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with a warrior Moro of Zamboanga.

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Many of the angles of this problem, along with other key topics to a complete understanding of the Providential destiny of the Philippines, are succinctly treated in "The Padre of the Press".

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Recollections of JOHN J. MONAHAN, S.J.

By THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

Father Monahan, S.J., was an extraordinary modern apostle of the Philippines. His missionary travels took him all through northern Luzon and the wide expanse of Mindanao, from one end of the Philippines to the other kindling the fire of faith Christ had cast upon the earth. And all in less than three years!

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# JESUIT MISSIONS

APRIL

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

1942

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

## CONTRIBUTORS

We said good-bye gratefully to FATHER JOSEPH F. MACFARLANE, S.J., (*Catholic Java Faces Crisis*) who before he returned to his own Province of New England spent two busy weeks helping us here at JESUIT MISSIONS. The war sweeping on through Java prompted this interesting study of the Catholic stake in the Dutch East Indies.



Francis J. Osborne, S.J.

FATHER JOHN KNOPP, S.J. (*Stann Creek Ravaged by Fire*) of the Missouri Province and pastor of Stann Creek in British Honduras, was burning up with fever himself at the time he wrote of the destruction of his mission, just at the opening of the Diamond Jubilee of that mission.

FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., of the Oregon Province, gives us a *Breath of the Arctic* from his mission at Kotzebue, Alaska.

FATHER JOSEPH P. MERRICK, S.J., having previously taught in the Philippines and at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., is now teaching in Baghdad College, Iraq. Last Summer he left Iraq to make his annual retreat and saw this *Polish Phoenix in Jerusalem*.

FATHER ALBERT O'HARA, S.J., recently returned from the China Mission, manned by the California Province. He spent seven years in the Middle Kingdom and tells us of the "Christian Good Earth" he found there.

FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J., sailed for the Philippines to bring *Good Medicine for the Moros of Dansalan* in September, 1931. He did research work in biology at Fordham University for one year and taught biology at Boston College for another. He was Business Manager of JESUIT MISSIONS here in New York from 1927 to 1930.

During his philosophical course at St. Louis University, JOHN W. MAGAN, S.J., of the New York Province, first saw his *Backstage Missionary* at work. Mr. Magan is now attached to the Labor School in Brooklyn.



Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

From Everett, Mass., FATHER FRANCIS J. OSBORNE, S.J., entered the Society of Jesus by way of Boston College High School. He has been almost three years in St. Anne's Parish, Kingston, Jamaica, and describes some of his parishioners to us in *From the Poor House to Heaven*.

The author of many books and pamphlets on life in India, RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J., of the Chicago Province, takes us on a jittery jaunt *Along the Road to Singapore*.

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

COVER—The chief of the Moros, in praising Father Reith, calls him "Doctor Father Reith." No doubt the added title "Doctor" was intended as a compliment to Father Reith. But every priest is content merely with the title "Father." To him that says more than all other titles put together. Here we see Father Reith in his essential role of Father bringing the "Food of Angels" to a Mora lass who through the Medical Dispensary has come to know Christ.

# EDITORIALS

## THE CHRISTIAN WAY

THERE is fear in the air today, fear and uncertainty and a feeling of insecurity for the future. Imagine Americans glancing furtively up and down the street, then slipping in quickly to consult a quack about occult things! It's boom time for astrologers. Americans are crossing their palms with millions of dollars to obtain a knowledge of the future. They would do better to leave that in God's hands. For only God knows what lies ahead. These devotees of things astrological are to be pitied. Lacking faith in God they place their faith in the cold passionless stars.

Alongside this news item comes the consoling report from our chaplains in the Army that Catholic soldiers are flocking to the Communion rail. They pin their faith on only one star, the one that once led the Wise Men to the Manger. More than ever now they feel the urge to receive the "Bread of Life." When days of danger lie ahead and you are apt to meet death at the next corner, you need to have Someone Who knows all about that grim individual on your side. Because Catholic soldiers do know such a Person they go off to war more easily and prove their mettle in actual battle. Not a few have already been cited for heroic service in the military miracle, as it is called, of the battle in the Philippines.

The person who sustains and strengthens the Catholic soldier is Jesus Christ. They have grown up in His friendship. They know by faith that He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. To prove that everything He said and did was true and to show that He was truly the Son of God He arose again from the dead. In Him, then, they place their faith, their hope, their whole way of life. Jesus Christ has conquered death and the fact of His Resurrection takes on a deeper fuller meaning for all of us this Easter. It is our guarantee that death is not the end but the beginning. We likewise need this guarantee to steel us for the day when death may come hurtling out of the sky upon American cities and homes.

This firm conviction buoys up the Church in the mission fields. Calmly, patiently, courageously, the Church carries on Her work of saving souls in actual war zones and far distant places cut off from material supplies and support. She hates war, weeps over the present de-

struction and mourns with her children sucked down in its bloody vortex. Yet, thinking in terms of centuries She knows that the life of Christ will go on, that His passion and sufferings are renewed and continued in Herself. Each generation of her sons and daughters must be ready, even eager to fill up the suffering wanting to His Sacred Passion on that first Good Friday. Recurrently She faces this passion in Her members. Always on the horizon shines the dawn of Easter. For two thousand years she has not been confounded in Her faith in "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever."

This serenity, this sureness, this confident attitude of the Church is heartening in the present crisis. It should be shared by all of us. We should not let the war hysteria, that is abroad in the world, shake our souls. "Let us hold fast to the confession of our hope without wavering for He is faithful that has promised. And let us consider one another to provoke unto charity and good works."

## SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS

THE war effort is placing emphasis on the social obligations of Americans. We have to give and sacrifice for the safety of the whole nation. The same obligations hold for us as Christians in a more intimate way.

The Church is not St. Patrick's Cathedral nor is it a grass chapel in flames on the road to Zamboanga. The Church is a living organism. We are part of it. So is the native fleeing with his few belongings before the invading Japanese forces. The grace of Christ flows like a bloodstream through the souls of both of us. Imitating Christ, our prayers and love should not be confined to our own family, or parish, or diocese, or country, but should embrace the whole Church united to us in the bonds of Jesus Christ.

Heretofore we have been too individualistic in our Faith. Working on the principle that each man is responsible for his own salvation and for those immediately around him, we were careful not to miss Mass, performed our Easter duty, heard our children's catechism, had family prayers said in common, made the annual mission, even threw in a novena or two for good measure. Good. But there is a much richer, fuller Catholic life for every one who appreciates the social ties of the Church.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# Catholic Java Faces Crisis

—in the war in the Pacific though there is solid hope that the Church will survive in the Dutch East Indies.

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

The angel of the Javanese Church prays for peace in oriental fashion.

**T**HE amazing growth of the Church in the Dutch East Indies is gravely imperiled by the war in the Far East. The progress has truly been amazing during the past few decades. In the past sixty years since the Church was re-established after an interruption of 350 years, it has gained 600,000 members. In the past twenty years, native Catholics have increased 400%; the general Catholic total has been raised 300%. Baptisms were averaging 50,000 a year; 60,000 catechumens were under instruction. And the surest hope of permanent growth was the establishment of a native hierarchy, and the steady increase of native clergy and religious. With the approach of war, all this amazing progress is imperiled.

The young Church is definitely facing a major crisis, and yet there is every hope that the faith will survive. Two factors in its growth give this assurance:—the sound organization of the Dutch missionaries and the wise missionary program of the Catholic Church.

**H**OLLAND is the most remarkable missionary nation in the world today. At home there are only 4 million Catholics, about 1% of the total membership of the Church. Yet 10% of all the missionaries in the world are Dutch. In

a real sense, they are doing ten times their share in mission work.

“Mission Propaganda” is perhaps nowhere better organized. Children in the parochial schools, for example, take the Dutch missions for geography and history lessons, so that they grow up with the full knowledge of mission activity, and the realization that mission lands are part of their own world. The interchange of students between mission countries and the home land helps to carry on this spirit of unity and interest, making it relatively easy for the young Dutch missionaries to fit into the Catholic Mission Program.

**T**HE Catholic Mission Program is never better appreciated than in a crisis such as obtains at present in the Far East. Christianity is usually introduced into a country by “foreign missionaries”; but the Church never intends to continue the government of the Church in the new land through those of other countries. Though necessary in the beginning, the whole direction of the Church’s program is toward a self-sustaining church with its own hierarchy, clergy and school systems.

Within the past century this program has been so well carried out in the Dutch East Indies that even if the islands should fall to the Japanese, there is solid hope that the Church can survive. Already there



Father F. X. Satiman, S.J., first native priest to be ordained in Java.

is a native bishop, Rt. Rev. Albert Soegyapranata, S.J., in charge of the Vicariate of Semarang, 22 native priests, about 300 seminarians, and hundreds of native Sisters and Brothers. There are 1,796 Catholic schools, including a university, a college, and flourishing high schools,

5 teachers' colleges, 62 hospitals, 2 leper colonies, a minor and a major seminary for native clergy. This is surely a magnificent showing for such a young mission. It shows how well the faith has been planted on what sure foundations hope for survival are placed by the wisdom of the Catholic Mission Program.

**F**IRST conversions to Christianity in these islands were brought about by Portuguese explorers and Franciscan missionaries in the early 16th century. The Franciscans were followed shortly afterwards by the Jesuits, who converted several of the island kings to the faith. St. Francis Xavier visited one of the islands in 1546 and found Christianity so flourishing that he pressed on to Japan where it had

not been preached at all. All this early growth was stopped in 1596 when the Dutch captured the islands from the Portuguese. From that year until 1808, when the edict of religious toleration was published, Catholic missionaries were barred from this once promising field. So the Church languished for a time.

In 1874, Pope Pius IX entrusted the mission of Batavia to the Dutch Jesuits. From that center and from that time, the modern growth of the Church in the Dutch East Indies can be traced. Since then, many other religious orders and congregations have entered the field to extend and to solidify the work undertaken by the Society of Jesus, notably the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, the Missioners of the Sacred Heart, and the Capuchin Fathers.



**T**ODAY, branching out from the original Vicariate at Batavia, there are 17 Vicariates and Prefects Apostolic, 14 missionary communities of men and 16 communities of Sisters. There are 22 native priests, of whom half are Jesuits, over 300 seminarians, of whom 57 are Jesuits and a large proportion of natives; in all, 600 priests, 543 Brothers and Scholastics and 1,927 Sisters working among the 600,000 Catholics in Java today.

It is a young Church and a small one when considered as isolated among 70,000,000 non-Christians, mostly Mohammedans. The war will put it to a severe test. But where the faith has been so well established it is to be hoped the Church will not die in the Dutch East Indies.



(Upper right) Though menace looms young Java smiles, for the Faith will not easily die in the Dutch East Indies.

(Center) The water buffalo's determined pace symbolizes the steady increase of the Church in Java.

(Lower right) Students of our seminary at Djocja, the hope of the Javanese Church in the dark days ahead.



# Stann Creek Ravaged by Fire

Latest misfortune to cast a pall of gloom  
over the celebration of its Diamond Jubilee

John M. Knopp, S.J.



(Above) Rev. Philip Marin, the only native priest of Stann Creek, is Father Knopp's assistant on that mission. (Left) Children of Stann Creek offer thanks to God that their school did not go up in flames.

**T**HIS is the Diamond Jubilee Year of the Sacred Heart Parish of Stann Creek, the little Carib village of some 3,000 souls, thirty-six miles to the south of Belize on the coast of British Honduras. The first church and presbytery there were built in 1867 by Father Brindisi, S.J., and from that date to the present the graces of God, the prayers and material contributions of many zealous friends, the sacrifices and labors of the Sisters of the Holy Family, the truly apostolic toils and hardships of successive missionaries have gone into the building of this Catholic community. Naturally enough, we wished to mark the year in a fitting manner; we wished to thank Almighty God for His innumerable blessings and to draw inspiration for new efforts in extending and con-

solidating Christ's Kingdom in this corner of the world.

Early on January 26th, this fire, the last in a series of misfortunes, prepared us for the celebration of our Diamond Jubilee. The church and convent of the Sisters were totally destroyed by fire. Its origin is unknown. When it was discovered at three o'clock the church was already a raging inferno and beyond all human control, consuming everything we possessed; vestments, statues, altar, missals, cassocks for altar boys, ciborium, tabernacle, in short everything that seventy-five years of generous giving and careful husbanding had accumulated for the service of God's altar.

**S**OME difficulty in getting the fire apparatus functioning in time made it impossible to save the con-

vent. Valiant efforts of fire fighters extinguished the fire in the presbytery and helped to save it. The men and women of the parish helped the Sisters to save some of their furniture. But the Sisters are now homeless and are dependent upon the generosity of neighbors for their lodging.

From the wreckage of the church two objects were recovered; the right hand of the statue of St. Ignatius holding the book that proclaims "for the greater glory of God" and the church bell. The bell is inscribed "To Father Brindisi, Missionary, Stann Creek, B. H., 7th April, 1869."

