolis, Ind.....	3.00
M.D., St. Louis, Mo.....	2.50
<i>For China Missions:</i>	
K.B., Los Angeles, Cal.....	10.00
W.C., San Francisco, Cal.....	5.00
Mrs. W.L.D., San Francisco, Cal.....	5.00
E.A.K., San Francisco, Cal.....	2.50
J.E.M., Philadelphia, Pa.....	2.50
L.P., St. Louis, Mo.....	2.00
Mr. & Mrs. F. B., Pasadena, Cal.....	2.00
C.I.E., San Rafael, Cal.....	1.00
<i>For Jamaica, B.W.I. Missions:</i>	
Mrs. J.E.D., Dorchester, Mass.....	1.00
<i>For Ceylon Mission:</i>	
H.N.S., New Orleans, La.....	3.00
<i>For Colored Missions in N. Carolina:</i>	
M.A.D., Merrill, Wis.....	500.00
K.C., Jackson Hts., N. Y.....	5.00
V.L., Kansas City, Mo.....	1.00
<i>For British Honduras Missions:</i>	
J.J.L., Dorchester, Mass.....	10.00
M.F., New York, N. Y.....	5.00
R.L., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
M.S., Topeka, Kan.....	1.00

For British Honduras Missions:

J.J.L., Dorchester, Mass.....	10.00
M.F., New York, N. Y.....	5.00
R.L., New York, N. Y.....	2.00
M.S., Topeka, Kan.....	1.00
V.F.J., Omaha, Nebr.....	2.00
F.T., New Orleans, La.....	1.00
W.J.T., Lafayette, La.....	10.00
A.A., San Jose, Cal.....	10.00
L.M., Dorchester, Mass.....	1.00

Gratitude is also expressed for five hundred and sixty-nine Mass stipends.

MISSIONS ON THE HUDSON

(Continued from page 18)

instruction for about four years, finally received the sacrament about two weeks before a most sudden death. Another, one of the first of the Novices' converts, has since helped them to bring about the conversion of her entire family of six. Yet another, the god-mother of a number of Poughkeepsie's Colored Catholics, herself performed a death-bed Baptism a few weeks back.

So runs the story. But that is not the whole of it. These young Jesuits do not restrict themselves to Colored people. Each week twenty-four of them bring the message of Christianity to several hundred spiritually underprivileged children who live in the regions around Poughkeepsie.

Bowne Memorial Hospital, an institution of tubercular and cardiac patients, is the scene of the catechetical center named after the Jesuit Martyrs of North America. Here three Novices come each week and make their visitation of the hospital wards and conduct their classes. Except for the reception of Holy Communion on Tuesday mornings (there are no facilities for Mass at the institution) the only religious comfort which these children receive is that which they get from their Sunday morning visitors from Saint Andrew.

The Mission of Regina Coeli is located at the little parish church in Hyde Park. Under the sponsorship of the pastor, the Novices teach here each week while the Juniors give instructions in his other mission parish in Strattsburg, New York, as well as to all the deaf mutes whom they can contact in the area about Poughkeepsie.

Saint Joseph, Saint Ignatius, Saint Peter Canisius and Blessed Edmund Campion are the patrons of the four missions located in Dutchess County's suburban farming regions. Each of these handles a different type of underprivileged child. For one it is a question of teaching girls and boys from non-Catholic homes, for another the problem is to instruct children of foreign extraction. Each center is different from the others and has its peculiar problems.

The Novices place their missionary work under the protection of Our Lady and as they depart for their catechetical centers they visit her shrine and kneel before her Son to implore His blessing upon their first missionary efforts.

SOMETHING YOU CAN DO

Pathetically, scores write us that they yearn to be of further assistance in our mission work. Their income frustrates that desire.

Without further drain on meager resources, you can help—and that considerably.

From 8 to 80 they're saving stamps for the missions the country over! Why don't you?

But really, is that worthwhile? Believe us, please, that in the past ten years our Jesuit Stamp Exchanges in America have sent thousands of dollars to the missions.

These convincing sums would never have been realized but for the devoted cooperation of tens of thousands of mission-minded stamp collectors. What made them possible would have been just waste basket matter.