**B**UT this fire has been only one of the many visitations of the Lord since last July. War conditions have cut off many commodities upon which this Colony has long been dependent. The cost of living has soared and has been aggravated by widespread unemployment. Through July and August a plague of locusts ate their fill of the food-stuffs grown in Stann Creek Valley and as a result, we have been deprived of the staple article of diet, the cassava. This has meant want, and malnutrition which pre-disposes to sickness. And we have not been wanting in that either, for malaria

and pneumonia have visited the town and taken a big toll.

On September 28th, a hurricane swept over us, seriously damaging our school, convent, church and wrecking about a hundred homes in the parish. We do not mention the three chapels and schools of the district that were laid low.

**S**UBSEQUENT to the fire we have been too much concerned with the present to give any consideration to the future. On Tuesday morning the classes were resumed by the Sisters in our school, which cares for some six hundred children. Tuesday morning the salvaged bell was mounted and once again rang out the *Angelus* for our saddened people. And that night the same bell called the people to services in the school building. It was a Thanksgiving Service, thanking Almighty God for the many mercies He has shown us. And indeed we had much to be thankful for. We had been spared serious injury and loss of life in both the hurricane and fire. Moreover, we still had our all-important school.

We examined our consciences, for we knew that so many visitations of the Lord were not without a purpose. Apparently God has spoken to us in the plague of grasshoppers, in the winds and waters of hurricane and flood, in the poverty and epidemic of recent weeks and finally in this fire. His Message must be recognized and acted upon by all!

It grieved us all that our Eucharistic King was without a proper home in Stann Creek. We concluded that He must find a home in the hearts alike of the devout and faithful and of the very many neglectful and indifferent Catholics. Therefore, it was a source of much consolation to witness so many people coming to daily Mass and receiving Holy Communion frequently.

On Wednesday we rented a hall at the far end of town. That night Father Marin held services there

and preached to a large number of the Carib people in their own language. By Thursday we had received a bell and had it erected in front of the temporary chapel to summon people to daily Mass and evening services. The response has been very consoling.

**S**ERVICES were had at both places every night of that week. Our prime concern has not been the rebuilding of the material structure that is called a "church" but



(Above) Parishioners pay homage to Christ, tabernacled in priest's house.

(Below) Stann Creek gathers to mingle its tears with ashes of 75 years.



rather of building up the *Church* that is the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church that is made up of living members who are incorporated by Baptism, reinstated by Penance and nourished by the Flesh of the Son of Man. It is not wood, and zinc and cement and glass and nails that we want at present so much as an increase of fervor amongst the good and return of prodigals, so that having turned aside from sin and neglect we may be spared further chastisements.

We know not what the future has in store for us. One thing we humbly beg: prayers that the Holy Spirit be effectively operative in our midst. For our own efforts will be vain without His Divine help.



The warm sunshine of Alaskan smiles dispels the gloom of an Arctic winter.

# Breath of the Arctic

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

**M**AIL has long been delayed in the Arctic. All planes were grounded in Alaska at the first signal of war with Japan. Aviators all over the territory had to be checked and fingerprinted. Fifth column activities were to be immediately scotched. Alaska is too close to the Orient to play with fire. But the weather, too, has to be blamed for the absence of letters. Storms which generally come in January and February have been advanced by the weather man to November and December.

After ten years on the Yukon Delta I thought I was inured to anything. In the Arctic I have revised these notions. Storms on the Bering Sea can equal Arctic storms in intensity, but not duration. A three-day blizzard was generally the limit in the Yukon sector. Up here at Kotzebue they last for a week on end.

**L**ET me be more explicit. We have had one mail service since the middle of November. I write this on the third day of the New Year, hoping that it will get out some time. It takes pretty bad

weather to keep an Alaskan aviator out of the skies. One local man got tired waiting for a change of the elements and took a chance. When he reached the rim of the Arctic Circle his wings had become so iced up that he nose-dived into a huge snow drift. Luckily, it was a drift for that saved his life and those of his companions.

For nine days they shivered about a crashed plane with the mercury hovering between 40 and 52 below. No planes could reach them on account of continual wind and storms. The best planes in the world cannot win against ice and storm.

**M**USHERS of dog teams have fared no better. The mail man to Point Hope was a month over due. This rugged Eskimo is just about to make a trip to Point Barrow and admitted to me that Alaska was unpredictable—even he had never seen such weather as that of the late 1941. Eskimos are wise, however; they will wait indefinitely for good weather. They seem to put a higher value on their lives than white aviators.

On this bleak Arctic coast it is

the wind that is feared. Up to about thirty-five miles in velocity even the children will move around without much apparent discomfort. After that a blinding ground drift begins and children are kept indoors. When a forty-five mile gale is blowing only the bravest go forth and then only for a short distance. Visibility is nil. At fifty it is hard to keep one's footing. Men, tried Eskimo hunters, have been known to get lost twenty yards from their house. All, therefore, keep tightly within.

**W**ITHIN the past month we have had three fifty-mile winds—registered as such by the government weather station which does not err in such matters. You might wonder what a lone Arctic missionary does on such occasions? Well, first of all, he is absolutely alone from early morning till late at night. None can come near his house and he does not venture forth. Naturally, he shivers a great deal. It is impossible to keep a frame house warm when a gale is raging. An air-tight, snow-covered igloo, is the only thing that is snug and warm. In these foul but warm enclosures even the roar of wind is silenced.

Here is my little Arctic frame building the wind howls through the chimney and makes the most weird noises. The roar keeps up steadily day and night. The house moans and shudders on its beams. The windows are plastered with frost and snow. Lights are necessary all the time. Great caution must be used not to load the stoves too heavily for fear of fire. The draught is terrible!

Lucky is he who has a week's supply of wood already cut and enough ice at hand to melt for necessary water. Just to rush outdoors for an armful of wood or a cake of ice is enough to transform one into a snow man. The snow is driven deeply into the tissues of the garments. It whirls in wild confusion within the storm shed at the slightest and most hurried opening of the door. Often as not it has a sting to it, too.

Under such conditions the missionary says his Mass and reads with feeling from his breviary, "O ye frost and cold, bless the Lord."

# Polish Phoenix in Jerusalem

Joseph P.  
Merrick, S.J.

**T**HERE are all sorts of troops in Jerusalem. Some are stationed here, others have come on leave. Australians, Britishers from all the corners of the United Kingdom and from Eire, Irishmen; New Zealanders, Indians, Free Frenchmen and some not so free as General Dentz and his companions, Jews, Arabs, Czechs, Slovaks, Greeks and others I may not have noticed; and crowning all and inspiring all, blond and brunette Poles.

In this marvelous land where the hands of David, Constantine and Godfrey de Bouillon wrote perpetual epitaphs on almost every stone, where even the most calloused soldier feels necessarily thrilled and fortified in the burning faith of his Crusading ancestors, there is the light of a Crusader in many a passing face, be it English, Czech, Indian, Anzac or what you will. But it is in the face and figure of every Pole that one finds this illumination as of men sent on a divine mission. For to Poles and Poland this war has been a Crusade from the beginning, and indeed it never could be anything less. To them Jerusalem is indeed, as to every simple heart, an inspiration, a revelation and a confirmation but the inspiration of the men who cried "God wills it!" settled on them long before they ever saw Jerusalem and the Holy Land. With them it is a fight for justice and the God-given right to live, for their Catholic fatherland and the whole of Christendom.

**I**N Jerusalem almost every German and Italian priest and religious has been interned. So it was, I believed, only fitting that I should show my Catholicity and loyalty to those members of Christ's Body by being present at the Solemn Pontifical Mass at the Dormition Church of the German Benedictines on the feast of the Assumption. Only a handful will be there, so I thought. My prayers would be for unity and peace everywhere but most of all in Christendom. I arrived in the nick of time and the church was jammed.

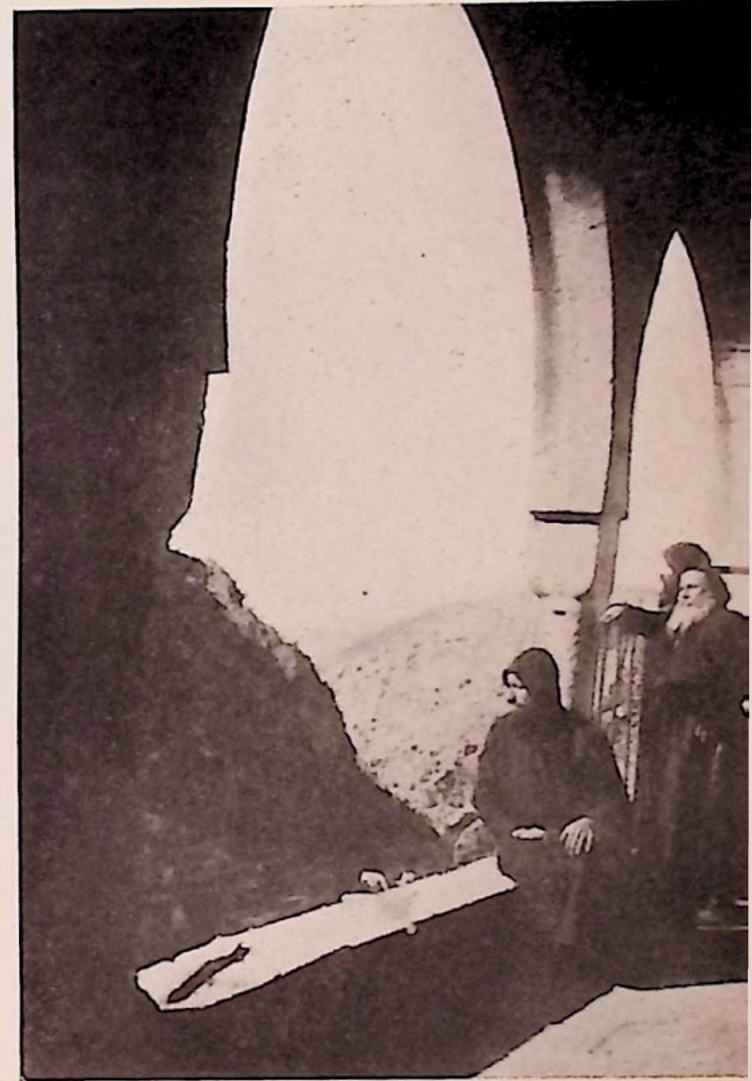
The Mass had begun. "Whence

all these people?" I wondered. "Who is the bishop?" The blond deacon who evidently knew his rubrics must be the bishop's secretary. Then there was the gentle German abbot in his place of honor. Despite the absence of most of his religious the Mass was proceeding with precision and devoted splendor. The Gospel has been sung; the bishop is advancing to the stately Credo. But no, he takes his crozier and faces the intent audience. Clearly he is a native bishop and there are many who know Arabic here. However, his language is not Arabic nor is it any Western European language.

**S**UDDENLY I knew. These were Polish exiles and this was one of their exiled bishops. And today? Why today was the anniversary of the Miracle of the Vistula. Today was the start of the 21st year since Poland had saved itself and Germany and Europe from Communist domination by its smashing victory at the gate of Warsaw.

I knew not a word of Polish but I well knew what he was saying. He was speaking with gratitude of how Germany had handed on the Catholic faith to the Polish race, without bitterness on the relief of Austria and Europe and the crippling of the Turk by John Sobieski, with self-reproach of the triple partition of Poland, with sadness (and joy) of persecution and anguish and final freedom and in 1918 nationhood again, of how Poland had saved Germany and Christendom in 1920; of Catholic Poland and its dauntless faith and courage, of Holy Poland and Our Lady of Czestochowa. That great Pope Pius XI had loved Poland especially and had lived in Poland in its hour of trial and victory twenty-one years ago, and the present Pontiff Pius XII has more than once predicted that Poland will rise yet again from its undeserved ashes.

**T**HE solemn Sacrifice of Christ advanced to its consummation. Exiles from their fatherland, these



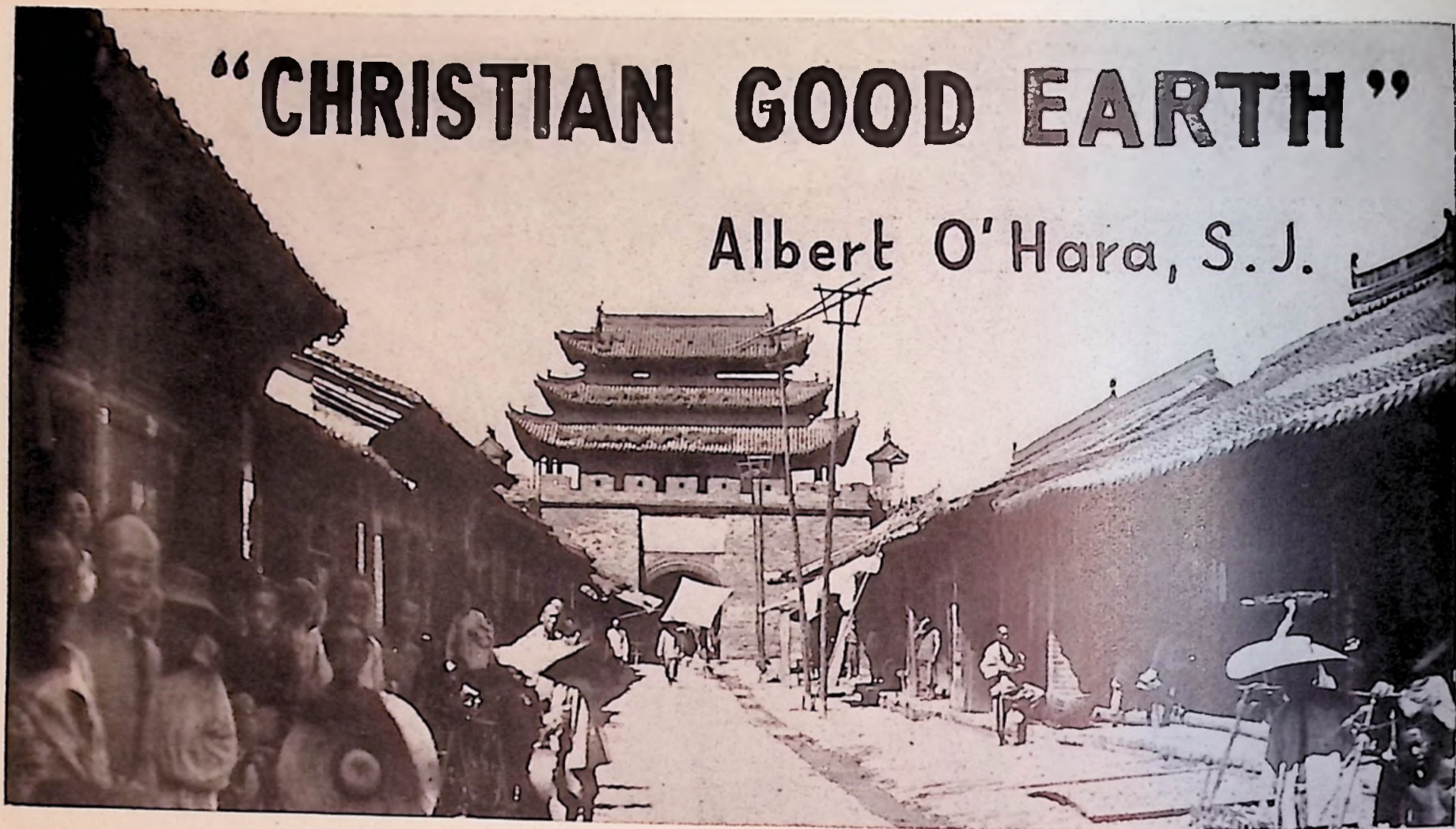
Maronite Monks, brethren of those in whose monastery crusaders were given hospitality on their way to Jerusalem.

Poles did not feel exiles in the Catholic Church and least of all in the fatherland of Christ. They were a devout assemblage, for these people who had drunk the chalice of invasion all too often, from the Turk and Tartar to the Soviet, knew very well indeed the meaning of the Holy Mass. There was real adoration at the Consecration and deep love at the Communion. All too swiftly the Mass was over and then that living Church broke into a hymn to Mary, Our Mother, and to Poland that surpassed any harmonies I ever heard.

It was a hymn that every Pole surely must learn from infancy, for it simply burst into fire of glory from their hearts and lips and in that deep rotunda formed an aureole around the Queen of Heaven. Tears stood in the eyes of soldiers and children alike, falling silently as beyond repression. Tears came to my eyes too; I doubt if ever I shall be so moved again in the years to come.

# "CHRISTIAN GOOD EARTH"

Albert O'Hara, S. J.



"THERE'S the place just ahead," said my catechist. I took in at a glance the small cluster of gray-walled, black-tiled Chinese houses with their up-turned eaves. It looked pagan to the bone. In fact, it would have made a number one setting for a "Good Earth" scene.

We pushed our way through an half-open door and stepped into a courtyard flanked by the homes of several families. At the fierce barking of the dogs, several figures emerged from the dark doorways and peered searchingly through the gathering dusk to see if we were friend or foe.

MY catechist was recognized and a welcoming shout invited us to come on in. The next question was, "Did you bring the priest?" "Yes," was the answer, "He is an American who has come to stay with us for Holy Week and Easter." Friendly respectful faces closed in from all sides and polite voices queried, "How is the Father?" "Would the Father like some tea or some cigarettes?" I declined all with thanks and the catechist explained that we were in a hurry as there was another half hour's walk ahead of us after I should have administered Extreme Unction to the sick man that we had come to see.

The sick-call bag was quickly opened and, as I donned a surplice, the little wrinkled old wife of the sick man bustled back and forth from the sick room to where I was. "Have you candles and a crucifix?" I asked her as I picked up a stole. "Yes," she answered. "They are all ready. And Father, now you help him along as he hasn't made a mission or a general confession for thirteen years." "Does he know he's going to die?" I asked her as we walked to the door of the sick room. "Of course," she answered, "that's why he sent for you."

I STEPPED into a typical Chinese country bedroom except that on the table beside the bed two blessed candles cast a flickering glow on a cross, a picture of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and a Catholic calendar. Would that Pearl Buck could have peeped into this Chinese room! It was not a stage set for my entrance, for the religious pictures and calendar had been glued to the wall for a long time for the sick man's benefit and not for mine.

The wife left the room. Her husband's confession over, she came back into the room and jumped right up on the bed to aid in uncovering her husband's hands and feet for the anointing. I wanted some Holy Water and my catechist searched

our little sick-call bag. "What do you want," the little old woman asked. "Holy Water," we both replied. She scurried out of the room and after a moment came back triumphantly with a little Holy Water in the bottom of a large bottle. "It's from last Easter," she said simply.

IT was the last thing that I had expected to find here and yet I should have expected to find it. Here in this family that prepared so well for the priest, with this couple that had lived long years in faithful Christian wedlock, and now that death drew near were only worried that the sick man should be fully prepared for Heaven, of course I should have expected to find Holy Water here. I do not believe that I have seen deeper or simpler faith anywhere.

As I turned to go, the old man coughed and wheezed, "Father, one thing more!" "What would that be?" I turned back questioningly. "Could I receive Holy Communion?" he asked earnestly. "You can," I replied, "but tomorrow, for there is no Blessed Sacrament at the church until I can say Mass there. Is that all right?" "Couldn't be better," he smiled, "For tomorrow will be Holy Thursday. Son, come here," he called.

A fine strong young man hurried

from an outer room. "The Father will bring me Holy Communion tomorrow. See to it that they have the sedan chair at the church for him." "Very well," he bowed with deep respect and then turned to me, "Father, I shall attend the Mass and afterwards we shall have the chair waiting for you at the gate." Genuine gratitude and happiness mingled with the family's "Good-bye."

AS we strode away in the moonlight, I looked back at the houses again. "Yes," I reflected, "A perfect 'Good Earth' scene but what a different inside Pearl Buck would find if she had put her head in there. No one there would say, 'Christianity has meant nothing to us. It has lifted nothing from the fears, sorrows and sufferings of our life.'"

"So they will take me in a sedan chair," I asked my catechist. "Yes, Father," he answered, "You should be in one tonight. It is a disgrace to our village for you to come here on foot. Formerly the missionary never came here but he rode in a sedan chair. Now, times are dangerous and we must move about as quietly as possible. Father, you will like our village. All are Christians here. Five native priests and many native Sisters have come from our people. We suffered but remained faithful during the Boxer Persecution. Our priest was martyred here and you will see his tomb soon."

Just ahead the church loomed up large in the moonlight raising its bell tower and cross above the squat



While China plows the good earth, Christ takes deep root in the hearts of her people. Whole Chinese villages have become Christian to the core.

houses that huddled close under its protecting wings. Dogs barked out our arrival and dark eyes peered from candle-lighted windows. "Oh, it's the priest come for Holy Week," was the happy cry on all sides. As there had been no resident missionary at the house since the beginning of the war, the house seemed a little barren but my own room was nicely and neatly prepared.

AFTER washing up a bit, I came looking for some dinner. A huge gaunt hulk of a man was arranging the black eggs, bean curd cakes, sauce-soaked fish, and steaming rice on the table. He whirled about at the sound of my greeting and startled me a bit for he would have made a good Long John Silver in Treasure Island. He was the local catechist and custodian of the church. His words reassured me as he shuffled back and forth asking if I could eat fully on Chinese food and wouldn't I try some of this kind of eggs if I didn't like black ones.

More silent black figures sifted through the open door and although they did not look too reassuring in the flickering light that does strange things to the most honest faces, yet Long John recognized them and introduced them as stout pillars of the local church. "Don't mind the open

gate and door here, Father," he grinned. "The whole village is Christian and an outsider has to pass other doors before he can come here." Long John seemed to have full authority and he dismissed the visitors at the end of my meal. "You can't make your confessions tonight. The Father is tired after his long trip and you will have plenty of time in the morning."

Holy Thursday morning I found Long John over in the sacristy very early preparing candles, incense, and everything needed for the morning services. About a quarter to seven people started to come for confession. The church gradually filled with Christians who commenced to chant their morning prayers aloud and kept it up until about nine-thirty when I finished hearing confessions.

THESE people of deep faith stayed right through the Mass, Communion and procession of the Blessed Sacrament. About eleven o'clock we were through and they could go home for breakfast. No work for them in the "good earth" that morning. I said to Long John, "Now I must take Holy Communion to the sick man whom I anointed last night." "That's too bothersome," he objected, "And besides, have you had your breakfast? And how will you go?" "Now, don't worry about my breakfast," I insisted firmly, (Turn to page 111)



The author, Father O'Hara, and a bashful refugee.

Tokyo Protests War Aid to Soviet Via Vladivostok

U. S. Military

**MISSIONS**

Iran Invasion

MAKES THE

of Russian Aid

NEWS

French Police House-

PRINCE. Martha of Crown Pr

Japanese Raid Takes Heavy Toll

By the United Press. KIATING, Szechuan Province, China, Aug. 24 (Delayed).—Japanese planes yesterday were seen to be burning.

Iran Invasion

Aug. 27.—Japan has invaded Iran. The Japanese protested to both the United States and Russia against the shipment of United States aid supplies to Iran through Vladivostok through Japan. It was disclosed that the Domei news agency, quoting reliable sources, said Japan had protested especially against the shipment of aid supplies to Iran through Vladivostok through Japan.

Facts Disclosed

By the Associated Press. WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—America is more deeply involved in the Iranian war than indicated by official Anglo-Soviet explanations regarding Nazi agents or by also statements of Washington officials.

Though Iran's failure to deal with Fifth Columnists is the occasion of the war, the basic cause is the need for a safer all-weather supply route for American aid to Russia.

Pressure Followed Parley

Washington officials denied that the Anglo-Soviet ultimatum to Iran was a bluff.

Neighbors

Democracy Up at St. Bart And the Hyde Park Committee of the next announcement of the planning committee next Wednesday appointment mittles war and the discussion.

Mr. Andr

**A RICH COLORED HARVEST** of 200,000 souls was reaped last year by the 2,000 White Fathers working in 23 vicariates and prefectures in Africa, according to Very Rev. Henry Cote, Superior of the Canadian Province of the Congregation. Eleven White Fathers of French nationality have been killed in action, while 56 priests and seminarians languish in Nazi prison camps.

**"KEEP THE MISSIONS GOING"** was the keynote of an address by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, delivered at a recent mission rally in the South.

Monsignor McDonnell stressed the need of sustained interest in the missions by American Catholics notwithstanding the many demands made upon them in this crucial war.

"As the nation is calling upon its citizens to make many sacrifices in support of war defense projects and the enlisting of its man power to complete a full war-time quota in the forces of the country," he said "so we as Catholics, appreciating the fact that our missionaries are heroically staying at their posts in all the war-torn areas, must also make many sacrifices in prayer and material help to supply the means to keep these priests, Brothers and Sisters at their missions, for the mission work of the Church must go on in spite of human obstacles. The war cry is 'Keep 'em Flying.' The Mission Cry is 'Keep the Missions Going.'"

**MISSIONARY TRICENTENARIES.** From May 3rd to October 18th, the season for pilgrimages to the Shrine of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., the tricentenaries of the death of St. Rene Goupil, S.J., and of the arrival and subsequent tortures of St. Isaac Jogues, S.J., will be fittingly celebrated.

**AMERICAN JESUITS IN CHINA SAFE AND WELL** was the gist of an official Red Cross communique just received by Major Bassett in Washington, D. C.

The text of the message as relayed to New York reads: "There are 3,500 Americans and Filipinos in occupied China. Ten per cent need aid and more are going to need it soon. The Americans in Shanghai are allowed to circulate freely in the Concessions. Other reports said the same was true of Tientsin and Peiping."