Individuals wonder how their few hundred stamps gathered over several weeks really matter. They do—when joined by the efforts of thousands. If you are in an office, there won't be just a few.

WHY DON'T YOU

collect stamps for the missions?

Send them to one of the Exchanges listed across the page.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
1843-1943

Entrance by Certificate
or by Examination
Conducted by the Jesuits

A.B. and B.S. COURSES

DEGREES

BACHELOR OF ARTS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE in BI-
OLOGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS,
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, HIS-
TORY, SOCIAL SCIENCES and
EDUCATION.

Beautiful Campus, 163 acres, 693 feet
above sea level. Six Residence Halls,
Library, Chapel, Dining Hall. Resident
and Non-Resident Students.

Bulletin of Information on Request
Address: Dean of Freshmen,
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

□ Prayer for the Missions

Lift school, office and home chores out of the commonplace with an easy consecration of them to God's great cause of the Missions, through the mission intention of the morning offering.

In "pop" visits with Christ, remember His supreme interest, His Kingdom the world over. Hardly anything could render Him more propitious to our hurried requests.

Use more consciously the infinite value of the Mass. From it every missionary draws matchless strength. His co-missionary should offer and have it offered for Christ's Missions. What more potent petition, more adequate thanksgiving?

□ Sacrifice for the Missions

No, not necessarily money. Any number of items can don the garb of sacrifice. Nor need it be sour. But it is the price of all God's blessings.

Inconveniences patiently born, meanness repressed, discouragement fought off—all entail sacrifice. Such sacrifice crowds every day. It can be squandered or harnessed for good. Offer it to God for His Missions after Christ's example.

Sickness, failure, worry are rich in sacrifice. Unfortunately, this year holds an increasing share of these in store. Give point to them—make them more bearable—offer them to God much as His Mother did in the anxiety of His years on earth.

□ Work for the Missions

Amazed, then thrilled at the grandeur of His work, those who met Our Lord with open heart had to run to tell their kin. Propagandists! And how badly needed today.

New friends, a much wider prayerful support for the Missions must be won. The Saga of the Missions compels devoted interest, be it but known. Won't I spread "the good tidings"? I can—to my relatives, my friends.

Let the means God has blessed me with work a twofold good. Giving financial help to the Missions guarantees greater glory to God (my final purpose in life) and untold blessings to me.

PRAY □ SACRIFICE □ WORK
for the Missions

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

NEW YORK CITY

Conducted by the Jesuits
1841-1942

At Fordham Road, Bronx,
New York City

Fordham College
A Boarding and Day School
on 70 acre campus
Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
College of Pharmacy
Fordham Preparatory School
Four Residence Halls for Men—St. John's
Hall, Bishops' Hall, St. Robert's
Hall, Dealy Hall.
One Residence Hall for Religious Women—
St. Mary's Hall.

At Woolworth Building,
233 Broadway,
New York City

Fordham College
Manhattan Division
School of Education
School of Law
School of Social Service
School of Business
Catalogs of each department sent on request

Mission Stamp Exchange **WHY**
Woodstock College
Woodstock, Maryland

DON'T Mission Stamp Exchange
St. Louis University
St. Louis, Missouri

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

SAVE The Ceylon Stamp Bureau
Spring Hill College
Spring Hill, Alabama

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

AND Mission Stamp Exchange
Weston College
Weston, Mass.

Mission Stamp Bureau **SAVE**
1855 est, rue Rachel
Montreal, Canada

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

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Are the Best Sign of a Paper's Vitality
The Correspondence Page of
THE CATHOLIC HERALD
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.