The Canadian Jesuit Mission headquarters in Montreal received this encouraging report from the Red Cross Inquiry Bureau: "Department of External Affairs asks us to inform you Swiss Consul General, Shanghai, reports twelve Canadian Jesuits (names enumerated) safe and well."

From these two communiqués it seems evident that the 33 American Jesuit missionaries in Shanghai, Zi-ka-wei, Nanking, Wuhu, Haichow and Peiping are all working at their posts.

**AUGUSTINIANS WILL OBSERVE THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY** of their arrival in the Philippines. Their real work of evangelizing began to appear in 1565. In the following three centuries the Fathers founded 242 towns with a population of 2,000,000 souls, cared for by 310 Augustinian missionaries. One of the earliest catechisms in the Visayan tongue, written and printed by an Augustinian in 1666, is still in use. It is interesting to note the Augustinians were printing in the Philippines in 1610, twenty-eight years before the first printing press was set up here in America.

**NO BLACKOUT FOR MISSION AID** is the slogan of Rt. Rev. Msgr. James J. Horsburgh, Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Chicago Archdiocese. After reminding his readers how missionaries have courageously remained at their posts, and that most of the mission fields are still able to receive assistance, Msgr. Horsburgh stated: "The only course to follow is to continue our constant help for the missions, knowing that our help will sooner or later be sent to the missions and at a time when they will need and welcome help. During these days of war let us be ready to extend our generous help to missions which can only be done by continuing our material aid and our spiritual assistance without interruption. There can be only one answer to the question, 'What can we do for the Missions?'" "In so far as mission work is concerned there can be no blackout."

**SISTERS OF THE APOSTOLIC CARMEL OF MANGALORE** were invited by American Jesuit missionaries in July, 1939, to open a College for Women—the first institution of its kind among the teeming millions of the Province of Bihar, Northern India. Already 65 carefully selected young women are enrolled, one-fourth of them Catholics. If interest in and support of this College can

be aroused and maintained, there is every hope it will become one of the most influential colleges in India.

**FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS IN CHINA** as a missionary priest is the record of Rev. Michael Vila, O.P. Every moment of it was spent in the Province of Fukien. Supernatural kindness, generosity and a remarkable love for everyone he met, plus a remarkable memory for the faces, names and relationships of several thousand people of four generations—these qualities, amply explain the fact that his was the only one hundred per cent attended funeral ever recorded in that area.

**MOST REVEREND THOMAS J. TOOLEN, BISHOP OF MOBILE,** has sounded the call for added sacrifices for the missions in a series of rallies held recently in the schools of his diocese.

"We must learn to make sacrifices," Bishop Toolen said. "Sacrifices made in the name of Christ and for the things of Christ will bring blessings from the great Missionary Himself, Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We have our home needs, it is true, but as Catholics we must think in terms of universality; for the Church is established to save all mankind and it is this spirit that makes the Church and Her efforts true to Her foundation, as She is essentially a Missionary Church."

**NEGRO MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES** continue to make decided steps forward, according to the Annual Report of the Commission for Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians. During the past twelve months, southern dioceses report the establishment of 22 new mission centers; northern dioceses, 3; and a far-western diocese, 1; 435 priests baptized 8,873 Colored infants and 6,326 adults, and cared for 47,138 pupils in 244 schools for Colored. The migration of southern Negroes to the war industries in the North has constituted a severe drain on many of the southern missions.

**TO BOLIVIA GO 20 MARYKNOLL FATHERS,** recently assigned there by the Holy See. Spanish Jesuit missionaries and their great linguists, Zuniga and Holguin, pioneered this territory in 1570, and composed Indian grammars that still are in use today. This new field of the Apostolate embraces the Colonial Territory in the extreme north of Bolivia in a small section of northern Beni. It is part of the great Amazonia Silvas (woodlands) which stretch from the Eastern Andes and is inhabited principally by Indians. Riberalta, the headquarters of this new Mission, is a town of 4,000 people and close to the junction of the Beni and Madre de Dios Rivers. The principal exports of Riberalta are rubber and nuts.

Rev. T. A. Shanahan, S.J., who acted as chaplain aboard a transport that removed civilian casualties from bomb-scarred Manila to Darwin, Australia.



## For the Native Clergy of Indo-China and Thailand

### THE APRIL MISSION INTENTION

- Everyone in these days of universal war knows where Indo-China and Thailand are situated. The former has about twenty-three million inhabitants, of whom a million and a half are Catholics; the latter claims fifteen million natives of whom only 62,000 are Catholics. Though juxtaposed, these two countries differ widely in their religious beliefs and in their reaction to Christianity.

- Franciscans and Dominicans started pioneer mission work about 1560. A short time later, following in the footsteps of Xavier, Jesuit missionaries appeared on the scene and so systematized and romanized the idiographs of the basic Indo-China language that it is still in common use today and greatly facilitates the language difficulty for foreign missionaries.

- Most of the missionaries were either expelled or martyred. Providence and the Sacred Congregation entrusted most of the mission work to the Paris Foreign Mission Society. The fact that Indo-China today has the finest native clergy in the world is eloquent testimony of their missionary achievement. Evidently they took seriously the advice of Propaganda: "If you ordain twelve good native priests you will render a greater service to the Church than if you baptized twelve thousand idolaters."

- Tertullian was really prophetic when he said: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians": and how Christian blood ran in Indo-China from 1857 to 1862! During that time, besides countless thousands of Christians and 100 Nuns, 115 Annamite priests or one-third of the native clergy were martyred. Dozens of them are due for beatification. Thailand, world's greatest stronghold of a Buddhism subsidized with 30 million dollars a year from the State, provided a refuge for persecuted Christians all over the far-East, but did little toward embracing the Catholic Faith.

- The war will hamper progress, perhaps destroy existing institutions and cut this mission off from outside support. It may also deprive the mission of its man power. It is in this last contingency that the need of a strong native clergy will be realized.

- Pray that the native clergy of Indo-China will be able to carry on in the midst of this disturbing occupation of their country; pray more to hasten the growth of a larger group of well-trained, native clergy in Thailand. Only then will Thailand really justify its meaning of freeland.



# Good Medicine for the Moros of Dansalan

Joseph Reith, S.J.



**A**LMOST together with Father Reith's account of his Medical Dispensary, came a letter which may well be the first of its kind in centuries to have been written by a Mohammedan chief. This unsolicited letter was addressed to the Superior of the Philippine Mission, who forwarded it to us just before communications closed. Stamped with the official seal of Datu Amatonding, head of the 135,000 Mohammedans in Lake Lanao region, the letter reads in part: "I am always visiting Doctor Father Reith's Dispensary. . . . In all my life, I have not seen anyone like Father Reith in Lanao. I will do all I can to make the Moros friendly to the work. . . . I beg God to bless your work." Unimportant as a military objective Lanao will quite likely remain unmolested for some time by the Japanese invasion. Thus Father Reith hopes to continue his work among the Moros. —EDITOR.

**T**HE efforts of 400 years among the Mohammedans in the Philippines, constantly beset with disap-

(Left) Sisters bring good medicine—and Christianity—to the Mohammedans of Lanao. No other white women have gone as far into Moro land as these Sisters. (Above) Moro ills are noted while Father Reith meditates plans for curing their ills.

pointing failure, at last give promise of fruit. The method being used is to approach the Mohammedan soul through the body, that the Corporal Works of Mercy may open the way for spiritual salvation.

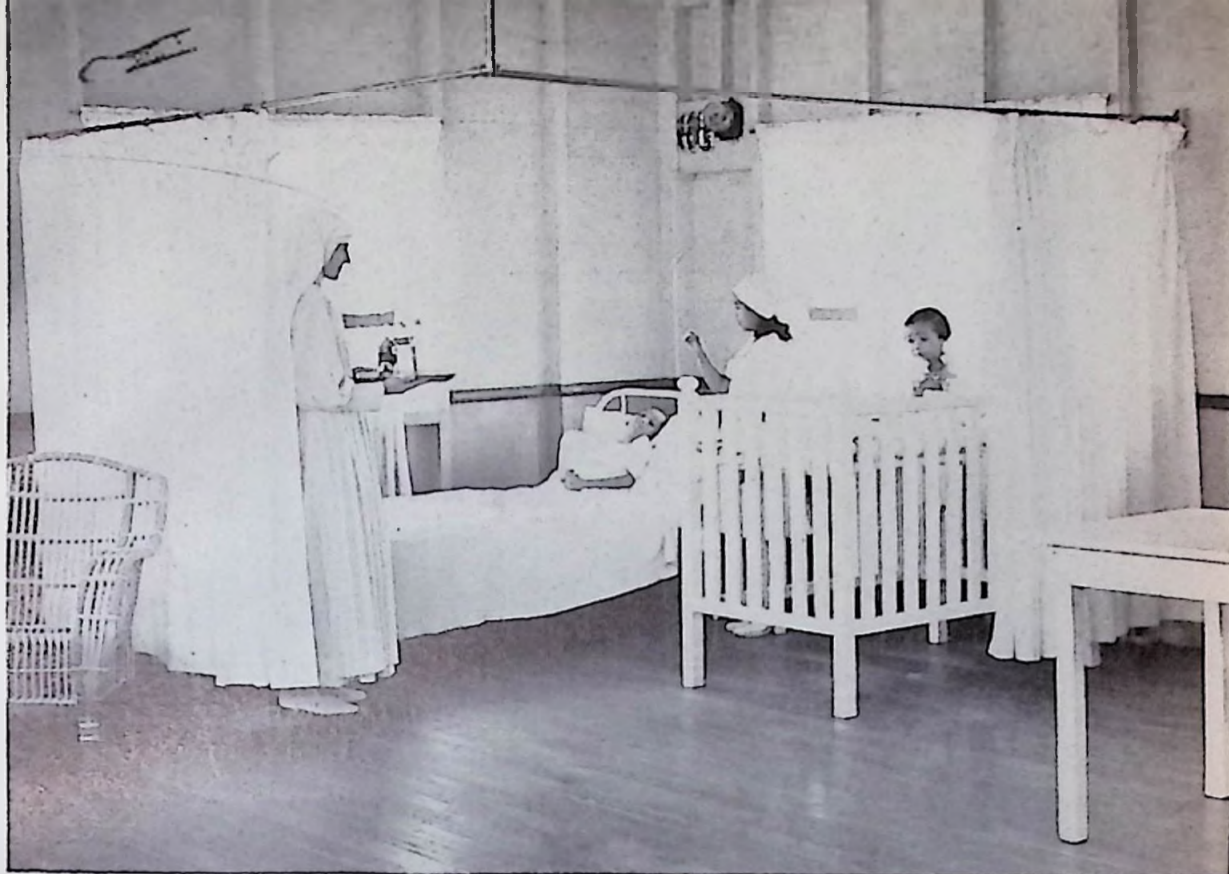
With the advent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary to the mission, the Maria Auxiliadora Dispensary-Clinic was opened in May, 1940. It has since developed into a mission hospital and is succeeding in inducing the Moros to put themselves spontaneously under the influence of those whose purpose is to make the Mohammedans Christians,—an accomplishment which various methods used during the past four centuries have failed to realize.

At this mission hospital there is an average of fifty patients a day, and Mondays and Thursdays are especially busy days when the Moros are in for the market. The majority of patients are male Moros. This is remarkable, since the Mohammedan

men are especially shy of Christian influence. Our staff consists of a female doctor, a registered nurse, a dentist and two attendants. The latter four are Sisters. One attendant is Spanish, the other a Filipina. All the Sisters are first-class; the doctor lacks professional ability and may be substituted, if a sufficient increase in funds makes it possible.

**S**OME interesting traits or kinks in the Moro character crop up in our dispensary work. For example: a Moro will give a *new* name each time he comes to the Dispensary. It is all but impossible to get him to give the name he used on a previous visit.

If two Moros come together, you must ask the companion what the name of the patient is. The reason is that the Moro does not like to speak his name for, if he does, he is like the crow that constantly calls his own name ("Wak-wak").



This mission hospital gives encouraging hope of converting the Mohammedans of Mindanao after various other methods during four centuries have failed.

Preliminary statistics indicate that two out of three of our school children have *worms*. What is classed as malnutrition may be excess nutrition—of the worms. (We are giving a *thorough* medical inspection and treatment to all the children in our school. Government doctors give only a superficial inspection (they never dig for worms) and give *no* treatment after defects are found.)

The richest Moro in town will come poorly dressed and claim absolute destitution in order to get free medicines.

**W**E give no medicines free to Moros unless they are injected or swallowed. If you give a Moro medicine to be taken at home, he will invariably sell it.

Moros like medicine similar to Sloan's Liniment. They can feel it heal.

A Moro refused to take a dose of salts because it was bubbling. Sister gave him two powder solutions individually, and prayed that he would not burst.

A little Mora had her ears pierced. They were sore and the Mora came to Sister for treatment. Sister put Mercurochrome on the sores, and later I saw the Mora rubbing the red Mercurochrome from her ears on to her fingernails.

Sister told a Moro he should be grateful to Father for the medical service. He expressed it by shout-

ing. "*Mabuhay si Pari Reith,*" ("Long live Father Reith.")

Sister visited a Moro in a distant house. She found he had dysentery and reported it to the Government Health Office. An Inspector said he had visited the place but found the man well. Sister visited him the next day and found him dead.

**I** TAKE my hat off to Sister Piedad and Sister Fabiana. They are making the Dispensary a white door step to their own Heaven. No other women would go unaccompanied as far back into Moroland as the above two. With great glee, Sister Piedad told me recently, "We both fell down twice in the mud."

Sometimes I get a bit confused in the medical terms. (Don't be surprised that I have a professional interest in the Dispensary. Long years ago I got a Ph.D. in Biology and I have had nine years of experience in the local hospital.) I thought that Pediculosis was a disease of the feet; but I found out it meant bugs in the hair.

The District Health Officer has given our nurse, Mother Natalena, a limited Pharmacist's permit. Mother knows more about preparing medicines than most pharmacists. She has had long experience under a leading doctor and instructor of Manila, in addition to her work in Spain.

Moros like to display a gorgeous barrier of gold teeth. One Moro

wanted a lower tooth pulled. For the operation, Mother Divino Corazon, D.D.S., removed his upper gold plate; he would not trust it to her tray, but insisted upon putting it in his pocket.

It takes a dentist with a strong stomach to work upon the black, betel-dyed and lime-eaten mouths of the Moros. They chew the betel-nut mixed with lime and tobacco. This blackens the teeth and dyes the lips red. It also shrivels the mouth and lips, causing the teeth to show more prominently.

**T**HE case of a Moro in the Public Hospital was rather remarkable. He had killed a soldier and in the process received several bullets in his abdomen. Strangely enough, or not strangely, if you know Moro resistance, he recovered even though his intestines were perforated. After a time, however, and because of something he ate, he was back in the hospital and in a critical condition. The Sisters visited him, and when it was evident that he would die, they got him to express a desire for Baptism. But later, and I suspect due to the influence of a Mora "Princess", he became delirious and refused Baptism. He did not die as quickly as was expected, but he was pretty far gone. He was lying in the bed, semi-conscious, his eyes closed and only a few inches from death's door. On the strength of his intention expressed while still in his right mind the Sister wet a piece of cotton with the intention of administering the sacrament conditionally. She advanced to the back of the bed, the patient all the while entirely unconscious of her presence. But just as she leaned over the fellow, he opened wide his eyes, swung his arm about and shouted: "I do not want Baptism. Go away!" That afternoon he went to Mohammed's bosom.

Let us pray that I am not too daring in my hope that this project may be the long-sought key to the conversion of the Mohammedans. It is told that St. Francis Xavier once threw his shoe into a lake, exclaiming, "When the shoe floats again, the Moros will be converted." This means that God's grace is still sorely needed in Dansalan.

# Backstage Missionary

John W. Mangan, S. J.



In peach colored "tails" Father Lord's Negro troupers sing a sermon on interracial justice and win applause of delighted audiences.

**S**AINT LOUIS has nearly a million inhabitants and so it can hardly be called a mission village yet one of the nation's most mission-minded men has his office in that city. He is Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., National Director of the Sodality of Our Lady. Millions of people know his name but few realize that he plays a missionary's part. He has a special predilection for the Negro, and the interracial problem is one he loves to tackle.

As a missionary Father Lord is different. Cold theories are not for him. Whatever he touches must have a glow and he and his Colored friends are able to produce it. Music, song and dance all find their place in his prejudice-breaking soul-saving bag of tricks.

**A** MASTER of cleverness he sells you an idea before you realize that it was even on the market. Take his recent Follies for example: A troupe of Negro boys and girls are breaking the back of Terpsichore with their antics and all the while are singing a snappy ditty

of Father Lord's own composition. The audience goes wild. Throats go hoarse as they shout approval. Suddenly the lights are out. The stage is cleared and in a split second the curtain is raised again, revealing a handsome Negro in his peach colored "tails." A white boy and girl in evening clothes make their way from the wings and the lad expresses the thoughts of the thousands of spectators: "How do those kids dance like that? Where do they get the rhythm and that song?" The girl adds her line: "George, give him a quarter." With the flipping of a coin the couple leave the stage.

**T**HE Negro, after a moment's meditation breaks into a solo:

"Songs we'll sing;  
We'll laugh and gladly do the comic thing;  
We'll pluck our rhythm from our banjo strings;  
We'll dance for your approval,  
Hoping it is right, friends.  
Well we know  
That Pagliacci mustn't stop the show;  
But please remember  
Every clown who hides his heart  
Need not be white, friends.  
Take our mirth;  
But we've another and a truer worth.  
We've hands to serve  
And souls with courage strong.  
So need we stand,  
Just entertainers in our 'loved land?'  
Please take  
Our fullest selves;  
We've much to give besides our song."

The lights go out again and a hush comes over the audience. An unexpected sermon has been preached and twenty thousand

people are one step closer to the Christian ideal of interracial justice.

The scene is from the Election Year Follies. It is but one of Father Lord's musicals in which the same idea has been prominent. Similar scenes are to be found in his Matrimonial Follies and in the Social Order Follies.

**A**NOTHER kind of Colored theatrical work he knows too. Back in 1936 he traveled to Jamaica in behalf of his Negro friends there and produced a mammoth pageant commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Jesuit Missionaries to the island.

One of the remote effects of the trip is the presence of a Colored lad now studying in the Graduate School of Fordham University. Other shows, too, Father Lord has produced. Not the least of them have been the frequent entertainments in Saint Elizabeth's Church, the Negro parish in Saint Louis.

**M**ORE in line with his ordinary Sodality work are the Local and National Sodality Conventions. At most of these the Colored Sodalists have an active part, and Father Lord boasts that he has had Negroes at "ALL" (the capitalization is his) the affairs of the annual Summer Schools of Catholic Action.

Throughout the South and in New Orleans especially, he has organized Colored unions of the Sodality and only two years ago sponsored a Colored Youth Day in the Louisiana capital. His office is currently publishing a work on interracial relations, "The Catholic Church and the Negro" written by James Madigan, S.J.

Father Lord's activity knows no bounds. On (Turn to page 111)



*Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.*

## *Queer Places*

Jesuit missionaries have been found in some very queer places. If you had visited the court of the Emperor of China in 1645 you would have found there Father Schall, a Jesuit missionary, wearing the silk robes of a mandarin and holding the presidency of the Imperial Mathematical Tribunal. Then there was Robert de Nobili who became a Brahmin, as far as a Christian could, to consort with and evangelize the top castes in India, while brother Jesuits went in rags, that they might evangelize the lower castes and followed the local customs and prostrated in the dust whenever the "high-caste" Jesuit rode by on his elephant. A Jesuit missionary, Nunez Baretto, was made Patriarch of Abyssinia; another, St. Peter Claver, worked on slave ships; another St. Isaac Jogues, was himself a slave.

## *Sans Romance*

But some of the queerest places in which Jesuit missionaries are to be found are the least romantic and have little "human interest" for the writer of things exotic.

There is, for instance, a group of Jesuit missionaries who work on top of a mountain where nobody thinks there are any mountains. They wend their way to and from their mission base through canyons, though hardly anybody thinks of them as canyons. These missionaries are in the midst of millions and millions of people, many of them pagans, yet these missionaries seldom have occasion to speak to these millions and hardly ever baptize a single pagan. This is, indeed, a queer mission base, but it is truly a

mission base and the Jesuits here are truly missionaries. Perhaps you've guessed who they are. No? Maybe a little hint will help. The mountain on which they labor is a huge block of steel and concrete on a famous island, and the name of the island is—that's right; you've guessed it—Manhattan!

## *Gotham's Canyons*

As you walk through the deep canyons of New York streets you see some of the millions of people among whom these missionaries live. As you climb the mountain of an office building (that is, you take the elevator to the 18th floor—if you *must* be prosaic), you hardly think in terms of missions and missionaries. And as you enter the quiet-looking door on which is inscribed *Jesuit Mission Press, Inc.*, and find yourself bowled over by the rush of activity within, you are sure that this is indeed a queer place for missionaries. For there rushes to greet you no whine of typhoon ripping through palm trees, no snowy blast of an Alaskan storm, no roar of a Chinese flood, but rather the busy clicking of typewriters, the ringing of phone bells, the noise of the addressing machine.

## *True Missionaries*

A busy office in the heart of New York seems a far cry from the usual field of a foreign missionary's labors, but the Jesuits at JESUIT MISSIONS are genuine missionaries, nevertheless, directly active in missionary work, as can readily be seen if one remembers what a missionary does. Though they never have the consolation of baptizing a single pagan,

yet they take an active part in the work of establishing the Church on the frontiers of Christ's Kingdom in foreign fields; that makes them truly missionaries.

But the proof of this thesis belongs rather to the editorial page than this department, and far be it for a substitute assistant to an associate editor to encroach upon the editor-in-chief's domain! Rather, let this newcomer tell you what he sees in this queer mission base high up in the peaks of the New York skyline.

## *The Field of Labor*

Here is the open floor where the typewriters click, the telephones ring and the banks of files do whatever banks of files are supposed to do. There are the editors' offices, where they are busy planning and arranging the coming issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. The stock department where repose mysterious bales, stacks of office supplies, files of back issues and a stock of Jesuit Mission Press publications is to your right. There the addressing machine makes much ado over the job of telling where to deliver your copy of JESUIT MISSIONS.

As the missionaries abroad have their lay helpers, their teachers in mission schools and catechists, so these missionaries have their lay helpers, too, the office force, whose devotion to their work is truly apostolic and an inspiration to anyone who has not seen modern business office efficiency combined with apostolic zeal. May the spirit which permeates this mountain of concrete and steel remind you at home not to forget the missionaries abroad.

JOSEPH I. STOFFEL, S.J.

# From the Poor House to Heaven

Francis J. Osborne, S.J.

**"RING** the bell, Jonathan." An inmate of the Poor House in St. Anne's Parish, Kingston, Jamaica, Jonathan Bailey is my right hand man and catechist. Sharply at ten every Wednesday morning, Jonathan stands on the chapel steps and rings his bell for all to come and hear the truth.

It was not always so. Once Jonathan was a smartly dressed officer of the Jamaican constabulary. And this former policeman still leads the prayers with the ring of authority in his voice. He had to come to the Poor House to receive the gift of faith a few years ago.

**A**T the sound of Jonathan's bell, the very poor of St. Anne's come to hear the word of God. As they pass by me on the way to chapel, the centuries fade away and I see once again the Carpenter of Nazareth passing through the streets of Judea. The people bring out their sick to Him and He lays His Hand on them and cures them. May He stoop down and bless my little flock today. For they are no better off than the people of Judea. Some barely able to walk, hobble along their painful way, others with sightless eyes cautiously feel out their steps. Here comes one in a wheel chair. Yet all come, eager to hear and learn more about Christ and His love for men.

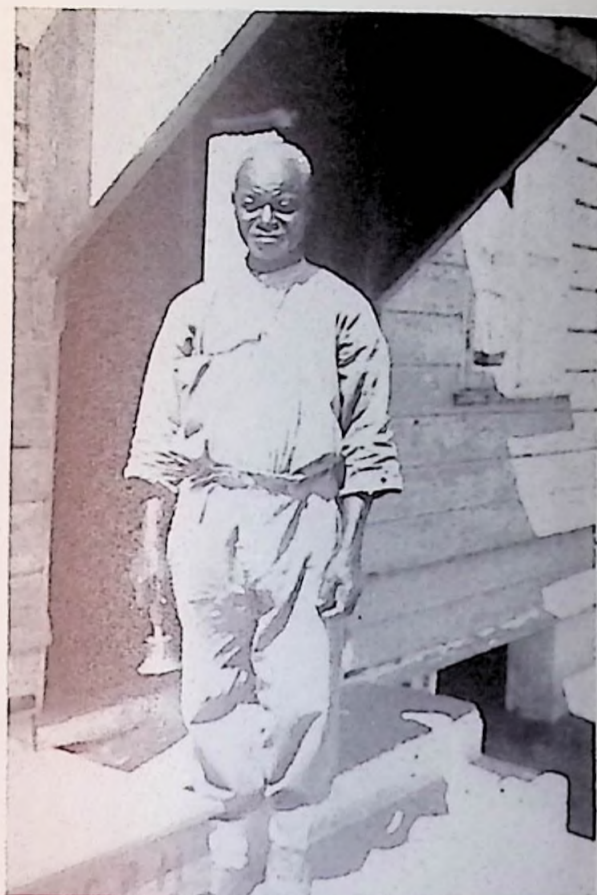
When all are assembled, Jonathan takes his seat of honor somewhat apart from the others and close to the platform. As I advance to the platform, I notice him looking at the crucifix guarded on either side by statues of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart. These are Jonathan's treasures. Religiously, every Wednesday morning, he sets them up and just as religiously stores them away after the service. The gift of faith had made a brand new world for Jonathan even in the Poor House.