The CATHOLIC HERALD

Annual Subscription \$3.50
(Payable by International Money Order)
67 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, Eng.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS

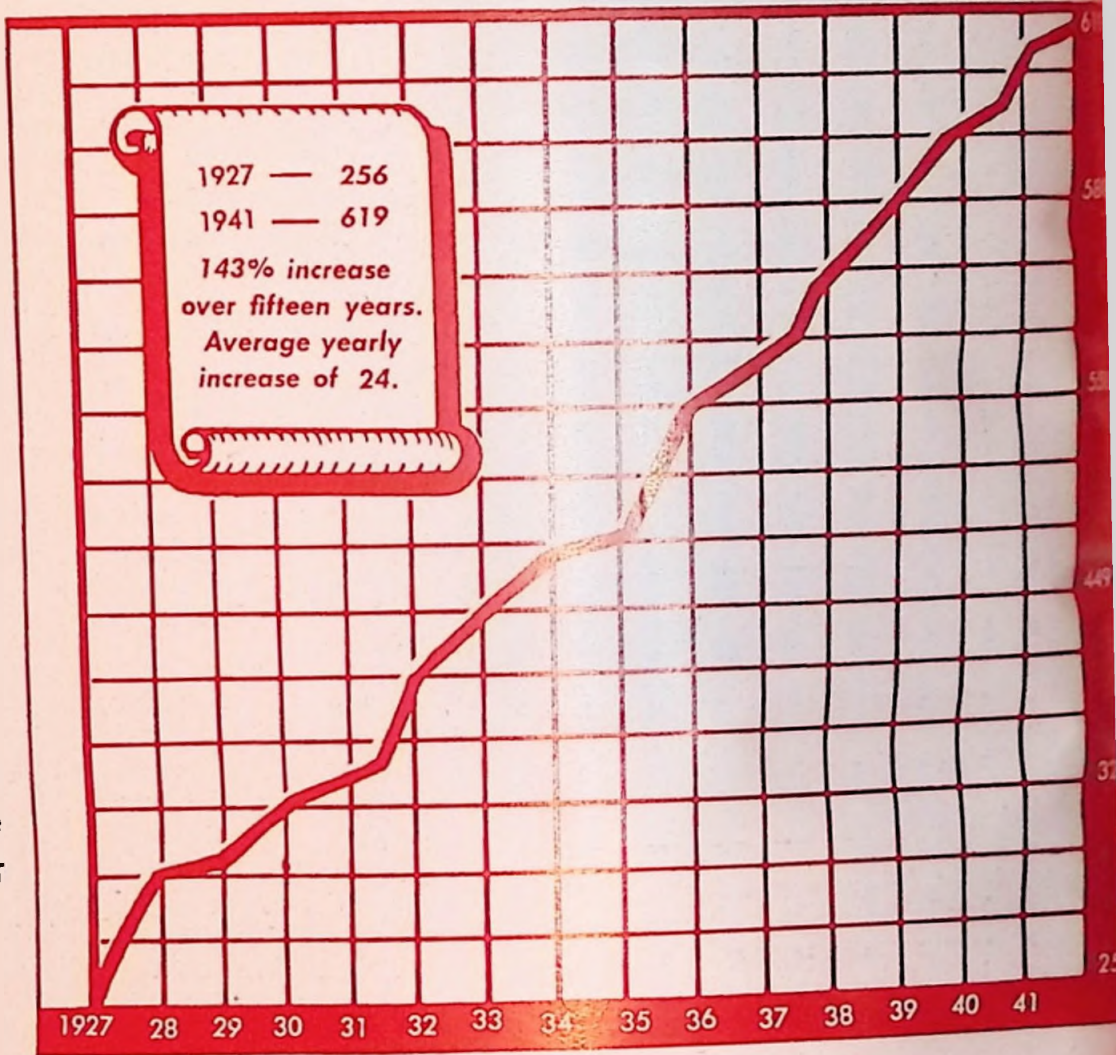
"Go, set the world on fire!" Thus did Loyola fan to white heat the missionary spark kindled by himself in a Xavier heart.

Four centuries attest the ardor of that flame, despite human limitations and princely machinations. Tens of thousands of Ignatius' missionary sons carried the warmth of Christ's love beyond the barriers of the world, sea, jungle, frozen waste.

In countries like our own they set aglow other generous hearts. In the choking atmosphere of the war the Church finds assurance in the increasing vigor of the mission consciousness of America.

JESUIT MISSIONS, on its fifteenth birthday, points out one source of this confidence—the notable increase of American Jesuit Missionaries in the past fifteen years.