It is no cathedral audience that faces me when I look down from the platform. And this is no cathedral. In fact, it is a common chapel. The echoes of false doctrines preached from this same platform during the week hover about my head. Someone rattles his rosary at my left. Without a glance, I know it is old Dennis waiting for me to begin. Week after week he sits in the same spot in the front bench.

**DENNIS** is the ancient of my flock, loved by all for his quiet, gentle manner. I have become accustomed to the rattle of his beads slipping through his fingers. In fact, I would be distracted without that accompaniment to my instruction. Occasionally, Dennis smiles, but at present he sits there with head perfectly erect, looking straight ahead. You cannot read his face but I'll wager he smiles inwardly when Heaven is pictured to him in glowing colors. It gives him something to look forward to since his life here is only a dull patch of existence.

When old Dennis dies, you won't find any notice in the papers. Very few know he lives. Fewer still will mourn his passing but he doesn't mind. You see, he's looking straight ahead to meet the Lady whose beads he rattles so affectionately. Moreover, he's waiting to see that statue of Our Lord he faces every Wednesday morning, become a living reality.

**O**N the women's side of the chapel, Jane Brown sits by the window to get a little relief from our tropical heat. The chapel has a fine southern exposure. It does not take long to appreciate it. A white cloth enfolds Jane's head, a substitute for a hat. A bandage covers her right eye while an eye glass, a poor aid to her failing sight covers her left. She is a recent convert. Jonathan Bailey instructed her and only recently I poured the saving waters



At the sound of Jonathan's bell Dennis, the ancient of the flock, comes to chapel with rosary in hand.

of Baptism over her aged head.

All of my congregation cannot come to chapel. So after the service I make the rounds. There is a tuberculosis ward attached to the Poor House. Here one of my flock keeps me posted on new arrivals. Through her I found an East Indian woman named Myrtle. She expressed her desire to become a Catholic. No sooner had I baptized her than her condition took a serious turn. When I got to her bedside Death was standing by her. So I administered the sacrament of Extreme Unction. She wasted away before my eyes.

Myrtle is gone, but I feel sure she did not mind going to Heaven.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



## LAST WORD FROM P. I.

• In his last letter before the mail from the Philippines stopped, **Father Joseph Lucas, S.J.**, tells of his return from the classroom to his old mission in the mountains of Bukidnon, Mindanao. Father Lucas writes from Malaybalay:

• "Greetings from the mountain tops of Mindanao! I was able to return to Malaybalay five years to the date after leaving it because four of our Fathers volunteered and were accepted as chaplains in the Philippine Army, now part of the U. S. Far East Army, among them the Pastor of Malaybalay.

• "My return was a veritable triumphal entry. A banquet was quickly arranged at the Ateneo de Cagayan. Next day I started up the mountains and was delayed at every town along the road. On arrival at Malaybalay, the St. Joseph Society, started in 1935 and still vigorous, tendered a banquet.

## ACCEPTING A CHALLENGE

• "Yesterday we got started on the building of a Holy Cross Auditorium which will be a recreational center for some ——— soldier boys who will arrive before the New Year. Though we had no money we had a lot of building materials intended for the sacristy and new parish house. A U. S. Major, morale officer, threw down the challenge that we could do nothing to prevent the immorality that follows the Army, and we hope to show him that he is wrong.

• "For the present I am the unofficial chaplain for the Army. The Captain is a Protestant, but

very favorably disposed. When his first full-fledged unit of Filipinos marched to the church and received Holy Communion in a body he accompanied them and marvelled at their spiritual power manifested so unobtrusively. During the past few days ——— soldiers were moved into our camp here, and have a Catholic chaplain, a Filipino priest, who will stay with me for a while.

• "A chaplain from Boston, now stationed at Fort McKinley, told of his trip over. They came over in eighteen days with black-out every night. Last night we had black-out from 6:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M., the longest to date. Everybody is expecting war."

• As far as can be gathered from the latest reports, it seems that the Japanese have not invaded that part of Mindanao where Father Lucas is, and he has been made regional superior of the isolated Jesuits in Mindanao who are now out of contact with the Superior in Manila.

## WEDDING IN THE HILLS

• You are cordially invited to a wedding feast by **Father J. F. O'Keefe, S.J.**, of Montego Bay, Jamaica. "If you all could only come down for the week-end," writes Father O'Keefe, "I'd give you the time of your lives. For on Sunday after Mass we are going to have a wedding in the hills at Chester Castle. A young man recently acquired a cultivation up there on the hills, and so he built a little house. But what good is a little house without a little

wife? So now he is going to have one and it is too bad you can't be there.

## JUST LIKE CANA

• They'll have real cake and even a little wine as there was in Cana long ago. And the bride will be dressed in virgin white with a veil and a garland on her head. And he will be all dressed up, even with a pair of gloves. And there in the little building we call our church will be received the same sacrament which is received at nuptials in cathedrals.

• And after the ceremony there will be the same joy,—perhaps more, because, it seems, where there is plenty of poverty there also is plenty of joy when it comes. And a wedding day is surely a day for rejoicing.

• So I wish you could come down to that wedding in the hills. At the new home you'd be welcome that day and you'd have such a grand time. You could dance all day and into the night without fear of disturbing the family downstairs because there isn't any downstairs. And you could sing to your heart's content without fear of disturbing the neighbors because there aren't any neighbors. What a lovely place the country is, especially the hill tops; and why did men ever leave them to go down to villages and towns and cities?"

## "OLD NICK"

• "Sometimes Old Nick shows his hand quite openly over here, and not long ago he got the better of me," writes **Father John A. Morrison, S.J.**, from Poreya Hat.

Santal Parganas, India. "One of our school teachers fell away from the Church some years ago, and I had not been able to get him back. His village is about four miles from Poreya Hat, and I had kept my eye on him. Not long ago I heard that he was very sick and I went to visit him. He had a bad case of tuberculosis but he talked nicely and said that he wanted to come back to his religion. I sent a catechist to visit him several times and finally, when the time seemed opportune, I took the Blessed Sacrament and rode over on my pony to give him Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

**REAL THRILL**

• "It is not often that we meet cases like that. In my mission sector our Catholics live in many villages scattered over a large area and it is often difficult to reach them, especially during the rainy season when the roads and trails are bogged and the rivers are high and there is often a touch of adventure in sick calls. And I do get a thrill in reaching a dying Santal lying in a thatched hut far out in the jungle and giving him the last sacraments and knowing that Our Lord is still reaching the poorest of His poor after two thousand years and that He is let-

ing through the 'seven lean years' on the missions now. The pity is that there were no seven years of plenty to precede them. Our hope is that they may follow, when the cornucopia will be spilled on Patna Mission."

**TALLEST MAN IN PATNA**

• "Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., is the tallest man in Patna Mission," according to Father Charles Bonnot, S.J., who is now assistant priest at Godda, India. "Were you to examine his head I am positive that you would find many a souvenir of the bumps he got until he learned to duck on entering a Santal home. He's probably seen more stars than the entire heavens can boast of. Experience is a stern teacher for even now he ducks whenever he enters a perfectly safe door.

**AND A BIG HEART TOO**

• "He has certainly won his way into the hearts of his Santals and I am all eyes and ears to discover the *sesame*. A patient readiness to allow for limitations, a warm fatherly sympathy combined with a delightful saving sense of humor do the trick as far as I can discover. America is the land of speed but India the home of slow motion, and Father Ernst has made himself at home in India. It is the best way of keeping one's hair on his head and from turning grey thereon.

• "Father is negotiating for a plot of land just behind an orchard separating it from our property. The orchard belongs to a Hindu who has been a thorn in the side of the Mission here. If we can get the big plot to the rear of him we hope that he'll be ready to sell out to us. A thousand dollars would make both places ours."

**MAKE HASTE SLOWLY**

• The wisdom of a veteran missionary is felt in these few words from Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., who writes from Barh, India:

• "With the future so uncertain



Preaching a series of missions in Jamaica, Father Patrick S. Foley, S.J., makes friends with Cynthia Sullivan and Vivian Murphy of St. Anne's School, Kingston.

**HE FOLLOWED HIS ANCESTORS**

• "He had a child who had not yet been baptized and I told him that I would have to baptize the child first. I wanted this as a sign of his good will. But he began making excuses. We talked for some time and finally he told me that his pagan ancestors had all died and gone to hell and he wanted to go where they were. I couldn't do anything with him and had to bring the Blessed Sacrament home again. And the poor fellow died in that condition about a week later. So the pagan ancestors won out this time.

ting me have some part in His glorious work here in India."

**"SEVEN LEAN YEARS"**

• "In these days of a war-torn world," writes Father James Creane, S.J., from Gaya, India, "we just manage to carry on and hope for better times to come. I do not mean to say that we are merely marking time and making no progress. No, there is an advance nearly everywhere all along the line. But there is not that grand impressive forward movement that our dreams and visions present to us. We seem to be go-

and filled with war, the 'ordinary' events of the past year *seem* almost trivial. Yet I hope that even these ordinary happenings in Patna, yes, even our very, very humble achievements at Barh will have found a gracious mention in the Lord's own 'Current History.' True, I've had only 130 Baptisms this year; but my objective has been rather to solidify what I have than to extend frontiers. And in this I think we have made very heartening progress. Our attendance at Sunday Mass and the reception of the sacraments, as also school attendance, have surpassed all that I dared to hope for during the gloomy first months of '41. The year ended most consolingly.

**RANGOON NEXT DOOR**

• "With bombs raining on Rangoon (so near to Calcutta) our thoughts are naturally much occupied with the future. But we are in God's hands. With the extension of the war to the Pacific there was at once an immense rise in the cost of living. What a world this is! Just before war was declared by the U. S. A., I had begun building a little bungalow for myself (or rather my successors). Don't you want to come and live in it? We could use you."



Cynthia Edwards of St. Anne's parish is grateful for the doll she received from generous friends in the States.



Symbolic of present passion and suffering of Filipino people, Christ falls beneath His Cross in a public procession on Good Friday in Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

**WE'D TAKE A CHANCE**

• Father John P. Fox, S.J., who had to return to the States from his mission in Hooper Bay, Alaska, for reasons of health, says that his friends think he has been evacuated from Alaska. He assures them that such is not the case, but continues, "The wives and children of all army men were evacuated or are rapidly being evacuated from all over the territory. There is question of others, too, especially all those living in coast towns and some fifty miles inland. But so far I heard nothing definite on that, and I hope it is all wrong. For Hooper Bay is right on the beach and so would be eligible for the free ride. We would much prefer to take a chance and stay where we are, even though it may be a bit dangerous. We don't feel that we are worth the price of a bomb big enough to blow us up. And, anyhow, what earthly use would the Japanese have for our fish and seal oil. And just in case any one might read these lines with eyes peeled for storage tanks full of gasoline, I hasten to add that we

are completely out of that commodity. In fact, we already decided to leave our little schooner the *St. Patrick*, in dry dock for the coming season.

**FATHER MENAGER TAKES OVER**

• "Father Frank Menager, S.J., the first missionary to be permanently stationed at Hooper Bay after the founding of the mission there, is back to his old post 'for the duration.' I hope to be back to release him by about June. In the meantime, I will be scouting around to see what can be done about getting in supplies for next winter. Things look dark indeed. No boats will be allowed into the Bering Sea this coming season. Plans to handle our freight by some other route, via the Yukon, for instance, are being discussed. But aside from a serious increase of expense, there are many other difficulties that stand in the way of such a plan. The plain fact is that facilities simply are not available to handle all the supplies needed by the Army and then have anything to spare for our missions."

# INDIA NEXT?

As far as the Missions go, war has been dogging India for more than *two years!*

□ American Jesuits have been unable to get new recruits there because of difficulties beyond their control.

Huge territories opening up to Christ's Ambassadors must lay neglected. It would take one missionary sixteen years to visit every village assigned him—and that at the rate of visiting a different village each day of every day in the year.

The answer—now—a vastly expanded catechist corps.



Native Catechist and his attentive Indian audience

The glad tidings bring happiness to India's outcasts



American Jesuits have had to shoulder the support of the several sisterhoods originally supported by Europe.

This item alone means an annual additional \$25,000 to the Patna Mission Budget.

The marked increase in living costs—even in India—gravely affects the mission.

A loin cloth—simplest of Indian wearing apparel—used to cost 20 cents; now it costs 65 cents.

Eighty pounds of rice used to cost \$1.60. Today the same sum buys 7½ pounds.

In India the missionaries have hundreds of dependents to feed and clothe. Widows' Homes and mission orphanages are essential to most every mission station.

## \$100,000 YEARLY IS NEEDED FOR PATNA MISSION

Combination Chapel and School "somewhere in" Patna



No missionary appeals for himself. But his people—like His Leader, Christ—he cannot see them stumble on their blind way. Must the suffering of thwarted ambitions be added to his other trials?

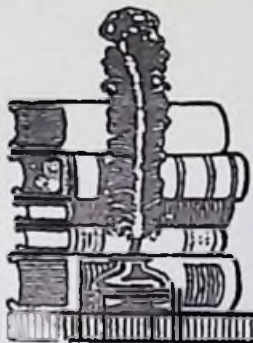
Be the Good Samaritan

Help ransom Patna's millions by your offering.

Send dimes or dollars to

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

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



# NEW BOOKS



## My Mind Wanders

John P. Delaney, S.J.

When a priest reads a new 64-page pamphlet on the Mass, which too many lay people mistakenly imagine is strictly a priestly subject, he rarely enthuses—"good presentation," "fresh approach," "not bad, but he should have included something on historical development, the symbolical meaning of various liturgical actions, etc."

Well, as a priest, this reviewer goes all out in his admiration for this intensely human, deeply spiritual, soul-gripping and eminently practical presentation of the Mass. Read it and your mind won't wander. Read it and you will find the unique solution for all your difficulties. Read it and you will begin to live the Mass. Read it and begin to do your part in the spiritual restoration of the world.

*Institute of Social Order, 24 W. 16th St., N. Y. C., three cents net, plus postage.*

## Liturgical Worship

Father Joseph A. Jungmann, S.J.

Translated by a Monk of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn.

The book, which defines concepts and clarifies principles, is important in any field of work. For that reason, Father Jungmann, S.J., has made a valuable contribution to the study of Church Liturgy in this little book called, "Liturgical Worship." He discovers for us the fundamental principles according to which the liturgical prayers and services were formed. These are important because they give point and significance to all the visible expressions of that mystical union which exists between Christ and His Church.

The first part of the book is concerned with the finding of a workable definition for Liturgy, sufficiently broad to take in all the rites, ceremonies and devotions accepted and practiced by the Church through the years. The second part of the book separates the constituent elements of the Liturgy into their simplest notions. The last chapters break up the Mass and the Breviary according to these fundamental parts. This book offers a deeper understanding and appreciation of the liturgical movement which is striving to introduce the spirit of the Liturgy to the faithful by renewing these beautiful practices as found in the early growth of the Church.

*St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., \$1.25.*

## St. Regis—A Social Crusader

Albert S. Foley, S.J.

Recent decades and their world-shaking catastrophes have aroused a

slumbering social conscience. In the Christian endeavor to guide social action aright, the canonized social service of the Saints, patterned as it is after the absorbingly human social action of Christ, must always serve as a sure lodestar. Father Foley's latest effort in hagiography spotlights a soul so keenly alert to the sufferings incident upon human exploitation, that the alleviation of these evils was to be his path to sanctity.

Too long has the winsome character of John Francis Regis remained in the shadows. His life, now so engagingly presented by Father Foley, must be a lasting source of inspiration to all who journey with him in these pages. And journey, you will! For eight of the ten years of his priestly life were spent largely on missionary tramps through the bleak rugged mountains of Southern France. And that during the biting winter months! He had little trouble, save the excruciating personal cost in pain, to win the simple folk of the hills, in whose service he was destined to die. But in the cities of Toulouse and Le Puy he came to grips with poverty, unemployment, famine, prostitution, profiteering, plague, etc.—a familiar catalogue even today three centuries later. His endeavors, so practical and so successful, in alleviating these conditions were brought only at great price. Those who had fattened upon these conditions would not easily be worsted. Physical violence time and again threatened his life; false charges and sycophant superiors in civil and ecclesiastical ranks actually momentarily halted all his works of zeal. In these months of doubt and anxiety his deep religious spirit kept him the ever humble subject he was.

And all the labors, all the trials of this crowded life were to his mind helping to prove him worthy of the glorious career ahead on the Canadian missions. Had not the Father General of the Society of Jesus promised him such did he but prove himself further? But God had other designs. He was to carry on his manifold apostolate in the cities and hills of Southern France "as long as his strength lasts" was his Superiors final command. But six months later he literally fulfilled that command absolving penitents high in the hills until he lost consciousness four days before his death.

Sustaining the relentless drive and astounding success of Regis was the captivating love of Christ and men, His brothers. A reading of this book con-

firms anew the old story that any social betterment crusade not built on that same foundation cannot endure to the world's profit.

The portrait of Regis as drawn by Father Foley rings true. There is no forced attempt at building up a case—so much the style in modern biography. There is not overmuch reflection on the author's part—again a virtue. Particularly appealing is the rapidity with which the life-story moves along.

*The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, \$2.50.*

## The Heart of The Gospel and The Heart of Revelation—Combined Edition

Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

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(Above) In war time the work of hospital Sisters is multiplied.  
 (Left) Father Welfle found it good to be an American in Malaya.  
 (Right) Church at Malacca where St. Francis Xavier was buried.

## Along the Road to

**R**ANGOON, Mandalay, Penang, the Burma Road and Singapore are names which recent events have made very familiar to all Americans. Consequently, Father Welfle's account of these places will be interesting even though it was written more than a month before the Japanese invasion. He returned to India, wrote the article and immediately mailed it to us. It arrived one day before the fall of Singapore.—Editor.

Traveling in wartime is sticky business. It took three days of dashing about from office to office in the muggy heat of Calcutta before I had covered all the requirements and regulations. I had to get a new passport from the American Consulate General, a visa for Burma and the Straits Settlements from the Secretary to the Governor of Bengal, a permit to leave India from the Commissioner of Police, a vaccination certificate from a doctor, and from Thomas Cook & Company a ticket which assured me passage to Rangoon on the *SS. Hai Tan*. After passing through a whole alphabet of officials, red tape and customs I got my foot on the gangplank. Off to Singapore at last! While we swung away from the pier I watched the river traffic. Boats from far off countries had their

names painted over as an obvious war precaution.

**M**Y fellow passengers consisted chiefly of a motley crowd of Hindus, Mohammedans, Burmese and Chinese, with their bedding-rolls, boxes and cooking utensils strewn all over the forward deck. The upper class passengers were very few as I observed when the gong assembled them in the dining saloon for lunch. With all the portholes closed for the black-out, the dining saloon was a pretty dismal place. It was also hot and stuffy. So three of us agreed to get out on deck as soon as possible, and there we immediately became absorbed in watching the phosphorescent glow in the water. I was able to explain this phenomenon to my companions. I told them that it is caused by a species of fish covered with luminous bacteria. And I went on to say that other fish produce the same effect by two sets of glands, spread side by side all over the skin. One set produces enciferin, the other enciferase, and the two substances combine to form a luminous compound.

My companions were duly impressed at this display of general knowledge, but my humility got the better of me, and I told them that I had just recently come across the explanation while reading "Arches

of the Years" by Halliday Sutherland.

Next morning we met on deck again after breakfast, this time to watch the flying fish. It was fascinating to follow them as they rose up out of the furrows of molten silver rolling off the prow of the ship, and went gliding just above the surface of the water down into the trough of a wave and up again, on and on until they plunged into a crest too high for them to mount.

Life went on pleasantly in this strain for three days. Then early the next morning the *Hai Tan* steamed up the Irrawaddy, with the city of Rangoon spread out on either side of the river, and the gold-gilt pagodas glistening in the sun. There were the usual formalities of checking up passports and visas, and clearing Customs. Then I made for Clergy House, where I was warmly welcomed by Bishop Provost and other Fathers of the Paris Foreign Mission Society.

**D**URING the next few days I saw the whole of Rangoon, with its pagodas, thousands of Buddhist monks in saffron robes, and Burmese ladies smoking huge cheroots. Rangoon differs little from any of the larger cities of India.

There is a narrow-gauge railway from Rangoon to Mandalay, and the



# Singapore

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

journey takes from four o'clock in the afternoon until six the next morning. Although I had announced my arrival, I did not expect any one to meet me. But when the train pulled into the station, I spotted a small bearded man in a white cassock amidst the crowd on the platform. "Well now," I reflected, "that's very kind of him to come down here at this hour of the morning to meet a total stranger."

AS I stepped down from the train, he greeted me profusely and insisted on carrying my handbag. This impressed me as kindness gone to excess, for in the East only coolies carry luggage. Then as we made for the exit, I said: "Pardon me, Father, but I did not catch your name." He smiled mischievously, and replied, "But surely you know my name. Didn't you write that you were coming?" I stood stock still, and gasped: "My lord, are you Bishop Faliere?" "Of course! Of course!" And he chuckled merrily. I succeeded in getting the handbag from him, and in my confusion dropped my sun-helmet. He quickly recovered it, and planted it on my head again. "Now calm down," he said. I got to know the Bishop still better during my visit, and some-

where I have noted down that it is worth a trip to Mandalay just to meet him. But I do wish he would wear his episcopal ring and a dash of red when he goes to welcome strangers at the train.

APART from Bishop Faliere, the glamor of Mandalay is chiefly in its name, and a celebrated poem by Kipling. With that poem fresh in my memory, I expected to find flying fish frolicking about the place, and the dawn coming up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay. Just which bay Kipling had in mind is difficult to say, for the town is on the Irrawaddy River, and just at this spot it happens to be bayless. This, along with the fact that Mandalay is nothing but an over-grown town with dirty streets, noted for turning out Burma cheroots, forced me to the conclusion that Kipling never saw the place. In case you have Mandalay on your itinerary, I suggest that you make note of the large leper asylum, run by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

I spent a whole morning there, and I'll never forget it. I met one nun who has been dressing the sores of those living corpses for forty-three years. If that isn't heroic charity, I never expect to meet it. As I watched her apply forceps to a toe bone that was about to come off, she told me that the lepers themselves sometimes save her this trouble by pulling the bones out with their teeth. She must have noticed me wince, for she immediately assured me that it is a perfectly

painless process. One of the characteristics of leprosy is the fact that the affected parts are without feeling. I soon became convinced as I visited the more advanced cases that another characteristic is a sickening stench which was unlike any other that ever assailed my nostrils before.

One of the unfortunate inmates of the asylum is a priest. Out of sympathy I made a tremendous effort to conceal all squeamishness, screwed up my courage to the sticking point, and shook hands with him as though this were the greatest joy of my life. Actually, I never felt more uncomfortable. When I got back to Bishop's House, I washed my hands with carbolic soap, and as I thought of Damien sharing his pipe with the lepers, I vowed that I would canonize him tomorrow if I could.

MANDALAY is on the famous Burma Road. My penchant for adventure made me itch to hop on one of the trucks that go rolling by in an almost endless line to Lashio and on into China. But I had to get back to Rangoon to catch the boat on which I had booked passage to Penang.

In case your knowledge of the geography of these parts is as hazy as mine was when I started this trip, I had better tell you that Penang is an island just off the mainland of Malaya where the Straits of Malacca begin. I sailed from Rangoon on the *M.V. Hai Lee*.

PENANG is called "The Jewel of the East" and as I admired its beauty from the launch while we skimmed across the harbor to the landing, I agreed that it deserves the name. But I almost changed my opinion half an hour later when I went to register with the police. The young Englishman at the desk greeted me courteously but coolly, and as he paged my passport, he said: "You have come down here from India?" He said it in such a way that I knew there was trouble in the offing. So I braced myself for battle and replied: "Yes, sir. I have come from Calcutta."

"What are you doing down here?"

"I came on business."

"But you can't stay here. This is



Moslem Mosque at Johore overlooking the harbor on the road to Singapore.

defense area. You have to leave in twenty-four hours."

"What? Look at my passport. I have a visa for the Straits Settlements valid for three months. Penang is one of the Straits Settlements, isn't it?"

"Yes, but this visa should never have been issued."

"What is your address here?"

"I haven't any as yet. I just landed. But I hope to stay with Father Souhait at the Catholic Church on Farquhar Street."

"Well, wait a minute."

He took up a phone. "Hello, Walter? I say, there's an American Padre here who seems to be amazed to learn that he requires a special permit to enter a defense area. . . . Yes, an American. . . . Yes. The visa was issued in Calcutta. . . . I don't know. Wait, I'll ask him." To me: "How long would you be staying here in Penang?"

"Only a few days. Then I hope to go down to Singapore."

**I**N phone: "He would be here for only a few days, but then plans to go on to Singapore. . . . Yes, his passport is up to date. . . . Right." (Hanging up the receiver.)

"Well, frankly, you're the first American Padre I've ever seen here in Malaya. All the priests around here are French. Anyway, the Commissioner says it will be all right. But really we don't encourage traveling down here at present. However, your passport is in order. Of course, you understand my position.

These orders are issued without making any exemptions. We have to carry them out. I'll make out a permit for you to enter the defense area of Singapore, and everything will be all right. . . . By the way, do you know how to get to Father Souhait's place? Take the first street to your left down here. You can't miss it."

"Thanks."

"Right ho. Good morning."

"Good morning."

**F**OLLOWING the directions given I ran smack into the Assumption. Father Souhait received me with a glowing hospitality which by this time I had come to recognize as characteristic of the Fathers of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Without any advance notice of my arrival, he managed to lay a lunch that made me suspect he really did have secret information that I was coming. I helped him hear confessions over at the convent school, and this left us free to go out and admire the beauty of Penang.