INCREASE OF AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS



JESUIT MISSIONS

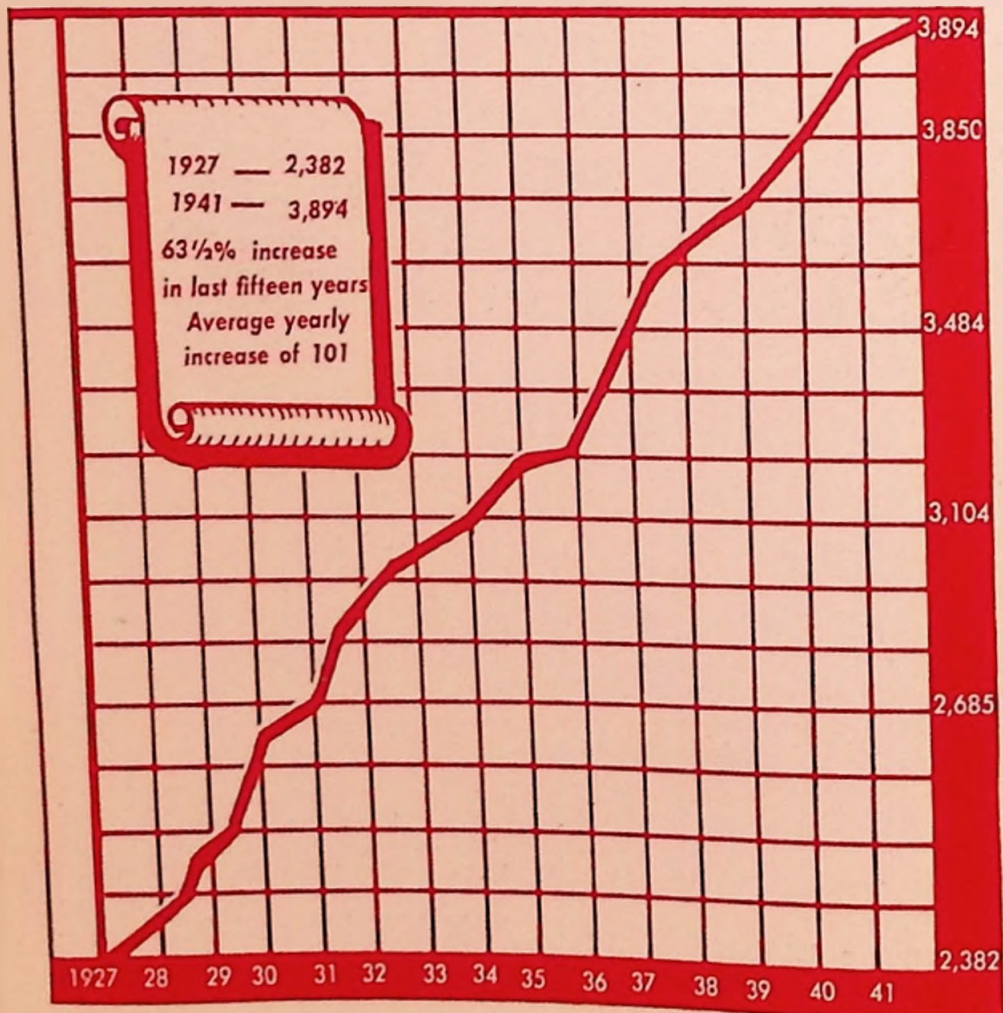
Proud of the Society of which we are but part, JESUIT MISSIONS also highlights our entire missionary venture.

Almost one-sixth of the total membership of the Society of Jesus is engaged in missionary work. Omitting those in training, practically one-fourth of the Society devotes itself exclusively to the missions. This does not include the 1,500 assigned to the home missions of Europe.

Growth is a sign of life.

Growth always needs added support.

CAN WE COUNT ON YOU TO ASSIST IN A LIKE NOTABLE GROWTH IN CIRCULATION FOR **JESUIT MISSIONS?**



INCREASE OF ALL JESUIT MISSIONARIES IN THE PAST FIFTEEN YEARS

1927

1942