I have never had the pleasure of seeing the South Sea Islands, but I doubt if any of them can surpass the island of Penang. A small incline tram labors up through cocoon groves and jungle to a peak about 2,000 feet high, and from here there is a magnificent panoramic view of the whole island with a host of smaller ones scattered about in the sea.

On the eastern side of the island, pointing to the mainland of Malaya about a mile across the harbor, there is a flat triangular bulge, where the town is concentrated in a huddle of glistening white buildings and clean well-kept streets. Then the base of the triangle broadens gracefully, and gradually rises beneath a green mantle of tropical vegetation to form a huge egg-shaped emerald half submerged in the sea.

**T**HE sandy beach forms a pretty white border, and there is a picturesque outer drive along the sea circling past palatial homes of the wealthy Chinese and doll-house villas with red tiled roofs peeping through the palms. One of them in particular took my eye, and I decided that when I am old and feeble

and looking for a place to retire, I shall come back there to dream of paradise on the isle of Penang.

Penang to Singapore is a run of two days and a night down the peninsula on the Federated Malay States Railway. I may mention that the Straits Settlements proper are Penang, Malacca, and Singapore. These three are directly under the British Crown. The rest of Malaya is made up of independent States, with their own rulers. The Sultan, however, always has a British Resident, or Adviser.

Some of these states are completely on their own, as for instance,



The author pauses for refreshment on the Federated Malay States railroad.

Johore at the extreme tip of the peninsula. But others have united to form a federation. Thus you have the full explanation of F.M.S.R. which I found on everything connected with the railway.

**I** WAS strongly tempted to turn North and see Siam, but Siam of late has been trying to wage a religious persecution against foreign missionaries, so I thought it more healthy to stay on the road to Singapore. So, I rolled along to Singapore, and I recommend that trip for all those who labor under the delusion that Malaya (*Turn to page 112*)

## "CHRISTIAN GOOD EARTH"

(Continued from page 95)

"Neither you nor these good people have had any breakfast yet and besides I am to go in a sedan chair." The son of the sick man came forward, "The chair-carriers are waiting at the gate, Father."

Long John insisted that I take a cup of cocoa before leaving although he thought my bringing some cocoa from Shanghai was rather an insult to his nicely prepared Chinese meals with milkless and sugarless tea. I procured the Blessed Sacrament and came out to the waiting chair. Much to my surprise I found that the son of the sick man was going to help carry the chair himself. I would have felt much better walking but I thought it was a nice tribute to our Sacramental King that He should be carried in a sedan chair. As we passed through the fields, the children came running to see who was in the chair but their shouts hushed into silence when they saw me with the Blessed Sacrament. The happiness of the old man at receiving his Eucharistic King and the pleasure it brought his family made me more than glad that I had insisted on coming. I would have enjoyed a walk back through the fields, but no, in the chair I must go. Why, otherwise, it would be a loss of face for me and for the family. So I lost my walk and saved my face and theirs, too.

All during the day, little boys and girls, rough farmers and old women took their turns for adoration at the Altar of Repose. That night I called Long John and asked him if it would be necessary to move the Blessed Sacrament over to my house. "Oh no," he answered, "We shall have men staying here all night for adoration. They will take turns and in between times they can play Chinese chess, eat peanuts, watermelon seeds and drink tea. We have done this for many years here." The more I saw of these people the more I admired and wondered at the deep hold the faith had taken on them.

Good Friday morning the village turned out to the last baby and the church was packed. What impressed me most was the way that absolutely everyone crowded up to kiss the cross at the adoration of the cross. Every mother brought her baby and held it out to me to have it kiss the cross too. If the baby hesitated, the mother took the back of the baby's head and forcibly settled all its doubts. Although the morning services were long, at two-thirty in the afternoon the church was filled again for the Way of the Cross. I spoke a few words in the local dialect at each Station and then a Chinese altar boy read out the usual prayers. Afterwards the Chinese told me that they were glad that I was there for during the Way of the Cross two Japanese soldiers came into the back of the church and stared about but when they saw a foreign priest present they went away. They said that usually whenever any Japanese soldiers were sighted by the people, a signal was given, all entered the church and started

to recite the rosary aloud and when the soldiers entered they chanted very loud. Another one put in, "Sometimes we had to chant a whole lot of rosaries before they would go away."

"Did they always go away?" I asked. "Well, some of them were good and said to us in broken Chinese, 'Christ, very good, very good,' but others were bad and said, 'Stop it! Get out of here! Get out!' and they made us get out." Some of the children pointed to the church tower and said, "Father, see those holes they poked through the grating? Well, when the Japanese first came, they put a machine gun up there and sprayed the whole village with bullets to frighten us."

Some other children came in from the front gate and said, "Father, there are two members of a guerrilla band coming in. Are you afraid?" "Are they good or bad?" (Bad ones are just plain bandits.) "Good ones," they all shouted, "They don't harm us and they fight the Japanese and the bandits." Just then two men walked in with huge pistols strapped on over their clothes and one had a pair of field glasses hanging from a strap about his neck. They were very friendly when they learned that I was an American and as they spoke Mandarin, we got along nicely for my tongue was much looser in that language than in the Shanghai dialect.

Holy Saturday dawned clear and a packed church was on hand to watch my every move during the long services. After the blessing of the Holy Water there was a grand rush with buckets, bottles, and all kinds of containers to get some of the precious liquid. There were almost as many at Holy Communion as on Holy Thursday. That afternoon and evening were free from any set duties but swarms of children piled into my room to talk with me and to beg a rosary or at least a medal. Finally, I had to lock myself in my room to try to prepare the short sermon that I had written out in the dialect for Easter Sunday morning. Late Saturday night, it started to rain lightly and by morning the rice fields were filling up. The narrow footpaths were sticky with mud and as slippery as an ice rink. In the morning the first bell found the church empty. As I knelt in prayer in the church, I thought I shall have only a small crowd today for it will be very difficult to get here through the mud and rain. Of course, the Holy Women on that first Eastern morn braved many difficulties to go to Our Lord's tomb.

A few women and children came stomping onto the porch of the church, trying to knock the mud from their shoes. They finally either took off their shoes or came into the church shoes, mud and all. I am sure Our Lord did not mind. Confessions started and so did the chanting of the morning prayers. By the time I had heard the last confessions the church was filled. I hastened into the sacristy to vest. Long John was there, pushing and pulling the altar boys into some kind

of order and at the same time he kept chanting the prayers in unison with the Christians in the church. He may have had the face of a pirate but he seemed to have the heart of a very fervent Christian.

I gave my sermon as I had memorized it but it seemed flat to me. I then changed to some very simple language and said, "Now, I would like to tell you a few thoughts that occurred to me as I knelt here in the church this morning,—while listening to the rain, I thought it will be too difficult for many to come this morning. However, when I saw you come trudging in, braving both rain and mud, I thought how much you all were like the Holy Women who braved so many difficulties that first Easter morn trying to serve their Master. You remember that Jesus rewarded them by appearing to them later that same day. Now I am sure that He will reward you when you receive Him this morning in Holy Communion by giving you many graces and blessings."

Later in the morning when I joked with one of the Christians about whether he understood my sermon or not, he protested that he did understand. He omitted the whole first part of the sermon which I had memorized but was able to repeat in great detail the part of the sermon that I have just narrated above.

I stayed over for Easter Monday for a marriage Mass and although it was the time of the year for the people to work in their fields, yet they left their work to come to Mass. I had so many wanting to receive Holy Communion that I had to divide up a large number of the Sacred Particles. As I started to tramp back to Shanghai, it was with difficulty that I pulled my feet from the rich muddy fields and my heart from the Christian "Good Earth."

## BACKSTAGE MISSIONARY

(Continued from page 100)

one day he says Mass at a Colored church and on the next he addresses a university group. All people are his people. His affection for the Negro is best expressed in the song he has written for him:

"God's country  
Is your country,  
But it's my country too.  
That's my flag that flies  
'Gainst earth's freest skies.  
Call upon us and  
We'll fight for it,  
Live right for it,  
For we love it as you.  
God has blessed it with the fertile field,  
Fair stream and richest mountain;  
All the lovely gifts still pour  
From God's unfailing fountain.  
For all there's wealth and health  
Past counting.  
Here's our land, we want no others;  
May we stand, your friends, your  
brothers?  
God's land;  
Your land;  
Our land, too."

## ALONG THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

(Continued from page 110)

is impenetrable jungle. As a matter of fact, I did see plenty of jungle, and it was so dense that it gave the impression of a solid wall of moss-covered trees caught in a mesh of twisted creepers and matted vines. But there was also ample evidence of the wealth of Malaya. All along the way we were passing tin mines, vast rubber estates and coconut plantations. The towns had fine clean streets and modern buildings, and most pleasant contrast of all to one coming from India, was the absence of beggars. I met only one beggar all the way from Penang to Singapore.

In order not to miss Mass the next morning, I stopped off half way at Kaula Lumpur, where I enjoyed a most extraordinary reception from Father Perrissoud. Among other endearing qualities, Father Perrissoud has an enthusiastic affection for Americans, which dates from the last war when he served as an interpreter to our troops in France. When I arrived at his bungalow, four members of his male choir were at the harmonium in the parlor to greet me with "The Stars and Stripes Forever." And when they finished, Father Perrissoud expressed his sentiments with a heartfelt sigh: "Ah, the Americans, they're great guys!"

Little wonder, that I found it hard to tear myself away to set out again on the F.M.S.R. for Singapore the next morning.

In case you may have forgotten, I had better remind you that Singapore is an island. It is separated from the tip of the peninsula by the narrow Straits of Johore. The city covers not the whole, but only a section of the island. As the train rattled over the causeway that joins the island with the mainland, I recalled that Xavier passed through these Straits of Johore on his way to Japan. Today, the British have huge naval and air bases some distance down from the causeway, and they have a different interest in Japan.

Rumors of war made my week in Singapore jittery. The place is bristling with anti-aircraft guns, swarming with troops, and there are Brewster Buffaloes roaring overhead day and night. One evening when they were up for a practice flight, I watched the powerful beams of the searchlight, fingering the sky, trying to spot them. From time to time there were also deep sonorous booms from the big guns on the Dutch Islands lying out beyond the harbor.

But I could not return to India without seeing the old Portuguese town of Malacca. It is only about five hours by car from Singapore along a beautiful highway up the peninsula. It was here that Xavier's body was buried when first brought from Sancian. Later it was taken to Goa, where it now reposes in a magnificent marble tomb in the old Jesuit church of the Bom Jesu.

In 1545 Malacca was the greatest emporium of the East. The most imposing site was, and still is, St. Paul's Hill, commanding a splendid panoramic view of the sea, and the surrounding islands sheltering the harbor. This was the gateway to China and Japan. Here the small native fishing boats rode side by side with proud Portuguese caravels and Chinese junks, *parhus* from Java and the Celebes, and merchantmen, laden with gold loaves and bars, pearls, rubies and sapphires, Chinese silks and lacquer work from Japan, spices from the Banda Sea, the Moluccas, and Ceylon.

In those far off days the top of St. Paul's Hill was closed in with ramparts, and crowned with a church to Our Lady, called the *Nossa Senhora de Graca*. At the foot of the hill still stands the ruins of the citadel, known as the *Famosa*. And close by were the Council Hall, the Hall of the Brotherhood of Mercy, the Bishop's Palace and the Cathedral. The city could also boast four other churches besides the convents of the Dominicans and Augustinians, and the Jesuit College.

Malacca was the scene of some of Xavier's most famous miracles. But there is a tradition that it also bears his curse. He had come again in 1552 on his way to China, and for some reason the Governor, Don Alvaro, tried to thwart his plans. Xavier was angry as he went down to the ship. Alvaro, for fear of scandal, sent the Vicar General after him, to request a farewell visit. But Xavier sent back this message: "Tell Don Alvaro that he will see me no more in this life. I shall await him before the Judgment seat of God, where he will have to give an account of what he has done." Then Francis knelt and prayed for Alvaro. But as he rose he removed his shoes and shook from them the dust of Malacca.

Later in the same year, on December 3rd, he died on the island of Sancian. His body was brought to Malacca. A few years ago, a grave was discovered in the sanctuary of the old church on St. Paul's Hill. It is now covered with an iron grille, and a marble tablet close by tells the visitor that this is the grave where Xavier was buried.

When I returned to Singapore, I found a message awaiting me. The *Hong Kheng* was to sail at two o'clock the following afternoon. So the next day I said goodbye to Singapore. While waiting for the *Hong Kheng* to get under way, I heard the loud roar of a plane. It was the American Clipper circling for a landing. As I watched her settle on the water, with the good old Stars and Stripes painted on her side, I thrilled to think that I wasn't so far from home after all.

I discovered that among my fellow passengers were thirty young Americans. I learned that they were bound for Rangoon. With war clouds over Burma, what could be the attraction in Rangoon? Later I got their secret. They had just been released from the U. S. Army Air Corps, and now as civilians were on their way to China via the Burma Road to handle American planes for the Chinese.

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